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THE FORTNIGHTLY

JANUARY, 1938

THE DECAY OF OPPOSITION.

BY LORD ELTON.

AT any moment between 1905 and 1914 any moderately intelligent person who was mildly interested in politics could probably have reeled off, on request, half a dozen clear-cut and burning issues between the Government and the Opposition. Could even an expert political partisan to-day? Before the War, too, beneath the immediate conflicts of the moment lay a fundamental conflict of political philosophies which was apparent and intelligible to the man in the street. The soundest Party man would find it difficult to maintain that that is so to-day. To discover to-day the genuine dissension of warring political creeds it is necessary to penetrate to the Annual Conferences of the Labour Party and to observe Mr. Bevin or Dr. Dalton defending the theses of the National Government against Professor Laski or Sir Stafford Cripps. Indeed it was impossible to read the reports from Bournemouth without realizing that the Trade Unions and their political henchmen, which is to say a vast majority of the voting strength of the Opposition, were far closer to the Government than to their own left wing. And many of the curious phenomena recorded in Hansard nowadays are to be accounted for only by the erratic functioning, in an era in which fundamental political cleavages have disappeared, of a procedure which traditionally assumes them.

Thus for a generation or more, devoted Labour evangelists lashed themselves, and often their audiences, into a frenzy with the demand for the nationalization of coal royalties. Thousands of enthusiasts must have enlisted under the Labour standard for no other reason than that Labour was prepared to press that demand against the two historic Parties. What would Keir Hardie have thought or said, could he have lived to see the nationalization of coal royalties being proposed by a National

Government amid the half-resentful apathy of the Labour Opposition? For years it used to be the boast of Socialists that they were determined to found legislation on science, while it was the habit of their opponents to taunt them with the charge that Socialism would mean constant and irritating intrusions on the privacy and independence of the individual. What would the pre-war Socialists have made of the spectacle of a National Government introducing a Population Bill with the express object of founding legislation on science, while a nominally Socialist Opposition clamoured against such irritating intrusion on the privacy and independence of the individual? If there were any genuine political cleavage to-day these would indeed be the politics of the other side of the Looking-Glass. The truth is, of course, that there are no clear-cut political cleavages; but an Opposition, or so the present Opposition believes, must needs oppose.

What is the explanation of this state of affairs, what will be the result of it and how long is it likely to last? August 4th, 1914, rang down the curtain on a number of envenomed controversies—Ireland, the Lords, the new social services, the taxation of the rich—and these the return of peace happily did not revive. Yet the post-war era opened in a political atmosphere which soon became so heated that there were plenty of pundits prepared to prophesy violence, and even revolution. Two fundamental issues appeared to divide the nation. In the first place Collectivism, the doctrine of co-operative planning and control, seemed to many to be the indispensable key to the new era and seemed also still to be the exclusive property of the idealistic and still untried Labour Party. In those days it was Labour which preached the nationalization of royalties, and its opponents who scouted the very suggestion as robbery. And, secondly, the conflicts of Labour and Capital in the world of industry were already acute and seemed likely to become acuter still. Closely linked to the Labour evangelists of Collectivism, the trade unions thus added to the rising temper of the nation the fuel of their own less theoretic but highly controversial objectives. In the worlds of theory and practice alike the issue was fairly joined, and the conflict seemed likely to be truceless. To-day neither controversy

is alive. Collectivism—Evolutionary Socialism, if you prefer it—is the common property of all the political parties. In a sense, indeed, to judge from such extraordinary spectacles as the Opposition's treatment of the Coal Bill and the Population Bill, the creed may be said to be more genuinely believed in by the nominal anti-Socialists than by the nominal Socialists. After all, the B.B.C., the Central Electricity Board, the Port of London Authority, the Area Traffic Commissioners, the Agricultural Marketing Boards and a number of other Socialist institutions were all inaugurated by supposed anti-Socialists. And, characteristically enough, the London Passenger Transport Board Bill was introduced by a Labour Minister, taken over by his Liberal successor and finally piloted to the Statute Book by a Conservative. In 1931, 320 Members of Parliament suggested to the Prime Minister that the Post Office should be re-organized on similar lines; and of these 320 no less than 295 were Conservatives. In fact one highly significant aspect of Mr. MacDonald's career was that, having first played a leading part in the diffusion of Collectivist ideas, he was eventually dubbed a traitor by sound Party men for combining with his converts to save the nation by translating those ideas into practice!

And if the old war of ideas is no more now than a mock battle, in which, to suit the exigencies of the Party game, many of the combatants change sides at will, the conflict of interests has dwindled to little more than an occasional sullen murmur. Labour and Capital are no longer locked in an internecine struggle. For one thing, now that vast sections of the people are assured of work or maintenance free from the taint of the Poor Law, a long step has been taken towards that economic security which was a prime objective of the old agitation. Mr. Bevin moreover has recently reminded the world of Labour that the attitude of the employer has been completely transformed of late. The tradition that advances can only be won through conflict is for the time being defunct. From time to time in the critical weeklies some academic theorist of the Left excitedly explains that now during the Armaments boom, now on a rising market, is the time for large-scale industrial conflict. The unions, however, do not respond. They are doubtless even less familiar nowadays with the outpourings of the academic

Socialists than was Lord Snowden, as he explained on a famous occasion, with the text of *Labour and the Nation*. Thus the principal origin of the blurring of Party frontiers is simple. Neither of the fundamental issues which divided the nation in the 'twenties is alive. To this we may perhaps add the increasingly obvious need of national co-operation—co-operation in face of the threat to democracy from abroad, co-operation in view of the vast complexity, the specialization and sub-specialization, of the modern way of life at home. The forces, both at home and abroad, making for unity are infinitely more powerful than the forces of disruption.

To all these generalizations the insignificant minority of intellectuals are naturally an exception. But then to be an exception is the very essence of their being. In art, politics and morals they have long now been sundered by an unbridged chasm from the mass of a nation which they never understood. In the coteries of Bloomsbury, in undergraduate clubs and in the spinsterly journals of the Left, the old incantations are chanted with scarcely diminished fervour, but in the country there is scarcely an echo to be heard. The man in the street, dimly aware that since the war he has been living through a second and vastly swifter industrial revolution, is simply not interested in the Victorian formulas of Marx or even in the network of sub-committees proffered to him by the various Utopias of Mr. G. D. H. Cole. If he votes Labour, these, at any rate, are not his reasons for doing so.

What are likely to be the results of this startling transformation of the political scene? The consequences, to begin with, to the Labour Party must obviously be momentous. From its foundation in 1900 it has always combined three distinct and easily distinguishable elements. An infinitesimal minority of enthusiasts of the Class War; a larger minority of genuine converts to evolutionary Socialism; and an overwhelming majority of honest-to-God trade unionists, converts to no theory, anxious merely for better working conditions and a squarer deal from society. It was evolutionary Socialism, the second of these elements, which once gave Labour its distinctive battle-cries, that sense of being *different* which is indispensable to a Party: the third provided the voting strength: the first

was usually little more than an occasional nuisance at meetings. To-day, with evolutionary Socialism all-pervasive in the intellectual atmosphere of the new age, Labour has lost its political *differentia*. It has been caught bathing, and its opponents have walked off with its clothes. To-day, consequently, it is faced with the dilemma, if it can be called a dilemma, of choosing between the two survivors of its original component elements. Is it to become a mere Party of the Class War *à la* Stafford Cripps or a mere trade union Party *à la* Bevin. That is the issue which so conspicuously divided the Bournemouth Conference. There can be no doubt how, sooner or later, it will be decided, for the Unions have the votes, the cash and, it may be added, the commonsense. But, let it be observed, the answer, when it is finally and unequivocally given, will not be the end of the Party's troubles. For, barring some unpredictable mischance, it is inconceivable that the nation will ever entrust its destinies to a mere Party of class war or even to a mere Party of trade unionism. As far as it is possible to foresee the future, the Labour Party will never be in power again. Hence the endemic clamour for a "Popular Front," an alliance between professed individualists under Sir Archibald Sinclair and professed Collectivists under Major Attlee, to achieve the one objective which genuinely unites them—office.

There is, however, another possibility which cannot be overlooked. It is not only that the leaders of the trade unions are sick to death of Left Book Clubs, of class-warriors in suede shoes and of the political indiscretions of Sir Stafford Cripps; they are also perfectly well aware that in the political alliance of 1900 they sacrificed the valuable power they formerly possessed of bargaining with all Parties in the State in return for what then appeared the even more valuable prospect of an eventual indefinite tenure of power by the new alliance. With that prospect relegated now to the Greek Kalends they naturally ask themselves what in fact the alliance is worth to them. They see the executive of the Labour Party composed to-day of 12 members elected by the trade unions but 13 chosen by other bodies. With the Trade Union Congress practically unanimous for rearmament they see every prospect that the Party will oppose it. They have even begun to wonder whether in wage

negotiations they are not hampered by their political alliance. Small wonder that to-day there are trade union leaders who are openly opposed to an alliance with any political Party at all. It is possible that the rupture will come sooner than is expected.

The consequence to the nation at large of the disappearance of fundamental political cleavage, of the shifting of interest from argument about principles to argument about how principles should be applied, is likely to be even more far-reaching. With a succession of National Governments (whose centre of gravity will shift from Right to Left and back again) Parliamentary procedure will presumably adapt itself. The necessary stimulus of the Front Bench will come increasingly, not from a formal Opposition whose duty is monotonously to oppose, but from the guerilla tactics of small groups on extreme Left and Right and, above all, from the criticism of its own supporters. The influence of the private member will increase. The Government has already of late had to beat a retreat before its own back-benchers in the matter of the Hoare-Laval agreement, the National Defence Contribution, the partition of Palestine and the Population Bill. Such incidents are novel, and Governments of the future are likely to take steps to see that they do not become too frequent. National politics in fact may well pursue something like the course of municipal politics, where elections, amid the growing apathy of the electorate, are still usually contested on orthodox Party lines, but in the business of the elected bodies Party is constantly treated as an irrelevance. Moreover, with the decay of Opposition the economic landscape of the future is beginning to take a recognizable shape. Even ten years ago it looked as if we were faced with a clear-cut choice between a "capitalist" and a "socialist" State. Even then it was difficult for an impartial student of economic organization to assent to such a simplified view, but the form which the Party conflict still assumed made it at least a natural popular illusion. To-day no one but a few doctrinaires of the Left genuinely supposes that in fact either Scylla or Charybdis lies ahead of us. To-day vast and increasing areas of our economic life are controlled by public boards and commissions whose underlying principle is no longer a subject of dispute.

Here we have the characteristic British compromise, an attempt to limit profits and impart collective direction while retaining the flexibility and initiative of private enterprise. The B.B.C., the Marketing Boards, the Coal Re-organization Commission and the rest are neither Socialism on the international model nor Capitalism on the international model. They are a characteristic British substitute for both, a courageous attempt, and who shall say that it will fail, to enjoy the best of both worlds. They are the democratic answer to the rigid formulæ of the Totalitarian States. Already they are being copied by other democracies abroad. In time to come they may well be as widely acclaimed and imitated as was British Parliamentarism a century ago.

EMPIRE FINANCE AND AGRICULTURE.

BY PHILIP MAIRET.

THE struggle between the Banks and the Government in the Province of Alberta in Canada is a consequence, as everyone knows, of a searching criticism of our money system which originated just after the Great War in England. Not so many people know why such a cause should have led to a colonial struggle as its most conspicuous effect, and few of the general public realize that this monetary criticism has revealed the most dangerous weakness in the social and economic structure of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

The after-war problems led innumerable laymen to enquire for the first time into the working of our money and credit systems, and Major Douglas' Social Credit propaganda focussed critical argument upon their most vulnerable points. In the ferment of thought that followed beliefs about money have changed considerably. Even academic economists have come to treat the present functions of money much less as the operation of eternal principles and more as historic growths which falsify real economic values and distort the normal relations between men as producers and as consumers. But the only direct political effect so far of Major Douglas' propaganda has been to organize discontents in several regions in the Empire.

The zeal of the Dominions to turn a financial doctrine into a political agitation can be simply accounted for. These peoples are in debt not merely internally, and some of them to others, but each as a nation is heavily in debt to the Mother Country. Each is trading with Britain whilst paying to Britain a very large annual interest upon its past imports of capital. Millions of pounds' worth of their goods must be sent abroad before these peoples can begin to exchange goods for goods upon equal terms: and this, in the Great Slump following upon the

War, when world-trade diminished to less than half its previous volume—reduced them to extreme poverty and unemployment. The interest payments, which had to be kept up throughout, took almost all of their produce that the world-market would absorb, and sometimes more than all.

Being amongst the worst sufferers from the Slump, these populations were predisposed to question the economic system that had let them down; moreover, in the colonial character there is a propensity ingrained by practice to seek the causes of a breakdown with alacrity; to consider remedies with openness of mind and to apply energetically any that seem feasible. Besides, one element in the Douglas criticism touched, in some colonies at least, the rawest nerves of recent experience. In Australia, for instance, the banker was taking it upon himself to ration the expenditure of the colonist by intervening between him and the only available stores in his locality—and checking his domestic accounts. Free men, subjected to surveillance of this kind, almost impossible to be exercised without pettiness of spirit, only needed to hear of Douglas's exposure of the financial system and his warnings of the growing powers of bankers to feel his reasoning reinforced by their own resentment. In other Dominions, too, the banker's interference in controlling expenditure, if less offensive than it was in Australia, was more officious and conspicuous than it appears to be in the older countries.

All those irritations that have rendered the Dominions specially susceptible to Social Credit agitation are symptoms of one and the same *malaise*—their state of irredeemable indebtedness; these peoples have awakened to another and more sinister aspect of the bonds that bind them less in love to the Mother Country than in percentage to the City of London. It had not been the intention of Social Credit teachings, apparently, to focus attention specially upon this issue—though there was no wish to avoid it—but the appearance of a Social Credit Government in the province of Alberta compelled attention to the question of the debts before any Social Credit legislation could be introduced under Dominion conditions. Premier Aberhart's victory led to some embarrassment in Social Credit circles, mainly because this problem of the Dominion

debts, which had figured somewhat distantly in the prospect, came suddenly to occupy the whole of the foreground.

Yet it is a natural working-out of Social Credit teaching that it should lead to an attack upon the very structure of financial imperialism. That these teachings took effect as a minor crisis in Imperial relations is, however unexpected, a fact of history. And if we look into the nature and history of the inter-Imperial debts, we shall quickly see that questions of incalculable menace or promise depend upon their continuance or liquidation.

These debts are records of material assistance rendered in the past by Great Britain to her colonial lands. They were loans of money, subscribed by individuals and financial institutions in this country, to enable the Dominions to establish themselves as ordered States, with full facilities for economic development. Development has been mainly undertaken, of course, by private enterprise, financed also in the main by private loans. Both kinds of loan create, by the interest due upon them, a first charge on Dominion production, but in the case of loans to the Governments concerned the interest is collected by taxation, which means that it must be paid in any case, even if the currency of a Dominion has to be depreciated in consequence.

What was actually transferred from Britain to these countries when the loans were made was partly money and mainly capital goods. Very heavy expenditure of this kind is needed to bring the undeveloped countries up to their full productive power, but vast as the amount of the debts has become, payment of the interest might not have been too burdensome to be borne, in view of the richness of the new lands, the energy of the colonists and the exhilarating atmosphere of unlimited enterprise. Repayment depends, however, upon the willingness of the world-market—and particularly of the British market—to accept payment in produce: and this has always been limited. It is not so much because the colonists cannot pay, as because their payment cannot be accepted, that the interest is felt as ruinous, and repayment as an impossibility, and the situation is usually met by contracting further loans.

The circumstances that create an artificial incentive to this

export of capital are now being fairly widely understood, and may be briefly summarized. The progress of technique called the industrial revolution rapidly concentrated wealth, especially industrial and financial profits, in the hands of the few, while immensely increasing the power of the banks and other financial houses. Relatively very little of the huge increase in values was distributed to raise the general standard of livelihood, and this excess of financial wealth therefore pressed for employment, not as purchasing power for end-products, but as capital for financing further industrial plant. Left to itself, the effect of this over-capitalization would have been, under prevailing competitive conditions, to replace productive machinery at a pace too hot to bear, and this is what did happen on several occasions, bringing about serious reactions and depressions. But there were whole continents abroad to develop; there were natural demands from other countries, including the Dominions, for capital to develop their economic life; and to stimulate and increase these demands soon became a leading motive of high financial policy in the City of London. To use the excessive potentiality of production at home by export abroad was the simplest means of relieving the pressure.

It may not be useful to make moral reflections upon a historic movement so vast as this, and conditioned by so many different influences. But it may be worth recalling, by the way, the horror of many of the great nineteenth-century moralists—even if their cultural sympathies were as remote as those of Marx from Ruskin's—at the social ruthlessness and moral indifference that were characteristics of this hey-day of usury. The craze to exploit the new technique of industry in order to make money, and to spend it to make more money, may actually have been, as it appeared to the more sensitive spirits of the time, a wave of moral perversion such as sometimes comes over a whole people led into new temptations. In this case it was aggravated by one of its symptoms—the rise of a school of economic philosophers of immense learning and industry, and with a complaisant tendency to justify all ambition to make money as somehow conducive to public profit and progress; indeed as morally valuable, provided only the money gained were “saved” or turned into financial capital. They believed

there might easily be too little capital and could hardly be too much, since the law of supply and demand operated in capital as in commodities, so that all must work out right in the end. This notion was really about as plausible and useful as would be the idea that inequity does not really signify, since we are all made equal at last in death; but it is a notion still cherished in certain high financial quarters.

Morals apart, however, the passion to turn the new potencies of the industrial age into capital values, instead of applying them to the enrichment of the population—whose social inheritance they were—was highly questionable economics. What return was to be made for all this exported wealth? That question was answered by vague optimism rather than calculation. Not much reflection would have been needed to show that, if the people of Britain could not, under existing financial conditions, buy the product of their labours, and there was so large a surplus to export, they would be even less likely to buy still more goods, imported as interest-payments from abroad. Not only Britain, but the other industrially advanced countries following her lead as creditor to more backward states, soon discovered insuperable objections to accepting more than a portion of the new wealth they equipped the latter to produce. It is true that great benefits accrued to the industrialized states from their access to colonial resources: but these could have been amply absorbed by the current exchange of balanced trade. The artificial excess created by the loans was in effect an ever-growing invasion of the home markets by alien goods, which invasion was naturally resisted. It is true also that the purchasing power of the home population was slowly raised under these conditions, but only to a small extent, not nearly enough to transfer the interest from the debtor to the creditor countries. The lender abroad was supposed, like other capitalists, to be practising abstinence in the present for the sake of the future. Actually, this purblind foresight, this most profligate economy, led to terrific losses in monetary values, balanced by little if any material benefits to posterity. The loss of British capital abroad in the sixty years previous to the Great War is variously estimated at from two to four thousand million pounds. And this was before there had developed, to any great extent, an

aggravation of the process now only too familiar—as, for example the export to countries such as China, Japan, India and Egypt of mass-production machinery which accelerates their competition in markets not only for raw materials but for finished manufactures.

In the United Kingdom, where finance was all this time growing more all-powerful in politics, it became a main political concern of financial interests to force the population to absorb the produce of the foreign debtors. Imports from the new countries overseas consisted, necessarily, almost wholly of raw materials and agricultural produce, of which the former could be largely utilized by industry, much of it for re-export, and the latter could be introduced in the home market at prices that would undersell the British farmers. This opening of the domestic market to the free competition of overseas agriculture was the issue of the bitterest political struggle of the Victorian period, and it was won by the interests of capital-export.

Very few people, even at the height of that long and impassioned political conflict, could grasp its full significance; because the issues were apparently so mixed. Nearly all of the humanitarians were impelled to advocate the open market, because it meant cheaper bread, and the underpaid workers were literally starving. In their perhaps excusable zeal for the quickest, if by no means the surest, way of relieving distress, few, if any, of these philanthropists considered that the issue of this struggle was committing Great Britain to the destiny of financial imperialism, with all that this must entail.

People of that period, whose understanding of Roman history was still moulded by Gibbon, were unlikely to realize that the actual technique of that “decline and fall” which destroyed a whole culture and civilization, was a system of financial loans to the colonies by the home-country, most ominously similar to the policy they were then establishing in the British Empire and which we are still pursuing. As a distinguished Conservative M.P. pointed out recently:

“This is not a new policy. The Roman Bankers of the late Roman Republic and early Empire organized joint stock companies to develop the colonies, as you may read in Mommsen and in Lord Tweedsmuir’s ‘Julius Caesar,’ and imported their profits in the form of corn, to the utter ruin of the small Italian yeoman farmer.”*

*From a letter by P. C. Loftus, M.P., to the Suffolk County Branch of the National Farmers’ Union, May, 1937.

Rome's problem, as creditor to her colonies, was the same as Britain's is, as banker to the Dominions—the problem of selling sufficient colonial produce in the home market to pay the investors their interest. This is the observance of a purely financial condition. Commercially, metropolis and provinces have reciprocal interests in the exchange of commodities; but the existence of a vast financial superstructure reaching overseas overrules the operations of genuine trade. The results in Rome are well enough known. The population of the metropolis and its surrounding country became dependent as servants and general providers upon the official and financial classes; the city itself, more and more densely populated by people without economic security, disintegrated in family morale and was only kept from revolt by doles and public amusements. But we seldom think how perilously we are progressing towards a similar state of economic instability and social weakness.

The effect of exported capital upon Britain can be most briefly indicated by looking at the gross figures. According to the latest and most reliable estimates, the total money-value of farm-products consumed in this country is about £625,000,000 per annum. This includes all the materials of food and, of course, a great part of the material required for clothing. Just about two-fifths of this is produced in the home country: the rest is imported, partly from the Dominions and partly from foreign countries such as the Argentine and Denmark. The figure quoted is estimated at wholesale prices: at retail prices it would be rather more than double.

Now if we estimate at £100,000,000 the portion of these commodities which could not be satisfactorily produced in Britain—and this is an outside figure—we may still say that this country is producing considerably less than half of the food and clothing which it both needs, and is capable of providing for itself.

If there are many people capable of contemplating these figures without alarm—and it appears there are—it is because they lack the knowledge or imagination to realize what such an unnatural restriction of wealth implies; or because they have been misled by shallow arguments which have long been popularized to justify the sacrifice of agriculture to industry.

They say, for example, "Why not buy our food abroad, if it is cheaper?" but, if they considered closely the grounds of that question, it might occur to them that food produced thousands of miles away in countries much less modernly developed, was unlikely to be cheaper in the only real sense of the word—*i.e.*, in consumption of material and human labour. They forget that things can be made artificially cheap or dear according to financial policy, and largely irrespective of the material costs of their production.

Or, more subtly, these people may say, 'It is the privilege of Britain to draw upon a wider world for her food. It is more profitable, more interesting, and gives people a more civilized life to live in towns and supply the world with scientific implements, than to go on living the brutish life of the fields, amongst animals and their excreta. We ought to be pleased and proud that we can now work in electrically-run and government-inspected factories, with a radio in the tenement room at home, two cinemas within as many minutes walk and a thronged swimming-pool in the park hard by.'

Not to argue about matters of taste, let us admit the grain of truth in this argument. A national exodus from agriculture and migration into towns of factories and offices could not have come about unless the people had been, to a large extent, fascinated by the newer possibilities. So much we must allow. But that is not to say we are only doing what we are doing because we like it. Our financial policy, so long dictated by a very small proportion of the population, has compelled the rest, by the unrelenting pressure of the money inducements it has held out and the ambitions it has inspired in money-makers, to use the discoveries of a scientific age in certain ways and not others, but with results that were neither desired nor foreseen.

There are the strongest reasons for believing that, whether we like it or not, this sacrifice of agricultural to industrial life is *not* good for us. Two of the most serious effects of excessive urbanization upon the population are the decrease in fertility and the increase of nervous instability. These evils are overtaking us at an increasing rate, and are rendered no less ominous by the fact that scientific progress—chiefly of sanitation and medicine—has considerably increased the average length of

life. Rural population, which is the source of human life from which we recruit not only our armies and navies but the workers of our cities, is beginning to dry up. A rise in the average age of citizens is no compensation for that calamity.

Many reasons could be adduced for regarding the present repression of rural life as a tendency towards national suicide, but their discussion would involve too lengthy a digression. The two effects mentioned are surely sufficient in themselves to condemn the policy that causes them. It is, moreover, important to realize that we are not lessening but increasing the cause of these evils. The most recent statistics show that the area of land under the plough is still diminishing. Disquietude over the position of agriculture having increased in recent years, strenuous efforts to improve it have been made by the Government, notably under Mr. Walter Elliot as Minister for Agriculture, the effect of which has been, on the whole, to make the prospects of the individual farmer a little more calculable and comfortable. But these measures have done nothing to enable more people to live upon the land; they have only confirmed and co-operated with the existing trend towards rural depopulation. Nor is anything better to be expected of Mr. W. S. Morrison's programme, which Parliament has now approved. That programme aims at the conservation of our agricultural resources in such a manner that they can be readily stimulated and expanded at need to meet the emergency of war. It proposes nothing to redress the perilous overbalance between the industrial and rural halves of the national economy.

Rural reconstruction, it is clear, is impossible without financial reconstruction. And the latter presents a problem so formidable that no party will yet commit itself to any thorough-going policy; for the interest upon the foreign and Dominion debts has become tightly bound up with the whole monetary class-structure of our society, ramifying through banks, insurance societies and other channels throughout the country. Nevertheless, it is fantastic to suppose that these debts will always be accepted as permanent features of the landscape: and the sooner we get down to removing them by whatever processes of conversion or amortization can be devised, the less embittered will be the circumstances of their ultimate, inevitable liquidation.

The re-colonization of Britain need not wait for this. Without spoiling anyone else's market in this country, consumption of food products could be very largely expanded. We now know from recent researches into national nutrition, that a large proportion of the population is underfed, and have a fairly reliable idea of the amount of produce that would be required to supply the deficiency; its wholesale value would approach a hundred million pounds.

Leaving aside the vexed question whether the whole of Britain's food could possibly be produced at home, few would dispute that this present deficiency could be supplied by British farms, and the two millions weekly which it represents would be enough to make the agricultural fortunes of several counties. Moreover, we know from the researches mentioned above that the population can be trusted to nourish itself to the optimum if it has the means; its instinct for right choice of foods is not defective. If the home demand were expanded by £100,000,000 annually, and imports merely not increased, the required expansion of home production would in fact occur. There are thus two main aspects of this question of restoring balance to our economy. One is the provision of the increased purchasing power for the public, and this without reliance upon the artificial (and now rapidly vanishing) means of capital export to augment wages. The other is liberation from the dead hand of past debt. Both present formidable problems in finance, and neither can be thought of as soluble except in easy stages: but already these things ought to have become the fixed objectives of national policy.

Apathetic acquiescence in the present drift towards racial impotence—for such it is—is unfortunately still countenanced by some, upon mistaken grounds of international idealism; as though the absolute dependence of Britain upon other countries for her daily bread were a beneficent example of international co-operation and tended towards the ultimate unity of all mankind! Such ignorant confusion of racial downfall with moral uplift is probably less prevalent than it was; and any serious examination of conditions in those countries that are laid under contribution for our sustenance would dispel it altogether. As Mr. Montague Fordham has said:

"I always recommend these people who think we should have an open market for food to study its effect on the workers of the countries that export food to us: it is here that you find disaster."

The revolt of the countries *most concerned—the Dominions—has already begun and is taking a directly financial form.* Britain's top-heavy development is disastrous to them, moreover, in other ways than those they most sharply realize. It deprives them of the source of the immigration which they could most readily accept, and which would be most beneficial to their development. They do not want the human waste products of our industrial cities, but the more adventurous surplus of a beautiful countryside—which we no longer have to send them. If there are still Britons who have some faith in the cultural mission of the British Commonwealth, this is an aspect of our home policy which might well appeal to them.

For naturally, emigration from Britain has dwindled to very little. In the last year and a half there has been more immigration from Australia than emigration from Britain to that continent, although new settlers, nearly four thousand in number, came from Southern and Central Europe. Of last year's immigrants into South Africa, ten thousand in all, less than four thousand came from any other British country: whilst less than one-third of the new settlers in Canada in the last half year were of British origin.

No one supposes that the British Dominions ought to be, or could be, only populated by British immigrants; but from the figures quoted it is evident that the genuinely pioneering type of emigrant is no longer being supplied from Britain to the Dominions in any considerable numbers: and, apart from Imperial sentiment, this is almost certainly an evil omen for these new countries, whilst they are laying the political and social foundations of their future States. Such immigration as they do obtain from the home country is increasingly of town-bred origin, and already, in these undeveloped lands, there is a marked tendency for the population to crowd into the few urban centres. On the whole, it is true to say that the unbalanced economy of the mother-country tends also to unbalance the economy of the Dominions, to their special disadvantage in dealing with their special problems.

Enough has been said, perhaps, to show that the main discontent of the Dominions is closely related to the old grievance of home agriculture, and that both are due to the pressure of a cumulative financial evil. The forces entrenched against any genuine movement of reform may seem invincible. But two things must now be recognized. The pre-War basis of world economy is changed; it no longer consists in foreign lending and opening up new countries as granaries and ranches: every country is aiming at a balanced economy and will spare no pains to cultivate it. In these changed circumstances a new line of alliance may become possible between the statesmen of the Dominions, and those in Britain who realize that it is neither the destiny nor the deepest interests of this country to become still more the "workshop of the world," but rather to become more agricultural, with industries giving up quantity for quality. We may be very thankful that the Empire is declining to borrow further. Otherwise we could only continue to approach the financial nemesis of Rome, where at last the title-deeds of nearly all the productive estates in the Empire were deposited in two or three streets of the metropolis, and the whole civilization was ready for its irretrievable ruin.

THE DEFENCE OF THE EMPIRE.

BY LIDDELL HART.

THE recent infusion of new blood into the Army Council has, naturally, attracted much public attention. What may seem more surprising to those who remember the last war is the way it has been accomplished without any public protest. Mr. Hore-Belisha has been able to achieve swiftly and smoothly much greater changes than Mr. Lloyd George at the height of his power could venture to attempt. The extent not merely of agreement but of nation-wide approval would seem to be the measure of the awakening, within the army as well as outside, to the necessity of new ideas to meet new conditions. The Prime Minister of the War may well have contributed to the comparatively trouble-free course of the present War Minister by his witness to the military obscurantism which prevailed a generation ago; the phrasing of his charges has been resented, but their substance has been as much realized by the younger generals of to-day, who were the junior staff and regimental officers of 1914-1918, as by the five million civilians of to-day who were then soldiers "for the duration."

It is necessary to eliminate the habit of thinking in terms of 1914-1918, and to develop a new outlook—one that will take due account of new weapons, of the influence of air-power, of the lessons of recent wars abroad—and remodel the structure, strategy and tactics of the army to fit the changed conditions. A grave hindrance has been the age of the heads of the army since the war, much higher on an average than in pre-war days. They were matured, and their ideas moulded, at a time when many of the important instruments of to-day were unknown or immature. This experience of the old, and inexperience of the new, has hindered their mental adaptation to new ideas and conditions. To gain a new outlook at the top it is essential to hasten the advancement of men who have grown up with the

new instruments. It is universally recognized now that the opposition offered to the development of the tank in the war was one of the worst cases of official obstruction on record. Yet even more scandalous was the fact that, when the tank won acceptance, those who had brought it to fruition were shelved to make room for men who had contributed nothing to its development and even had been among its opponents. Their ignorance of the new machines which were put in their charge caused a further delay, and wasteful mishandling, before the new weapon fulfilled its promise. That process of blindly conservative obstruction has continued during the post-War era. It delayed the mechanization of the army nearly twenty years, and has led to the present hustle and trouble in trying to catch up time.

The difficulty has been aggravated because of the instinctive nervous reaction which has accompanied every manifestation of new ideas. This has hampered not only their advocacy but the opportunity of any soldiers who were bold enough to voice them. Since the Royal Tank Corps was the first mechanized, and thus the first truly modern, branch of the Service, it was natural that men of ideas should gravitate thither. That tendency has been to their own detriment. In the seven years between 1929 and 1936, two of its officers reached the rank of major-general. Both had been outstanding pioneers. Yet after promotion the first was retired without receiving employment, while the other was tucked away "on the shelf," in a second-class district in India. Two more have gained such promotion in the past year, compelled it indeed, only to be met with a similar ring-fence of apprehension of what they might do if they were placed where they might have any important influence on the general progress of the Army. There was all the less excuse for such an attitude since the mechanization of the Army had now been tardily accepted as a general policy.

Too often the charge of newly mechanized formations, and the task of carrying out experiments with them, has been handed over to officers with no previous experience. Apart from the effect of that kind of treatment on the public attitude to the army, it was the most certain way to convince the keen young men who are needed that it was still an unpromising

career for men of ideas. Further, it was likely to convince the younger men already serving that it was still "unhealthy" for them to take up any of the newer lines of service, or to become known as progressive-minded soldiers.

It is only just to recognize the progress in modernizing and re-equipping the Army that has been made during the last year or two. And the Chief of the Imperial General Staff who has just given up his office will be gratefully remembered, also, for the refreshing change of atmosphere which came with his advent, for a receptivity to ideas which was marked in comparison with the past, and for his sense of the importance of bringing on younger men. It was unfortunate that earlier neglect should have piled up such an accumulation of difficulties. The country is indebted to him for what he did to prepare the way for the far-reaching measures that are necessary to meet the present situation. For the first time since the War responsibility is given to men in the prime of life, who are young enough to be part of the generation which bore the brunt of the World War. The new problems of Imperial Defence will thus be tackled not only by fresh minds but with the resilience, as much physical as mental, that is needed to cope with the pressure of our present rapid rearming, and with the still more intense strain that would ensue if war should come.

While obscurantism and hidebound conservatism have notably diminished in recent years, diffuseness of ideas and uncertainty of purpose have remained to hinder the remodelling of our military structure. The greatest need to-day is to clarify our picture of the kind of need for which we are preparing. What is the purpose of our army in the event of another major war?

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Some light on the ideas, or at least on the instinctive direction, which has hitherto governed our military preparation is to be gained from the composition of what was formerly called the Expeditionary Force, and is now known as the Field Force. In 1914 the Expeditionary Force which went to France consisted of 4 infantry divisions and 1 cavalry division. In 1937 the Field Force consists of 4 infantry divisions and 1 mobile division—which comprises two mechanized cavalry brigades and one

tank brigade, our only one, attached. The similarity of pattern suggests that hitherto there has not been much difference in the ruling idea as to how it would be used.

The design of exercises and war games tends to confirm this deduction. The bulk of them are concerned with war of the familiar kind that we last experienced in France. Where they have any identifiable location it is usually akin to that of 1914, when we met the Germans advancing through Belgium. Yet, somewhat contradictorily, they seem to be governed by the strategic idea of joining in an allied offensive—as we had proposed to do in 1914, until the dream was rudely dispelled. Again, the training of the army is predominantly devoted to studying and practising the attack.

While some attention, if not enough, is given to the need of protecting the actual advancing force against air attack, I have been unable to find signs that adequate account has been taken of the difficulties, and dangers, of transporting a large army to the continent and maintaining it there under the menace of air attack. The most that is suggested, by certain administrative exercises, is the use of more westerly ports than in 1914. These involve lengthened communications, and consequently extend risks of breakdown under hostile air-pressure. Broken communications are bad enough when an army is on its own territory, or where it has complete control. It would be worse for an army to be stranded in the depths of someone else's territory. And the larger the army the worse it would be.

Again, I have been unable to find due consideration of the problem that would arise if Belgium remained neutral and the Germans abstained from violating her territory. This stretches some 250 miles inland. In these circumstances our field force could not operate save by being sent right across to the eastern frontier of France. This would mean a still greater extension of communications, and complication of supply.

Beyond this is the question what our Field Force would do if the Germans abstained from land attack in the West, and left the French to attempt it. Here we are brought face to face with the biggest problem of all, and one that is habitually burked—the problem of the offensive. Is there any adequate justifica-

tion for the army's continued belief in, and preparation for, it? The question is fundamental to any consideration of our military policy.

In peace, we prepare our forces primarily with a view to the conditions that may be expected at the start of a war. It would therefore be fallacious to base our assumptions, as to what may be expected, on the conditions which prevailed at the end of the last war, when the opposing forces were rotted by starvation, and shortage of munitions—both produced by our blockade, depression at the failure of their own offensive to achieve any decision, the moral collapse of the home front due to the combined effect of the preceding conditions. Even so, it is worth noting that in this final stage the Allies on the Western Front possessed a general superiority of more than 3 to 1 in the offensives of August, September and October, 1918, which repeatedly broke into the German positions and forced the enemy to withdraw his line as a whole. Nevertheless, at the end of October, Haig himself admitted—"Germany is not broken in a military sense. During the last weeks her armies have withdrawn, fighting and in excellent order."

Thus, when analysed, the conditions at the end provide little encouragement for belief in the power of the offensive, strategically and tactically, even under the most favourable conditions. And they have no relation to the conditions at the outset of another war.

The initial success of the German offensive in 1914—up to its breakdown on the Marne—is not a sound guide to what may be expected at the start of another war. For the main blocking weapon of 1914-1918, the machine-gun, was only present in meagre quantity, while most of the other principal weapons of to-day were not even in existence. The nearest approach to any sound evidence from experience lies in the "later middle age" of that war, when weapon development was more mature, and came closest, in kind if not in degree, to the state of present-day armaments. During this period the most successful offensive—in its immediate as distinct from its ultimate effect (which was ruinous to the attacking side)—was that of the Germans in March, 1918. This owed much to the fortuitous help of fog. It is significant that there was a fog on the occasion of almost

every offensive on the Western Front which had any success. (It is a strange reflection that such an elementary fact has never been noticed in official military studies). The supreme value of fog was that it blinded hostile machine-guns. But no military policy can count on such accidents.

A possible substitute is the development of artificial fog on a great scale. But we should be unwise to rely on it too much—lest this advance be overtaken by new means of dispersing or penetrating fog and smoke. Another possible substitute is the use of night as a cloak to the attack: but here again the defender may find it easier to solve the problem of turning darkness into daylight.

Even with the aid of fog and of a new technique of attack, the Germans still required a great superiority of strength to make their offensive effective—up to a point. They had a quantitative superiority of nearly 3 to 1 on the sixty-mile front on which their resources allowed them to deliver the offensive. One may add, incidentally, that it is the verdict of our own Official History that "in a conflict between foes of the same standard of skill, determination, and valour, numbers approaching three to one are required to turn the scale decisively."

Our own experience suggests that we needed greater odds still in our favour. Until the enemy's morale rotted, our attacks failed with odds of more than 6 to 1—sometimes, as at Neuve Chapelle, with as much as 16 to 1. How is this difference to be explained? If we believe, as I think we are justified in believing, that we had the same standard of "determination and valour," the discrepancy must lie in skill. And this deduction is borne out not only by the verdict of our opponents but by the sum of our experience in the offensive. Even if it be thought that we might do as well as others, and succeed with the minimum odds—3 to 1—we ought to face the fact that there is no ground for expecting such odds in our favour, in any European theatre of war where we and possible allies might be engaged. On the Western Front, the most probable, a state of something more or less than equality between the rival forces is to be expected. This suggests a probable stalemate.

We ought also to take account of technical developments since the last war. It was the machine-gun above all which

held up the attack in 1914-1918. There is now a much higher proportion of machine-guns, light and heavy, in all armies. Tanks have been improved and increased, but anti-tank weapons have made still more rapid progress—and, being cheaper, can be multiplied faster. Mechanization and motorization quicken the advance, but help the defence even more—by enabling it to rush machine-guns and anti-tank guns to any threatened spot. Air action may hinder the arrival of the enemy's reserves—and this has been the chief military argument for clinging to hope in the offensive, and for believing that a "break-in" can be developed into that long-sought "break-through" which was never achieved in the last war. But so long as the defender is at least equal in air strength, it is still easier for him to hinder the attacker—who needs larger reserves and thus offers larger targets—from following up his initial success. The collapse of the "General Franco-Italian" offensive at Guadalajara is a recent illustration. The balance of these developments seems to strengthen still more the probability of a stalemate.

When we consider the problem of our own field force, we have also to take account of the time factor. In 1914 the main operations did not begin until the German and French armies had completed their concentration. This took nearly three weeks. By that time our expeditionary force was on the scene. Incidentally, though it had come prepared to join in an offensive, it found itself thrown on the defensive. To-day, no such interval is likely. The Continental General Staffs have recognized the power of the defensive sufficiently to realize that the best chance, and perhaps the only chance, for the offensive lies in launching it coincidentally with the decision for war—without waiting till the mass has mobilized. With that mental picture they have developed striking forces of a mechanized kind which shall be available for immediate use. The Germans have 3 armoured divisions, and probably 2 more being completed. The French have already mechanized 2 of their cavalry divisions, and are forming a heavy armoured division. These "spearhead" forces are supported by a shaft composed of a growing number of motorized divisions.

Unless both sides decide to abstain from attack, judging that the profit does not justify the risk, these spearhead forces

are likely to become engaged in the first days, even in the first hours, of war. During that opening phase, before the armies are mobilized and the frontier defences are fully manned, there may be some chance of gaining ground. And the result of the clash between the spearheads may determine, not the issue of the war, but the line on which a deadlock will be established.

If one side uses its spearhead forces with sufficient skill, and attains a sufficient measure of surprise, that deadlock line may be some distance within the opponent's territory. The further it can be carried, the more it will help the air operations by shortening their range. But even this partial degree of success in the strategic offensive is far from sure. If the leading mechanized elements are temporarily blocked, even a few hours' delay may suffice for the defender to bring up sufficient reserves to seal the sector—so greatly has motor-movement quickened the power of reinforcement from a distance. In that case deadlock may form along the frontier itself.

Now, to return to our own aspect of the problem, there would seem to be no chance of the time of arrival of our own field force, as it now stands, being reduced to much less than a fortnight after the outbreak of war. If that be so, it can have no influence on the crucial opening phase. What can it do if it arrives when a deadlock has been established? According to present ideas, it can only be used for an offensive—for attacking a line that the enemy has consolidated. So far as one can see, such a course can only lead to sacrifice without profit. To send our present field force on such a mission is the surest way to involve the despatch of larger and larger forces—as in the last war. And the more forces we lend for such a futile policy, the more we encourage our allies towards self-destruction.

Further, the more troops we send oversea the more aircraft and seacraft we shall have to divert to cover them and their communications—thus diminishing the pressure that we can exert by air and sea. Also, the more shipping we shall have to divert from the essential task of maintaining the supplies of this country, and the more targets we shall offer in the narrow sea passages.

The rôle of the Army, like that of the other services, ought to be closely related to our national object in war. That object

is essentially a "conservative" one, and thus much easier of fulfilment, under present military conditions, than the purpose of a country which is trying to enlarge its possessions. The acquisitive state has to aim at conquest. For this it has to overthrow the opponent's army and occupy his territory. By contrast, the "conservative" state has only to consider the enemy that it cannot conquer. For this, it has only to frustrate the attacker, demonstrating to him that continued efforts will merely increase his loss and lead to his own exhaustion.

In achieving this negative purpose, if positive lesson, our navy can be used to sweep the enemy's commerce off the seas, to isolate his colonies, and towards depriving him of the supplies necessary for carrying on war. If it has no great troop-ships to protect, it will have all the more strength to spare for protecting our own supplies and cutting off the enemy's.

Our air force, apart from covering our own territory against air attack, can be used for paralysing the advance and supply of any hostile army which tries to invade our allies' territory or our own overseas possessions. It may also dry up his aggressive efforts at their sources by harassing his centres of warlike industry. The smaller the land forces that we send abroad, the larger the air strength we can concentrate on these purposes—by saving on the comparatively "unproductive" duties of reconnaissance, artillery spotting, and fighter protection for our troops.

There will still be plenty for the army to do. It has a heavy enough burden of Imperial Defence to carry, even if it is spared the task of attempting an offensive campaign on the Continent—one which would probably lead to vain sacrifice, consequent expansion with a view to a bigger attempt, and vaster sacrifice still in vain. The more one takes the measure of the army's responsibilities for the *defence* of the Empire in war, the more essential it seems to avoid assuming such a Continental commitment as that into which we were drawn, by degrees, in 1914-1918.

If we arrange to send across the Channel a complete force like that of 1914, there is all too much risk of being dragged along the same course. Its arrival might encourage the French to take the offensive—with the fanciful idea of winning the war in a land campaign. If that offensive should fail, as is most

probable, and a British army be thus palpably repulsed, it is to be feared that popular emotion might swamp sober calculation: and thus lead to the despatch of more and more for a policy of try, try again.

Is there any less dangerous alternative—if it be thought that we must, on grounds of policy, be ready to give the French some support on land? I am inclined to think that the commitment might be limited, yet with improvement of effect, if we were to send, instead of a complete force, the technical means and specialist personnel needed to strengthen the quality of our allies' defence. To restore a possible breach in the defensive front, the best and quickest emergency aid on land is that which can be given by powerful mechanized forces used for a rapid counterstroke. The French themselves recognize this. We could double their present resources if we could provide two or three small armoured divisions. By comparison our present infantry divisions would be but a drop in the bucket, an inconsiderable addition to the large number of such divisions which the French can mobilize, long before ours could arrive, from their own large reserves of trained man-power. Mechanized divisions would provide the French with more comfort against the fear of any penetration—and could be kept in reserve for such a contingency. We should be wise to make it a condition that they should not be employed in an offensive campaign.

Even this possibility must depend on our capacity to meet the minimum demands of Imperial defence. The garrisons which we normally maintain in our overseas territories will need reinforcement if these are threatened. India may be over-insured, since the garrison there is almost as large as after the Indian Mutiny, despite the immense change of conditions and growth of mobility. But the rest of our territories are under-insured. There has been no proportionate increase to compensate the numerous additions to our territory, by mandate and otherwise. And now new risks have arisen. Apart from the threat to our naval bases at Gibraltar and Malta, we have to reckon with the possibility of attack on Egypt from Italian Libya; on the Sudan, Somaliland, and Kenya from Italian East Africa; of trouble, or worse, that may be created in Palestine, Iraq, and the Yemen. Looking further east, we see

new risks to our garrisons in Hongkong and Singapore. The British Empire is on the rack, suffering a two-way stretch. To safeguard all these territories adequately we might need far larger forces than the Army can provide, or could attempt to create without endangering our essential superiority at sea and in the air. Our first problem is to reduce our needs by remodeling our forces on a new design, and seeking to develop new types of unit which have more force in proportion to their size. In the Middle East, which contains the largest number of danger-spots, defence against external threat might be more effective if mobile mechanized divisions of a handy size were employed in substitution for the present cumbrous infantry divisions. But even if we re-organized our possible expeditionary units at home on a new ratio of mechanized troops to infantry, we should be lucky if events allowed us to spare a fraction of them for France.

To sum up—our military policy hitherto has been dominated by the 1914 picture. As a result it has instinctively concentrated on preparing the bulk of our forces in an unsuitable way for a dubious contingency across the Channel, which could only mean being too weak anywhere else for the defence of the Empire. There has been a reluctance to face the urgent need of re-organization and re-distribution, and a feeling that these involved changes of organization too big to contemplate. Now, however, with a change of personnel in the War Office, and fresh minds in control, we may hope that the need will be faced, and fulfilled.

THE ARTS TO-DAY.

BY LORD DERWENT.

ONE of the last (presumably) and one of the most obstinately popular of the European playgrounds (I call it this because the only people out of fancy-dress to be seen there look like being, from now onwards, the inhabitants themselves who will surely weary of being caricatured) distinguished itself last summer, apart from its admirable music-festival, by a passage of words between two personalities of international fame. I, for one, am still exasperated, though I know it is by this time naïve to be so, that when Signore Toscanini reproached Herr Furtwängler with managing to stretch political tolerance to the point of finding it indifferent to him whether he conducts in Munich or in Salzburg and when Herr Furtwängler gave the reply that one long imagined any civilized person would give—namely, that in his opinion, Art should care for none of these political inhibitions—Toscanini and quite a number of other people seem to have been surprised and pained.

The currents flowing through Europe to-day not only lap our shores, but insinuate themselves, with much perfidy, into minds that consider themselves well-protected against them. I know it from experience. Last winter I was asked by the French Institute in London to give a lecture on Baudelaire. In the peroration, I found myself exhorting the poets of to-day to abjure politics and the politicization of their verse. I was mentally comparing the sublime disregard of the Frenchman for the political life of his time with the pamphleteering bias of the Spenders and Audens & Day-Lewises of our present world. I did not in the least recommend the Ivory Tower, but I wanted to convey that, in my opinion, an intense spiritual experience or the kind of mental photograph which everyday emotions,

removed from all political stress, could imprint, were amply sufficient to start off the right train of inspired thought. Trying my own hand at the art in question within a few weeks from the lecture's date, I found myself hammering together stanzas whose fire and sincerity even now I can admit and approve of, but whose political flavour is not in doubt. What can be the depth and extent of such a vein exploited by artists of real force and talent? To what extent is it profitable for artists to "face up" to the events that affect the life of their time?

The problem is, of course, not the same for all the arts. It seems difficult to deny the advantage enjoyed by the novelist, who so far from feeling it his duty to turn his back on life, must, on the contrary, come to grips with it as much and as often as possible, without, of course, degenerating into journalism. Architecture is even better off; its details move with the times, with new inventions; its manifestations are necessities, and have all the "beauty of commodity" about which the lamented Geoffrey Scott wrote with such noble conviction; public demand has replaced private (for no one can call "private" the demand for one more brick villa just like the last, empty of individuality as of invention). Music, free as a wind, is a law unto itself; a Schönberg and a Molotov can both find room to move about unconstrained. Sculpture can always fall safely back on the rhythmic mysteries of the human frame, and no one will yawn; in addition, it has possibilities of dynamism that can fit it even into politics, and of course, easily into industry. I suggest that painting and poetry, on the other hand, are twin Cinderellas, in a sense, for even if they sally forth in up-to-date finery, they have, in my opinion, to return to the discretion and humility of the fireside, a world of brooding.

Consciously or unconsciously, Mr. William Gaunt, in his recent book "Bandits in a Landscape," has shed a broad light on the question as far as it concerns painting. The book is a concise, yet intensely poetic essay composed round certain side-streets of painting that range from Caravaggio to Géricault and Van Gogh and occasionally widen out into an imposing avenue like Claude and Delacroix. "The work of some modern painters," he writes

"is sympathetic with the architecture, the machinery, the utilitarian design that are the original productions of the age. This machine art is the classical art of our time, a part of its *positive* and optimistic character, an affirmation of its order and *power*, *propaganda* for its greatness, and for the perfection of human achievement evidenced by its tall buildings, its huge ships, its aeroplanes, its magnificent complexity."*

And he goes on to add:

"This is the exact opposite of romantic art . . . yet branching from the same stem there are signs of the reappearance of the romantic spirit, manifesting itself in a mood of melancholy, of criticism, of imagination. To the element of horror which lurks in the modern age, these hold up a glass. To the irrationality and weakness of man they point instead of the imposing nature of his creations. The ruin left in the wake of progress, the decay which inevitably accompanies growth, are themes for their strange pictures. They are the bandits in the modern landscape."

I cannot help feeling not only that he is right, but that it is right he should be right. On the other hand, it is equally possible to argue that for a painter to reproduce or a poet to celebrate, indefinitely and exclusively, the fierce beauty of the aeroplane or the streamlined train or the sky-scraper, will, if it is feasible, lead to an almost Goethean sanity in art, even if it equally leads into the municipal, the communistic, the essentially *public* in art that may turn out to be nothing but a *cul-de-sac*. In other words, it is fine while it lasts. But can it last? and if it does last, is it or is it not a *cul-de-sac*?

Surely our difficulty, in this dilemma (as much ours as the artist's, since we are his appreciators, or depreciators) is that the gaff has been blown. Gazing at the superb proportions of the "Normandie," at the triumph of the Chrysler building, we have reached the point that for us a high-explosive shell has the same sort of functional elegance of line; or, to put it even more simply, a bomber is as beautiful as an Imperial Airways liner. Could the illusoriness of progress be more pointedly underlined? And has this not crept into our sub-consciousness? If this is the case, then, however much art seeks "to fight its way back to a place within the social order, to become its ally and share its triumphs," nevertheless escape will remain "the order of the day."

Science has made life cleaner, longer, more exciting; but its toys are of two kinds, leading by the mildest of bifurcations as well to a chemical manure as to an explosive. It makes Broad-

*The italics are mine and are intended to stress the connection between the manifestations of the time and its political aspect.

casting House possible with one hand, and employs the other in running up brick cubes that will eventually create a new slum problem as acute as the old. It promised a whole fruit, and promised it to everyone; but it gives only the rind. Encouraged by the light, Marx has been only one among many to offer all this world's goods in exchange for an adoration of himself. So we let Science have full fling, since it was to remould the world nearer to our heart's desire; and now we have played the rôle of sorcerer's prentice all too long, so long that we cannot remember the word that will call the halt. If "belching chimneys and sprawling slums" (many of which are still with us) were the hall-mark of Victorian England, neo-Georgian England can boast that it is faced by a monstrosity that has not even the pretence of seeming constructive; gaily Mr. H. G. Wells prophesies, when interviewed in Paris, that "we live in a most exciting time," and that in his "*Shape of Things to Come*," he already foresaw the world a prey to "bands of gangsters, who would need only aeroplanes and bombs to exercise their tyranny" (the sea-gangster is already at work, indeed, in the Mediterranean). The sinister activities of the sorcerer's broom are well pictured by Mr. Stanley Casson in his book, "*Progress and Catastrophe*." In the chapter, entitled "The Perversion of Science," he stresses the "innate tendency" of mankind "to prostitute all of his inventions"; thus, the invention of wireless has given rise to the cruel imbecility of Propaganda.

The future, then, is blacker than usual (I am making allowance for the eternal past-ness of the "Good Old Days"). And it is only when a stable society has created conditions where optimism may be a perceptible quality of the air that the artist can bloom and prosper. To-day, he is the first to turn his back on the machine (yes, I presume even the Audens and Spenders would agree to this by now); what other obvious beauty remains to those who search for it and do not find it at their elbow, as a Phidias, a Rubens, or a Watteau did, as even a Reynolds or a Lawrence still could? The unobvious, of course, is what the bandits will continue to snatch brutally from the dark byways. Once the machine itself is abandoned, there are still its by-products. How far will it lead an artist-poet, all that official fresco-painting of

workmen in overalls, of doctors in white, of farmers super-muscled, of girl-guides? Will it not end by being the prerogative of the slightly "advanced" academician, however daring it seems now? I have, I may add, insisted on the word "obvious" also because there is that other storehouse discovered by Picasso and the Cubists, the decorative abstraction; but that seems to me uncommendable, requiring as it does an impeccable sense of decoration and a talent for mathematics as well—a rare combination. The proper solution is, I take it, in the end, that found by Degas, by Manet (in his less purely poetic moments), and in particular, by Bonnard and Vuillard, those two great transformers of the ghastly ordinary—the frankly monstrous—into the very music of colour. All the great painters are poets—even Ingres, painting the opulent *bourgeoises*, poet in spite of himself; only a Bonnat remains simply interesting as a recorder of costumes. Must one, then, come to the conclusion that, however much the artist "faces-up" to reality, it is not the contact with reality that enriches him, but only his divine distortion, his poetization of reality that enriches it? Even so, and even now, the strange flowers of the wilderness seem to me less inviting than the occasional rich bloom a man of genius can grow with the manure of public life. But he should doubtless now and then, *fuir les hommes pour mieux les connaître*, considering this maxim as applicable to their exterior as much as to what lies behind it—if he can afford to! A course of banditry, of voluntary exile, may well alternate, for the fortunate and sensible, with periods of returning the steady glare of everyday things.

Is the case the same for the poets? I can remember as if it were yesterday the dawn of Sir Edward Marsh's "Georgian" movement about 1917, which was designed to introduce a greater naturalness into a poetry that seemed to have got stuck in the exquisite lanes into which Swinburne and Tennyson and their successors had led it. But by now, the spades (partly rustic, partly sexual) that the Georgians so resolutely set out to call spades have palled on us—only Rupert Brooke and Grantchester seem to keep the sweet bloom of eternal youth conferred by untimely death. T. S. Eliot led us into the "Waste Land" (not that we should not have got there in any

case); how do we get out? Is the only visible ancestor of new poets to be Siegfried Sassoon? There certainly seem to be no more "Sonnets to Aurelia," or anything of the sort at all. Is passion to be only political (and certainly mere word-painting *à la* Flecker, could no longer hold us)?

"To-morrow for the young the poets exploding like bombs,
The walks by the lake, the weeks of perfect communion;
To-morrow the bicycle races
Through the suburbs on summer evenings. But to-day the struggle.

To-day the deliberate increase in the chances of death,
The conscious acceptance of guilt in the necessary murder;
To-day the expending of powers
On the flat ephemeral pamphlet and the boring meeting."*

From the talent of an Auden or a Spender, sparks will always fly; but I have the gravest doubts concerning the capacity of any poet to explode like the right sort of bomb after a long period of this fuse-damping, neo-Puritanical, entirely politicized sort of life, as exemplified and preached in this admittedly fine poem. Fine, because technically successful, and spiritually touching. Do I then (since I have adopted this pedagogic stance) recommend to the poet a shrinking away from the ethical implications of what surrounds him? Yes, if it is a direct contact he is foolish enough to seek. No, if he will only remember the old tag about "beauty remembered in tranquillity," and put the emotion aroused by *Guernica* or Shanghai or the G.P.U. into a crucible, and only pour out the residue after many heatings. For there is nothing superficially poetic about the idiocies of to-day such as gas-war and hysterical credos in politics; there is a general emotion that rises like a steam, and permanently, from their moral aspect. In the end, such a writer as Auden will always risk the judgment of the man who has "seen four-and-twenty leaders of revolutions"; and that is not the proper tribunal for poetry. No; sooner than that, give me a modern Goya in paint or in verse, as much, if not more, fascinated by the gold and red of generals' uniforms as by the mutilated corpses in the Retiro; the grimacing witches and goblins lay in wait for him, but he had stared the Medusa of reality in the face and not been turned to stone.

*W. H. Auden—"Spain" (1937).

SHANGHAI AND THE JAPANESE.

By O. M. GREEN.

"SHANGHAI is a world-problem," said the Consul-General. The remark made in after-dinner conversation eight years ago, when the young Nationalist Government at Nanking was becoming clamorous for the abolition of all foreign rights in China, is doubly true to-day. For some time past the Japanese community of Shanghai have been increasingly demanding special privileges, on the ground that they outnumber any other foreign community by three to one; and now they have in support an army of at least 200,000 men, intoxicated with the knowledge of victory—while the fiasco of the Brussels Conference is, for the time being at any rate, a plain invitation to them to do whatever they please.

The position of Shanghai is so peculiar, and the interests of the Foreign Powers centred in it are so enormous—those of Great Britain alone being estimated at around £150,000,000—that the grave crisis with which the city is faced calls for a clear understanding of how Shanghai has come to be what it is—a romantic story indeed: for upon what was but a swampy tract of barren land less than a century ago has arisen the wealthiest city in Asia, adorned with huge buildings and parks, the sixth biggest port in the world, the financial, industrial and commercial nerve-centre of China.

When in 1843 Shanghai was declared open to trade, the first British merchants who went there lived in such houses as they could rent in the old Chinese city. Fortune, the great traveller and botanist, who visited them, has left a record of their discomforts. "Often in the mornings (he wrote) we would find ourselves drenched with rain; and if snow fell, it was blown through our windows and formed wreaths on the floor." In the sweltering heat of a Shanghai summer, the pioneers must have been even more uncomfortable. The situation suited neither

them nor the Chinese officials, who made no difficulty about granting the request of Captain Balfour, the first British Consul, for a piece of ground northwards of the Chinese city on the banks of the Whangpoo, on which the foreigners might buy land (or rather acquire it on perpetual leasehold, paying a small tax to the Chinese Government, as is still done, the sale of land to foreigners being illegal) build themselves houses, and manage their own affairs under their consuls. Incidentally, Captain Balfour bought ground for a British Consulate, and had considerable difficulty in getting his Government to repay him the 17,000 dollars he had given for it. That land is probably worth at least half a million sterling to-day.

There is little doubt that the Chinese officials of the 1840's hoped to immure the foreigners in the allotted tract, in the same manner as they had been cooped in the old factories at Canton. Nor was there anything unusual in allowing them to manage their own affairs under their consuls. The same system had been adopted with other alien communities not deemed worthy to be ruled by the divine laws of China. Yet it was from this little germ of a bit of land reserved for the foreigners' self-government, buttressed by their newly-acquired right of extra-territoriality, that all the wealth and importance of Shanghai have since grown.

If Hongkew and Yangtszepoo were still part of an American Concession as, geographically, they once were, the Japanese would not have been able to use these districts as a base of military operations against the Chinese, as they have done both in 1932 and again to-day. The legality of their doing so in any case is very much open to question, since Hongkew and Yangtszepoo are not an exclusive Japanese possession, but part of an International Settlement over which twelve other Powers have as much right as the Japanese. The point is that they would no more have tried to land troops there, if the district had been an American Concession, than they have tried to land in the French Concession.

Similarly if Shanghai, south of the Soochow Creek, were still a British Concession, the Japanese could not have made that disastrous "victory parade" through its streets on December 3; nor have claimed the right to march through it whenever they

please; nor have swooped upon hotels in it and carried off persons whom they dislike. All such attempts the French have successfully resisted on the plea that their Concession is French territory. It is hardly even arguable that the International Settlement owes its wealth and importance to its mixed constitution. Its position at the mouth of the Yangtze Valley must have given it that, once the energy and independence of the foreigner were applied to its development. Diplomatically, legally and socially, its international status had given rise to countless problems and was the direct cause of untold friction with the Chinese, not experienced in the British Concessions at Tientsin and Hankow*, long before the present issue with Japan.

The first administrative regulations were drawn up between Captain Balfour, first British consul, and the Taotai (the chief local mandarin) in 1845. The chief interest of these, again as with the Concession question in the light of later events, was that no Chinese were allowed to live in the foreign area. This provision, however, "went west" in the Taiping Rebellion, when hordes of Chinese fled into the Concessions, and the foreign residents found that there was so much money to be made by renting them houses that they have remained ever since. In the civil wars of the present century, the Chinese population of Shanghai increased so enormously, to a total of nearly a million, that the anomaly was not far from being realized of an area reserved for foreigners in which only Chinese lived, the foreigners having gradually been squeezed out into extra-Settlement roads. Only the great Sir Rutherford Alcock warned his compatriots that they were storing up many troubles for posterity. Their reply was that they were in China to make money as quickly as possible and go home; and that posterity could look after itself.

By 1854, Shanghai had grown so greatly that new regulations for its government were urgently needed. Another revision was demanded in 1866, and thus came into existence the famous Land Regulations, the charter by which Shanghai† has since

*The British Concession at Hankow was given back to China by the Chen—O'Malley agreement in 1927, but this does not affect the force of the argument.

†Henceforward, unless otherwise stated, "Shanghai" means the International Settlement. The French Concession, as stated, is a separate entity which does not enter into this article.

lived and governed itself. It took three years, by the way, to get the Diplomatic Body to approve these regulations, and except for a few additions and by-laws, no new charter has since been written. When it is remembered that in 1866 Shanghai was less than a third of its present size, with a foreign population of 2,200 and a Chinese of 90,000, it is rather wonderful that the Land Regulations are still adaptable to a foreign population of some 50,000, embracing 42 distinct nationalities, and nearly a million Chinese, not to mention all the immense responsibilities devolving on the Council from the development of factories, mills, hospitals, public works of many kinds and public education. In fact, the Land Regulations have been stretched to the utmost limit of interpretation, and the possibility, nay, even the necessity, of their revision has frequently been discussed. But revision would have to be approved by both the Diplomatic Body and the Chinese Government; and the well-known uncertainty of the behaviour of both these august bodies always decided the authorities of the Settlement to let well enough alone.

The present government of Shanghai first took shape under the regulations of 1854, when administration by the Consuls, assisted by a Roads and Jetties Committee elected by the land-renters, as they were called, gave place, to a Municipal Council annually elected by the foreign residents, which was empowered to collect rates for the discharge of public duties, and maintain a police force—the distinctive attributes of an autonomous government.

And here may be emphasized the most peculiar, and in many respects baffling characteristic of Shanghai. Although under the protection of thirteen Powers who have extraterritorial treaties with China, Shanghai does not belong to any of them individually or collectively—since the first eighteen years of separate British, American and French concessions. It belongs to the persons who own the land on which it stands, and to them alone is its Government, the Municipal Council, responsible. None of the Powers can give an order to the Council; only the ratepayers of the Settlement can do that, at the annual general meeting. Naturally, the Council works at all times in close co-operation with the local Consular Body, through whom,

moreover its negotiations with the Chinese officials are conducted. Also, its by-laws must gain the approval of the Diplomatic Body. But neither consuls nor diplomats can interfere with the administration of the Settlement, and any warrant that they wish to execute in it must be carried out by the Council's police.

An effective check against arbitrary action by the Council is that it can be sued by any person who considers himself aggrieved, a Court of Consuls (three in number) being appointed to try the case. One other check is provided by the extra-territorial rights of certain of the nationalities in Shanghai, against whom the Council's police can take no action, nor enter their houses, without warrant from the Consul of the nation considered. Proceedings are then taken against the accused man in his own court. The great nations, Great Britain, France, America and Japan, maintain their own law courts and judges. In the case of other nations, consuls have judicial powers to try cases themselves.

Thus is the rule of law preserved in Shanghai, together with the autonomy of the Council; and this is the key-note of the whole development and position of the Settlement. In an orderly, well-governed country such an anomaly as Shanghai presents could never have come about—the need for a separate reservation for foreigners would not have been felt. No just view of what the Settlement is can be formed, unless we bear clearly in mind the rapid decay and inefficiency of the Manchu dynasty in the nineteenth century; the appalling upheaval of the Taiping Rebellion through fourteen years, in which it is estimated that 70,000,000 people perished; the disintegration of organized authority for many years after the Revolution of 1911; and the Communist rising of 1925-27. The various steps taken by the Council to consolidate its authority were not the outcome of so-called "imperialist aggression," but a necessary process of self-defence against emergencies which were none of its contriving. Even if there had been none of the political storms which have racked China in the past eighty years, the necessity of constant self-defence would have been as acute, owing to the totally different conceptions of government within and without the Settlement. Throughout China government was, and still for the most part is, purely arbitrary;

the people had no hand in the appointment of officials, no say in the amount of taxes levied, nor as to how those taxes were spent; worst of all, it was the fixed idea of Government that judges existed primarily to do its bidding. Inside Shanghai, whatever imperfections might be found in its administration, the fundamental principle is that rule of law and individual rights must prevail. As has been shown, it is always open to the humblest citizen of Shanghai, of any nationality, to sue the Council in a court specially provided. It is obvious that such a system must continually be on the watch to protect itself against encroachments by the arbitrary power outside, or it will go under.

Three notable examples may be quoted, briefly, to illustrate the development of the Council's rights in direct response to the needs of its position. In 1864 a Mixed Court was established in the Settlement, presided over by a Chinese magistrate and a foreign assessor, in which thenceforward all cases against Chinese have been tried. Previously all such cases had been sent for trial to the Chinese city but with the rapid growth of the Chinese population in Shanghai, the Council had to take a new view of its responsibilities. Not infrequently criminals sent to the city immediately gained their freedom, by methods better imagined than stated. A natural extension of the institution of the Mixed Court was that the arrest of Chinese in the Settlement could only be effected by the municipal police. No Chinese yamên-runners (yamên was the mandarin's official residence) were allowed to function in the Settlement, a very necessary ruling in view of the notoriously extortionate character of these gentry.

In later years, after a prolonged struggle, the Council gained the right to prohibit the posting of Chinese official proclamations and the collection of Chinese taxes in the Settlement. Actually, to-day, various taxes to which Chinese are amenable elsewhere in China are collected in the Settlement, but this is done either by or in collaboration with the Council's officers.

A moment's reflection will show the necessity of these enactments. It would have been impossible for the Council to maintain peace and order among its huge Chinese population, if its authority were being continually undermined by Chinese

official interference. Since the Nationalist Government was established in 1928, the foreign assessors have been removed from the Mixed, now called the Special District, Court, and Chinese judges sit there alone. But the warrants of the Court are carried out by Municipal police, and no Chinese can be handed over to his Government without a *prima facie* case established against him in open court. The vital necessity of both these regulations, it may be said, has been amply shown in the past ten years.

Concurrently with its independence, another aspect of Shanghai's position has always been insisted upon most strongly: that is, its absolute neutrality towards all the convulsions of China. Arms have been taken up in defence of this principle. Thus in 1854, when the pressure around the Settlement of the Imperial armies acting against the Taipings became a distinct menace, the whole male population of Shanghai who could bear arms, aided by British and American bluejackets, sallied forth and drove the Imperialists off at the famous Battle of Muddy Flats. That was the beginning of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, which now numbers some 2,000 men of all nationalities, admirably trained and equipped. These, and the Council's 5,000 police, have repeatedly done splendid service in guarding the boundaries of the Settlement and maintaining order.

Another extraordinary incident occurred in the civil wars of 1924, when the Council actually arrested a famous Chinese General, known as "Little Hsu," then sheltering from his political enemies in the Settlement, in order to prevent his getting control of a derelict army deserted by its commander just outside Shanghai's boundary.

It is also to be observed that the British defence force of 20,000 men sent to Shanghai in the Communist upheaval of 1927, was as much charged to preserve Shanghai's neutrality as to defend it. The Powers generally, and Great Britain in particular, have always shown the greatest promptitude in maintaining the integrity and neutrality of this curious city.

Not the least serious aspect of the Japanese invasion is that it has shattered this important neutrality and in a manner never expected. It had always been taken for granted that the neutrality was to be as against China. That she would be at

war with one of the Treaty Powers, which would use a part of the Settlement as a military base against her, thus really incriminating the other Treaty Powers and the Municipal Council in its actions, was never contemplated. Yet see how thin the distinction might be between defence and offence, and how difficult it was owing to Shanghai's international status, to prevent the Japanese from landing. They had a perfect right to land troops in order to protect their nationals from possible violence by the Chinese. Every other Great Power has done the like at some time or other. They had a perfect right to march troops through the Settlement, as other Powers have done, in that "victory parade." Whether they could or could not have taken up positions around Hongkew (where most Japanese live) and remained purely on guard, as the British Defence Force had done in 1927, it is now idle to discuss. The fact remains that a great wrong has been done, much property destroyed, a vital principle shattered. The only point at which the catastrophe could have been prevented was before the Japanese landed, and that neither the Council nor the Powers had the right to do even if they had had the might. It was purely a matter for Japanese forbearance.

So, too, it is to be feared is the question of Shanghai's future, now the subject of much anxious speculation. Until the Great War the Japanese community of Shanghai was comparatively unimportant. Since that date, concurrently with Japan's amazing growth as an industrial Power, it has swelled to about 30,000 people, three times as big as the next largest community the British, while Japanese holdings in Shanghai, in cotton mills, filatures, wharves and warehouses must begin to run the British close. But as voting for members of the Municipal Council is on a property qualification, not reached by the majority of the Japanese, their voting power is still inferior to the British.

Since the British opened Shanghai to trade and have always held the most important part of its interests, it was inevitable that the administration should have developed largely on British lines and its staff have been recruited from British subjects. Many hard things about Shanghai have been said by people who, having enjoyed its hospitality, have gone away to hold up

virtuous hands of horror at its dissipation. But the hardest censors have not denied that its administration is good and above all things honest, and other nationalities have accepted the situation without complaint, finding that their rights were well preserved and their duties comfortably shouldered by others.

The Council is by no means slow to change as circumstances require. Of its nine members five are British (they used to be seven), two American and two Japanese. At the present time the Chairman is an American, as is the head of the whole permanent staff. In recent years five Chinese Councillors have been added to represent the Chinese community, and increasing numbers of Chinese have been recruited into the staff, some of them already having attained to highly responsible posts.

The Japanese challenge to the British ascendancy in Shanghai's administration dates from the fighting in 1932, when, it will be recalled, the 19th Chinese Army held up the Japanese attack for six weeks. It is based on the simple proposition that, as they are the largest foreign community, they ought to have most say in Shanghai's affairs. They have extracted various concessions from the Council, for example, the creation of a special Japanese branch of the police force to police their particular quarter, Hongkew; while the promotion of a Chinese to any position of authority in the Council's service is immediately countered by a demand for a similar appointment of a Japanese. Since 1932 the Japanese have built large barracks capable of holding 3,000 men on the northern border of the Settlement, which has certainly not made the Council's position *vis-à-vis* of the Japanese any the pleasanter.

The present situation is largely the fault of the other Treaty Powers. The armistice which ended the fighting in 1932 envisaged, if it did not actually provide for, a conference which would have regularized the whole situation of Shanghai. But Great Britain and America were unwilling to appear to be taking advantage of China's extremities, and the conference was never held. It would have been far kinder to China, quite apart from the Powers' own interests, if it had been. For the result was to leave everything in the loose inflammatory condition which had provoked the explosion of 1932, and has now

provoked another, infinitely more calamitous for the unhappy Chinese.

It is idle to speculate on what Japan will demand at Shanghai, although it seems inconceivable that she will be content to allow the old *régime* to continue as before. Some think that she will insist on a large extension of the Settlement, with the old administration maintained, herself being the chief partner in it, others, that she will create a new Concession for herself between the eastern end of Shanghai and the mouth of the Whangpoo; others, again, believe that she does not yet know what she wants and that the question of Shanghai will form but an item in the enormous list of things that will have to be settled between Japan, China and the Powers after the war; in which event Shanghai and the Customs (both of which are undoubtedly in the hollow of the Japanese hand) would be very useful levers to induce the Powers to acquiesce in Japanese plans for China.

One prophecy may be risked. The origin of Shanghai was a gamble: its growth has been a prodigy; it has survived many fearsome extremities; one cannot believe that its proud existence and indisputable services to the Far East are to be snuffed out ingloriously under a Japanese military boot.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE FAR EASTERN CRISIS.

BY FELIX MORLEY.

IN the arts of peaceful intercourse the accomplishment of mankind, like that of the coral-building animal, springs from continuous rather than spectacular activity. There must be tiers of brick and layers of mortar before the keystone can be fitted into place. It is different when man devotes his energies to work of destruction. Then six years is long enough to throw the whole machinery of civilization into reverse and to pile up a devastation which is even more appalling in its moral than in its physical aspects. This generation has good cause to realize how swiftly the slow upward spiral can be reversed. On every hand there is evidence of the scope of the retrograde movement since Mukden was seized by Japanese troops on the night of September 18-19, 1931.

Any virulent disease tends to spread until it either destroys the organism on which it feeds, or is defeated by the development of combative anti-bodies. There is no more reason to suppose that the present onslaught of dictatorships will stop with a Japanese conquest of China than there is to expect an attack of scarlet fever to recede when it has pushed a victim's temperature to exactly 100 degrees. There is, on the contrary, every reason to anticipate that from now on policies of aggression will become progressively less restrained and more destructive to any economic system which, like capitalism, depends on the stability of peace.

The American public, perhaps more rapidly than is realized in Great Britain, is beginning to appreciate the overwhelming menace of the lawless militaristic nation, and to draw the appropriate conclusions. Isolationist tendencies are still strong in my country. Post-war cynicism continues to be a potent force. There remains plenty of that emotional pacifism which explains war as a creation of international bankers and munition

makers and would exercise it, much as the prohibitionists sought to stamp out drinking, by Act of Congress. But within the past few months the opponents of collective action have lost much ground in the United States. There have, for instance, been only feeble criticisms of the Administration's refusal to invoke the misnamed Neutrality Act in the Sino-Japanese hostilities. Many of those who worked hardest for the passage of this legislation have lost confidence in its efficacy to keep us out of war.

The extent of the change in public sentiment was mirrored both by President Roosevelt's famous Chicago speech of October 5, and the Government's declaration, the following day, "that the action of Japan in China is inconsistent with the principles which should govern the relationships between nations and is contrary to the provisions of the Nine Power Treaty of February 6, 1922." Public approval of these two actions was pronounced, and has remained so even after the implications of this policy for the development of international co-operation became generally understood.

Hostile critics have suggested that one purpose of the President's speech of October 5, warning his fellow-countrymen of the threat of aggression to the New World, was to divert attention from the issue aroused by Justice Black's confession of membership in the moronic and obscurantist Ku Klux Klan. This it certainly did, but the argument is of the *post hoc propter hoc* variety. As a matter of fact, Mr. Roosevelt was voicing warnings against the influence of Italy, Germany and Japan in South America as far back as his trip to Rio de Janeiro and Montevideo, a year ago. Readers of Ernest Hambloch's article on "Fascist Trends in Brazil," in the October FORTNIGHTLY, will have realized why. It is as unfair to say that domestic politics inspired the Chicago speech as it would be to argue that Wall Street instigated the recent slump to distract public attention from the Far East. Incidentally American antagonism to Japan's course has not been diverted by business recession or any other factor.

At Chicago, it is well to realize, the President was applying to a current problem a theory of international conduct which for nearly a generation has had strong non-partisan backing in

the United States. As far back as 1910, Theodore Roosevelt, in accepting the Nobel Peace Prize Award, observed that: "It would be a master-stroke if those Great Powers honestly bent on peace would form a league of peace, not only to keep the peace among themselves but to prevent, by force if necessary, its being broken by others." Franklin Roosevelt, in October of this year, only paraphrased the words of his cousin when he said that: "the peace-loving nations must make a concerted effort to uphold laws and principles on which alone peace can rest secure."

Theodore Roosevelt was not the only Republican President of recent years to urge collective action against an aggressor. William H. Taft, though then out of office, gave the principle clear-cut endorsement in launching the "League To Enforce Peace" in 1915. A fundamental provision of this programme, which gained many prominent adherents in the United States prior to our entry into the World War, was that members of the League should pledge themselves to refrain from hostilities without prior invocation of arbitration or mediation machinery. Failing that procedure, "then the remaining members of the league agree to join the forcible defence of the member thus prematurely attacked."

The significance of this early advocacy of collective action, though it did much to provide the philosophic basis for American participation in the war against Germany, has been obscured by the Senate's failure to give a two-thirds majority for ratification of the Treaty of Versailles. Although this successful opposition was the work of a minority in the Senate, it kept the United States out of the League of Nations. In consequence the Geneva policy of co-operative resistance to aggression was doomed long before it was first attempted against a Great Power. But there is no reason to suppose that the Harding-Coolidge interlude, which in so many ways paved the way for the present pusillanimity of the Republican Party, represented a permanent setback to enlightened American thought on international problems.

On the contrary, the swing back towards co-operation had become obvious by the time of Mr. Hoover's election, and was apparent to everybody at the time of the Manchurian crisis

of 1931-32. President Hoover's Secretary of State, Mr. Henry L. Stimson, has shown in his book on "The Far Eastern Crisis" how far the Government of the United States was at that time prepared to go in combining with other countries to oppose Japanese aggression. The full record of this period indicates that Secretary Stimson, as well as Sir John Simon, failed at critical moments to give the full co-operation which would have been necessary for success. But retrospective Anglo-American recriminations on this score are now worse than futile. The important matter is that no cause for further criticism of this character, on either side of the Atlantic, should arise again.

"During the progress of the Manchurian controversy," says Mr. Stimson in the closing pages of his book, "proof of a growing interest and support for our policy of frank co-operation with the League was evident within the United States." There follows an even more significant observation: "We (i.e. the Department of State, with President Hoover's approval) had embarked upon that policy with apprehension but we found behind us a constantly growing interest and support."

Attention, should be concentrated on Mr. Stimson's remark that while he anticipated public hostility to a forward policy it failed to materialize. There is abundant evidence, in which the nation-wide approval accorded President Roosevelt's endorsement of "concerted effort" against aggressors is only one item, that the American people are willing to follow a strong lead in making war unprofitable for those nations which utilize it as an instrument of national policy. One may assert with confidence that if an oil embargo had been applied to Italy at the time of the invasion of Ethiopia it would not have been broken by American shipments. And if Great Britain and France had seen fit to lay down a more positive policy at the outbreak of the civil war in Spain, American opinion, and consequently governmental action, would have responded helpfully.

Of course assurances of a sympathetic attitude are not enough. It is easy to understand that the British Government needs something more than a generally benevolent approval from the United States if anything in the nature of sanctions is to be attempted in future. A nation as deeply committed as is

Japan to her present policy of militaristic expansion is certain to resist, probably by force, any attempt to block her course by economic pressure. If material obstacles to the programme of aggression are to be interposed there must be some advance understanding as to what concerted action shall be taken, should the Japanese, for instance, attack Hongkong or seize the Dutch oil islands.

Here in Washington there is ample understanding of these contingent factors. It is realized that there is full justification for the British argument that the United States must take the lead, and be willing to follow through, if there is to be anything in the nature of collective action in the Far East. But there is no such realization in the country as a whole. For a generation, barring the immediate post-war setback, American statesmanship has been moving towards the theory of collective action. It is still frightened, however, lest concrete steps to that end should arouse domestic resentment as "entanglements" or "involvements" leading to war. And this fear on the part of the Department of State is not merely imaginary. The partially successful effort to fetter the Administration by mandatory neutrality legislation indicates the obstacles which those who conduct American foreign policy have to overcome on the home front.

The outcome of these conflicting forces—a push forward counteracted by a pull back—is the forcible-feeble foreign policy which is now so pronounced a characteristic of American diplomacy. It is easy to explain this situation on historical, geographical and psychological lines. The problem is natural to any Democracy. It is particularly pronounced in a federal system where the central government, though steadily expanding its powers, is as yet by no means absolute. And the difficulties are emphasized in the case of a nation which is at one and the same time both powerful and insular, both eager to seize commercial advantage and loath to assume political responsibility. To understand the nature of the problem, however, is to take the first step towards its solution.

The old teaser about the frog in the well, who slipped back an inch for every two inches which he laboriously climbed, is an apt description of current American foreign policy. If its

inevitably staccato course is understood abroad, both by the dictatorships and the democracies, there will be less misconception of the American position, and therefore less risk of the disastrous consequences which are certain to arise from any assumption on either side that the United States can safely be regarded as a nonentity in international councils.

Just as the frog in the well made obvious progress, even though he periodically moved backwards, so the United States progresses erratically towards some regularized form of co-operation with other nations possessing kindred institutions and ideals. If an adequate span of American history is taken as the basis for examination the evidence of advance is incontestable. An opposite opinion is possible only if attention is concentrated on the recurrent retrograde periods. And these should properly be regarded in the light of the French proverb: *reculer pour mieux sauter*.

The importance of analyzing the trend of American public opinion accurately is well illustrated by the diametrically opposite misinterpretations of many European observers in assessing the relations of the United States with the League of Nations. Some felt that President Wilson's great effort signified the complete abandonment of isolationist policies, and therefore the inauguration of a Utopian period of orderly international advance. They were disillusioned, baffled and embittered when the Senate failed to support Mr. Wilson's stand and when the promise of ardent co-operation was succeeded by a period of chill indifference towards the Geneva experiment. Those who felt this way had counted too heavily on the frog's advance. They were not prepared to see him slip backwards on an essentially slippery footing.

On the other hand there were many Europeans who, during the Harding Administration, wrote off the United States as a bad asset from the viewpoint of the world community. Noting only the withdrawal from its councils they assumed a lack of sincerity and dependability in the American attitude. The influence of the iniquities of the Versailles Treaty, always seen more clearly in this country, were not taken into account. And the gradual climb back towards co-operation was viewed with suspicion in Europe, and with a belief that this country aimed

to secure the advantages of the new international machinery without assuming any responsibility for its operation. There was often a superficial justification for this attitude, but it was fundamentally the attitude of those who, having seen the frog slide back, doubted his ability to climb again.

American foreign policy will probably continue to proceed along the lines which have been outlined, but with equal probability it will proceed by fits and starts. In other words, it is very unsafe to assume that a dramatic speech by the President, a forthright announcement by the Secretary of State, a positive action by Congress, will be immediately followed up. The converse is more likely to be true. A definite forward movement will be succeeded by a pause, even a seeming recession. That is due to the necessary deference for public opinion in a democracy of continental distances, with a population of heterogeneous origins, highly diversified in its intellectual equipment and educational background. Whenever there is a forward step there will be a time-lag to permit public opinion to catch up. But by the same token any definite backward movement, from the viewpoint of international co-operation, will be followed before long by an almost surprisingly pronounced advance. The trend being forward, an action against it inevitably produces a strong reaction.

If this is kept in mind, together with an understanding of the division of powers and the checks and balances which are ordained by the Constitution, much that may seem mysterious about American foreign policy will become clear. It will be understood that our rejection of membership in the League of Nations was followed logically by an approach to Geneva which now makes us one of the most active collaborators in all the technical work initiated there. It will be realized that the passage of "neutrality" legislation, refusing to discriminate between an aggressor and his victim, led naturally to the stimulating denunciation of aggression voiced by the President at Chicago. And it will be further appreciated that, having made this long advance, and having flatly declared Japan a violator of the Nine Power Treaty, the Government was unlikely to assume a position of pronounced leadership at the Brussels

Conference. A pause, to let public opinion consolidate the ground gained, was to be expected.

To every thoughtful person who believes in the Anglo-Saxon heritage it is now axiomatic that the United States and the British Commonwealth of Nations must work together on behalf of world peace. From a rational viewpoint it is revolting, nothing less, that nations as diverse in their backgrounds and ambitions as Germany, Italy and Japan should be able to form effective working agreements while the superior civilizations of Great Britain, France and the United States stand divided and helpless before them. And the major responsibility for this invertebrate attitude rests in London and Washington. For if those two governments decide to work together, whatever *régime* may be in power at Paris will automatically follow the lead. The French position is now too desperate to permit an independent course. But the democracies will not be able to co-operate, and to provide a core around which the world-wide will for peace can crystallize effectively, until they understand each other. And to-day the motivation of British policy is probably better appreciated in this country than is that of the United States in Great Britain.

There will be, in ensuing months, a very considerable effort to make British motives seem discreditable in the United States. There is a small Irish minority, steadily dwindling, which makes that its chief object in life. There is a larger Italian and German element which will work to the same end on orders from Rome and Berlin if it seems advantageous to those capitals to stir up sentiment against Great Britain. There is, finally, that egregious pacifist sentiment which, since it cannot with any shred of logic be pro-Japanese, will instinctively try to rationalize its position by becoming anti-British. But these endeavours, individually and collectively, can be ignored, if it is remembered that the unmistakable trend in American policy is towards international co-operation to stabilize peace. In effect this now means Anglo-American co-operation.

Every student of the origin of the League of Nations knows that the Covenant was in all essentials a product of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, based on political and philosophical concepts which the English-speaking peoples share, and which

are menaced today by the rise of the medieval and internationally anarchic totalitarian doctrine. For reasons which need not be scrutinized here the League effort has failed, at least as an effective force for the visible future. It must be emphasized, however, that the League, based as it was on the assumption of a triumphant democracy, can only be effective if it opposes itself resolutely to the Fascist principle. And this, without American membership, it is not strong enough to do.

Much the same effect, however, can be achieved by any form of practical co-operation, whether *ad hoc* or regularized, between the British Commonwealth of Nations and the United States. And such a working arrangement would inevitably serve as the nucleus of an association of democratic nations to which all the peace-loving and self-governing peoples would automatically gravitate. In time Geneva would undoubtedly emerge again as the logical clearing-house for such an association.

This is the way the tide is running, perhaps almost imperceptibly but, nevertheless, in response to a pull which is gravitational in its power. Those who are realistically inclined will recognize the natural trend and work with it. For it is impossible to see promise in any other course. Those who are realistic will also recognize that a trend of this character may take a long time to show positive results, and may be greatly hampered by bungling diplomacy, by inbred prejudices, and by the obstacles and delays inevitable to policies which must be hammered out in concurrence with a slow-moving public opinion. It is thus that the Far Eastern crisis appears as a stage in an evolutionary process, and not necessarily as a stage which will of itself be conclusive in bringing the co-operation which is so desirable.

That crisis, however, has actually brought to flower a definite alliance of the most powerful and aggressive of the anti-democratic nations. That alliance, behind the smoke-screen of an anti-Communist front, is actually designed to undermine the institutions and authority of those democratic nations which seek a politically stable world. And a challenge of such magnitude, once understood, is unlikely to go unanswered in terms of a practical response.

NEW DIVORCE PROBLEMS

BY ALFRED FELLOWS.

THE Matrimonial Causes Act, 1937, passed last July, but coming into force on 1st January, 1938, marks the end of a very long halt between two opinions, one, that Christian marriage is absolutely indissoluble, save by death, and the other that, for grave causes which practically wreck a marriage, divorce is the lesser evil. The first view, as held by the Roman Church, admits of no modifying dispensation, though Protestants have on occasion been mildly surprised at certain decrees of nullity pronounced by the Rota Court at Rome in favour of certain wealthy or distinguished persons. Between the two views as above stated there is, of course, no logical compromise. That which our Legislature attempted, divorce for adultery only, was not only illogical but unjust. Certain texts in the Gospel of S. Matthew might possibly have been quoted for it, but they are of very doubtful authenticity, and the Roman church and many Protestant scholars have entirely rejected them. They certainly have not sufficient weight to force their authority on millions who attach no importance to them. In practice divorce for adultery only had come to mean easy divorce by mutual consent for the well-to-do, by means of the hotel-bill evidence (husbands often boasting that they took no notice of their companions on an all-night vigil, though at pains to make a divorce judge decide otherwise) and no divorce at all for poor persons deserted for five, ten, or twenty years, by spouses they could not trace. The stark injustice of this has resulted in an agitation culminating in the passage of the above statute. This admits of divorce for desertion for three years, for cruelty, and on the grounds of incurable lunacy for at least five years preceding the petition. There are also four new grounds for decrees of nullity of marriage. Following some well-deserved strictures on our divorce law

delivered from the Bench in 1906 by Lord Gorell, then President of the Divorce Court, a Royal Commission with Lord Gorell himself as Chairman was appointed in 1909, and reported in 1912 in favour of enlarging the causes for divorce, with three dissentients of pronounced Anglo-Catholic views, whose disapproval of any such proposition could have been taken for granted from the first. To attain this result, nearly two hundred and fifty witnesses testifying from all points of view had been examined, and over seventy sittings held. The majority report recommended divorce for all the above causes, and in addition, for drunkenness and drug-taking, and in favour of the spouse, almost invariably the wife, of a murderer reprieved from hanging to a life sentence.

The advocates of divorce reform have not therefore obtained all they wish, but, so far as causes for divorce are concerned, the new Act has conceded by far the more important of their claims. Broadly speaking, if worked in the spirit in which Parliament caused it to be passed, it will bring our divorce laws into line with almost all the rest of the Christian and civilized world. The law of the Roman church now prevails only in Italy, Southern Ireland, South Carolina, and some of the South American republics. There appears to be no divorce law in Northern Ireland, but divorce by private Act might be possible, as it may be in some of the provinces of Canada.

Those opposed to divorce have obtained a concession in the new Act which perhaps is not unreasonable. Divorce for the first three years of marriage is forbidden, unless a judge finds a case to be "one of exceptional hardship suffered by the petitioner, or of exceptional depravity on the part of the respondent."

The first problem on the Act, already the subject of brisk discussion in the legal journals, is whether it is retrospective, *i.e.*, whether cruelty committed before 1st January, 1938, or periods of desertion or insanity prior to that date, can be pleaded for divorce. Originally the Bill expressly provided for this, but, on the advice of the Solicitor-General, the provision was dropped as being superfluous. The Act itself is definite enough, but Judges are very reluctant to decide that a new statute destroys vested interests unless it does so in a manner which

admits of no possible doubt. The Act is hardly strong enough for that, hence the controversy. On the whole, the view that it should be construed as Parliament assuredly meant it to be construed appears the better one, though there will certainly have to be a definite ruling, and, to preclude doubt, a test case should be taken to the House of Lords or at least to the Court of Appeal at the earliest opportunity. It may be hoped that judges will not consider that the right of a wife to walk out on her husband, or of a husband to be cruel to his wife, in each case without fear of divorce, is sacrosanct. On the other hand they may probably hold that the right to divorce for adultery committed just before 1938 is not divested for a marriage of less than three years' duration. A test case on either issue ought to be decided before the first decrees nisi under the new Act have time to ripen to the absolute stage, to prevent any hardship of delay. An adverse decision would of course mean that no divorce for desertion was possible before 1941, for permanent insanity before 1943, or for pre-1938 cruelty at all.

Some difficult considerations may arise as to desertion. Both divorce judges and magistrates are quite accustomed to dealing with the issue of desertion, and therefore many of the problems have been solved. A certain member of Parliament, however, contrived to have the operation of the Act postponed from July to January for the express purpose of giving those who had deserted their spouses the chance of reconsidering their positions (incidentally on the assumption, made without question by all the legal M.P.s concerned, that the Act was retrospective). The Court may then have to consider the effect of an offer by a deserting spouse to return to cohabitation. Broadly speaking, the effect of such an offer, if genuine, determines the desertion, and presumably destroys it as a cause for divorce—certainly if it was for less than three years, and perhaps for any period. The Court may thus have to judge how far such offers are genuine, and what validity shall be given to them if obviously made for the mere purpose of preventing divorce. On occasion Courts have held that a wife is not bound to return to a cruel husband merely because he requests her to do so, and perhaps it will scan such offers closely. It may be hoped at least that it will not repeat such a farce as was too often enacted before 1923, when

a wife had to prove desertion or cruelty as well as adultery for divorce. She was then allowed to prove desertion if her husband left her and, in answer to her stereotyped letter requesting him to return, said he would not do so. Everybody in Court knew that the letter of the wife was a mere pretence, written as a preliminary to divorce, and that her husband left her and kept away with her full approval. Nevertheless the judge held, under a very hasty and ill-considered statute, that the interchange of the two letters constituted desertion on the part of the husband. Thus it may be quite possible that an offer to return may be mere trickery.

Possibly the most important problem of the Act will arise when Divorce Court judges have to decide how they will deal with a certain provision in Section 6, allowing them to treat an order for separation made by a magistrate, or a bench of magistrates, as sufficient proof of the adultery, desertion, or other ground on which it was granted.

Incidentally, adultery is made by the Act a new ground for a separation order. It was not so previously, perhaps because the more complete remedy of divorce was theoretically possible. The word "theoretically" must here be used because, our Divorce Court being one of the most expensive tribunals in the world, divorce has hitherto been inaccessible to tens of thousands of people with just cause for it. For various reasons, the "poor persons" procedure has been a very slight mitigation of this injustice. The hearing of divorce cases at Assizes gives relief in certain cases, but, if a defence is put in, the rules made by the Divorce Court provide that the hearing must be London. Incidentally, divorce cases could have been heard at Assizes at any time after the passing of the first Divorce Act in 1857 on a reference of fact from the Divorce Court, but the section which contained this provision, was simply ignored by that Court until it had virtually to be re-enacted about fifteen years ago.

Now judges will have the power to adopt the findings of magistrates on separation decrees, and it remains to be seen how they will exercise that power. If they start on the assumption that the lower court has come to a proper decision, not to be reconsidered unless there is substantial evidence

otherwise, the serious expense of witnesses testifying in the High Court will be saved, and divorce may at last become reasonably accessible to all classes. If on the contrary they act on the theory, possibly derived from Doctors' Commons, that in matters of such grave import as divorce, only a High Court judge can properly weigh the evidence, and therefore require the witnesses to appear before them in nearly every case, the utility of the Act will be destroyed for those classes, probably the great majority, who, not coming within the narrow range of "poor persons" as defined by the rules, cannot afford the expenses of a High Court action.

In fact the reproach "one law for the rich and another for the poor" has hitherto been more applicable to the English divorce law than to any other in our realm. In consequence, decent men and women, denied divorce because of the expenses of witnesses and lawyers, have been faced, sometimes in early adolescence, with the choice of living like monks or nuns all the rest of their lives or contracting irregular unions, and thus "living in sin," though the "sin" in England would be lawful matrimony in almost every other country. Probably the vast majority of men who desert their wives, and a large percentage of women who desert their husbands, also commit adultery by forming new unions. In the classes which can pay for High Court actions, the deserter can be traced by detectives, etc., not to mention that any one who receives dividends must either give an address for their despatch, or forego them. Those of narrow means, however, cannot afford private detectives, and disappearance is easy. The law provides no means of tracing a disappearing spouse, save in the case of a husband who leaves a wife dependent on poor law assistance. This outrage to ratepayers sets the police in motion, but the outrage to a self-respecting woman who, by half starving herself, contrives to keep herself and her children off the rates is not considered of any consequence. Such a woman has in the past often had to choose between abject poverty, with the knowledge that her children are half starved, and an irregular union. Three years is a long time to wait, but, if the High Court makes proper rules, her poverty should not preclude her from obtaining divorce for desertion after that period. The fact of desertion

may be easy to prove in innumerable cases where proof of adultery is practically impossible. Indeed, unless the cost of divorce is materially lightened by this provision in the new Act, it is not too much to say that its benefits will prove almost illusory for the majority of our population. Divorce reformers must therefore still watch the workings of the Act very narrowly, for the Divorce Court has not hitherto shewn itself particularly anxious to render its procedure less disastrously expensive, and the forces that have in the past worked underground to render divorce inaccessible to the poor are still both strong and subtle.

Judges will also have to decide as to the class of cases in which "exceptional hardship suffered by the petitioner or exceptional depravity on the part of the respondent" justify a divorce in the first three years of marriage. This, however, is not nearly so important as the reasonable adoption of magistrates' findings, since justice delayed for two or three years, a possibility if the discretion is narrowly and harshly exercised, is better than its flat denial. There is of course a large question as to whether, if Parliament gives a judge power to use his own discretion in particular circumstances, other judges should fetter that power by making rules concerning its exercise. As to a certain discretion given to Chancery judges by statute one of them may be quoted :

"I say emphatically that this discretion ought not to be crystallized as it would become in course of time by one judge attempting to prescribe definite rules with a view to bind other judges in the exercise of a discretion which the Legislature has committed to them. This discretion, like all other judicial discretions, ought as far as practicable to be left untrammelled and free."

This ruling was adopted by Chancery judges, but Divorce judges have always held that their discretion should be fettered and regulated by a developed practice. As a consequence, until the Great War, when the existing harsh practice was shattered by the King's Bench judges called in aid, a petitioner guilty of adultery was for all practical purposes denied divorce, though Parliament had enacted that judges had the power to grant it in such cases.

Another discretion newly given to the Court is that of making a decree nisi absolute at the instance of the respondent. It has often happened that a petitioner, almost invariably the wife in

such cases, has obtained a decree nisi for divorce and then, not desiring herself to re-marry has, either from religious scruples or out of spite, refrained from having the decree nisi made absolute. The discretion in favour of petitioners guilty of adultery has since the War been exercised fairly, and it may be hoped that the new discretion, also in favour of guilty parties, as respondents with decrees nisi against them necessarily must be, will be exercised in the right spirit. The object of it is manifestly to enable them to regularize their irregular unions, and, if a man pledges himself to take this course (and, incidentally, to give his woman companion ground for a breach of promise action default, as recently held by the House of Lords) his freedom should not be denied to him.

There is one question with which the Act does not explicitly deal, but which should assuredly be considered in its working, and that is the attitude of the Court towards separation deeds. The doctrine of the Ecclesiastical Courts before the original Divorce Act was that married couples should live together, save only when separated by the Court itself for such grave reason as adultery or desertion. In fact with such zeal was this principle enforced that one spouse who deserted another could be compelled to return on pain of imprisonment, nominally for contumacy or disobedience to a decree for restitution of conjugal rights. On such principles these judges refused to look at separation deeds between the parties, and held that they were entirely void, and against public policy. Lord Eldon in Chancery made a similar answer to a peeress who came to him with such a deed in her hand. "After the sacred contract" he observed grimly, "people should feel it to their mutual interest to improve their tempers." Later, however, first Lord Cottenham and then Lord Westbury overthrew the old doctrine, and the House of Lords finally ruled that separation deeds should be enforceable in all the Courts. This of course means that a judge is as much bound by a separation deed as the parties to it, and cannot go behind it. In Victorian days the "washing of dirty linen publicly" in the Divorce Court was considered more undesirable than the compulsory celibacy required by the separation deeds, and judges actually encouraged them for this reason. In the twentieth century it is recognized that the

multiplication of legal celibates, inevitably leading to concubinage, is in the highest degree undesirable, and it may be hoped that judges will reconsider their attitude to these deeds. They form, of course, as usually drawn, an absolute bar to divorce for any cause arising before they are executed, and a bar to divorce for desertion, for separation under such a deed is not desertion. And sometimes they have been extorted by one spouse from the other by a process savouring of duress.

As the Bill was originally introduced, refusal of marital rights by a wife constituted desertion, for which a husband could obtain divorce. At the instance of the same member of Parliament who caused the operation of the Act to be postponed, this provision was struck out, with the consequence that a husband who is refused his rights has got no legal remedy and remains under the full obligation to maintain the woman who continues to break her vows to him. This is an injustice which, to the knowledge of the Divorce Law Reform Union's executive committee, has perhaps sent more men to prison for disobeying a maintenance order than any other single cause, for the husbands of such wives often prefer imprisonment to giving them money. It may thus be hoped that a solution of this difficulty will be found, but the converse case must also be remembered, that the wife of a very poor or unemployed man with several children may reasonably object to bearing more.

Most of the questions propounded above will depend on High Court judges, but on the issue whether a particular person is incurably of unsound mind, no doubt judges will take the last word from medical evidence. Statistics shew that about three persons out of every two hundred who have been certified and kept confined as lunatics for five years and upwards recover their reason. The doctor who certifies incurability is therefore in an exceedingly safe position, though the impossibility of mistake is not absolute. Perhaps sooner or later a divorced lunatic will recover, and no doubt the opponents of divorce will make the most of such an occasion. It is on record of course that the law has occasionally hanged an innocent man, and, our system of justice being a human institution, mistakes must now and then occur. Sometimes the spouses of persons who have disappeared for years have re-married in the genuine belief

that they were free to do so and then the absent ones have re-appeared, and claimed their matrimonial rights—or, in some cases, exacted blackmail to keep quiet and so avoid scandal. Incidentally, the Act provides the means for preventing the latter possibility, for it enables the spouses of those who have disappeared to petition the High Court to make the presumption that the absent one is dead. On proper evidence the Court will make this presumption (Chancery judges have long been accustomed to do so to order dealings with property) and, on the decree absolute for such a presumption, the marriage is dissolved.

The Act provides four new causes for annulment of marriage. The annulment of marriage is not against any religious tenet, and the Roman Court has granted, and apparently still grants, decrees with far greater facility than our own. The new grounds are wilful refusal to consummate, mental deficiency or recurrent fits of insanity or epilepsy, the existence of communicable venereal disease at the time of the ceremony, and, in favour of the man, the pregnancy of the woman by another man. In each of the last three cases the petitioner to be successful must have been ignorant at the time of marriage of the facts justifying annulment, and have refrained from marital intercourse after discovery. It does not seem likely that there will be many of these petitions, but each one granted will remove a case of hardship. It is provided that proceedings must be instituted within a year from the date of marriage. In a case known to the Divorce Law Reform Union, a man who eighteen years ago married a woman who unknown to him, was pregnant by another man instantly, on discovery of the fact, separated from her, and has since declined to live with her, though of course she remains his lawful wife. Unluckily the above provision in the Act denies redress in this hard case. The non-consummation provision will hardly change the law, for judges have usually inferred impotence on proof of wilful refusal, and granted decrees accordingly. In venereal cases infection of the petitioner is not required to be proved by the Act, though normally evidence that it has occurred is likely to be the basis of the petition. Medical evidence will be indispensable, and the sharp issue may sooner or later be raised as to the possible

violation of the secrecy promised by the Government to those who have recourse to the venereal clinics. The marriage of a lunatic is already made void by an Act passed over a hundred years ago, but annulment for mental deficiency, etc., is new. Medical evidence will again be indispensable. Mental deficiency is defined by statute, and proof of repeated periods of confinement in lunatic asylums will be the evidence of recurrent insanity.

Clergymen of the Church of England are excused by the Act from performing the ceremony of marriage over any person who has either obtained or suffered divorce, and whose former spouse is living, nor need they allow such a ceremony to be performed in any Church or Chapel of which they are Ministers. The former law absolved them from marrying a respondent guilty of adultery, but they were obliged to marry a successful petitioner not guilty of adultery, and to lend their Churches if some other parson was more accommodating to the guilty. The House of Lords has held that persons whose marriages are valid in law but uncanonical must be allowed communion, and this, of course, applies to all divorced persons re-marrying, but the decision appears to be entirely disregarded both by bishops and clergy.

The acid test of the Act's utility will be the accessibility of the Court, for all causes of divorce, to the class that constitutes no doubt the vast majority of married English people, namely those whose incomes exceed £100 a year but who cannot afford to pay anything in the neighbourhood of £100—and perhaps very much more in a contested case—in Court fees, fees to lawyers, expenses of witnesses, etc. To work the Act to its greatest efficiency the rules for divorce at Assizes should be expanded. The denial of justice to poor people by withholding the right of divorce from them has been perhaps the worst scandal of English law, and the new Act will be worse than useless if it merely enables a select few of the privileged classes who now can afford to approach this expensive Court to obtain relief which should be accessible to all.

PERHAPS WE SHALL MEET AGAIN. . . .

BY H. E. BATES.

IT was no use, no use any longer, She must begin to eat less, much less; starve herself, cut out everything. It could not go on like this: public dinner after public dinner, company luncheons, lavish food, eating till she could not breathe, eating for the sake of eating. She must be firm, put a stop to it, now, at once, before the summer got too hot, before Victor got to be the director of any more companies. Two hundred and thirteen pounds. She saw the hands of the bathroom weight-clock revolve again, in imagination, and rest at that awful figure. She felt like weeping. It was something terrible. No woman could bear it. And so she had made up her mind. She was going to starve herself—and see what that would do.

She bounced and dumped along the edge of the lake, in the park, like a distended silk balloon, her feet still quite neat, her ankles incongruously bony still, so that it appeared as if she wore false legs. Her mind whispered and panted its little humiliations in small gas-escapes of misery.

On the edge of the lake, on the already hot grey concrete, small children were crumbling bread and saffron-yellow buns for the ducks. Mrs. Victor was revolted. Food, always food, eating, didn't the world do anything else? Gulls planed over and clawed the air, to swoop down and up and snatch the thrown bread before it reached the water. Their dismal crying greed set Mrs. Victor's nerves on edge like wire scratching on glass. She bumped and panted past, out of range of gulls and children and the revolting sight of bread thrown and snatched.

She sat down on one of the green public seats. There was another thing. Now it had got so that she couldn't sit on one of the twopenny chairs. They were made only, it seemed, for normal people, the slim and elegant. She remembered the days

when she had been slim and elegant: straight as a line-prop, hardly fat enough in fact, her body its own corset.

Like the young woman on the seat. Just like her. Scarcely enough flesh, if anything. Mrs. Victor looked at the young woman who, in turn, was staring across the water: blonde, young, with shadow-pointed cheeks and small scarlet buttonhole mouth, closed tight up. Mrs. Victor, looking to see if she had any stockings on at all, saw the points of stitched ladders where the legs crossed. Stockings meant she had some sort of belt on. Well, that was just for decency. She didn't need support. It was a figure that had stepped straight out of advertisements.

Mrs. Victor looked down at her own squabbed-out thighs, like two vast aerated sausages, and felt like weeping. She could not bear it, and looked back at the girl.

Ask her if she diets. Somehow she looks as if she diets. That sort of thinness can't be natural. There's thinness and thinness. Somehow she looks as if she must diet.

Mrs. Victor hesitated to speak. She had seen the scorn, before now, in the faces of the young. She didn't want to speak and then have it thrown back in her face. Then she looked again at the girl. You could have blown her away with a breath. She had the ethereal lightness you saw spoken of in advertisements. There was nothing of her.

More children had appeared on the lake-edge, with more bread, so that the air was filled with a shrieking storm of gull-wings. Mrs. Victor said:

"Excuse me. I've been looking at your figure, and wondering."

"Eh?" The girl, startled, turned her extraordinarily thin face. "I'm sorry. I can't hear for the birds."

For a moment the birds quietened. Mrs. Victor said:

"I hope you'll excuse me speaking to you. I've been looking at your figure. Wondering if you did anything special for it. If you dieted. You see how I am."

"No," the girl said. "I don't do anything special."

"Oh!"

Mrs. Victor, not knowing how to go on, smiled. The girl's profile looked as though it had been pared down by a knife.

"I've got so desperate now," Mrs. Victor said, "that I'm thinking

of seriously starving." It did not sound right. "Starving seriously," she said.

If she thinks I'm going to sit here, the girl thought, and listen, she's crazy. Not me. I'm going. I'll go straight away. She sat quite still. If I get up, she thought, I think I shall fall down.

"Really starving," Mrs. Victor went into an explanation of the word, moving slightly along the seat. "You know. Days without food."

"I know."

"I'm sick of food. Sick of it." Mrs. Victor began to explain who she was, how, being who she was, she had to attend dinners, functions, eating, always eating, eating until now, at last, she was utterly sick of eating. "Take last night. The dinner began at eight, and we were still eating at half-past nine. Still eating!"

The girl sat trying to think of something to say. She could think of nothing but her suspender belt. It felt loose on her body. It will fall off, she thought, if I move. I've altered the hooks once already. I shall have to alter them again.

"First there was some special sort of cheese, Norwegian or something, on rye-biscuit. As if we needed that. Then soup, *consommé* or *crème*, just the usual thing. Then fish. Fish I should have liked, but it was messed up with spaghetti and sauce and egg and I can't think what. All fattening things. And that's how it went on. Duck, pheasant, chicken—and I was so sick of them I tried venison. Have you ever eaten venison? My husband was having it and he said I should try it. I couldn't eat it. I can't explain what it tastes like—but queer, somehow. An acquired taste. You've never tried it."

"No," the girl said, "I can't say I have."

"Don't."

I could eat an elephant, the girl thought. I could eat bacon-rind. She sat thinking of bacon-rind. People didn't eat it. They cut it off, but if you did fry it it jumped in the frying-pan like snakes.

"If you multiply that by hundreds you'll see what I have to go through in a year," Mrs. Victor said.

Multiply it by hundreds. Like snakes. Snakes lay eggs, hundreds of eggs. The girl remembered going, long ago, to the Zoo, and there giving whole bananas to monkeys. It's not so bad, she thought. I had a banana yesterday. I made it last forty-three minutes. With luck I could make it last an hour.

"I've tried special baths. I've tried slimming creams and massage. I've tried everything," Mrs. Victor said. "It costs me a fortune." Children were beginning to come nearer, along the edge of the lake, drawing the gulls with them as though they were kites on invisible strings. Ducks scurried round in brown skirmishing flotillas, quarrelling, diving, tails up. "I've done everything, and this morning I went over fifteen. Its terrible. I used to be as thin as you."

It's no good, the girl thought, I've got to go down to the post office. If Harry sends the money I shall know it's all right. If he doesn't send it I know I'm done. Whatever happens, I've got to go down to the Post Office and see. I've got to be logical. I haven't a job. I've got to be logical. During the war we used to eat locust beans. You never see them now. They said they had food value. We used to make them last a long time. That's what I want, something to last a long time.

"So I think there's nothing for it," Mrs. Victor said, "but to try simple starvation. I shall just starve and starve." She laughed a little. "After all, it must be the oldest form of losing weight in the world."

The children had come very near, the gulls shrieking and wheeling above the flurry of ducks, white bread and yellow bun-scrap flashing up in arcs against the bright sunshine.

"You see, it wears me out. Just sitting here now, I'm so hot I don't know what to do with myself. I'm all perspiration. I shall have to change everything when I get home."

A small child holding a round sugar-shining bun threw it into the water in one piece.

"It's so humiliating. You see, don't you? Your friends, people staring at you. When you've been thin, when you've had a nice figure. You see, don't you?"

"I see," the girl said.

"I envy you," Mrs. Victor said.

Again the girl thought, if I get up I shall fall down. She stirred slightly, feeling the emptiness of her stomach send out fainting waves of weakness. Her mind slipped into silliness. If A has two shillings between her and the workhouse and there's no letter at the post office, how many bananas must A eat before A is dead?

On the edge of the lake a nurse stood on tip-toe and tried to regain the lost bun with the ferrule of a sunshade, regained it, and gave it back to the child. "Of course it's all right. Of course they'll eat it. They'll eat anything."

"I know my husband won't like it," Mrs. Victor said. "But I can't help it. He'll say—think of my position and so on. But it's no use. I've got my own pride—I can't look at myself in the glass."

Now the small child had himself begun to eat the water-soaked bun, liking it. The nurse, grey-capped, swooped down on him like a gull herself, snatching it away, startling him to tears.

"Why does she make that child cry? I can't stand children crying," Mrs. Victor said. "It gets on my nerves. People think because you're fat and easygoing you've got no nerves. My nerves are all on edge."

The crying of the small child against the crying of the gulls made wire-shrill discords. Nerves, the girl thought. Nerves. Somebody had said that to her. Nerve. She remembered, saw herself mooning slowly along the street, intentionless, her mind dead. You've got a nerve, a voice said. Beginners on the other side of the street. When you went to the cinema this was what happened. This, as you knew, was the thing that the heroine had to face, and yet it was never mentioned. It was the most terrible thing, and in the end, by some awful irony, it was the director who saved her both from it and from herself.

"That child," Mrs. Victor said. "I can't stand it. Why does she make it cry like that?"

The child, holding his breath, had gone from crimson to faint purple in the face, in the fury of his frustration. The waves of torturing sound beat against the great cushion of Mrs. Victor's body and shook her nerves. She got up.

"It's no use, I shall have to go."

At that moment the nurse snatched up the child, put him into a large white perambulator, snatched the bun from his hands and threw it into the lake again. In a moment, as the perambulator moved off, the screams of the child began to die away.

"Well, that's better," Mrs. Victor said. "Even so, I think I must go."

I must go too, the girl thought. But if I get up I shall faint.

"Good-bye," Mrs. Victor held out her hand. "Think of me starving." She held in her large moist hand the girl's thin one. "Perhaps we shall meet again."

"Good-bye," the girl said.

Mrs. Victor walked away along the edge of the lake. The girl sat staring at the water. Ducks and birds and light and bread revolved like a lucky wheel against the sun.

ELECTRICITY : CONTROL AND CURRENT.

BY DAVID BARREND.

PUBLIC interest in the electricity supply industry has been stimulated by the announcement that the Government is about to introduce a Bill for the reorganization of electricity distribution. There is a widespread impression that this industry needs improvements in methods of operation; from time to time the Press has published stories about the high price of electricity in general—or somewhere in particular; occasionally a journalist-critic descants upon the superabundance and cheapness of electricity in Sweden, Canada, U.S.A. or New Zealand compared with conditions in Great Britain. What are the facts?

It is untrue that electricity is, on the whole, expensive in Great Britain. In so far as international cost comparisons—the statistician's bugbear—are reliable, it appears to be cheaper than in the U.S.A., and more widely distributed among the poorer classes of town-dweller and in rural zones. American observers have been astonished to find this country so much in advance of their country in the provision of electrical amenities; the highly electrified slum-clearance estates in all parts of Great Britain, such as York, Hull, Norwich, Preston, Brighton, Wimbledon, Woolwich, etc., have no counterpart in the U.S.A.

The extension of supply into remote rural areas has been rapid during the last five years, many districts jumping the steps of change—from candles direct to electric light, from wood and coal ranges to electric cookers, and from oil to electric power as a motive force. Less than 3% of the country is now outside the zones of supply undertakings; some 40,000 farms are connected to supply; new consumers increase by 1 million a year; nearly 7½ million houses are wired; electricity output increases at a regular 12% per annum; the average revenue received per unit from the domestic consumer has steadily decreased to

1.75d. In addition, there has been a rapid growth of special commercial facilities such as promotional tariffs, hiring schemes for apparatus and assistance in the wiring of houses.

These are good achievements. What is wrong with the industry?

The chief defects that bother the public as consumer are the varieties; varieties of methods of charging for electricity, of conditions under which it may be bought and used, of prices (some of which are too high) and of voltages and frequency of supply. The last point, however, is being rapidly put right.

These are the main reasons for increased measures of regulation. There are 620 undertakings in Great Britain, of which number about 60% are owned and operated by local authorities. Of the remaining 40%, about two-thirds are owned and operated by holding companies, the concentration of financial interests being marked. The Edmundson and the Balfour Beatty-groups control more than seventy-five different operating electricity companies between them.

Some of these 620 undertakings are large and wealthy in area; some are small and poor. Further, the various undertakers work under different local restrictions, some charged with excessive local rates and others being hindered by the refusal of local landowners to grant permission for the erection of overhead lines on their land.

It should be made clear that one half of the supply industry has already been organized on a planned basis. The generation and main transmission of electricity is controlled by the Central Electricity Board, a national body established under the Act of 1926. The Board was charged with the duties of co-ordination of generating stations through the construction of the inter-linking network known as the "Grid," and of selecting the stations which should produce the entire power supply of the public system. This involved the construction of super-stations of the highest efficiency and capacity and the closing down of small and inefficient plants. The Board is the producer, the undertakings it supplies are the retailers.

Since one half of the industry has been successfully organized on a national basis, why not, it is said, apply the same principle and method to the other half?

The case for Nationalization was considered and rejected by the McGowan Committee, set up by the Government to inquire into the distribution, or retail, half of the industry. What is this Committee's alternative scheme?

The broad lines of the McGowan proposals are:—amalgamations to form large-scale undertakings; changing the boundaries of certain areas; removal of duplicate powers of supply where they occur; uniformity in methods of charging the consumer; increased powers of control to the Electricity Commissioners who are the administrative and judicial body, associated with the Ministry of Transport, and regulating the supply industry. Other proposals aim at more rigid control of private undertakings, particularly holding company groups and their owners; a standard rate of ordinary share dividend is suggested, with the application of sliding-scale limitation of profits. The Commissioners would have control over capital issues and extension of facilities; they would have powers to insist on certain minimum services and forms of domestic tariff.

The system of amalgamations proposed, although compulsory, has a certain flexibility in that it allows for several types of undertaking. It allows for the absorption of various undertakings, both private company and local authority, by another undertaking which may be either private company or local authority itself. The second type of combine envisaged is the grouping of a number of undertakings, of both types, into a new body which will form a Distribution Authority. The exact structure of this new unit remains to be seen, but its control is to rest in not less than seven or more than twelve members appointed by the Minister of Transport. The third type of unit is to be a Joint Board, consisting of a group of local authority undertakings.

The total number of these new and large-scale units is to be seventy-six, and it is stated that some existing large undertakings are to stay as they are, their areas being big and rich enough for each to be regarded as a proper large-scale unit. The regional or local schemes are to be made out by the Electricity Commissioners: before any of the amalgamation schemes can be put through inquiries will have to be held into the scheme

contemplated; and the final purchase prices will be determined by an arbitration tribunal.

This condensed outline of the McGowan proposals shews that a very high degree of regulation and control is in view. Evidently, too, these schemes are to be fought determinedly by all sides of the electricity supply industry. To understand the great volume of hostility which has been aroused by them, one needs to know the peculiar history of the industry, particularly the ancient strife between local authorities and private companies. For example, many municipal men regard with genuine horror the suggestion that a local authority undertaking should be absorbed by a private company undertaking: in their eyes it would be an "anti-social" act. Again, many company men regard the suggestion of being absorbed by a local authority as equally indecent: in their eyes it would mean the sacrifice of their efficient and flexible operating unit to the cumbersome, committee-ridden bureaucracy of local officials!

This internecine tension of misunderstanding and obstinacy is an unhappy source of over-all inefficiency in what is supposed to be a single industry, carrying out a public service. But, in the face of a common danger, the foes hold an armistice of sorts to gather up their brickbats for the greater battle with the forces of amalgamation. Nevertheless, the McGowan proposal that the small undertakings (of less than 10 million units sales per annum) should be forcibly absorbed without right of appeal, split the municipal ranks with a crack. For the small and vociferous local authorities accused the fat and complacent ones of neglecting their cause and, behind closed doors at the great Brighton Convention, the vocal bombardment from South Wales shook the foundations of Birmingham Town Hall and rattled heavily on the roofs of Liverpool and Manchester.

In this confusion of interest, what of the consumer? Like the "Ladye Faire" at the tournament, for whose favours the knights did battle, he is temporarily forgotten during the heat and excitement of the *mêlée*! Let us turn to the more rarefied air of the academy and examine the exact nature of this public utility industry which is being regulated.

What is a public utility? What distinguishes electricity from milk, or telephones from whisky, or gas from beer? If

there is no valid economic distinction, there is no special group which constitutes public utilities. In that case, the legal and political arguments for the special regulation or the national ownership of electricity supply are of no greater value than similar arguments applied to, say, the iron and steel industry or the flour-milling industry.

The chief distinguishing characteristic of the public utility is its tendency to charge discriminating prices for its services or products. This arises from two main causes:—(1) high overhead costs, derived from a very large capital investment in plant, equipment and service connections; (2) supplying markets with definite boundaries. In electricity supply these conditions are marked, and, in addition there exists the ability to divide the consumer market into classes and quasi-monopolistic conditions of supply. Direct competition does not exist; there is only competition from substitutes such as gas, coal, coke, oil, etc. Thus monopolistic conditions are present, for price fixing is unregulated and supply can be withheld unless payments are guaranteed. The tendency to overload the non-competitive consumer market and hand out price bargains to the competitive business section is marked in electricity supply.

There is then a definite economic class which can be termed "public utility" to which particular methods of control in the interest of the general public as consumer may be justifiably applied. From the political viewpoint, this class has potential dangers of abuse; moreover this view is concerned with the extent to which private property is applied to a public interest; the national importance of the service, and its potentialities for broad economic reconstruction and social betterment. In these respects electricity is a conspicuous case, so that there is a great deal for the regulation or planning of the industry.

Why should one raise this issue now? It is, first of all, because the unexpected chorus of hostility to the McGowan proposals, embodied in the Government's "White Paper," has shewn a certain temper in the supply industry, causing many observers to take "second thoughts." The opposition has come from almost every quarter; it has shewn that partisan interests outweigh the consumer's needs; it has made clearer than possible in any other manner the fact that any scheme of further regula-

tion of the industry which includes—as it must do—plans for amalgamations of existing units into larger ones, will meet the same type of strong and united hostility.

The traditional British way of dealing with the industry has been followed. A Committee was appointed to take evidence from representative people, sift it and issue a compromise Report which proposes gradual measures of change. The advantages of this system are those of "safety first"; but the disadvantages too.

In such a method one seems to 'get the worst of both worlds.' Increased regulation is to be given to the "bureaucracy," but their function is essentially administrative. It is not dynamic. The various units making up the future industry will, for the most part, set their own pace, with prods from the administrators. All the complexities and management problems of large-scale organizations—some being new hybrids—will have to be solved, employing mixed personnel from local authority and private company undertakings, mutually suspicious. A long and difficult period of legal battling over the amalgamations and compensations will be followed by a long and difficult period of adjustment inside the new operating units. The public should not be misled, by the way, about the potential economies of the proposed scheme. Savings possible from changes in the distribution system are not as great as those made in the co-ordination of generation. Cost reduction per unit depends upon such factors as active commercial policies which obtain more consumers per mile of line or per square mile of area served, and which secure a higher consumption per consumer. Rural zones cannot, in many instances, yield a satisfactory return compared with urban districts: in distribution it is not the cost of current that matters so much as the costs of consumer service and the capital charges. There has been, and there must be, increases in selling, advertising and development costs: new types of "load" and of apparatus require the services of specially trained commercial-engineering personnel. This is, by the way, one of the important arguments for the large-scale unit; the small undertaking cannot afford to employ these men.

One must distinguish between Regulation and Planning.

The McGowan Committee proposals are no more than increased measures of regulation. Such regulation may be beneficial; it may achieve a greater degree of uniformity all round. It may for instance, create uniformity in the *form* of the domestic tariff, a matter about which complaints have been made to the supply industry.

But regulation is powerless to create uniformity in the *actual price* of the tariff, because the entire market is split-up into numerous, oddly-shaped markets of different size and purchasing power. The telephone system, run by 620 or 76 undertakings would present an uncomfortable situation with strangely assorted prices for service: the sole reason for the uniform price of the telephone tariff—and that tariff, by the way, differentiates between urban and rural charges!—is that the telephone system is controlled, owned and operated by one body. Thus it can balance against losses, say, on remote rural exchanges, profits on crowded urban exchanges. Is it not a fact that the profits on the telephone system cover the losses on the telegraph service?

This illustration shows the fundamental difference between Regulation and Planning. In regulated control you may—and do—have local authority electricity supply undertakings which refuse to go outside their city walls to give supply to the neighbouring rural population. This undertaking is “ratepayer-conscious;” why should it subsidize those rural dwellers who do not contribute to the town’s upkeep? In this way the alleged superiority of the local authority over its private company rival undertaking to provide a public service is undermined in practice by a short-sighted although quite understandable point of view.

Under a Planning system, however, it may be the major policy of the Government, expressed through its national administrative and executive bodies, to provide a full service to all dwellers in rural areas. Then the State is prepared to accept losses on certain rural distribution systems and to offset these losses by profits in the big urban centres.

So one would advocate subsidies in policy. Why not? Examine the tariff structure of any supply undertaking which serves a mixed group of consumers, industrial power, domestic, traction, public lighting, etc. In how many instances would the

domestic consumer be found to be subsidizing the power consumer if a true cost analysis were to be made? After all, the power consumer buys in his thousands where the domestic consumer buys in his tens—and is there not a famous principle in public utility service of “charging what the traffic will bear?”

Incidentally, the correct costing of a service by consumer groups is one of the most difficult tasks, it involves the allocation of joint costs and the proportion of joint costs to total costs in electricity supply is so high and its spread so wide that numerous theories for cost allocation abound to befog the engineer and the economist. So one may as well admit that subsidizing of some kind or another does—and must—exist.

Observers comment to-day that the job of planning generation has been done, courageously and well; more difficult as the planning of Distribution undoubtedly is, may it not be worth while, in the long run, being equally courageous?

There are certain factors which give support to this view. For electricity is unique. As the mobile power it is the natural partner of transport in the stimulation of Regional Planning and the re-location of Industry; in the revival of industries in rural zones; the re-designing of towns and buildings; the reduction of air-pollution by smoke; the improvement of amenities.

The State is facing very difficult problems. Public realization of the changes in conditions is evident in its willing concessions to extending the limits of State action in many fields. The creation of the Special Areas Commissioners represents a new type of governmental, regional body to deal with new problems. The Trading Estate policy shews a new and accepted State action in the industrial field. There are in these bodies and in others, such as the creation of Marketing Boards in agriculture, signs of the emergence of a planning policy. Electricity can partake of it—reinforce it.

Significantly enough, in his latest Report, Sir George Gillett writes:—

“It has at last been conceded that matters which concern the welfare of many thousands of our fellow citizens are properly to be considered in relation to their social and broad economic consequences, as well as in relation to the profit and loss account of the individual concern I hope that similar recognition of the need for considering major industrial changes from a social and national angle will be extended to other large industries in the near future.”

This statement is something of a justification for a reconsideration of the Planning policy for electricity distribution as distinguished from the Regulation policy proposed. And there is one urgent work to be done in the industry before any big scheme is operating. It is the step to release the industry from the blunders and complications of early legislation. This can be done by setting up a group or committee immediately to bring all the Electric Lighting and Electricity Supply Acts under one General Act.

Under a national policy, the second step would seem to be the welding of electricity supply and transport into a regional policy of industrial location, based on the Report of the Committee now taking evidence on the problem of the location of industry. But, perhaps the second step would be to make clear to the industry its own significance, its potential social function. This is important from a psychological point of view. There are 60% of the undertakings in the country under local authority control, i.e., public service. The unpopularity of a scheme which proposed to transfer a municipal enterprise to a private company is understandably fierce; the objections to the transfer of the same enterprise to the State are far less strong. The principle of preserving a public service in the control of the public is maintained.

Go down to Wattsborough and talk to the Council, to the Electricity Committee, to the commissionaire at the brand-new electricity showrooms, the pride of the town. Go down and tell them all that the neighbouring company, Morjuice Dividends Inc., is to take them into its "capitalistic" fold—and see the sparks crackle round the chief engineer's ears! What is the better alternative—if any?

Let us give imagination a chance, even if it is only to dwell for a moment in Utopia. Imagine that the Minister has announced in the "House" "that the Government views the responsibility of the electricity supply industry as unique in its potentialities for wise direction of economic effort and social betterment. The good work done by Electricity, largely through supply undertakings, local authority and private company alike is to be broadened. It is proposed to capitalize the goodwill and energies of the 620 supply undertakings in the

creation of a national undertaking, the Central Distribution Board, to supervise and control the entire distribution of electricity. It will operate with the maximum degree of decentralization practicable through Regional Centres. These centres will be located at Bristol, Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, Glasgow and London, corresponding to the Central Electricity Board's regional centres, with the addition of Norwich, capital of East Anglia.

"The entire staffs of all local undertakings will be guaranteed continuous employment (or full compensation) in the plans to be developed. Local managers will be retained as far as possible, but efficiency must be the criterion. A Council of Investigation will be set up to study Regional conditions through seven Regional Committees who will examine the regional development needs and assess the efficiencies of local undertakings.

"The Government's first step in its new National Reconstruction Policy is to use electricity to the fullest degree."

Suppose this remarkable announcement is followed by a visit to meet the Council and Electricity Committee of Wattsborough. They are informed that the State, and not the neighbouring company, Morjuice Dividends Inc. is to take control of their undertaking; that the process will be gradual; that the local manager and his staff will be retained; that the formation of a Regional Division of the new Board is contemplated, using the best brains of all the local authority and private company managers and engineers inside the Region; that a District Branch is to be set up at Wattsborough; that the local showrooms will remain associated intimately with the town.

This is altogether a different proposal from the first one. There will be opposition, of course, but not of the same kind and depth as that which greeted the former announcement. There is a possible pride in contributing a municipal achievement to a national work, especially if local interests are to be preserved as much as practicable. But there can be no joy in handing over a municipal achievement to a private company, however distinguished its Board of Directors. One has to make allowances for the psychological factor in re-organization plans; there should be some incentive or satisfaction in return for co-operation with 'the powers that be.' Further, it has always been true that people will respond to a bold policy that fires their imagination, but they will not respond to compromise policies.

These are points to consider in studying the proposals for the reorganization of electricity distribution. They attempt to put the viewpoint of Planning as compared with Regulation. They are not a criticism of the policy adopted, but a commentary on the choice before the industry and those who have to decide the difficult task of reorganization.

There are many Wattsboroughs, with genuine public spirit. The problem before us is to plan and co-ordinate without destroying that spirit: even to use it in a fresh way. Take an organization, "X" whether large-scale hybrid, Regional Distribution Authority or Central Distribution Board: put the best men in charge; get keen devotion to the task from local officers; willing co-operation from all supply undertakings; sinking of internal feuds in the face of a herculean but inspiring job; active development and economic research policy; application of administration principles and organization technique; a clear vision of the social purpose of electricity in a major plan of reconstruction—given all these things and the new body would be a success! And the future commentators would be able to say that the "right answer" had been found. Of course, these conditions are Utopian, but it does seem as if that plan will have the maximum chance of success which can capture the imagination of the industry, fuse its differences and create new loyalties to a practical ideal.

BERLIN : VIENNA : PRAGUE.

BY PAUL ANDERSON.

A FEW weeks ago Lord Halifax returned from his "mission" to Germany. As is well known, Lord Halifax's journey had been planned and promoted by those who hope to pave the way for a bilateral Anglo-German "understanding" by means of recognizing and, if possible, satisfying Germany's colonial demands. It is the irony of fate that, as the prime result of Lord Halifax's mission, the possible dangers arising out of Germany's revisionist policy in Central Europe have made much deeper impression than her colonial demands.

This effect was certainly not intended by Berlin, nor was it, I believe, foreseen by the British promoters of Lord Halifax's undertaking. However, the Nazis themselves have unintentionally, but most effectively, helped to create this effect by the singularly violent reactions of their own press to even the most carefully-worded suggestions of some British newspapers that the achievement of Germany's hegemony in Central Europe was in fact of greater importance for her than any strip of African land. The origin of these Nazi press attacks is worth noting. They first appeared in the *Nationalsozialistische Presse-Korrespondenz* and were subsequently copied by almost all important German newspapers. The editor of the *N.S. Presse-Korrespondenz* is Dr. Otto Dietrich, Chief of the Nazi press and a permanent member of Herr Hitler's personal entourage. Within the Nazi Party Dr. Dietrich has always been famous as one of the strongest supporters of a "radical policy" in Central Europe. Only a few days after Lord Halifax had left Germany, Dr. Dietrich was appointed to be Press Chief for the German Government and State Secretary in the Ministry of Propaganda. (The appointment takes effect on January 15th, 1938.)

While the destruction of Austria's and Czechoslovakia's independence has always been (and still remains) the avowed

and often proclaimed aim of Herr Hitler and the Nazi Party, there have been many—and indeed many drastic—changes of Berlin's political and diplomatic methods. These repeated diplomatic somersaults were not always merely a reaction to changes in the general European situation, such as the Franco-Russian alliance or the British rearmament programme. They have often been the result of friction within the Nazi Party and the German Government themselves.

If, therefore, a chart were to be drawn of the development of relations between Berlin, Vienna, and Prague, it would reveal an amazing inconsistency on the part of German diplomacy as well as a most intimate interdependence between the several instruments of Berlin's policy *vis-à-vis* Vienna and Prague. A study of this imaginary chart may permit certain conclusions to be drawn regarding the present state of affairs in Central Europe.

At present, Germany's relations with Austria and with Czechoslovakia seem to have reached something like a deadlock. That is, at least, the outward appearance. Neither the *Anschluss* nor the submission of Czechoslovakia to domination by the Third *Reich* seem to-day to be any nearer their realization than they were, say, twelve or eighteen months ago. On the contrary, the determination to defend their independence (and incidentally the ability to do so) has grown noticeably in both countries. Therefore, the question which Berlin has to face now is not so much what it wants to do, but rather, how it can possibly break through the deadlock.

To the outer world both the Austrian and the Czech problems present themselves in a striking similarity, namely as the defence of the independence of the State against the expansionist designs of a much more powerful neighbour. Yet it must not be forgotten that the German approach to the Austrian problem is entirely different from that to Czechoslovakia. The Austrian people are Germans, and Austria is regarded as an integral part of the German *Reich*. In this respect the Austrian origin of Adolf Hitler himself is of no small consequence. The Nazi Party has never regarded the national independence of Austria as a problem of foreign policy, but as one of the many infamies of the Allied Powers and the Treaty of Versailles.

Czechoslovakia, on the other hand, is regarded as an enemy country, pure and simple. The German-Czech conflict arises from the strains and stresses of power-politics and is only due to Czechoslovakia's geographical position. It is not too much to say that there would be no German-Czech problem if the Czechs happened to be the inhabitants of Holland, and that there *would* be a German-Dutch problem if the Dutch were the inhabitants of Czechoslovakia.

The failure to achieve the *Anschluss* by the *putsch* in July, 1934 marks the beginning of the end of the insurrectionist tendencies which had inspired the Nazi policy towards Austria. Before long Herr Hitler himself was forced to disavow publicly his Austrian followers, and a number of Nazi leaders, notably General Goering, realized that their attitude had been dangerously delusive. But it took a very long time before the whole Nazi Party was brought into line. As a matter of fact, the radio warfare directed against the new Government of Herr von Schuschnigg from the broadcasting stations of Munich and Berlin, as well as countless acts of terrorism in Austria, were allowed to continue for almost two years and came to an end only very shortly before the conclusion of the Austro-German Political Truce of July 11, 1936.

By that Austro-German agreement the German Government recognized officially Austria's independence. Here was the first indication of a radical change of Berlin's policy towards Vienna. But it would be totally wrong to assume that the attitude of the Nazi Party has undergone an equally radical change. There is no evidence for such a belief, and indeed many elements of the old Nazi attitude towards Austria as a whole—and towards the *Anschluss* in particular—still prevail. It remains still true that all important decisions concerning German-Austrian relations are regarded as the personal privilege of Herr Hitler, and that neither the German Foreign Office nor the more radical elements of the Nazi Party are given a chance to interfere. In fact, the German Foreign Office takes little if any part in the actual shaping of German-Austrian relationship.

More will have to be said about the character and the significance of this change. But during the period between the summer of 1936 and the spring of 1937, the "Austrian question"

was allowed to drop into a rather obscure background, while German-Czechoslovak tension seemed to be rapidly approaching a crisis. Of the untold number of German accusations those of wilful ill-treatment of the Sudetic-German minority and the secret installation of Russian aerodromes on Czech soil near the Bavarian frontier are still well remembered. While the Czechs denied all the charges with great energy and invited impartial investigation, these denials seemed to stir up only more criticism and anger in Berlin.

Powerful sections of the Nazi Party and indeed of the German Government did at that time entertain the idea of a sudden crushing attack on Czechoslovakia, whose defences and fighting forces were not considered to be serious obstacles in such a "lightning-war." A rapid military defeat of Czechoslovakia--at any rate rapid enough to forestall foreign intervention--would have removed most of the obstacles which are in the way of Germany's domination of Central and South-Eastern Europe. Furthermore, the independent Power which to-day links Soviet Russia with France and Western Europe would have been "wiped off the map," and the diplomatic *bloc* of the Little Entente completely shattered.

Fantastic as the plan may sound--it did exist. More than that, it soon became the subject of the most passionate fight of factions within the leading circles of the Nazi Party and the German Government. The section of the Nazi movement and State bureaucracy supporting the plan, largely under the influence of Dr. Goebbels, Himmler (Chief of the S.S. and *Gestapo*), Rosenberg (Chief of the Nazi Party Bureau for Foreign Affairs), and Darré (Chief of the *Reichsnachstand*) found a good deal of support. If referred to in the press, this group is generally termed the "extremist group." I have the greatest hesitation in using these terms, simply because they tend to convey the idea of conflicting political aims as between "moderates" and "extremists," whereas in actual fact all the more important disputes within the Nazi Party have been on matters of tactics rather than of differences of policy.

The plan of open aggression against the Czechoslovak Republic was most vigorously opposed by another section of responsible leaders of the German *Reich*, notably the Army leadership,

including General Goering. Apart from the obvious considerations of the dangers Germany might encounter in such an adventure, it has become known that the *Reichswehr* Chiefs brought forward two decisive arguments (1) that the German food supplies were at that time not nearly sufficient for such an enterprise and (2) that the military power of resistance of the Czech forces was being dangerously underrated by the "extremists." In regard to the former problem the *Reichswehr* took practical steps and set up a research committee consisting of three high army officers to make special enquiries into the potential German food supplies (Colonels Loeb, Thomas, and Beck).

It is, of course, impossible to state with a reasonable amount of certainty exactly how far things developed and exactly which circumstances finally prevented the catastrophe from taking place. Yet it does not seem over-speculative if one assumes that the international repercussions of the Spanish war and the announcement of Britain's rearmament programme very much facilitated the (at least temporary) victory of the "moderates" over the "extremists."

In the early summer of 1937 the direction of German diplomacy took yet another turn. On my imaginary chart the curve marking German-Czech relations would show a sharp downward trend--provided that a downward trend be taken to indicate a lessening of tension. The German Government had apparently realized the dangers and risks which unprovoked aggression would inevitably imply for Germany's own security and appreciated that the "elimination" of Czechoslovakia could not be achieved by a mere hussars' raid. In consequence, German diplomacy became once again active on the Vienna-Budapest line.

Both developments seemed to run parallel for some time, and only later it became evident that Austria was attracting the better part of the attention which, some months previously had been concentrated on the "Czechoslovak problem."

But new ways were now sought to achieve the aim with less risks than those the "revolutionary act of the Austrian people" evidently implied. Both in the German Nazi Party and among Austrian Nazis, the new political formula has been

summarized as "*Anerkennung, Mitregierung, Alleinregierung*," indicating the essentially gradualist programme of, first, legalization of the (now illegal) Austrian Nazi Party, subsequently its incorporation into the Austrian "Fatherland Front" and finally its admission to the Austrian Government. This policy of gradualism which is now being carried out with great caution and, it should be added, with great skill does not render the existence of a strong Nazi movement in Austria superfluous. On the contrary, "mass pressure" will still be needed to ensure the successful attainment of each single phase. It has, however, paralysed the essentially insurrectionist character of the illegal Austrian Nazi movement which now finds itself reduced to a mere district section attached to the Party in the *Reich* and robbed of all its *élan vital*.

Ever since the first signs of this change became visible—and this must be dated back as far as 1935—there has been considerable opposition to it, both in the German and the Austrian Nazi Party. In both sections the opposition came from the so-called "extremists" who insisted that a continuation of a "radical policy" would have every chance of success in view of the weakness of Herr von Schuschnigg's Government and the "favourably changed European situation." (The latter was a remark made by one of the well-known leaders of the "extremist" wing and referred to Italy's pre-occupations in the Mediterranean as well as to Germany's successful *coup* in the Rhineland). As far as the German Nazi Party is concerned the real importance of these frictions is very difficult to establish. At any rate, the "radical opposition" has not proved sufficiently strong to alter the new course of Austro-German policy, great as its importance may be in other respects.

In the Austrian Nazi movement, on the other hand, it was possible for the opposition to develop much more rapidly, and shortly after the conclusion of the Austro-German Truce (1936) as well as after the subsequent agreement of July 11, 1937, it reached such a pitch that it threatened to paralyse any further co-operation between the *Reich* Government and the Austrian Nazis. Although these repeated crises have been overcome thanks to the complete dependence of the Austrian Nazis on German support, the internal fight has not come to an end.

Under the leadership of the group of Captain Leopold, the Vienna Nazi leader, the Austrian Nazis are continuing their opposition against the "moderate" group of Herr von Papen, Herr Glaise-Horstenau, and Dr. Seyss-Inquart, thus attacking indirectly the official policy of the *Reich*. Although the extremists in the *Reich* are known to regard the Austrian opposition with great sympathy, it would seem highly doubtful that they actually encourage it. To deal here with the countless political intrigues arising out of this conflict would lead me far beyond the scope of this article. But let me mention some recent incidents. I know of two separate cases when opposition Austrian Nazis actually informed the Police of the arrival of illegal couriers from Nazi headquarters in Munich. In both cases the couriers were arrested upon this information. This, I believe, characterizes the internal tension better than any description could do.

Outwardly, German-Austrian relations have developed according to the new programme of gradualism. Germany's efforts to achieve, as a first decisive stage, an effective domination of Austrian internal affairs and, even more so, of her foreign policy have visibly increased month by month. It is quite plain that the German Government now regard Austria, and not Czechoslovakia, as the key problem of their policy of revising the Central European *status quo*, and there are many indications that they are determined to increase their efforts even further.

This is a little surprising in view of the fact, that during the past eighteen months Germany has had to record more setbacks and failures than actual progress. Summarizing as briefly as possible the main events, one cannot fail to recognize that "poor little Austria" has shown a remarkable power of resistance. The political truce between Germany and Austria was in itself a heavy sacrifice—and only inspired by the hope that it would result in an immediate increase of Nazi influence in the Austrian Government. This hope remained unfulfilled, and relations between Berlin and Vienna were soon to become as strained as ever before. In fact, the Austrian Monarchist movement whose influence was to have been at least neutralized by the "Truce" made great strides and seemed to develop quite successfully into a counterpoise to the pan-German tendencies.

Another German move followed in the autumn of 1936. When the Italian Foreign Minister, Count Ciano, visited Berlin in October, the German Government asked for the Italian consent to the attendance of a German "observer" at the November meeting of the countries of the "Rome Protocols" (Italy, Austria, Hungary). Since Count Ciano could not commit himself, it was Baron von Neurath who tried to persuade M. von Kanya, the Hungarian Foreign Minister, that a German observer should be admitted to the Vienna meeting. In the end no German was allowed to attend owing to Mussolini's veto. Nevertheless, Germany scored one important success. It had been planned that the Vienna meeting should discuss the possibilities of a closer economic co-operation between the "Rome Protocol" countries and Czechoslovakia. Germany's influence in Rome, Vienna, and Budapest proved, after all, strong enough, and this subject was struck from the agenda.

At the Venice meeting of the "Rome Protocol" Powers (April, 1937) German influence was even more marked. If compared with previous *communiqués*, that issued after the Venice meeting is remarkable in more than one way. The habitual declaration of Austrian independence was omitted altogether. In another passage the *communiqué* hinted at a possibility of enlarging the "Rome Protocols" (by the admission of Rumania and Yugoslavia), a development which would be equivalent to the dissolution of the Little Entente. Finally, it contained a much emphasized sentence to the effect that Italy and Austria were convinced that no Danubian re-organization could be effective without Germany's active participation.

When, after the meeting in Venice, Herr von Schuschnigg returned to Vienna, Signor Gayda published his sensational statement announcing that the Austrian Nazi movement would henceforth take an active part in the Austrian Government. The Gayda announcement created something like a minor political crisis in Vienna, until Herr von Schuschnigg published a strong *démenti*. The really interesting fact about this incident is, however, that Austrian Nazi circles had been informed before the Venice meeting that the Nazis would very soon be able to join the Austrian Government. There can be no doubt as to the origin of this information. . . . All the same, Berlin's

efforts rather failed to produce the hoped-for result, i.e., Austria's readiness to co-operate unconditionally on an "All-German" line of policy. In fact episodes like Signor Gayda's post-Venice sensation did not help at all to promote in Vienna feelings of friendliness towards Berlin. A very sharp tone in the German press made things even more uncomfortable. It was hardly surprising that in this atmosphere the Austro-German talks, which followed in July, 1937, had only a narrow escape from breakdown.

By the agreement which was concluded on this occasion Germany scored some minor successes such as the legalized distribution of Herr Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, the admission into Austria of a much increased number of German Nazi newspapers, and finally, a special "truce of the press." But Berlin took little trouble to conceal the disappointment of the *Reich* Government regarding the rather poor net result of the Vienna talks.

Since then, Germany's efforts to strengthen her influence in Vienna—and incidentally to gain a better position for a future assault on Czechoslovakia—have been steadily increasing. The main feature of the present development is the German energy in attempting to counteract the growing strength of the "legitimist" movement in Austria by a heavily intensified pan-German propaganda. There are, as yet, no indications that Berlin is contemplating a return to the earlier and more violent political methods. The present pan-German propaganda is carried out not so much by the clandestine Nazi organizations as by mass-organizations like the *Deutsche Turner-Buende*.

Nevertheless, and despite the amazing power of resistance which the Schuschnigg Government has shown ever since 1934, it would seem very doubtful whether the defenders of Austrian independence will be able to resist for very long a neighbour of such determination and power as the Third *Reich*, especially since the Government enjoys the support of only a small minority of the Austrian people. The future of Austria, however, more than ever to-day depends on the shifts and permutations of power among the principal countries of Europe.

LAURENTIAN PROSPECT:

An Aperçu of French Canada

BY BRIAN MEREDITH

A HUNDRED years ago there began in Canada a rebellion that had a profound effect upon the history of French and English-speaking Canadians. Seventy years ago Confederation brought the two races and the several sections of the country together. To-day there is a recrudescence of ancient political unrest: the ghost of Louis Joseph Papineau is abroad in the land. Papineau was the counterpart in Quebec or Lower Canada of Mackenzie, the rebel leader of 1837-38 in Ontario or Upper Canada. And just as the latter was the ancestor of the present Prime Minister, William Lyon Mackenzie King, so the former is the spiritual progenitor of movements that perturb Canadian affairs to-day.

That was the time when Lord John Russell was declaring Responsible Government to be a condition that could only exist in one place, namely at the seat of Empire; and in Toronto, in York, and in Montreal, were groups that thought otherwise. Of course they were right, of course there were many just causes for complaint, and of course half-measures towards reform failed to stem the tide. The rebellion broke out and was eventually crushed; the situation was at length investigated and remedied. But for the first time the French Canadians had stood together and fought as a people.

The rebellious, the patriotic spirit of Papineau lived on. Another leader, Sir Wilfred Laurier, came later to carry urbanely, ingeniously and charmingly the name of French Canada into national, imperial and world politics. And then for a time there was a lull. For thirty-nine years a provincial party remained in power, and no rival could disturb it. But Taschereau, the patrician in command, seemed at last to have lost his sense of

direction, and his followers their honesty; and the old régime was defeated. There were political scandals revealed, going back two generations; it was a period of the bitterest disillusionment and disappointment. The people felt they had been sold by their own leaders for personal gain; anything, in the midst of economic depression, would be better.

And so, born largely of internal troubles but blamed where possible on the doings of English-speaking Canadians, came a year ago another crisis.

They began to talk in Quebec of economic independence, this being largely a jealous reaction against the English character of Montreal's St. James Street, which is the City or the Wall Street of Canada: to complain of the contaminating effect of contact with "strangers," meaning their English-speaking compatriots, displaying as narrow an attitude as anything ever propounded by Ontario Orangemen.

The result was insecurity, akin to the nervousness of capital in Alberta. For the newcomers to power are experimenting with a new form of government. At the end of the session of the provincial legislature this summer it appeared that a formidable and carefully planned campaign was afoot to transform Quebec province into a clerical fascist community. (This was, incidentally, the considered opinion of *The Times* correspondent.) The new provincial premier, Duplessis, had earned the reputation of a politician of considerable energy and courage. Legislation initiated promised to benefit and regulate the basic needs of the province . . . but some of it has a radically reactionary twist, *e.g.*, measures to suppress subversive propaganda and to padlock offending premises, with the power to determine what was subversive in the hands of the Attorney General*. Moreover, new labour wage laws empowered the Government to determine whether any workers' organization was a fit body to participate in collective agreements and to ban radical groups.

"The enactment of these laws is the initial step," said the head of the Canadian Trades and Labour Congress, "towards totalitarianism, and they follow closely the decrees and laws

* On November 11th the provincial police, acting under orders from Mr. Duplessis' Government of National Union raided the private flat of the Montreal organizer of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation despite the latter's moderate Socialist programme.

governing Fascist Italy, thereby establishing a political dictatorship which all employers and employees will be forced by law to obey." National and international trade unionism was threatened by powers given to municipal corporations to tax and license employers and employed and so bar workers from choosing their affiliations. And there was a familiar resonance to the periods of a leader in the *l'Action Corporative Nationale* who proclaimed that

"our existing society is from the political point of view a mass of braggarts and from a national point of view a body without a soul. . . . Are we going to bow our heads before destiny? Are we going to continue to be gnawed by anemia and rickets? . . . we must drown our Communists in the flood of our speeches, and that is the strongest solution of our difficulties." (All Socialists are considered communists in Canada, and in both English and French Canada there is an hysterical reaction against anything that smells of it).

The powerful St. Jean Baptiste Society has appointed a Committee on Economic Defence, basing its belief on the premise that, if French Canadians were to become masters of their own economic fate they must "group themselves by forming social corporations, and the people which, for a hundred years has built the number of churches which we possess, will certainly be able under a national direction to build factories to make the essentials of what we consume."

All of which seems to confirm that the French Canadian has long since emerged as something separate and distinct from the French, as the American evolved from the English; that political fever has jumped the Atlantic, and even that a "fascist" nation, *Laurentia*, is imminent on the shores of the St. Lawrence.

The first thought is reasonable, for the *Quebecquois* is alien to the Frenchman despite the relations existing between the latter and the Quebec intelligentsia. The spring *Congrès de langue française* at Quebec presented the usual bouquets to the fatherland and declared its aim to be *préservé la race, la religion et la langue qui sont pour eux une indissoluble trilogie*. But the average French Canadian bristles towards the French for fear they will comment superciliously on his accent or, on the strength of a few ancient phrases, accuse him of speaking a *patois*. Also he remembers that the French banished the religious orders that are now so strong in Canada and suspects that the French must now lead rather irreligious lives.

Language and certain temperamental traits apart, the French Canadian is more Canadian than French, and, moreover, he is ultra-conservative.

The idea that a new fascist nation is developing in Quebec is reasonable up to a point; but not much will come of it unless English-speaking Canada forces the issue. It would be pleasant if the English population of Quebec were leaders in establishing the desired *entente*. It would be heartening to relate that they mingled with the French Canadians, welcomed them socially, talked their language. Unfortunately this is not so. Among classes who should know better there is a snobbish disregard of the people and of the tongue. The English minority in Quebec is conscious that it is the object of discrimination; but it makes no diplomatic effort to adjust itself to its peculiar environment.

By force of circumstance the French Canadian is the most coherently developed Canadian in the country: the danger is that he considers himself the only Canadian. He tacitly rates all English-speaking Canadians as *Anglais*, which puts Canadians of Irish and Scots extraction in a pother. He has little vision of Canada outside his own province, perhaps because his neighbours becloud it. He is unhappy with the French; he distrusts the Americans for their capacity to absorb other cultures; and, though he is Catholic, he dislikes the Irish Catholics. He bristles with sensitivities; he is rich with latent talent artistically and temperamentally; he has revealed lamentable weakness in the face of political temptation; and he is personally one of the most charming people in the world. But he is the prey to an almost hysterical fear of encroachment through the radio, the movies and the magazines.

And his behaviour moves the editor of Toronto *Saturday Night* to complain that demands for tolerance proceed from racial groups . . . "which have no intention whatever of exercising tolerance towards anybody else when they are in a position to indulge in a little intolerance themselves."

Actually, the English-speaking Canadians and the Americans would be the last people to wish to see him lose his French Canadian characteristics. They find the country people, *les habitants*, and the small villages, where a charming domestic

architecture has been preserved for two and three centuries, the most interesting on the continent; and Quebec province is thronged with tourists on that account. The public buildings and the big churches of recent origin, the new houses and flats, are usually ugly; but luckily they are not characteristic. Those who love Quebec remember simple slender spires against low horizons, rolling Laurentian landscapes of farmland and forest, and winding country roads with whitewashed farmhouses and weathered wayside shrines. If there was ever a land to love, it is old Quebec, and the shame of it often is that the urbanized French-Canadian is far more likely to "modernize" it and render it commonplace than any outsider.

The geographical, political and religious solidarity of the French-Canadian is a neat example of the beneficial effect of a little casual persecution. The French-Canadian for upwards of three centuries has had his little crosses to bear; he has grown great and powerful under them; and now he might lose direction if he were to have them removed.

He began by being badly administered and exploited by France. If England made a hash of her relations with her American colonies, France was outdoing her in Canada; and when the conquest revealed a new governing power disposed to preserve for them all their racial and religious rights, and to give them a degree of representative government which they had not enjoyed before, the change was welcomed. The early English military governors were strengthened in their liberality by the prejudiced attitude of incoming English settlers from the south, who expected to become the authoritative minority and to subvert the language and religion of the conquered. The United Empire Loyalists, many of whom had, in the opinion of Mrs. Moodie writing in 1834, left their country for their country's good, were outspoken in their demands for priority over the native French: and the bogey of an English bedfellow first took shape to give the French Canadian something to unite about.

But, though they resented English and Protestant infiltration and intimidation, they accepted British institutions enthusiastically. It was as British subjects that they rebelled against maladministration in 1837; and, as W. K. Hancock puts it in

his *Survey of British Commonwealth Affairs*, the French Canadians ultimately asserted that they desired a federated Canada to remain British in order that they should remain French. Though not imperialistically British, they have always valued the British connection and the right of appeal to the Privy Council, much as a smaller nation would value a connection with the League of Nations and the International Court, presuming those two institutions were all they should be. And let it not be forgotten that the threat of religious persecution at the hands of the Americans, judging from inept speeches by leaders during the Revolution, made the French Canadians passively resistant to invasion in 1776 and actively so in 1812-14.

So, from far and near, bit by bit through history up to the present day was built up a racial-religious-persecution-inferiority-complex, which has its counterpart in the aloofness and narrow-vision of the English-speaking inhabitants. A few months ago Gladstone Murray aroused a great tempest when he declared himself in favour of using the French language on the radio. Ontario Orangemen are still working, remember, against the teaching of French in provincial schools because it smells of Popery. 'Well enough' is never left alone.

English-speaking Canadians prejudiced against or unacquainted with their French-speaking compatriots realize that the latter now comprise about 30 per cent. of the population and at the present rate of increase may by 1970 become 40 per cent. By the time the infants of today have matured the English and French populations should be about equal, and a third group of mixed origin will have grown further in importance, as its birth-rate is the greatest of all. If French Canadians gain control outside Quebec province, a control they already enjoy in a sense by the assurance of a balancing *bloc* in the federal house, it will be by sheer force of biology. From about 65,000 at the time of the British conquest they have grown to over three million in a nation of over ten millions. They grow on a compound interest basis of roughly an extra, 500,000 every ten years; they have large families; and sometimes there is a *coup d'état* like the Dionne quintuplets.

Much of the present recrudescence of racial nationalism may be party politics. To achieve greater independence within the

Dominion, further to discourage outside enterprise from settling in the province, is to gain a Pyrrhic victory. More would be lost than gained. The French Canadian is as much threatened by obliteration by other Canadians as is the Scotsman by the English. 'Laurentia' is fundamentally a reaction against external capital and internal communism; or perhaps it is an exasperated attempt to save democracy from itself. Its extremists need not be taken too seriously, and, fundamentally the new gang is likely to prove to be much like the old.

The great danger is that current struggles to unite an already united French Canada against imaginary enemies may dis-unite Canada. It might resurrect racial and religious antipathies that are best left dormant. It might establish inter-provincial barriers and restrictions calculated to hamper mutual trade and appreciation—and give needless priority to provincial or state rights over national government.

EBB AND FLOW.

BY STEPHEN GWYNN.

MODERN science has brought the quarters of the world so close together that all nations can damage each other as never before. There is, however, one exception. Long-range operations are much less possible overseas than when ships were propelled by winds equally available everywhere and equally at the disposal of all. **Japan unchecked** Now, a fleet with bases of supply in easy reach is a match for two or three comparable armadas not so provided. As a result of these facts, Germany and Italy have been able without increasing risk or additional outlay to present Japan with supremacy in the Far East. For Japan has not merely undertaken far-reaching conquest in China: she has seized control of Shanghai, the privileged *entrepôt* of European trade. No doubt the combined forces of Europe and the United States could have resisted this audacious action and perhaps made it ruinous; it is possible that the two great English-speaking Powers by themselves could have done the same. But Germany and Italy made it clear enough that Japan's enterprise had their approval; Japanese diplomats and political strategists did not need to be told that, if England moved much of her standing power to the Far East, interests of grave import to her would be menaced in Europe; and they knew that the United States would certainly not act alone.

It is not quite clear what Germany and Italy have gained. They have certainly demonstrated that their force counts in world politics. They will have helped to inflict grave injury on the United States and on Great Britain, the nations whose trade with China is largest. They may have strengthened Japan against Russia. Yet a Japan deeply engaged in digesting large tracts of China will be less of an anxiety to the Soviet State than a still hungry Power, with eyes on the more fertile

parts of Siberia; and a China which begins to learn nationalism through resentment may regard Russia as an ally, not a menace. However, these aspects of a staggering phenomenon are less important to Great Britain.

It would be of extreme interest to England to know India's reaction. An Asiatic power, pushing a career of conquest which Europe condemns as immoral, runs up against a foothold in Asia allotted to European interests, and simply disregards those interests. Japan has treated European property, ships and lives with something close to contempt, and frankly tells Europe at large that, where Europe formerly dealt with China, terms must now be made with Japan.

**The Impact
upon India**

The question is never publicly asked: what right had Europe to this foothold? But is there an Asiatic to whose mind that question will not leap? Every Indian knows that Great Britain has always justified her position in India by saying that British rule had brought unity, peace and economic development. Every Indian will be apt to say that China is comparable in extent and numbers to India and to India only; that Japan is as fit to give direction as ever England was, and China is just as much in need of direction as ever India was. Will Indians regard with sympathy British protests against this career of conquest? If those opinions had prevailed in Great Britain which urged the case against giving India self-government, it seems to me that this triumph of Asia over Europe would inevitably have brought about revolt in that other Asia which concerns England more nearly. As it is, Liberal statesmanship has advanced so far that the influence of Mr. Gandhi—India's most potent and intimate representative—is used to give a chance for the introduction of reforms that point the way to full partnership. That way must now be left wide open. Even so, whatever statesmanship there is in Indian government will be needed to counteract the disturbing influence of what all India, and all Asia, will have watched with amazement and often with exultation.

To please America, we ended the alliance with Japan. An agreement by which the British fleet and the American were to be each two-fifths stronger than that of Japan, left the

English-speaking race apparently in a ratio of ten to three. But several things were forgotten—one being that, though

**Asia's
Revenge.**

Japan could not strike either of them in a vital place, they could scarcely, even if acting together, get in an effective blow at Japan. The other, more important, was the military value of the will to war, which both the English-speaking communities deliberately disowned, but which Japan fostered. Fifteen years of continuous sacrifice, and of risks forward tentatively taken as chance offered, have brought Japan to where she is—staggering for balance on the side of her boldest leap, taken when Europe made plain its own disorganization. It is a moving sight, and beside it, Mussolini's raid on Abyssinia and Hitler's *coup* in the Rhineland sink into very small proportions—except indeed in so far as they prepared the conditions for this greater adventure.

The end is not yet. Napoleon achieved greater territorial conquests, and the burning of Nanking reminds us of what followed. Japan also may be drawn on too far, by her own impetus. But in Napoleon's case, the very prestige of conquest brought him allies among the conquered, and it is possible that parts of China may accept an Asiatic leadership which has been asserted against Europeans, who never in history have treated the Chinese as their equals. In any case, if Japan is driven out of her present triumphant position in Shanghai, it can only be by Chinese efforts; and the Chinese will hardly pull Japan down to set Europe up again. How much will be lost with the privileged status of the concessions, remains to be reckoned. It is said that American capital is not at all so deeply engaged, because it was not invested with such faith in long permanence as the British. Under whatever rule, China will continue to import what she needs; but if Japan is there, she will import very little, except from Japan, of anything that Japan can supply and the change will be tragically felt by British artisans.

But no one thinks it worth a war to keep the trade channels open, however unemployment may be increased. "Insults to the flag" are salved, after a fashion, by official apologies and a promise of compensation, which may conceivably be paid. The vital injury, however, is to civilization, to all comity between civilized nations. However, what should Europe say when Japan

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has the applause of two super-civilized Great Powers. The doctrine of super-civilization is that the strong and efficient shall do as they choose; and Japan waits for the European world unwilling homage to her strength and efficiency. The race which the United States and Australia excluded from their territories, lest the racial standard should be lowered, is now assuredly taking the full irony of their revenge.

This does not mean that the peoples of the British Commonwealth accept Mr. Lansbury's view that nothing is worth fighting for. We are therefore under a necessity of deciding

The Eclipse of Spiritual Standards which are the objects that we must defend. On this important matter the British public lacks guidance. We know that we are to repel aggressive action against France and Belgium because, as Mr. Baldwin told us, our frontier is on the Rhine. They must be defended as if they were Dover. On this view, it matters nothing whether they are or are not members of the League. Does it make any difference to Mr. Chamberlain's policy that they are fellow-members? If so, are we only concerned for fellow-members whose territory is within bombing range of London or Portsmouth. Has the policy any spiritual aspect? The Germans and Italians make no bones about saying that for reasons which may be called "spiritual"—they regard it as vital to prevent the formation of a Bolshevist State in Spain, which has no common frontier with either of them. The British Government makes it plain that its representative will sit on any number of Committees to limit the chances of international war in Europe. But although, so far as unrevoked declarations can bind, British policy remains anchored to the principles of the League, there is no principle except that of self-protection which we can count on the present Government to defend, save by representation on committees.

We were told during the War that we were fighting for the freedom of small nationalities, and a lot of us believed it and meant it. Small nationalities were then lifted out of servitude and set on their feet. We are told now—not indeed by Mr. Chamberlain, but by powerful voices—that it is no concern of ours whether their larger neighbours reduce them again to subjection. We are told that it is of enormous importance to

conciliate Germany, and that the existence of Czechoslovakia is a small thing compared to the peace of Europe. Why, it is asked, should not Germany desire to consolidate under one beneficent united and well-equipped *Reich* all the German-speaking peoples? Well, one reason is that the arguments for transferring the *Sudeten* Germans to the *Reich* would be just as strong for restoring the Germans of Alsace-Lorraine—in some ways stronger, since these were taken away from the *Reich*. One must not forget, however, that these recalcitrant German folk after forty years of German rule preferred passionately to be citizens of France. It should be remembered also that the *Sudeten* Germans were accustomed to live in an Empire where the Czechs were treated as inferiors. They probably regard their fellow-citizens in Czechoslovakia as Ulster Protestants regard Catholics—that is to say, as persons by whom it is intolerable to be ruled. More than a generation will be needed to get rid of that mentality. But it does not follow that we should make up our minds to let Hitler undo the work of Masaryk. There are spiritual values at stake in Europe which need to be defended for the sake of civilization.

M. Chautemps and M. Delbos, having made contact with Mr. Chamberlain, assure their countrymen that they are satisfied with the result. M. Delbos has gone on to impart his confidence (and his confidences) to the States of Central Europe. Meanwhile France has swung into line behind its Government; a rather absurd organization of revolt has been unmasked; arsenals of oddly-assorted firearms came to light. It is widely believed that a counter-organization of Communists has similar *depôts*, which are known to the police. If so, the French Government will strengthen itself greatly by dealing with the second after the first.

For the moment Spain has ceased to be the focus of attention. One may infer that General Franco is now in a position from which the Italians think that he can advance without needing—and perhaps without desiring—further foreign aid. A recently published book, *In Franco's Spain* by Francis McCullagh, carried conviction to my mind on many points. The writer is a

well-known war correspondent, who would be a great deal better known if he had not chosen to be combatant rather than commentator during the European war. He is a Catholic, but a Catholic from Ulster, and there is no more democratic type of citizen in any country than Ulster Catholics. In so far as General Franco's *entourage* is aristocratic and feudal, he dislikes and despises it. What impresses him is the spectacle of an army whose regiments assemble at dawn in cold weather to hear mass in the open, not a man missing the parade; whose soldiers believe that if captured with a religious emblem on them they will certainly be put to death, and consequently pin their shirts all over with blessed medals. This has the double effect of increasing the hope of supernatural protection and of emphasizing the defiance of death. Mr. McCullagh thinks, from a wide experience of war, that troops so inspired are already far on the way to victory. He notes also their perfect sobriety and their patience under short rations and failure of supplies. This testimony is all the more valuable because, although he came to Spain having written passionately to the Irish press on Franco's side, he found no disposition to make his work as a correspondent easy. A French journalist of my acquaintance who had belauded Franco's work in Morocco was much disappointed to find himself treated without consideration in Spain. Both men hold that the insurgents are ill-served by their censorship. But Mr. McCullagh's narrative is the more enlightening because, whatever he got, he had to get for himself; making shift with discomfort, he acquired contacts right down into the mass of the people which a correspondent well provided with authorizations and introductions does not acquire—or, to put it more truly, does not incur. Mr. McCullagh is quite clear that General Franco is going to win; quite clear that he does not propose to give away anything that is Spanish; quite clear, finally, that Christian rule will be better for Spain than anti-Christian anarchism. But he doesn't tell us what must surely have puzzled him as a Catholic—why there was in Catholic Spain this furious assault on priests and nuns and churches.

Writing in Ireland this month, I notice various crackings in the ice of stiff political formations. Lord Craigavon's long rule

in Belfast—it has lasted since 1920—is threatened with a split among the Unionists—or to speak more truly, among the Protestant majority. There are dissensions, too, among the Catholics. A majority of them belong to Devlin's old following and are strictly constitutionalist; but there is a strong republican section, having in it elements of the I.R.A. Naturally, organized Labour sees a hope of holding the balance. That would not be a bad thing, because, in the north-east, trade unionists represent a more coherent force than in the rest of Ireland, and they are less hide-bound by the *odium theologicum* than any other part of the Ulster community. On the other hand, in what we are no longer to call the Free State (its official designation being "Eire" or "Ireland," at the speaker's discretion) Labour has almost attained to this control of the balance; and nobody likes that position. Some advocate a coalition ministry, which I would gladly see, but do not expect it, for Mr. de Valera has too much of the Spaniard in him to accept of compromises. There is, of course, one possibility—Mr. de Valera might choose to stand out of, and above, party disputes, becoming a candidate for the new office of President. If he did, no other Irishman would have a chance of being preferred—though in Dublin, the Lord Mayor, Mr. "Alfie" Byrne would beat him. But I do not see Mr. de Valera abandoning a post of power for one of dignity; and the offer of a spacious residence in the old Chief Secretary's Lodge, which has been the United States Legation, would be no temptation to his austere temper; though he and the Dáil at large have agreed that the head of the State shall be handsomely provided with fifteen thousand a year to maintain the position. There is departure from the original ostentatious frugality, and the *Taoiseach* (that is, the Prime Minister) under the new proposals will receive £3,000 a year, and the Vice-President £2,500, with a pension of £1,200 for each on their leaving office. Social obligations have made themselves recognized, and Ireland is now beginning to organize a new social order corresponding to the facts of our time. If Mr. de Valera should choose to go to what will be our White House, those of us who have seldom agreed with anything that he said or did will gladly recognize that our country is represented with

Irish
Eddies

high courtesy and honour; and, failing Mr. de Valera, we can only hope that choice may fall on some one who is his equal in personal distinction.

These speculations bring me to a book in which the old pre-war social life of Dublin and of Ireland is vividly recalled. "Seventy Years Young" is the title for memoirs which Lady

Social
Amenities

Fingall has written, with the skilled help of Miss Pamela Hinkson. Lady Fingall added beauty and gaiety to the times when Viceroys came over and spent, it might be twice, it might be four times, their allotted twenty-thousand a year in keeping up a court at the Castle and the Viceregal Lodge. Moreover, she knew the life, she *was* the life, of one of the few great Irish houses which survived unbroken through the centuries, almost from the first Norman conquest; and indeed the best thing in her book is the presentation of her husband, Lord Fingall, the quietest, most unassuming gentleman that ever was a passionate Master of Foxhounds. He was the kind of Master who spent hours planning his campaign of meets so as to make things easy for the men who had only one horse to hunt. I knew him only in another relation, when the Sixteenth Irish Division was being formed, but we saw there the same unselfishness and modesty and devotion to his job. It is not easy to make such a character stand out, yet this book has done it. He and she both worked like galley-slaves for his famous kinsman, Horace Plunkett, who, like many philanthropists, was an amiable slave-driver; and there is much told here about Horace Plunkett and all his works. But the most significant thing in it is Lord Fingall's comment: "You should never give the Irish people what they do not ask for."

Mr. de Valera has needed this admonition as much as Horace Plunkett did; I have never been able to accept his view that when he wanted to know the wish of Ireland, he had "only to look into his own heart." Yet one can perceive now that Mr. de Valera is beginning to recognize a craving that has always existed in Ireland for something of stateliness, a touch of pageantry—a craving that since the troubled beginnings of our new order has been severely starved. We shall not get back to the days when A.D.C.s in brilliant uniforms routed out

an old sedan chair to carry a pretty *débutante* on a rainy night across the Castle yard to the ballroom, and made her swear to give them dances before they would set her down; it will not be as splendid as the "toy court" was, say, under Lord Dudley; but at least there will be recognized centre for the social life of Ireland's capital, which of late has been constrained to group itself as best it could about the foreign Legations.

A Londoner, Mr. Ashley Dukes, having come to lecture before the Royal Dublin Society, has been assuring us that Dublin is still the home of poetic drama. We heard him with

The Spoken
Word

conscious pride, being well aware of what Dublin has contributed in our own lifetime to the art of acting; but there was also a twinge of conscious failure, because the successes of the Abbey Theatre (and the Gate Theatre which now rivals it) have certainly not been made with plays in verse. Yeats is a great poet but only in one instance he achieved remarkable dramatic effect and that was in "Cathleen ni Houlihan," when his medium was prose. But to set against "Murder in the Cathedral," by which, under the management of Mr. Ashley Dukes, a poet's work in verse drew great audiences, we have really nothing; and we do not see anything coming along.

Still, one never knows the future. In Dublin, as everywhere else, the cinema has a vogue immensely beyond that of the theatre; and Mr. Ashley Dukes, unlike most other men of the theatre, does not think this a bad thing. He holds that the actual drama has much to learn from the screen-play. But there are two things in question; one, the handling of a subject in a manner remote from the mood of prose; the other, the use of an artificial rhythm—verse, in some shape. Can the art of speaking verse acceptably be revived? And who is to teach it? In some discussion which Mr. Ashley Dukes inspired at Dublin, there was pretty general agreement that poets themselves could seldom give example of the way to speak verse. Yet when the Dublin theatre started, Yeats supervised the teaching given by two admirable actors, the brothers Fay, and if his plays in verse did not succeed, it was not through any fault of the actual utterance, which was a delight to hear. The real trouble is that so few people nowadays care to hear verse spoken. Most

lovers of poetry prefer to read it in a book and listen, if they listen at all, with the inward ear.

That most seductive writer, M. Duhamel has unburdened his mind of grave apprehensions in a *Défense des Lettres*. He sees a lean time coming when no books will be published, and it is not the threatened shortage of paper that alarms him; since only a very small proportion of what is so lavishly used goes into book form: newspapers, advertisements, propagandas, these are the devourers. What M. Duhamel dreads is a coming time when nobody will want to read, because it is so much less trouble to switch on the wireless. And then, according to him, no matter what comes across the sound waves, all profit of literature is gone. The author will be as badly off as the old *trouvères* and as ill-remunerated. Leaving aside the question of profit, is it true to say that literary work can only be appreciated through script? One should always be able, M. Duhamel says, to turn back and read a passage over again. But no one thinks this necessary for the enjoyment of music. When Aeschylus and Sophocles produced their very complex literary effects at Athens, nobody suspended judgment till the text could be read. Even in the Elizabethan day, the highest poetry was presented to the world through the ear. Those who were specially interested could get the text afterwards (often long afterwards); but the art of poetry stood clear of the necessity for print; We have lost much, I think, both as writers and as readers, by divorcing this enjoyment from the physical sensation of sound.

Now, conceivably, if we begin to take our literary pleasures through the ear; if the best poetry and the best prose, instead of lying packed in dumb volumes, can be made audible to us through skilled interpreters, the results may be far from bad for literature (however the economics work out for the author's pocket). There may grow up a new profession, not less reputed than that of the executant with strings or keys, who will bring back into alliance with the written word what has become almost wholly separated from it—the music and the supple rhythms of the human voice.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE ABYSSINIAN CAMPAIGN

By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN.

THE WAR IN ABYSSINIA, by Pietro Badoglio. Methuen. 30s.

Professional opinion, viewing the Abyssinian War in its purely military aspects, credits Marshal Badoglio with quite exceptional strategic and administrative capacity. He displayed foresight in laying his plans, daring and caution at appropriate moments in their execution. Opportunities he had worked to create or those offered to him by the mistakes of his enemy were never neglected.

His book fully confirms these views, and it should be studied by all serious students of military affairs. Essentially it is a concise report on the campaign from the standpoint of the Commander-in-Chief, describing the problems confronting him in each phase, his solutions and his methods of giving effect to them. Tactical encounters are dealt with in their broader aspects only and no attempt is made to present sensational pictures of the actual fighting. We receive in consequence a clear impression of the campaign as a whole and of the working of the Commander's mind, but miss detailed descriptions of the use made of, and the potentialities of, modern weapons. In particular the Marshal makes no mention of gas. He does, however, emphasize in his conclusions that neither aircraft, tanks nor artillery, can by themselves win wars, but that success depends on the close co-operation of all arms brought about by meticulous planning. Similarly he insists that, though offensive action conducted with a view to the destruction of his enemy's main armies was

his ultimate aim, yet security at all stages was his first consideration. No clearer demonstration could be given of the fact that defensive and offensive strategy and tactics are inseparable and that a commander must be prepared to assume either attitude at the right time and place. The battle of Enderta, strategically the decisive battle of the war, was an attack conducted on deliberate modern lines against Mulugheta's strong position, but defence was employed in it for the security of the flanks of the attack and to prevent any interruption of the orderly development of the plan of battle. On the other hand, the battle of Ashangi, where the *coup de grâce* was delivered, began as a defensive encounter from which, when the enemy had been repulsed exhausted, a pre-arranged counter-attack developed.

It has been argued that the long delays at the outset of the campaign were due to the employment of unnecessarily large forces, and it was at one time suggested that when Badoglio took charge he would use smaller and more mobile groups.

Nothing in his book confirms these theories. On the contrary, his first instruction provided for the formation of an additional army corps, while later on one finds him asking for two more divisions from Italy and gratefully accepting three. Both while standing on the defensive and when he initiated his main offensive he desired increased numbers. In the former case especially he complains that the premature occupation of Macalle forced him to

withdraw troops for its defence that should have been employed to close the gap between Axum and the Setit R., which, giving access to Eritrea, constituted a danger.

The delays and confusion in the early period were in fact due to Mussolini's insistence, for political reasons, on an advance a month before de Bono's preparations were complete; his further insistence on the occupation of Macalle made matters much worse and definitely created a dangerous situation. It was only the excellent organization which de Bono had built up, coupled with the simple requirements of Italian troops and their readiness to do all kinds of work, that enabled Badoglio to disentangle the congestion of traffic, perfect the condition of the main artery of communication, and build up reserves of munitions necessary for offensive operations.

During the long period of re-organization and preparation, Italian troops were employed in holding and consolidating the 150 miles of defensive front. On Eritrean troops fell contact and outpost duties, clearing the Tembien region and checking Abyssinian attempts to work round the exposed flanks. The impression formed during this period that Badoglio was relying on Eritreans to do the fighting was certainly correct, and they were obviously most suitable for the task in hand. When, however, the main offensive was at length launched, casualty returns and the dispositions described make it clear that the bulk of the fighting fell on Italians, though the Eritreans continued to take their full share.

At the outset Badoglio admits he felt uncertain whether the Abyssinians would employ their traditional tactics and display their national characteristics, or whether the process of westernization would have brought about changes

making them more formidable and their intentions more difficult to anticipate.

In practice, he soon discovered that though the Abyssinian fighting men retained their gallantry and flair for seizing local opportunities their leaders were quite incapable of adapting themselves to new conditions. Quarrelling among themselves, insubordinate and without initiative or power of decision, they were unable to carry through the elaborate plans suggested to them and relapsed into fatal strategic immobility. The first battle of Tembien fought as a precursor to the attack on Mulugheta may be described as a draw tactically but was strategically disastrous to the Abyssinians, if only because it revealed Ras Kassa's incapacity to Badoglio.

One cannot help wondering if Haile Selassie had followed tradition and from the first taken command in the field instead of relying on indifferent wireless communications, generally intercepted by the Italians, whether the result of the war might have been different.

Scarcely any mention of the southern theatre of war is made by Badoglio, but he makes it clear that the two theatres were so widely separated that there was no question of co-ordination to produce pincer effect. Graziani, in the south, was ordered to maintain an active defensive and not until the *débâcle* took place did he launch a major offensive to exploit success and secure possession of the Jibuti railway.

In general, Badoglio's account, so far as it goes, rings true, but it loses some of its value by the omission of reference to gas. A frank statement of its effect on operations might have removed some of the gilding but would hardly have damaged the structure of his achievements, which have certainly caused us to revise our estimate of Italian military efficiency, especially in administrative matters.

THE HAND-MIRROR OF HISTORY

By H. PEARL ADAM.

ENGLISH WOMEN'S CLOTHING In the Nineteenth Century, by C. Willett Cunnington. With ten coloured plates, and hundreds of Collotype illustrations and black and white sketches. *Faber and Faber.* £3 3s.

TASTE AND FASHION, from the French Revolution until To-day, by James Laver. *Harrap.* 12s. 6d.

Dr. Cunnington has offered his collection of English women's clothing in the last hundred and fifty years to any museum which shall devote itself to this branch of knowledge. It will have to be an extensive institution. The bibliography of books about dress would in itself fill a volume of vast dimensions. Even this would only cover the description and explanation of the vagaries of costume; if invective against the vanity of fashion were to be included, the Museum would have to find another Colindale.

It is a notable fact that the great majority of writers on the question of dress are men. They are not only men of leisure, with a whimsical interest in a whimsical topic; they are scholars, ethnologists or prelates of many degrees of learning and of seriousness. Most of them refer to the weaknesses and frivolities of the female sex; but not one of them considers it weak or frivolous in himself to bend a strong masculine mind towards the frail (or hygienic) clothing of the frail (or matronly) sex.

The reason for this does not lie

entirely, nor even mainly, in the industrial revolution which repressed in men the dress-instinct that they had previously shared with the other sex, and which they have since had to satisfy by becoming theatrical designers, dress-designers, or dressmakers. Many of the writers on women's costume date before that revolution. Probably the eternal attraction of the theme resides in the fact that the human form changes so slowly. Geological formations are slow, it is true; but it suffices for one volcanic eruption to change the outline of a range of mountains, to remove or form islands, to alter, to enrich, or impoverish, all the trees and flowers of a district, to change climate, habits, and colouring within the range of its energy. As for the sea and the desert, they are equally fluid of contour, under the influence of the merest and most momentary breeze.

As for trees and cereals and flowers, the attention of chemists skilled in these cultures can alter them from year to year. This applies to all the domestic animals, whether of pleasure or of use. Plough-horses and toy-dogs are equally liable to these eugenic fluctuations.

It is the proud distinction of the human form to remain one with wild animals, in refusing to change. True, human beings are sometimes taller, sometimes smaller, according to the lives imposed on them by social conditions, the nutriment provided for them by their prosperity or their poverty,

and the contemporary conditions of transport. We have in some museums suits of armour into which hardly even an undersized Cockney of to-day could insert himself, but bearing brands like those of Astur, "which none but he might wield."

Dr. Cunningham's remarkable work is at once a study of, and a guide to, the arabesques and grotesques woven around this central human figure. Both he and Mr. Laver have their own methods of interpreting these ever-changing outlines. On many points the two experts agree; on many points they have divergent opinions to offer. One can but listen with respect to Wellington and Napoleon, or Wellington and Blücher, on points of military history. As far as Mr. Laver and Dr. Cunningham speak for themselves, one has the enjoyment of hearing two keen observers discussing why women ever wore bustles, what they looked like, and why they ceased to wear them, together with many other matters of interest and amusement, of varying importance, but of unbroken interest. To this extent the two books, which cover roughly the same period, and present many similar, and some few dissimilar conclusions, run on parallel lines. The historian, the dilettante, and the ordinary reader will alike find them full of entertaining and interesting matter.

Dr. Cunningham's book is secondarily concerned with these matters. It is in addition a sartorial encyclopædia to which the appropriate inflection of the word *Britannica* might well be added. From her topmost curl to her shoe-lace, from the fact that she eschewed curls or shoes, from her skin outward to the coat-tail which she sometimes trailed and sometimes wore almost between her shoulders, the details of costume of the women who saw the end of the monarchy in France, to those who saw the end of the Victorian era in England, are here tabulated, dated, and kept in accessible form for all those who have the need or the wish to follow a subject which is the hand-mirror of history.

THE AYES HAVE IT, by A. P. Herbert. Methuen. 6s.

It was characteristic of Mr. Herbert to turn his legislative triumph to literary account, and it was evident that a very entertaining story could be put together from the vicissitudes of the Matrimonial Causes Act. His business is not only to amuse, but to surprise his public; and in many ways this book is the most surprising thing that he has done. He has boldly undertaken to divert his readers with the details of parliamentary procedure, and to adorn his tale with the intricacies of Standing Orders. A writer who can, so to speak, set Erskine May to music deserves the respect of all of us.

Mr. Herbert, as the prime mover towards the greatest and most humane reform that has been wrought in many years, has given cause for thousands of unfortunate people to bless his name and reverence his memory. The main purpose of this book, or so it seems, is to distribute a little of the credit where it may belong. There were some, like Mr. Haynes, whose lives had been devoted to the struggle. There was Mr. Claud Mullins, an old if difficult ally. There were many private members who quietly helped; there were the Law Officers; most amazing of all to the readers of *Holy Deadlock*, there was the King's Proctor himself. But more than to any human agency, the bill owed its passage to the small anomalies of politics; it squeezed its way through the little gaps and leaks that time has made in the parliamentary machine.

The law that Mr. Herbert sought to amend had stood substantially unshaken for eighty years: the twin bogies of nonconformity and catholicism had scared successive governments from interference: private efforts seemed always doomed to failure. Here was a prime example of the inflexibility of the law, and the impotence of individual initiative. But because it caused hardship in this instance, it did not follow that the system was as bad as it appeared. We do not want our statute

books stuffed with brainwaves like those of the American Congress: the private member's bill is a menace, and usually to private liberty. It is to be discouraged in every way: yet, as it is an essential feature of democracy, it is not to be eradicated. The Matrimonial Causes Act illustrates how nicely the odds are balanced against the private reform; yet how neatly they swing round in its favour when the voice of public opinion has endorsed it.

Mr. Herbert's constituency was an anachronism: his candidature was an absurdity; his election was a freak. Without all three, we should still have our savage old law. Once elected, he had to ballot for his opening. That was the first hurdle. After that it was a continual race against time. What saved it was the personal factor, that imponderable element that makes Parliament so much more efficient than it seems. The nonconformist opposition did not materialize: but the Catholics could have killed the bill by several quite legitimate forms of strangulation. If it had been the unsupported effort of a crank, they would have done so. But when they saw that the voice of democracy, of the Protestant and irreligious public, had spoken in its favour, they refrained, and fought it instead upon equal ground. Then again, there was the official attitude. When it appeared from the second reading that the bill had a chance of getting through, the law officers thought it their duty to help make it a workable measure. That in itself was a great service: and as the bill progressed, their technical assistance developed into strong moral support, until finally the great gesture of giving Government time set the crown of success upon Mr. Herbert's efforts.

"It is very easy to stand off and throw loose stones at Parliamentary procedure: it is not so easy to pick a good hole." That is the moral of this book: and it comes from one who has been well jolted and mangled in the parliamentary machine, only to find himself safe at the end of it, and clutching a much improved baby.

The Lords and Commons will read with a glow of pardonable pride the many kind, grateful, and penitent observations that Mr. Herbert has to make about the manner in which they discharge their duties. The ordinary voter will learn more about the inner working of the two Houses from these pages than from a mile of newspapers.

CHRISTOPHER HOBHOUSE

A MEMOIR OF Æ (George William Russell), by John Eglinton. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

THE LIVING TORCH, by Æ. Edited by Monk Gibbon. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

It was a happy thought that suggested simultaneous publication of these two books. For John Eglinton, a close companion in early manhood, was later estranged from Æ, as he confesses, by one of those wretched quarrels which so often occurred between men of goodwill in the dreadful years following the Rising of 1916, though kind fate, or rather—as Æ, himself would have insisted—the law of spiritual attraction brought them together again before the end. Monk Gibbon, much younger than either, while thus obliged to rely on others for the story of Æ's boyhood, his eager studies in the sacred books of the East and even his labours as an agricultural organizer, writes with intimate knowledge of the later Æ.—the wise counsellor in public and private affairs, one ever less eager to teach than to evoke the good in others. But indeed the two things are inseparable. Æ, taught by example rather than precept. "He was a tribunal," said one who had long known and loved him, before which the ignoble dwindled."

Moreover, it is not merely in point of time that each of these books is a complement of the other. In one we have a detailed account of Æ's life, in the astonishingly varied activities of poet, prose-writer, painter, economist and publicist, together with a cool and somewhat detached criticism of his work and his philosophy; in the other, the voice of a disciple, grateful for

having "known one great soul" and eager that others should share, so far as they may through the cold medium of print, in that experience. One needs but to dip here and there among the selections made by Monk Gibbon from those writings which have not hitherto appeared in book-form, to realize how generously Æ. gave of his best in the hurried task of journalism, careless whether credit came to him or not, so only that under the appearance of passing events he could point to the divine spark in common things. No doubt, as in all anthologies, one misses something one would wish to find; but in all that is given one can rejoice.

And I suppose that if every friend of Æ.—and who was not his friend that ever knew him—were to write of him, it would still not be too much. Never was there, surely, so full a man. As Simone Téry says, "*Le chef-d'œuvre d'Æ., qui est un grand artiste, c'est encore lui-même.*" That, I think, sums up wittily and completely, what all of us know to be true. Even George Moore—"the rogue" as John Eglinton calls him—though wont to speak contemptuously of "the Donegal dauber," once at least bore the same witness. "You know," he said to a mutual friend, "I think that Æ. is too great a man to be a great artist." Moore was thinking of course, of that savage and often selfish concentration upon a single aim which is perhaps essential to excellence in any art. For myself, I am sure Æ. chose the better part, recalling Ruskin's aphorism that it is better to irrigate than to excel.

Both volumes are admirably produced and illustrated; and at the end of John Eglinton's will be found a list—almost but not, I think, quite complete—of Æ.'s books and pamphlets. These, with the two memoirs themselves, and with the extracts from the *Irish Statesman* and other journals now printed in the *Living Torch*, form a noble memorial of a noble life.

HUGH A. LAW.

HALDANE, 1856-1915, by Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice. *Faber and Faber*. 18s.

LAW AND OTHER THINGS, by Lord Macmillan. *Cambridge University Press*. 8s. 6d.

NOT WITHOUT PREJUDICE, by Lord Hewart. *Hutchinson*. 10s. 6d.

The common interest which runs throughout these three books is the Law. The authors of two of them are lawyers of great eminence, while Haldane, though not a lawyer first and foremost, was engaged, either as advocate or judge, in the practice of the law throughout the whole of his active career, except those years when he was Secretary of State for War. It is no lack of respect for the other eminent authors which is responsible for Sir Frederick Maurice's book heading the list. The appearance of the authorized biography of such a man as Haldane is necessarily an event of outstanding importance.

It is not so much his achievements, great though these were, as the innate quality and strength of the man which make him a unique figure in British public life. In a sense he was the most outstanding example of the pure intellectual to be found in our history, but yet, as Sir Frederick Maurice so skilfully shows, it was the combination of balance in character with balance in brain which, more than anything else, made the man who was Haldane. His courage in adversity, instanced when his engagement was broken off, and when he was the victim of the dastardly campaign of calumny in 1914-15; his ruthless self-criticism and his delight in overcoming difficulties; his pleasure in society and the "pawky humour," as Asquith called it, with which, together with his beloved food, wine and cigars, he entertained it; all these emerge, each in its due proportion, from Sir Frederick Maurice's careful and competent biography. The book bears every mark of a labour of love, and, indeed, the question sometimes suggests itself whether its interest might not have been enhanced, if the author had

not put on his subject's spectacles so whole-heartedly. Haldane's dismissal of Lloyd George as "really an illiterate with an unbalanced mind" points to limitations on both sides. The temptation for a chivalrous author to be uncritical of a man who was so unjustly criticized in his life, is strong; but it is clear that England could not be governed by a Cabinet composed of Haldanes alone. His versatility makes a biography of Haldane a difficult book to write. It is a pity, perhaps, that a philosopher was not enlisted to write about Haldane's metaphysical studies, and a lawyer to deal with his career at the Bar and on the Bench. Sir Frederick Maurice's account of him as a philosopher does not seem entirely satisfying, and his treatment of his legal career does not profess to be adequate. The accounts of his educational activities and of his great skill as an amateur diplomatist are, on the other hand, everything that they should be; and Haldane's work at the War Office receives the memorial which it deserves. Sir Frederick Maurice proves that the vendetta of 1915 was a national as well as a personal tragedy.

One of the addresses collected in Lord Macmillan's book is entitled "Two Ways of Thinking." Its theme is the difference between the deductive mind (like the Scotsman's) which works from a general principle to its application in a particular case, and the inductive mind (like the Englishman's), which draws general conclusions from concrete cases; and Lord Macmillan draws the conclusion that "each has its contribution to make to the attainment of the goal of all right ways of thinking—the Truth." It was partly this difference in approach which prevented Haldane and the English public from understanding each other. Lord Macmillan, another Scot, has confined his activities to spheres where his particular qualities are more readily appreciated than in national politics. His book is composed of essays and articles discussing the relation of law to other forms of social activity. One question must be asked: what does Lord

Macmillan mean by saying that the Separation of Powers has long been the boast of our Constitution? It may have been its boast; it certainly has not been its practice.

Lord Hewart is an Englishman the inductiveness of whose mind is above reproach; his miscellany of articles and speeches ranges further than Lord Macmillan's in the variety of its topics, which include patriotism, personalities and capital punishment. While the contents of this interesting and entertaining book do full justice to Lord Hewart's powers as an after-dinner speaker, it is when discussing topics related to the law that he is at his best; in particular, "The Young Offender" should be read by every citizen, lawyer or layman.

W. T. WELLS

THE HOUSE THAT HITLER BUILT, by Stephen H. Roberts. *Methuen*. 12s. 6d.

GERMANY AND WORLD PEACE, by Sven Hedin. *Hutchinson*. 15s.

DOVER-NÜRNBERG RETURN, by John Baker White. *Burrup Mathieson*. 5s.

Here are three more books on Nazi Germany, each claiming to be impartial and authoritative and to have something to add to the great body of literature that already exists on this controversial subject.

Of the three, Professor Roberts' book is by far the most valuable. As he says in the preface, it is essentially a book for the plain man. Lightly, at times almost conversationally written, it gives a comprehensive account of the origins, philosophy, organization and ultimate triumph of the Nazi movement. It begins by examining the psychology of Hitler and his associates. It then deals with the movement and its philosophy. The second part (there are five parts altogether) describes the Revolution and the four years of power, 1933-1937. Part III, deals readably and effectively with economics. Part IV, is entitled "The Balance-Sheet of Hitlerism," and

is divided into two sections "What the Onlooker sees," and "What the Onlooker does not see." This part discusses first those features of the régime that must strike any visitor to Germany in the first few days of his visit—Labour camps, the Hitler Youth, Workmen's Organizations, etc., then those less obvious and less creditable features—the "drive for a common mentality," cult of the closed mind, persecution of the Jews, the struggle against Christianity—and finally the abuse of the law as a political instrument. The fifth Part deals with the repercussions of Hitlerism in the outside world, particularly in Central and Eastern Europe.

Professor Roberts has handled with skill an immense mass of information and a complicated tangle of issues. Writing as a "democratic individualist" he has not been sparing in his criticism, and the picture that emerges is not altogether flattering to the Third Reich. But he has not set out to write up the anti-Nazi case. On the contrary, as he himself acknowledges, he was everywhere generously aided by the Nazi authorities and he cannot be accused of neglecting their point of view, or of seeking out the bad and ignoring the good. There is all the difference between this book, which, though critical, is clearly by an open-minded man, and those which set out to black-wash the Nazi regime from the first page. For this reason Professor Roberts' criticisms, which are implied rather than expressed—since the book is more descriptive than analytical—are all the more telling. They will not convince those whose mind is already made up, but they are worth the consideration of all who wish to form a fair picture of Nazi Germany. In the last four years Germany has recovered her strength and self-respect, and she now presents to the world a façade of co-ordinated uniformity. But it should not be forgotten that for these material gains she has paid a tremendous spiritual price. Those who are interested to draw up a balance-sheet of advantages and disadvantages will

find Professor Roberts' book stimulating and informative, even if they do not accept all his conclusions.

In reading Sven Hedin's book I could not help asking myself why this book had ever been translated into English. It contains little information that was not already available; it faces none of the questions which the average Englishman has to ask of the Nazi régime; it teems with inaccuracies. On page 75 there is, for example, a remarkable sentence, beginning "Alsace-Lorraine, Eupen, Malmédy, Eastern Upper Silesia (which were handed over to Czechoslovakia in 1919) . . ." I have sought in vain for an emendation that would make sense of that. Three pages later there is a reference to "two million Slovaks in Maehren" (sic). The translation is not everywhere felicitous—even of classical quotations. Sophocles' great chorus in the *Antigone*, *πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ* . . . which stands with doubtful relevance at the head of a chapter on the Rhœn plan, is reproduced in woeful paraphrase. That is a detail. But it is symptomatic of the whole. If Nazi propaganda is to be served up to the English public, it can be done better and more convincingly than this. Altogether I cannot agree with the publishers that this is a "clear and sane account, untinged by bias and propagandist notions." One chapter, it is true, expresses half-hearted disapproval of the persecution of the Jews, but it appears to have been slipped in like the pips in synthetic lemonade to give an impression of a quality which the whole does not possess.

"Dover-Nürnberg Return" is a chattily written account of a motor-tour, which had as its principal object a visit to the Nazi Party Rally. It presents the commonplace reflections of an average Englishman, and is somewhat slight both in form and matter. The two chapters on France seem rather more valuable than the fifteen on Germany.

DAVID STEPHENS

THE CHURCHES SURVEY THEIR TASK: The Report of the Oxford Conference on "Church, Community, and State." *Allen and Unwin. 5s.*

THE HUMAN SITUATION: The Gifford Lectures of 1935-1937, by Professor W. Macneile Dixon. *Edward Arnold. 18s.*

What a pair of books to bracket in a review! It is not merely that they lack so much as a single point of contact: they reveal points of view so completely opposed that they might have come from different universes. Yet each is symptomatic of its own force, and the profound, dynamic conflict of these forces has brought the modern world into the gloomy valley through which it labours. Shall Man continue in the present, as in the past, to build his social life upon a meed of Faith, and if so, faith in what? or must we say with so many, and Professor Dixon, that the universe is so profoundly puzzling and contradictory that the fundamental task of the modern world is to make an arid agnosticism emotionally powerful to cure selfishness and to "let righteousness roll down like a stream?" This is a quest beside which the perennial task of making Christianity work is mere child's play.

Thus the authors of the first book have the easier task. It is, as its subtitle suggests, a report of the great Oecumenical Conference held in Oxford last summer. Representatives of almost every Christian Church were present, and their ground was most carefully prepared by various committees meeting together to discuss such matters as Race, War, The Totalitarian State, etc.—all burning and urgent topics. Conference reports are always apt to read a little dully: it is inevitable. But the patient and the imaginative will find much that is moving if only they will read this report with the innate sympathy which every reader should be prepared to greet every book. A body of people from all over the world, all of them immersed in the actual concrete

situations which the supreme challenge to Christendom has created: all of them moved and impelled in the heart of their being by a vital faith in God, and a haunting sense of the deliverance and release which could be brought to a world if only it was prepared to salute Him in penitence, faith, and hope—is not this a moving spectacle? There is a good deal of "Resolution English" in the Reports, but there is passion too, and plain speaking. On Patriotism, for instance: "Any form of national egotism, whereby the love of one's own people leads to the suppression of other nationalities or national minorities, or to the failure to respect and appreciate the gifts of other people, is sin and rebellion against God." Nothing could be clearer or less compromising. So it is with the rest of the Reports. They shirk nothing; and if anyone wants to know what world-wide Christianity is thinking and saying, he will find it here.

One of the universal consequences of faith is a sense of sin; and, contrariwise, ethical neutrality is a necessary result of faithlessness. Professor Dixon starts off with a statement of ethical neutrality: "For ethical idealists I confess I have small regard and with them I feel little sympathy . . . In what century did Nature change her ways and in what year was human nature born again? In all ages the prophets and moralists have upbraided and denounced their fellow creatures. I desire to be excused their honourable society." The references to Nature and human nature are illuminating. To lead off with the recognition that the one is inscrutable and the other unchangeable is to be limited at once to maintaining the proposition that the world's very complex, quite impossible to reduce to any rational terms, and really there is nothing to be done about it. It is to deliver oneself a prey to the tyranny of mere bulk—the weight of contradictory fact. The Professor gilds this distinctly bitter pile in 430 pages of really charming

prose, and at last, realizing that he must come to *some* conclusion, says, "How simple, then, is our duty—loyalty to life, to the ship's company and to ourselves." But as, on his own terms, life is essentially undefineable that does not really help very much. It is sad that so much charm—for this writing is charming—should have in the end nothing to say, that it should come empty-handed to a generation so desperately in need of help. But only faith can help it—and to Professor Dixon, faith seems to be the ultimate irrationality.

ROGER LLOYD.

THE COUNTRY YEAR, by Eric Parker.
Seeley Service. 10s. 6d. net.

WILD LIFE IN A SOUTHERN COUNTY,
by Richard Jefferies. *Nelson 8s. 6d. net.*

**JEFFERIES' ENGLAND NATURE
ESSAYS**, by Richard Jefferies.
Constable. 8s. 6d. net.

Mr. Parker's book is divided into twelve sections, one for each month of the year; and in each section there are some ten or twelve sketches upon some aspect of country life, be it country sport in some form or nature in general. For example under March 2nd we find an interesting account of the penning of pheasants, which takes place after the shooting season is ended; while under October 2nd, Mr. Parker has a few words to say on partridge driving. The author is well-known as a distinguished naturalist, and a large section of his sketches of the country are devoted to bird life. We are also introduced to country sport of every variety: hunting, shooting, fishing, cubbing—even village cricket. Mr. Parker has something interesting to say upon them all. It is the kind of book in which those who fancy that they know everything that there is to be known about the country and its inhabitants—human or otherwise—will find how mistaken they really are and will realize how much there is for them

to learn. How many, for example, have ever seen a mole of which the author writes: "Mostly it is cream-colour, but the throat and belly are brilliant orange, the nose is olive, and there is a grey band round the tail"? It is indeed a fascinating book, and a book, moreover, by one who is in every way qualified to write it.

As for Richard Jefferies, it is only fitting that tribute should be paid to him this year, the fiftieth anniversary of his death. *Wild Life in a Southern County* was first published in 1879, and was one of the first books that he wrote about the country, although before that time he had already published several novels and pamphlets, for throughout his short life he was a most prolific and versatile writer. Though it is sometimes claimed that some of Jefferies' earlier work is, if not of an immature, at least of a somewhat mediocre nature, such a claim certainly cannot be allowed in the case of the present book, where the magnificent powers of language and description that belonged to Jefferies are to be seen at their best. This book has been illustrated with some sixty exquisite pen-drawings, done by C. E. Collins, who has also contributed a note on the setting of Jefferies' scene, while Sir William Beach Thomas has written the introduction.

Jefferies' *England*, also admirably illustrated by a series of excellent photographs, contains a selection of his later essays, mostly written after 1880. These essays are very carefully chosen, and it is true to say that they form a representative portion of Jefferies' work at its best. There is a lengthy and critical introduction by Mr. Samuel J. Looker, who has also supplied any notes that may be necessary for the complete understanding of these essays. Finally, there is a very comprehensive bibliography, called "Check Lists," of the works of Jefferies, published during his life-time and after his death, as well as of books and articles on and about him.

PHILIP SCHAPIRO.

WITH THE CORNERS OFF, by
Commander A. B. Campbell. *Harrap.*
8s. 6d.

ALL CHANGE HERE, by Albert
Jarosy. *Longmans, Green. 10s. 6d.*

LEX, by Frank Whitbourn. *Longmans*
Green. 10s. 6d.

Both biography and autobiography are flourishing trees to-day, and for the most part well justified in their fruits. The wealth of adventure often to be discovered in the most "ordinary" lives must have come as a surprise to many. These three books are none of them likely to become classics, but each has its own particular interest and should not fail to find its public.

As simple entertainment Commander Campbell's account of his "adventurous life on land and sea" easily takes first place. Those who have heard him broadcast some of the material appearing in his present pages will know that he has an attractive way of telling a tale and also no lack of tales to tell. He can be as amusing in recalling a "pranky" boyhood in Portsmouth as in narrating the trials of a tenderfoot in North-West Canada, where he proved his adaptability and his power of getting on with all kinds and conditions of men, faculties serving him well when he later became prisoner on liners travelling to the East and Australia. Then, before his pen-pictures of odd passengers and cord-sharpeners can become wearisome, he turns to his War experiences, notably those aboard the armed merchant cruiser *Otranto*, which spent the best part of three years patrolling the South American coasts. Here, particularly, one has some good examples of the variety of interesting stuff a book of this kind can turn up. On one page one reads how Admiral Cradock gave away his position to the German fleet by an unneeded order for a basket of fruit, thus in all probability leading to the action off Coronel and the loss of two ships and over twelve hundred seamen. On another the Commander has to tell of encountering along the Patagonian coast, when landing in search of information of German

raiders, what seemed to him clearly "relics of the Darwin survey" of more than eighty years earlier—"a picket-rod still standing, with a cross-piece let into its slot, perhaps a mark for the great scientist himself as he noted angles and distances." Later he gives a very vivid and dreadful picture of the sinking of the *Otranto* with great loss of life. Every aspect of his experience is told so well that one regrets when he crams his post-War publishing years into a single chapter; one suspects a wealth of good stories suppressed, and hopes he will get around to telling them later.

Albert Jarosy's "eccentric" autobiography also breaks off some years in the past, about the end of the War. But it opens the door on a totally different kind of life—that of a rising young violinist on the spendthrift fringes of aristocratic society in pre-War Prague and Leipzig. That existence ended with his father's death, and he had to deplete his rather large idea of himself to become music-master in Russian Courland, only to fly from danger of imprisonment when he challenged a fellow-pianist to a duel. There followed a renewed youth in Paris, with love and marriage, then presently a return to Russia, to experience first war-detention and then danger and hardship, with eventual escape, in the midst of Bolshevik Revolution. He tells his story with the air less of one looking back to than one reliving the past years, lending to parts of it not only the vividness of a novel but also some of the confusion of the contemporary event. Kubelik, the last Russian Tsar, and one or two other famous figures make momentary appearances, but mostly it is the author himself who holds the centre of the stage, romantic, vivid, and dramatic against a background of bright lights and dark shadows.

Lex provides a contrast to either Campbell or Jarosy. "No one who knew Alex Devine," begins Mr. Whitbourn's foreword, "will deny that he was a remarkable man. But he was remarkable to some as a great head-

master and educationalist, and to others as an eccentric adventurer." The conjunction of estimates is unusual, and it is that conjunction and the eccentricity which largely sustains the interest of this biography. Mr. Whitbourn draws well Devine's family and Manchester background, the obscure young man's itch to make his mark in the world, the self-confidence (some will prefer to say the arrogance) which both launched and wrecked his first Working Boys' Institute, the conceit which made him live well and dress well and at the same time refuse to render accounts of his spending to suspicious committees, and the power as well as the faith which enabled him to bring Clayesmore School into being and to keep it there through frequent hard times as an educational experiment of acknowledged value for thirty years. A man difficult to like, or even to admire, but attractive to read about as another specimen of humanity's infinite variety.

GEORGE WEST.

THE CASE FOR SOCIALISM, by Douglas Jay. *Faber and Faber*. 12s. 6d.

THE FALSE STATE, by Hilda D. Oakley. *Williams and Norgate*. 6s.

A dual challenge faces the economics of socialism at the present time. On the one flank are the forces of liberal ethical neutrality, and on the other the determinism of neo-Marxist economics. It is out of an elaborate intellectual contest with these twin forces that Mr. Jay's constructive socialism emerges. For if the liberals, Professors Mises, Robbins and Hayek, are correct in regarding the aims of socialism, namely, the redistribution of wealth, the progressive abolition of inheritance and the control of the price mechanism, as not lending themselves either to the approval or disapproval of the economist as such, then the economics of socialism must make clear the ethical boundaries of the subject. Mr. Jay not only does this, but he contrives, perhaps success-

fully, to argue that the neutrality of the liberals, who deny the comparability of the welfare of different individuals or classes, rests upon a basis of solipsism which is itself in no sense neutral between social ends. If, again, Mr. John Strachey is correct in his discovery of an inevitable breakdown in the system of capitalism, then the aims of reformist socialism must be intrinsically futile, and any close analysis of "capitalist economics" a waste of time.

Mr. Jay devotes the greater part of this admirably constructed book to an examination and criticism of existing economic theory, both in its static and its dynamic, or trade cycle aspects, and concludes that there is actually no logical unworkability in the capitalist system, considered as an abstract pattern of relationships. This being taken as proven, the way is then open for the author to describe the policies of a reformist socialism. Apart from a tentative acceptance of some of the theories of Mr. Keynes and Mr. E. F. M. Durbin, the economic policy of Mr. Jay's socialist government would follow strictly orthodox lines. He would preserve a large part of the price mechanism, introduce a large element of control, especially over basic industries and the stock of capital, and effect an elaborate redistribution of wealth on the lines of taxation and subsidy.

There is no doubt whatever that this is the most careful and dispassionate book on socialist economics that has appeared for a very long time.

Miss Oakley has written a totally different kind of book. She presents a philosophy of the State which is at once devastatingly negative and profoundly sincere. The ideological conflicts of the age, she argues, resolve themselves into various forms of acceptance of the False State. In metaphysics the State inevitably erects itself into a supra-social entity which cannot, when developed in the actual processes of history, either embrace a universal community, society at large, nor extend the limits of true

freedom. Reality, she seems to say, will defeat, by fraud, force or war, every attempt either to embody in pure law the metaphysical forms of the State, as in contemporary fascism (which seems to derive from Hegel), or to destroy itself (wither away) according to the equally futile metaphysics of Marxism. Miss Oakley describes, perhaps not always successfully, the pretensions and failures of fascism and communism respectively, and regards the "Mass-Man" of modern society as the inevitable implication, in actuality, of the false metaphysics of State ideology in general. True liberty, in such an age, can only emerge from the martyrdom of suffering of those who love, and have loved freedom.

This is a curious, insensibly febrile book, but Miss Oakley's sincerity goes a long way.

RICHARD TERRELL.

CIVITAS DEI. Vol. III., by Lionel Curtis. *Macmillan*. 1937. 5s.

THE WAR AGAINST GOD, by Sydney Dark and R. S. Essex. *Hodder & Stoughton*, 1937. 5s.

These two books may be said to have one thing in common, and one only: they both view politics from a non-political angle. In nearly everything else, they are a great contrast.

In his third volume, Mr. Curtis is endeavouring to apply the principles of the first and second to contemporary politics, and the most important thing about it is not the detail of his application, but the fact that he does deal with politics in the light of a conscious philosophy or faith. Mr. Curtis contends that mere empiricism and hand-to-mouth procedure can to-day only deepen the confusions in the existing situation. What is the ultimate end in view? First of all settle that question, and that will decide immediate policy.

The writer defines his own faith in God as final reality, "a spirit personal in an infinitely higher degree than my own personality, and therefore

supremely creative; and that God having endowed his creatures with reason, conscience . . . set them to discover, little by little, what the universe is, and called them to join in the task of making it better and greater." (p. 38). This faith issues into the practical consideration of "the organization of human society as one commonwealth" (p. 68). The immediate way to the realization of that end is "the establishment throughout the world of local self-government and of national commonwealths." (p. 68-9).

Thus, to Mr. Curtis, national sovereignty is the great obstacle to the further development of human society. How is this obstacle to be overcome? Mr. Curtis has no faith in the League of Nations for this purpose. On pp. 82-92, he advocates withdrawal from the League on the ground of the proved futility of Articles X. and XVI. His argument here lacks the grasp and power of his usual writing. Has he considered what the effect of British withdrawal would be in the present situation? Does he not think rather that the peril in which the democratic States find themselves is a stimulus to a development of the League in the direction of super-national sovereignty? Mr. Curtis pins his faith to the Empire, especially its outlying Dominions, as constituting a nucleus for the next step in World Commonwealth (*vide* Chapters 10 and 11). A serious, weighty and stimulating study which deserves the attention of every good citizen.

"The War Against God" is a most unequal book. Dr. Martineau once told a too ambitious student that it was impossible to preach the whole duty of man in twenty minutes. Mr. Dark and his co-author have attempted something equally ambitious in trying to summarize the history of theology and philosophy from Job down to Bertrand Russell in about ninety pages. And it can't be done. This part of the book is a succession of slap-dash generalizations, whose effect can only be to accentuate the intellectual laziness and superficiality which are

only too common in the Churches already. On p. 84, for example, is repeated the half-truth that Marxism teaches the supremacy of economic causes. If Mr. Dark will read the Preface to the "Critique of Political Economy," he will discover what Marx really said about "powers of production." One has no space to quote, but the Introduction is peppered with inaccuracies and half-truths.

The authors nowhere clearly define what war against God means. Is it denial of God's existence? or of a particular idea of God? Or opposition to Christian ideals and values? We are not told. Sometimes we are left to infer one or other. After all, from

the ethical point of view, the Church has been as hostile to God as secular institutions.

In the second part of the book, which is a survey of anti-religious activities in various countries, particularly Russia, Spain and Germany, there is really useful information. The account of the struggle between Hitler and the Churches is especially good. The authors show some appreciation of the corruption of the Hierarchy in Russia and Spain, so that opposition to the Church, in such circumstances, is not necessarily war against God.

Readers of this book should keep a supply of salt handy.

D. R. DAVIES.

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THE SHORT STORIES OF LIAM O'FLAHERTY. *Cape. 7s. 6d.*

WELSH SHORT STORIES. *Faber & Faber. 7s. 6d.*

What a large number of the most striking stories in English are written by the Irish and the Welsh! Striking, because the English reader, ruminant moralist and romantic, is startled by these tales of the tribes. His own tribal days were over long ago. He has lost that kind of smallness and that kind of largeness. He is no longer a neighbour and no longer a hero. The people of Liam O'Flaherty, Sean O'Faolain, the Welsh contentionists in the tales of Caradoc Evans, Rhys Davies, Margiad Evans, are people and a place at once. They stand out largely in their mountain farms, their forgotten towns, their civil war lorries. They are figures which a countryside talks

about. And you can see how deeply-rooted this feeling is when Mr. O'Flaherty triumphantly assumes that the death of a blackbird or the escape of a conger eel has the same transcendent quality. Beside these writers, an English one, like Miss Viola Meynell, seems to belong to no place, but to live without local fame (and without local littleness, he is said), within the levelled limits of herself. If her people are to have importance it must all come from her. She has got to build up brick by brick from dead level.

There are two long stories in her book *Kissing the Rod* which stand out above the rest and the first is excellent. It is a study of a young *roué* who, going out to Australia on business, flirts with an inexperienced young girl, amusedly digs out her story and discovers, when she has run away from him in miserable disillusion, that he can't do without her. Both man and girl are admirably built up. Every word and every sentence counts. There is a stolidity in Miss Meynell which keeps her mind to the earth while her sensibility moves unerringly into the journeys and climates of human feeling. Straightforward with her facts yet aware of every obliquity—that is the kind of balance she strikes. Her best stories give one, at the end, the true feeling that, in completing the cycles of their experience, human beings have made a bargain about which, although there can be two opinions, there is only one they wish to know:

"Harold had arrived at that stage when happiness becomes mere acute suspense—reaching an intensity when it had gone neutral."

It is a dangerous game, the exploration of neutrality, but Miss Meynell is an artist in its subtle surprises; and if her range is not wide, a story like *The Time, the Place, and The Lured One* is masterly in execution and impressive in content.

Of all the Irish writers, Mr. O'Faolain seems to me the most authoritative and diverse. He is a writer of the first class. His opening sentences take one at

once into a world which reverberates with the sound of real voices reflecting upon their own experience. He is the first to catch the Irish priesthood, the Catholic atmosphere and the stifled life of the provincial towns with something more than a camera. A fighting priest talks in a train, a French sailor lands in the West and wants a woman, a girl is driven to lying in the confessional, a commercial traveller makes a farce of the economics of self sufficiency, a singer fails—these are some of the tales, and he moves through them into the dim rooms of provincial life where people sit cramped but not mean, forgetting their bruises in curious, twisted talk. Garrulous solitaires, all of them are, frustrated in life but eloquent in dogma or private fantasy, their wit turned against themselves and the world. Mr. O'Faolain is an unequal writer, occasionally cumbersome in plot, better in the oblique suggestion than direct narrative.

Mr. O'Flaherty's stories illustrate the Irish skill with the athletic animal in life, the muscular, instinctive and sensational. Ten years ago they seemed to have a miraculous freshness like grass in the spring, and they have worn as well as the almost purely physical can. Violence loses its force in retrospect, and how these people do hate, howl, lust and rear! But this heroic stuff has its genuine side and is not all melodrama. Some of it belongs to Nature and not to the parish.

The Welsh collection has the same tribal force but it is distributed into the equivocations of Welsh character. These are small but mysterious and give the kind of pleasure one has at a local race meetings when the thrill of the gallop is given a twist by the knowledge that all the jockeys are pulling. Margiad Evans' *Country Dance*, easily dominates the book, but among the lesser known writer a story translated from the Welsh of Richard Hughes Williams was impressive. There is a really native stamp and ring in this anthology and a higher standard than one commonly finds.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

THE BIBLE: Designed to be read as Literature. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST, by Georges Bernanos. Boriswood. 10s. 6d.

WRESTLING JACOB, by Marjorie Bowen. Heinemann. 15s.

THE VILLAGE CARPENTER, by Walter Rose. Cambridge. 8s. 6d.

Praise may be lavishly bestowed on Ernest Sutherland Bates for the arranging and editing of *The Bible*, designed to be read as literature. The Bible has always been a best-seller but in this new form, with the eye pleasantly attracted by a clear type set in ordinary paragraph book form, it has again become a book to be read in the home. There are omissions but they are omissions to good purpose, planned to avoid redundancy and repetition, and will displease nobody except those who seek a favourite passage—and they will be few—without finding it and those who do not believe that the Bible is capable of being edited by twentieth-century man. In particular the printing of the verse as poetry and not as prose divided arbitrarily, is a great advance.

Another generation may find less to admire than our own in *The Diary of a Country Priest*, brilliantly and sympathetically translated from the French by Pamela Morris. The story is a simple one, compelling in its candour, of the hopes, doubts and fears of a young priest, battling against the enormous odds of a parish, accepting God yet incapable of reflecting his enthusiasms or responding to his teaching. Weak in body but not in physical courage, fearless yet fearful of his relations with other men, constantly misunderstood yet half-respected even while being laughed at or reviled, the country priest is presented as a highly sensitive type, and it is in his mind that the fiercest struggle is waged. He finds peace at last, and with him others may do the same in a fine book, which has more power for good in a page than a pulpit full of sermons.

A strange contrast is the John Wesley seen in Marjorie Bowen's study, *Wrestling Jacob*. The facts of Wesley's life are largely indisputable, but Miss

Bowen has welded them into a fine narrative, which even if it reveals Wesley in harsh perspective, is no doubt just and true. Too much may be made of the Lincolnshire scene but life controlled by Susanna Wesley, John's mother, with the inconsequential behaviour of the Rev. Samuel, must have been as hard an upbringing as any children have ever been asked to endure in a Christian home. Mrs. Wesley, whose one absorbing task was to save the souls of herself and her children, allowed no spark of humour to invade her circle, and the misery of poverty was increased for the children by the grim rule of method controlling all their actions. Small wonder that John and the other children were hardly normal, but at least the boys were well educated, and John, during his Oxford days, had opportunity to live a less spartan life. Had he married Sophie Hopkey in Georgia, the world might well have heard less of John Wesley, but, jaded and disappointed, he returned to England to rediscover his faith and his great preaching power. The religious fervour, which he inspired in a country long overdue for a revival of humanitarian ideals, was akin to madness, yet it achieved much and perhaps, somewhere in John Wesley's character there was a gentler streak, discernible in his brother Charles, which has escaped his biographer and the world.

Walter Rose is still a carpenter and still a great believer in the need for more craftsmen to-day. His book, *The Village Carpenter*, is chiefly concerned with his memories of his grandfather's and then his father's business—in its early days, for later it became amalgamated with the kindred trades of bricklaying and decorating. The love for wood in all its forms pervades the book with a sweet atmosphere, but the varied information it imparts is wide and interesting. Illustrated with excellent photographs the book also contains chapters on every form of jobbing from work on the farm to undertaking. A book for everyone who has admired a good gate or listened to the music of the saw.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.

1938 is here, and, as individuals, most of us will be indulging in the salutary habit of taking stock. THE FORTNIGHTLY, too, may perhaps stand back from its advanced observation-post on the quickly changing scene of current affairs and scan the wider horizon.

Appropriately, scrutiny begins at home. THE FORTNIGHTLY has always kept out of the rut of party politics. To-day such detachment is vindicated more than ever. For in no period within living memory was there ever such a blurring of party frontiers.

Lord Elton, who contributes the leading article on "The Decay of Opposition," may claim to have been among the first of those actively engaged in the party dog-fight to get his bearings in the post-war world. A contributor to the review on many occasions during the past few years, Lord Elton won his spurs, politically, as the chief lieutenant of the late Mr. Ramsay MacDonald when England's first Labour Prime Minister put country before party in 1931. But before that he enjoyed an enviable reputation as historian, teacher and author. A Fellow and Tutor of The Queen's College, Oxford, and one of the first of the dons openly to espouse the cause of socialism—he was an unsuccessful Labour candidate at the 1924 and 1929 elections—Godfrey Elton, as he was then, wrote poetry and novels as well as history and had considerable success with his fascinating record of the evolution of the British Labour Party, *England Arise!* His

intimate knowledge of that party gives special point to the statement, which few would challenge, that to-day it has "lost its political *differentia*." Lord Elton is one of the principal members of the National Labour Organization and Chairman of the Board of the fortnightly *News-Letter*, which he has edited since its inception. Recently he has made a host of friends as a broadcaster of the series of informal talks "It occurs to me . . ."

Philip Mairet, in the second article, provides a conspectus of the far-flung British realm from an unusual—but exceedingly important—angle. He shows the effect on the Dominions overseas of their financial dependence upon "the City," and its relation with the plight of agriculture in the home country. Philip Mairet is a man of many parts, known chiefly as editor of *The New English Weekly*. As successor of the incomparable A. R. Orage, he has had a formidable task and has acquitted himself most creditably. His special field is psychology, but he has a remarkable grasp of all matters relating to public affairs.

An issue which touches us all directly—and immediately—is Empire defence, on which Captain Liddell Hart, military correspondent of *The Times* contributes an authoritative paper. His theme acquires special interest from the recent overnight changes in the highest posts of Great Britain's military organization: while the unsolved problems in foreign affairs are a grim commentary on his remark that "the British Empire is on

the rack, suffering a two-way stretch." Before joining the staff of *The Times* the author was for ten years military correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. His books on war history and strategy are standard works, and the latest, *Europe in Arms*, is indispensable to the student of current politics. He is also Military Editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The foreign scene shows little or no improvement. In the Far East, indeed, the gravest issues portend. **Felix Morley**, who contributes a valuable analysis of America's attitude, is Editor of *The Washington Post*. He formerly worked for many years in Geneva, on the *Geneva Research Center*, and was a witness of that depressing chapter in the history of the League of Nations when Japan was allowed to begin her lawless action of China. During that time he wrote an admirable study of the League of Nations which ranks high in the voluminous literature on that subject.

O. M. Green tells the story of Shanghai, a unique international phenomenon, and suggests that its fate might have been a happier one if original national concessions of the Great Powers had never been replaced by an "international" régime. The author returned to England some years ago after ten years in China as Editor of the *North China Daily News*.

Paul Anderson turns the searchlight on that Berlin-Vienna-Prague sector

which is the focus of the ambitions of an expansionist Germany. The author of this well-informed article was a former student under the late Dr. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy at the *Institut für Auswärtige Politik* in Hamburg, and also studied in Berlin and Vienna. He has travelled widely in Central Europe and is at work now on a study of the foreign policy of Nazi Germany.

Lord Derwent, writing of *The Arts To-day*, takes us away from politics—though, as he laments, even in art and literature politics will keep "creeping in." The author is President of the Yorkshire Liberal Federation. His active experience of politics is limited, however, to the period 1923-1928 when he served as attaché to the British Legations at Warsaw, Brussels and Madrid. His sojourn in the Spanish capital was productive of an admirable and impressionist study of Goya published in 1930. He has also written books on Prosper Mérimée and Rossini, and a certain amount of verse.

H. E. Bates, the distinguished short story-writer, needs no introduction, and the writer who signs himself **David Barrend** is an authority on the electrical supply industry.

Alfred Fellows provides a valuable commentary on the new Divorce Act, is well-known as an authority on these problems, and has written a masterly popular exposition of the new Act, published by Messrs. Watts (2-). He is Vice-President of the Divorce Law Reform Union.

THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

Politically 1937 closed on a dismal note, and few people will find much consolation from the fact that we have so far managed to avoid a world war. Curiously enough the sales of the FORTNIGHTLY—and no doubt kindred reviews follow the same tendency—serve as a foul weather barometer of surprising accuracy. When times are bad the sales go up. Not very excitingly, we must admit, for the sales of the FORTNIGHTLY are not easily affected by a free gift scheme or even signed portraits of the Führer or Duce. But a hint of hostility, and the curve of the graph begins to plot its way upwards: and history relates that in its more than seventy years of life, the peak circulation of the FORTNIGHTLY was reached during the Great War. All things considered it is just what one might expect, for when the world is anxious the reviews, more than ever to-day remain a fearless commentary on public affairs. That this is appreciated by others besides ourselves can be observed in the advertisement of *The Times*. They, too, find that as confidence dwindles so do the people turn to more solid fare for their daily mental food.

* * * * *

Ashridge, that famous forcing-ground for young Conservatives, has just published its programme of courses for 1938. A wonderful institution in a beautiful setting. Conservatism is not always a marked characteristic of those attending the courses, but the purpose of Ashridge, endowed by its founder, the late Urban Broughton in memory of his friend **Bonar Law** is to offer adult citizens of both sexes and all classes education in democratic citizenship on traditional and constitutional lines. Subjects for courses during 1938 include Conservatism and the Nation, Foreign Affairs, Imperial Defence, Agriculture, National Health and Fitness, Local Government and Literature and Politics. Major General Sir Reginald Hoskins is Principal, and the Earl Baldwin is Chairman of the Governing Body.

* * * * *

The Royal Academy has arranged a series of official lectures in connection with the forthcoming Exhibition of XVIIth century Art in Europe which opens on January 3rd. The lectures will be delivered on successive Fridays, in the Meeting Room of the Royal Society, Burlington House. The list of lecturers includes Sacheverell Sitwell, who will open the series on Friday, January 7. A. M. Hind, C. C. Oman, Anthony Blunt, E. K. Waterhouse, Lord Gerald Wellesley, Professor Emile Cammaerts, Professor Taucerd Borenius, Mrs. Esdaile, and Professor Geoffrey Webb. In addition, the Royal Academy has prepared a panel of distinguished lecturers who will speak on the various aspects of the exhibition at societies, clubs and educational establishments. Application for a copy of the panel should be sent to the Secretary of the Royal Academy.

* * * * *

Pictures from private collections all over Great Britain will be on view at the Exhibition of XVIIth Century Art in Europe, which will be open from January to March. Their Majesties the King and Queen have consented to lend a number of Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, Vermeer, Hals, Velazquez.

Murillo, Claude, Poussin and other masters will be shown. A feature of the Exhibition will be a number of important works by artists so far little known to the British public.

* * * * *

Community, the Journal of Social Service, published from the Midland Office of the National Council of Social Service at Birmingham is a first-rate affair. With simple yet effective make-up the magazine achieves its purpose in a thoroughly workmanlike and attractive way. In text and in photographs it shows the value of a corporate existence, the need to look after one's physical and mental well-being by means of keep-fit classes, athletics, using the public library for reading, amateur dramatics, music, cooking and gardening. The illustrations are all good, but the one entitled "The Book Lover" which shows a young working man sitting on his heels in the corner of the public library, and opening the book which he has just taken from the bottom shelf, is delightful.

* * * * *

The new and completely revised 1938 Burke's Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage, exceeds, 3,120 pages. It is the only volume in existence which gives an alphabetical Guide to the Relative ranks of nearly 50,000 distinguished people.

* * * * *

"War and Peace" is to be the subject of the Tuesday evening public lectures at Morley College, 61, Westminster Bridge Road during the spring term. The first three lectures on *Danger-Spots in Europe: Fighting Forces* and *Modern Methods of Warfare* will be given by Major General A. C. Temperley, who will be followed by Lt.-Col. Sir Arnold Wilson on Isolation, Bertrand Russell on Pacifism and Miss Eleanor Rathbone on Collective Security. The first lecture is on January 18th, and a course ticket at half-a-crown covers the series of six lectures. In addition to the usual College classes, several short courses have been arranged on the Ballet, the Cinema, Problems of Contemporary Art, Clear Thinking, Life and Labour in London and Social Ethics.

THE ARYAN PATH ————— Commencement of New Volume.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

FEBRUARY, 1938

THE RULE OF FEAR.

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO.

A NATION that desires peace—and here I refer especially to those Great Powers upon whom rest almost exclusively the responsibilities of peace and war—seems at first sight to have the choice of two methods to attain it. The first method consists of a firm and resolute attitude towards refractory States, and the creation of confidence among the pacific nations: the latter will then spontaneously evolve an effective means of co-operation, thus making warlike action by the discontented increasingly difficult. This was the plan which the founders of the League of Nations proposed to follow at the time of the League's inception, and which they have gradually abandoned, particularly after 1930, in favour of the alternative method.

According to the latter, the peace-seeking nation, by means of the most prudent and restrained conduct, must first of all avoid any directly quarrelsome issue with the aggressive State, and in those issues which cannot be avoided, must be ready to give way, even at the expense of dignity or of more tangible sacrifices. Secondly, it must hold itself aloof from all conflicts arising between other Powers, although the outcome of such conflict may, by the enfeeblement or overthrow of weaker States, involve vital changes in the general balance of power. Finally, it must ceaselessly strengthen its own defence forces in order to reduce the likelihood of direct aggression against itself, and to arrest the conflagration already spreading in other parts of the world.

I have said that those Powers desirous of peace have gradually, particularly since the year 1930, abandoned the first policy in favour of the second. Indeed France and Britain, the two European Powers principally interested in the preservation of peace, have, for the last seven years, merely made an attempt at the first policy without ever carrying it through to its logical

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conclusion, and have broken it off at the first sign of difficulty, to resort to the second policy of individual security. The latter certainly has the advantage of sparing the nation the strain and effort required by a resolute policy of opposing the threats of aggressive Powers. At first sight this policy also appears to ward off the dreaded menace of war, by allowing aggressors to have their way in matters sufficiently unrelated to the nation's interests, in the hope that they will thus exhaust their energies. I believe, however, such calculations, if they really are calculations and not merely the result of lazy and complacent inactivity, to be entirely mistaken. If this policy is followed, the danger of war is merely retarded and becomes more serious. The events of the last seven years prove this beyond a doubt. If we recall these events in chronological order, it will help us to understand why the pacific States, in choosing a policy of individual protection in preference to one of international solidarity, have taken a path leading inevitably to war.

The policy of the League of Nations, that is the policy of international solidarity, was first put to the test during the struggle between China and Japan (September, 1931—March, 1933). According to the book, the conflict should have been settled by arbitration agreed upon by all members of the League, whereas in actual fact the deciding factor was the force of arms. It is true that the members of the League condemned the conduct of Japan, but nothing whatever was done in the form of sanctions rigorous enough to force the delinquent State to abandon illegal methods. There was no lack, certainly, of speechifying, advice and denunciation, but the actual and effective aid which the members of the League were bound by the Pact to extend to China, was not forthcoming. Further, it was not extended because this step would have involved risks which the principal Powers were not prepared to take. France had interests in Indo-China, Great Britain in Hong-Kong and elsewhere in the Far East, while the United States had economic interests against which Japan was in a position to retaliate.

Japan quickly realized that the League's policy would place no serious obstacles in her way, for the very good reason that neither France, Britain, nor the United States were disposed whole-heartedly to support that policy. In the course of her

diplomatic controversy with China and with the other members of the League of Nations, both at the Council of the League and before the Assembly, she was able to estimate the true value of the League's policy. It soon became clear that this policy would never go beyond the limits of verbal protestation and did not even involve Japan's expulsion from the League. The latter's half-hearted intervention failed to render the slightest assistance to China; but, on the contrary, it furthered considerably the cause of Japan, in the first place by revealing the real desires of the States that had cause for alarm at the prospect of her victory, and also by dulling the fears of the Powers with regard to their own interests while the policy of solidarity was being attempted.

The experience gained by this episode was not without value to a Power whose intentions were very similar to those of Japan. There is no doubt that the Italian Government, in putting into action its long-conceived plans for the conquest of Abyssinia, counted on the weakness and indecision of the League's policy, as glaringly shown up when put to the test in the matter of Manchuria. For Italy, once in possession of Eritrea, had always aimed at annexing the Abyssinian highlands. As long as she believed, however, that France and Britain were ready to defend the colonial *status quo*, she would not have dreamed of undertaking the conquest. It was towards the end of 1933, after the failure of the League in the struggle between China and Japan, that the head of the Italian government ordered the preparations for the war in Abyssinia, which he considered necessary to wage within two years from that date, probably to avoid the risk of a change in the international situation. The Italian Government was not mistaken in its estimate of the League's policy, for in spite of the great agitation and protest raised at the outset of the war, as soon as more definite action became necessary, the League hesitated, and finally failed in its task.

Subsequently there was a great to-do as to who was to blame. In France the responsibility for the League's failure has been thrown for the moment on M. Laval; but the truth of the matter is that M. Laval's policy was very popular in France, and nowhere was real opposition raised against it. Even the

Socialists were reserved in their criticism. The people were unanimous with the Government in their readiness to sacrifice Abyssinia for the safety of France; it was hoped that Italy, satisfied with her conquest, would then range herself on the side of France against Germany. No one was concerned with the obligations undertaken in the League Covenant; in other words no one seriously considered facing the immediate risks of a policy of solidarity for the sake of the preservation of international peace. I have myself been able to verify that the majority of Frenchmen had not the slightest idea of what the League was, or of what it stood for. A professor of the Sorbonne and member of the Institute said to me, as though stating a self-evident truth: "For France, the League is simply the obligation of the rest of Europe to come to her aid, should she be attacked by Germany."

England seemed at first to take a more serious view of the Abyssinian affair and its possible repercussions on the whole European situation. British opinion appeared to realize that the invasion of Abyssinia was capable of upsetting the already precarious balance of peace, and demanded from her government the application of the Covenant. The British Government seemed desirous of putting the machinery of the League into motion. During the days which followed Sir Samuel Hoare's speech at Geneva in September, 1935, it was said among the delegates that the British Foreign Secretary had given the assurance of England's decision to go the whole hog. I do not know if this was true, but it was generally believed, and the whole policy at Geneva was determined by this belief. Then, at the end of the year, we were confronted by the Hoare-Laval plan! This plan consisted of the transformation of the League from an instrument of defence against aggression, into one which not only made it easier but also less dangerous for the aggressors. It was, thus, an attempt by two of the greatest peace-seeking Powers of Europe to withdraw from the risk and effort demanded by the application of the Covenant, and to sacrifice the weak to the strong.

The indignation of British public opinion caused this plan to be abortive and, in any case, the Italian Government had no intention of accepting it. But some months later, when the

military resistance of the Abyssinians was broken, British public opinion likewise jibbed at assuming the responsibility for more severe measures than those of economic sanctions. The latter did not seriously impede the course of the war, they merely served to exasperate the Italian Government, who were able to celebrate not only their victory over Abyssinia, but also their triumph over the League's policy.

The British and French statesmen were certainly not undismayed at this further discrediting of the League, for which they were responsible, but their dismay did not prevent them from being delighted when the Assembly of the League, on the evening of July 4th, 1936, decided on the raising of sanctions. Those who were present at Geneva on that evening were able to verify the general satisfaction among English and French circles at the triumph of the "realist policy," as it was called by British conservatives and French socialists alike. They were both content to have assured the peace of England and France for some time to come, through the sacrifice of Abyssinia; Italy would now, it was assumed, become a conservative nation, who would unite with the other pacific nations, and resist with them the actual or potential enemies of international law.

Once again the realist policy was mistaken. Scarcely two weeks passed before the Spanish troubles began. Now the Spanish conflict was closely linked to the Abyssinian war, and the significance of this link must be grasped if we are to understand the present situation in Europe. In February, 1936, in the middle of the Abyssinian war, the head of the Italian Government came to an understanding with the Spanish generals preparing their rebellion. He wanted a friendly government at Madrid, who would be willing to support him by allowing him to make use of the Balearic Isles and other naval bases in the struggle which was likely to break out sooner or later between Italy and England. Italy had then, in the middle of the Abyssinian war, begun seriously to involve herself in Spanish affairs, in anticipation of a war with England. If the reasoning of British and French statesmen, which caused them to sacrifice Abyssinia and the League for the sake of their own peace, had been correct, the Italian Government would have ceased negotiations with Spain after the raising of

sanctions. On the contrary, it increasingly renewed its efforts to the point of sending an army into Spain. The reason for this was, of course, that if the Italian Government had feared a war with Britain before the raising of sanctions, it feared one afterwards still more. In this apparent paradox lies the key to the whole European situation of to-day. The British Government has sent quantities of friendly letters to the head of the Italian government during the last year; it has been extravagant in expressions of cordiality, and has even signed certain papers, but it has continued to arm with feverish haste. Promises and pacts have little value to Signor Mussolini, since he is an adept at the violation of them. One factor only counts with him: arms. A great deal more than a "gentleman's agreement" is necessary to allay the anxieties of the Italian Government, as long as Britain continues to control the Suez Canal and to increase her armaments. What Italy aims at is a totally new balance of power in the Mediterranean, and one more favourable to her own security. For this reason she not only does not diminish her intervention in Spain, but continues to strengthen it as much as possible.

If France and Britain find themselves to-day in the position of grappling with a thorny problem in Spain, it is the result of their own policy in the Abyssinian war, in which they were concerned exclusively with their individual security. This exclusive concern has, in its turn, raised complications in Spain. Events in that country have again placed France and Great Britain in the position of choosing between two policies to secure peace. According to international law which has been in force for two centuries, France and Great Britain have not only the right, but are bound to supply the Spanish Government with the arms it requires. Italy and Germany, on the other hand, by supplying arms to the insurgents, committed an act of war against Spain according to the tenets of the League. No one can say what would have happened if France and Britain had fulfilled their obligations to the Spanish Government but fearing a more or less hypothetical international war, they invented "non-intervention." The latter had the appearance of a middle way between the realist policy and the policy of the League, but in reality it was an attempt by France and England

to safeguard their own peace at the expense of their obligations and by the sacrifice of Spain. The result of this policy is plain after eighteen months' trial; never was peace so precarious, nor the danger of war so imminent and horrifying. The ultimate result of non-intervention may very well be the overthrow of the present balance in the Mediterranean, which would prove fatal to France and Britain. France runs the risk of encirclement on her third frontier and the cutting of her communications with North Africa; Great Britain of having the western gates of the Mediterranean closed against her—altogether a fine result of the policy of seeking one's own peace without too much concern about the peace and the rights of one's neighbour.!

But this is not all; the Spanish war has had its repercussions in the Far East. Japan takes advantage of the European deadlock to make war on China, with the obvious intention of more or less transforming that country into a Japanese protectorate. This time, even if the Powers had genuinely desired it, it was going to be extremely difficult to pursue a policy any more in accordance with the principles of the League than that of the Brussels Conference, which, even in its outward forms, barely attempted to conform to these principles. First, Japan being no longer a member of the League, the latter was not disposed to bring pressure to bear on her by means of diplomatic measures, and so rouse public opinion, as in the case of the first war between China and Japan; secondly, the solidarity of the remaining members of the League had been so much weakened by previous encounters that none of them dreamt of attempting to obtain even such an agreement as that which led to the sanctions against Italy. The general feeling among Great and small Powers is that henceforth each must seek its own salvation by increasing its armaments and its alliances, and without involving itself in any issue which might place it in opposition to a stronger Power.

The world is at present in the thrall of universal fear. Everyone is afraid, and this terror increasingly emphasizes the fact that the solidarity of the pacific nations has disappeared, and that independence is guaranteed by force of arms alone. Now it is clear that France, Great Britain, and the United States, by reason of their status and power, are the only nations in a position to make an effective effort to re-establish this solidarity

which is the essential basis of reasonable confidence between nations and of a sufficiently stable international balance. But these Great Powers have not so far given the slightest indication of wishing to produce a policy capable of reacting in no uncertain manner against the present grievous state of international anarchy. Absorbed as they are in the avoidance of all immediate risks, their abortive attempts at a policy of "solidarity" only serve to discredit it. For, as soon as this policy seems likely to involve them in a conflict which touches their own interests too closely, they hasten to abandon it, and leave to their fate the weaker States, whom they have often incited to resistance by promises of help. They do not cease to proclaim the sanctity of treaties, but do nothing which might involve the smallest sacrifice to themselves in order to make these treaties respected. The feeling of insecurity increases continually among the nations, and with it the mistrust and fear which are the immediate causes of war—indeed, I would say, are, as it were, the symptoms of a war which has virtually begun.

The first war in Manchuria brought about the Abyssinian war; the latter provoked the war in Spain, and the Spanish war the second conflict between China and Japan. No one knows where this unhappy chain of events will end. After Japan and Italy, will it not be Germany's turn? Wars beget wars, and one of the causes of the present number of conflicts is the policy followed by France and Great Britain with the best intentions, but with methods so ineffective that they are bound to produce a result which will be the exact opposite of what is desired.

THE TWILIGHT OF COMINTERN.

BY E. H. CARR.

TIME brings its revenge quickly these days in international politics. Even the phraseology of the "anti-Comintern pact" concluded by Germany and Japan in November, 1936 and recently acceded to by Italy, has a curiously hackneyed ring.

"Recognising that the aim of the Communist International, known as Comintern, is to disintegrate and subdue existing States by all the means at its command.

"Convinced that the toleration of interference by the Communist International in the internal affairs of the nations not only endangers their internal peace and social well-being, but is also a menace to the peace of the world.

"Desirous of co-operating in the defence against Communist subversive activities. . . ."

Asked in a general knowledge paper to give their date and authorship of these words, some of us might have made the wrong guess and assigned them to the great days of the Paris Peace Conference and the Supreme Council—the days of the *cordon sanitaire*, the anti-Bolshevik front, and the help given by the Allied and Associated Powers to Kolchak, Denikin, and Yudenich—"Bolshevik imperialism does not merely menace the States on Russia's borders. It threatens the whole of Asia, it is as near to America as it is to France." That, at any rate, can surely be spotted as an excerpt from one of Dr. Goebbels' wilder lucubrations? No, as a matter of fact, it comes from a paper written by Mr. Lloyd George and circulated to his colleagues at the Peace Conference on March 25th, 1919. Mr. Churchill, in those days, did still better. But it would be unkind to quote—unkind, in particular, to Dr. Goebbels, whose more recent denunciations of international Communism would look milk-and-watery by comparison.

What then is this portentous bogey, which in 1919, terrified the statesmen of the victorious Allied Powers and, nearly twenty

years later, still appears to terrify some of the strongest military Powers of Europe and Asia? Its outward embodiment is the Third or Communist International ("Comintern" for short)—the central organization of Communist parties throughout the world—which has its seat in Moscow, which was founded by Lenin in March 1919, and whose present Secretary-General is, significantly enough, Georgi Dimitrov, the hero of the German Reichstag fire trial.

In the visions and the policies of the first Bolshevik leaders, Comintern occupied a leading place. The glorious revolution of November, 1917, was only accidentally, so to speak, a Russian revolution. By its makers it was regarded merely as a first instalment of the world-revolution of the proletariat and of the oppressed peoples everywhere. None of them believed that the Russian revolution would stop at the Russian frontier or that, if it did, it could be permanently successful in Russia itself. "There can be no doubt," said Lenin in 1918, "that if our revolution remains alone, if there are no revolutionary movements, in other countries, our position will be hopeless. . . . Under all conceivable vicissitudes, if the German revolution does not come, we are doomed." The stern dictates of self-interest, as well as of the Marxist faith, impelled Lenin, Trotsky and Zinoviev to become missionaries of world-revolution; for they believed that its advent was a condition of their own survival. The function of Comintern was to hasten world-revolution by the supply of cash and counsel to Communist organizations throughout the world. It was the most important and effective instrument in the armoury of Bolshevism.

Every year from 1919 to 1924 Comintern held its annual congress in Moscow, and passed resolutions denouncing capitalists, exploiters and imperialists. Nothing was too great and nothing too small to be exempt from its attacks. At one moment it was denouncing the "maniac financiers of America who exploit twelve million negroes," and demanding the national emancipation of the black race. At another it was arraigning Zionism for having "delivered over the native Arab working-class population of Palestine to exploitation by Great Britain." But its main objectives were two: Germany, and British imperialism in Asia. In these fields, Comintern's most skilful

agitators were employed, and Comintern's funds most lavishly expended. Between 1919 and 1923, Radek, then secretary of Comintern, was a constant traveller to Germany, and Zinoviev, its president, appeared there more than once. Hindus, Afghans, Persians and Arabs were honoured visitors in Moscow, and received at Comintern headquarters the latest hints about the conduct of revolution, particularly when directed against British imperialism. In 1920, there was a congress of Eastern peoples at Baku attended by nearly two thousand delegates of thirty-seven nationalities, "a museum of Oriental costumes, a Babel of tongues." Louis Fischer picturesquely describes how Zinoviev, in a speech which went on till well after midnight, summoned the congress to "a Holy War against British imperialism," and how his hearers rose cheering to their feet and, brandishing "studded daggers," "Damascan swords" and even revolvers, swore a mighty oath to lead the crusade.

But this high noon of Comintern's activities soon lost its fiery splendour. Neither of Lenin's predicted alternatives was fulfilled. The revolution neither conquered the world nor was defeated at home. A new situation had arisen. The Soviet Union was surely and slowly establishing itself as a State, and entering into relations, commercial and diplomatic, with the capitalist countries around it. The policy of world-revolution began to reveal itself not only as a failure, but as an embarrassment to the Soviet state. Events in Germany clearly shewed that, if there was to be a revolution there, it would be a revolution not from the Left, but from the Right. Great Britain grew restive under the incessant flow of Comintern propaganda in Asia. In 1923, the so-called "Curzon ultimatum" offered the Soviet Government the choice between the cessation of this propaganda and the cancellation of the profitable Trade Agreement with Great Britain. In the following year there was the disagreeable episode of the "Zinoviev letter." It became more and more obvious to the Bolshevik leaders that they must make their choice between Comintern and world-revolution on the one hand, and friendship with the great capitalist Powers on the other. The two policies could no longer run in double harness.

When the fifth annual congress of Comintern assembled in Moscow in the summer of 1924—the year of Lenin's death—it

would have taken a bold man to predict that twilight was about to descend on this powerful and dreaded organization, and that, during the whole of the next decade, it would hold only one further congress. But this is what happened. The death of Lenin was followed by a clash of two policies and two personalities. Trotsky hoisted the tattered flag of Comintern and world-revolution, Stalin the more genteel and less minatory banner of "socialism in a single State." During the next three years everything went badly for Comintern. In Great Britain the general strike, in spite (or perhaps because) of vigorous encouragement from Moscow, was a fiasco. In China, the intervention of Comintern under Borodin's astute guidance ended in a still more resounding disaster. Trotsky, discredited and outmanœuvred, was expelled from the Party (and eventually from the Soviet Union).

In 1928 Comintern, which for four years had shunned the publicity of a congress, once more assembled in order to expel its Trotskyists and swear allegiance to the new dictator. The familiar slogans were once more shouted from the tribune. But the shadows were gathering fast. It was a gloomy and unconvincing ceremony. The old Comintern had, in fact, met to commit hara-kiri, for the greater glory of Stalin, on the altar of the Five Year Plan. Normal and undisturbed relations with the capitalist world were an essential part of the Soviet scheme of economic construction. The Soviet Union was rapidly becoming respectable. Soviet diplomats began to put on top hats; and Litvinov had already made his first journey to Geneva. World-revolution was not only a nuisance, but (if anyone had any longer believed in it) a danger. Discreet darkness enveloped Comintern and all its works. Anyone tactless enough to mention its name at the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs in Moscow was made to feel like a man who has asked for Messrs. Marks and Spencer in Bond Street or enquired in Savile Row for the nearest branch of the Fifty Shilling Tailors. Memories in the Soviet Union are conveniently and mercifully short. A few years elapsed, and Stalin could assure an American journalist that anyone who imagined that the Soviet Union had ever supported the cause of world-revolution was the victim of a "tragi-comic misunderstanding."

There matters stood when, suddenly and unexpectedly, Comintern staged a dramatic (one might perhaps have borrowed the word "tragi-comic") come-back. The person responsible for its resurrection was Herr Hitler. It was somewhere about 1924 that the Bolshevik leaders had decided to jettison an ideological foreign policy based on Communism and world-revolution. Just ten years later, Herr Hitler in the first flush of a victorious revolution introduced another ideological foreign policy based on anti-Communism. In so doing, he provoked the obvious reaction. Early in 1934 Dimitrov, fresh from a German prison and from his triumphant acquittal by a German court, arrived in Moscow and was appointed Secretary-General of Comintern. It was the first time for years that Comintern had been front page news. But few people understood the significance of the event; and it was widely assumed that a dignified sinecure had been found for a distinguished, but perhaps embarrassing, guest. This proved to be not at all the case. Herr Hitler's challenge had been met. Comintern was resuscitated to serve as the spear-head of anti-German propaganda throughout the world; and its titular head was the man known everywhere for his heroic resistance to the worst indignities of National Socialism. It was a brilliant move. Comintern, from being a thorn in the side of Soviet foreign policy, might be turned into its most valuable asset. Preparations went forward; and a congress of Comintern, the seventh in number—and the first for seven years—met in Moscow in August, 1935.

The works of Marx, like the Bible and the works of Dickens, can easily be made to supply a text for every day in the year. The text selected by Dimitrov in his opening speech to serve as the key-note for the proceedings of the seventh congress was extracted from one of Marx's private letters: "We must take things as we find them. We must utilize revolutionary sentiments in a manner corresponding to changed circumstances." The changed circumstances were numerous, and the necessity for adaptation correspondingly great. Soviet Russia was now a member of the League of Nations, hitherto scorned as an organization of predatory capitalists. France, arraigned by Stalin only a few years ago as "the most militarist of all militarist

states," was now Soviet Russia's ally. French socialists and British Labourites, formerly dubbed "social-patriots" or "social-chauvinists" and denounced as the worst enemies of the working-class, must now be enrolled as stalwarts of the anti-Fascist front. *Bourgeois* democracy, once the target for some of Marx's and Lenin's most vituperative sallies, must be hailed as a bulwark against Fascism. Above all, imperialist Governments whose help might one day be needed must be reassured and placated. It was a stiff dose. But it had to be swallowed; and the organizers of Comintern were equal to the task.

The slogan which veiled this right-about-turn, and rallied all discordant elements, was the "fight against Fascism." On the platform of Comintern's seventh congress the word capitalism was scarcely pronounced. (After all, we are all capitalists nowadays in one way or another). The word "imperialism" was heard often enough, but was reserved almost exclusively for Germany, Italy and Japan. The wrongs of the negroes of America and the Arabs of Palestine were unwept and unsung. The nearest approach to one of the old-style thunderings against British imperialism was a speech from an irrepressible Irishman, who denounced Mr. de Valera for luke-warmness in his struggle against British domination. Fascism was the burden of every utterance and every resolution. For every other kind of "ism," Comintern had developed a new and refreshing toleration. All things work together for righteousness to them that hate Fascism.

The true inwardness of the change would have been patent enough, even without a monster resolution proposed by the principal Russian delegate Manuisky. (Stalin is a member of the Executive Committee and was present at the Congress, but does not play a conspicuous rôle in the affairs of Comintern). But Manuisky is a heavy-footed person—and was determined that nobody should have any excuse for not understanding. His resolution (which was, of course, like everything else, carried by acclamation) declared that it was the "first duty" of all Communists "to help with all their might and by all means to strengthen the U.S.S.R." It embroidered this theme over nearly a page of print, and ended triumphantly as follows :

Assistance to the U.S.S.R., defence of the U.S.S.R., and co-operation in bringing about its victory over all its enemies must therefore determine the actions of every revolutionary organization of the proletariat, of every genuine revolutionary, of every Socialist, Communist, non-party worker, toiling peasant, of every honest intellectual and democrat, of each and everyone who desires the overthrow of exploitation, Fascism and imperialist oppression, and deliverance from imperialist war, who desires that there should exist brotherhood and peace among nations, that Socialism should triumph throughout the world.

The cat was out of the bag—if it had ever been in it. The purpose for which Comintern had been allowed to emerge from its latter-day twilight into the full glare of the press cameras was unmistakably revealed. The Communist, the Socialist, the non-party worker, the honest intellectual, the democrat and the rest were all to climb on to the band-wagon of Soviet foreign policy, and shout for the League of Nations and the anti-Fascist *bloc*. The wheel had come full circle. Once upon a time, the Soviet Government had been merely a fore-runner of the coming world-revolution sponsored by Comintern. Now, Comintern dances to the tune called by the directors of Soviet foreign policy, which is not less opportunistic than that of any capitalist State. Since 1935, Comintern has been no more than a branch of the Soviet Government's propaganda department.

This development need not displease the foreign observer whose interest in the Soviet Union is mainly concerned with the repercussions of its policy on his own country; for, as long as Soviet policy remains mild and unaggressive, so long will the once dreaded Comintern be mild and unaggressive too. But what has been the effect of the metamorphosis on Comintern itself? Here the shadows are extraordinarily difficult to penetrate. Zinoviev, whose name is so indissolubly associated with the great days of Comintern, has gone. Radek, one of its earliest and most active missionaries, is in eclipse—probably for ever. During the past two years there have been mass arrests of foreign Communists in Moscow, men who may be supposed to have resisted this diversion of Comintern from an international to a national purpose. Bela Kun, maker of the only successful Bolshevik revolution in Europe outside Russia, and more recently a big figure in Comintern, has been consigned to a prison cell, and presumably faces the grim choice between

a firing-party and the Arctic Circle. Stalin has avenged the Hungarian "Whites." The headquarters of Comintern are now staffed by representatives, or obedient servants, of the new bureaucracy—a change which fittingly corresponds to its altered function. Even Dimitrov cannot feel too comfortable; for if some fresh turn in Soviet policy made it inconvenient to have so doughty an enemy of National Socialism in so conspicuous a position, he might easily be given an opportunity to compare the cells of the G.P.U. with the cells of the Gestapo.

The effect of the change abroad has, of course, been still more striking. Having entered the service of the Soviet Government, Comintern has ceased to be the agent, and has become (except in Germany, Italy and Japan) the opponent, of revolution. In France, the Communists are no longer the party of the extreme Left. Since M. Laval's visit to Moscow in 1935, the French Communists have abandoned completely the traditional Left policy of opposing military expenditure. In the "Popular Front" Government of M. Blum, they have always shouted the loudest and, in practice, always stood for compromise and moderation. "*Nous voulons une France libre, forte et heureuse*," was the irreproachably *bourgeois* slogan of the French Communists at the 1936 election. They have accepted with complete docility the fall of the Blum Government and the deflationary measures of M. Bonnet. No French Government to-day, however far to the Right, need fear Communist opposition on the score of its domestic policy. It is only if there were a movement to abandon the Franco-Soviet Pact, or seek a rapprochement with Herr Hitler, that Communism in France might again become a revolutionary force. In China, *mutatis mutandis* the same situation prevails. Prior to 1935, local Communist governments controlled many areas of Central China and were a constant thorn in the side of Chiang Kai-Shek, the dictator of Nanking. During the last two years they have all been dissolved on the orders of Comintern in order to strengthen Chiang's hand against Japan. The motive of serving Soviet foreign policy is once more apparent. For the pure international Communist believes with Marx that the worker has no fatherland; and to such a one there can be little to choose between the

ruthless Japanese militarist and the ruthless Chinese dictator (who, incidentally, began his career by wholesale arrests and executions of Communists).

In Great Britain the situation is peculiar for two reasons. In the first place, the chances of revolution are so remote that those who profess and call themselves Communists can indulge in the luxury of revolutionary propaganda without the risk of its having any serious effect. In the second place, the British Communist Party to-day is no longer the puny and poverty-stricken organization, dependent on Moscow both for funds and for leaders, of ten, or even five, years ago. Some of its most active members are drawn from the universities, from literary circles and from the civil service. Many of them enjoy incomes of *bourgeois* dimensions; a few, perhaps, are really well off. The British Communist Party at the present time must be financially self-supporting—if not more. It has acquired a certain limited right to think for itself on matters of secondary importance. British Communists supported the bus strike against the Trade Union leaders last May, though no word of encouragement issued from Comintern headquarters in Moscow, and the subject was all but ignored in the Russian press. British Communists still conduct some rather ineffective propaganda in India, though Moscow remains extremely sensitive to any suggestion of action tending to disrupt the British Empire. Such minor divergencies can be allowed (like the divergence between the Vatican and English Catholics over the Italo-Abyssinian War), provided they do not touch on vital matters of doctrine, and so long as no external danger threatens. But for all this show of independence, the British Communist Party is no longer really revolutionary. It does not stand nearly so far to the Left as Sir Stafford Cripps and Mr. Maxton, and has no truck with anti-militarism in any shape or form. The University O.T.C.'s, once a favourite Aunt Sally of the Left, are now extensively manned by Communists. The British Communist will foam at the mouth, like any imperialist, at the mere suggestion that British colonies should be handed over to Herr Hitler. Altogether, he is rapidly becoming a sound patriotic Englishman, who hates nobody but Fascists, and whose heart (however rude his tongue) is in the right place.

But Spain has been, for a year past, the great testing-ground of Comintern's policy. And here, too, events have revealed Comintern as an anti-revolutionary rather than a revolutionary force. Much fun has been poked at speakers of the Left for their insistence on the duty of supporting a legally constituted government. But this is no more than a sharp debating-point. The interesting thing is that, among the upholders of the Republican Government in Spain, Comintern has stood on the extreme Right and has consistently helped to stifle every revolutionary movement. In the first days of the civil war, revolutionary committees and a revolutionary militia sprang into being. There were executions, sacking of churches, confiscation of property, nationalization of industries. The leaders were Anarchists, and local Communists (most of whom inclined to Trotskyism rather than to the orthodoxy of Moscow). But from the first moment of Soviet (or, which comes to the same thing, Comintern) intervention, there was a radical transformation. The suppliers of tanks, machine-guns and engineers were in a position to dictate their conditions; and the first condition was the suppression of Anarchists, Trotskyists, and all others engaged in the promotion of revolutionary activities. There were moments when Comintern seemed not less interested in this aspect of the struggle than in the battles against Franco. It was only in Barcelona that the revolutionaries offered serious resistance; and here they were beaten last May (though how decisively has never been quite clear) in some desperate street-fighting—a civil war within a civil war. If Comintern and Soviet assistance saves the Republican Government in Spain, it will not be a government of the Left which emerges from the struggle. It will be something in the nature of a *petit bourgeois* dictatorship, which will have delivered Spain not only from the "reactionaries" of the Right, but from the "revolutionaries" of the Left. A revolutionary Spain would be almost as detrimental to the interests of Soviet foreign policy as a Spain united under Italian and German influence. The equivocal line followed by Comintern is a direct reflexion of the embarrassments of the Soviet Government in this disastrous affair.

And this brings us back to our starting-point. What is the reality behind the fear of "international Communism" so

liberally expressed by German, Italian and Japanese politicians—the fear which has professedly inspired the famous "anti-Comintern pact?" The question is one of psychology as well as of politics. Both in Germany and in Japan, the "Communist danger" may once have been real. In Germany, at any rate, Comintern and its agents were once a live force. It is probable that in Germany and in Japan to-day a good many people are haunted by those nightmare visions of saving the world from Bolshevism which in 1919-1920 disturbed the sleep of Allied statesmen, and prompted the preposterous policy of supporting the military adventures of the "Whites." It seems likely that Herr Hitler himself is one of them. It is a mistake to deny so much sincerity to the makers of the anti-Comintern pact.

But this is certainly not the whole truth. There are plenty of astute politicians in Germany, Japan and Italy who know the sad reality about Comintern. For them the whole business is one of calculation. If Comintern can be used by one side to inculcate in its adherents the duty of "helping the U.S.S.R. with all their might," then it can be used by the other side to frighten those circles in which the phobia of Communism has become endemic. It is true that the student with a reflective turn of mind will be unable to discover any reason either why the believer in Communism should support the policy of the Soviet Union or why the opponent of Communism should support the policy of the "anti-Comintern" Powers; for there is no more ground for supposing that the former policy will promote Communism than that the latter will discourage it. But international politics are not controlled by students; and no political phenomenon is more familiar than that of a slogan which retains its power long after the reality to which it once corresponded has ceased to exist. Yet for those who remember the heroic days of the Comintern, there is something rather pathetic about its decline. To-day, Comintern is nothing but a convenient bait for one political group, and an equally convenient bugbear for another. It can be adequately described only in terms of parody. To-day, Comintern is neither Communist nor international: it is merely the ghost of world-revolution flitting uneasily in the twilight round the tomb of Lenin in the Red Square.

AIR RAID PRECAUTIONS AND THE PUBLIC

BY W. T. WELLS

WITH the passing into law of the Air-Raid Precautions Act the subject of protecting the civil population, and public and private property, from air raids, enters upon a new phase. The public mind, and with it official activities, have in the past reflected three fairly well-defined attitudes. There was a phase, which lasted broadly up to 1933, when the prevailing attitude was that air raids were "unthinkable." The opinion held, somewhat vaguely, was that air raids would be vastly more terrible than in 1914—1918; that in any future war clouds of poison gas would descend upon a helpless populace at the same time as a devastating hail of high-explosives; and that from a self-respecting air raid the number of survivors would be simply *nil*. But the more men magnified the horrors of the air raid, the less, by way of compensation, they anticipated the likelihood of War, and in the main they were content to quiet their fears by repeating, as a sort of magic incantation, that "it can't happen here." This fool's Paradise was roughly broken up when Herr Hitler became *Reichskanzler*. Mr. Baldwin told the House of Commons that the bomber would always get through; Mr. Beverley Nichols wrote *Cry Havoc*—and tried on a gas mask. The tendency in this second phase was to believe that when war came, it would bring in its trail a second Black Death; half the population would perish, while for those who from mere chance, or because they lived in a district which was too unimportant to attract the bomber, were fortunate enough to survive, life would be, in the words of Hobbes, "nasty, brutish, solitary and short." Happily, war still did not appear imminent; undergraduates and other persons who concerned themselves with public affairs were prone to adopt a philosophy of eat, drink and be merry—for the day after to-morrow we shall, probably, die. And wise

men occupied their attention with the revival of the Stock Markets.

This second phase was short-lived: in 1935 the Germans adopted conscription and the Italians invaded Abyssinia. With the prospect of a war in which this country was involved becoming near and immediate, interest in the dangers to be faced assumed a more concrete form, which found expression, a little before the invasion of Abyssinia, in the foundation of the Air Raid Precautions Department of the Home Office. Scepticism about the results which this could achieve was profound. It was said that the steps which the Government were taking were mere political window-dressing; and that the problem of the air raid was, and would in all probability remain, insoluble. With the passing of the Air Raid Precautions Act it now becomes the duty of certain local authorities to prepare schemes for submission to the Home Secretary; and a nation-wide attempt is being made to enlist the sympathy and support of the public. The latter is half-way between a mood of scepticism and a mood of active interest. It is, therefore, particularly appropriate to the present time to enquire how far air raid precautions are capable of saving life and protecting property, what steps have been taken up till now to organize them, and also on what lines the organization should proceed in order to obtain the best possible results in the future.

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The first object of air raid precautions is to prevent panic. If they succeed in this, and fail in everything else, they have yet justified themselves: panic inevitably causes casualties. There is a story of a factory, where over seven hundred people worked, to illustrate this. In the first daylight raid over London in the Great War, the workers, mostly girls, naturally enough did not know where to go or what to do: they lost their heads, rushed wildly about, and, although not a single bomb hit the building, over seventy people, who had fainted or were knocked over, and were crushed, had to be taken to hospital. The managing director, to prevent this happening again, evolved a scheme by which each member of the staff knew, in the event of an alarm, where to go and how to get there. There was no shelter, properly speaking, but the mere fact of having something

definite to do prevented any recurrence of panic in later raids. If every member of the population knows, as a result of the schemes to be introduced, what he must do in an emergency, much will have been achieved.

Before it is possible to see how much can be done by way of air raid precautions to protect that part of the civil population which is actually attacked, as distinct from that part of it which only anticipates attack, it is necessary to examine the various types of danger against which it is necessary to guard. They are, broadly, the high-explosive bomb, the incendiary bomb, the machine-gun, and gas; which last can either be dropped in a bomb, or sprayed in liquid form from the air. It may be said, in parenthesis, that anti-aircraft fire, whatever its limitations, should be able to prevent raiders from flying low enough to fire machine-guns at the population or to spray it with gas which will remain of sufficiently high concentration to be serious in its effects. The serious problems to be considered are, then, the high-explosive bomb, the incendiary bomb, and the gas bomb.

A recent experiment showed that the simple precaution of shutting all doors and windows would prevent gases from entering a house in serious quantities for 7 or 8 minutes, when the bombs dropped near the house and a strong wind was blowing towards it. When it is taken into account that no raid is likely to occur without a warning of about the same duration, it will be seen that every household should have a quarter of an hour in which to make preparations against an intensive gas attack. The modern respirator will afford complete protection against all except the blister gases, and much will depend on the efficiency of the arrangements for distributing respirators. It is of some interest that this problem is engaging the attention of the authorities at Southampton, where probably the most nearly complete scheme in the country is in being; and its solution is part of their programme for 1938. But the availability of respirators does not remove the need of the gas-proof room. No respirator has yet been made which is satisfactory for the use of children under three years old. And the respirator will not, in any case, suffice to protect its wearer from the blister gases, Lewisite and mustard gas. It is,

therefore, of paramount importance that the whole population should be instructed in the preparation of the gas-proof room. It is not officially considered necessary to make protective clothing against the blister-gases available for the whole population, but in view of the possibility of having to leave the gas-proof room it would seem desirable at least to encourage people to lay in a stock of oilskin clothes and rubber boots against an emergency. Whatever remains to be done to perfect the organization, it does at least seem clear that the protection of the public against gas is a problem which is capable of solution.

The incendiary bomb is often viewed as the greatest danger of all to the civilian population, largely because it can be carried in such numbers that every aeroplane is, in theory, able to start a great number of fires. In practice, even in the most thickly built areas, a high proportion of the bombs is certain to drop on roads or in back-yards, where they will do little harm; and even if a bomb hits a roof, if the angle of the roof is steep the bomb is very likely to be deflected and to fall harmlessly on to the ground. And four inches of concrete in the roof will afford complete protection. In Spain, at any rate, the incendiary bomb does not seem to have been a great success. When successful, its normal course is to pierce the roof and to explode on the top floor. Sir Samuel Hoare's suggestion, that the best way of dealing with it was with the help of a bucket of sand and a shovel, has received a certain amount of ridicule which it does not deserve. The experience of the Air Raid Precautions Exercise at Southampton last July, in which twenty-seven civilians, who had received training which did not extend beyond a single day, were completely successful in extinguishing fires caused by incendiary bombs, suggests that with training, vigilance and the active co-operation of Fire Brigades, the danger of fire by incendiary bombs can be kept within manageable limits.

The problem most difficult of solution is, of course, the high-explosive bomb: indeed, unless some means is devised of keeping the bomber away from the crowded centres of population, it is clearly incapable of a wholly satisfactory solution. It is necessary to take what consolation one may from the

limitations of the numbers of high-explosive bombs which bombers can carry; while the fate of Guernica shows what can be done by high-explosive bombs, it would be impossible to mete out the same treatment to a large town; and it may be hoped that our anti-aircraft defences will be sufficiently formidable to prevent bombers from flying so low as did the Germans over Guernica. While the provision, on a large scale, of shelters against direct hits seems to be out of the question, the aim of air raid precautions must be to minimize the damage done by each hit. The provision of shelter against splinters, the need of which was emphasized in an article entitled "Gas and Gulls," published in last June's issue of this REVIEW, will no doubt be one feature of the schemes to be submitted to the Home Secretary.

Another question causing much discussion is that of evacuation. The difficulties in the way of a large-scale evacuation of population are, clearly, immense. To what destination are people to be sent? How, in the extreme pressure of transport inevitable in the early days of a war, are they to be sent there? How are they to be fed and housed? If they create conditions of congestion outside the capital, or any other large city from which they are sent, will they not merely create dangers in a different place? Above all, how is the work of office and factory, as essential in war as in peace, to be carried on if the workers are away? These questions must all be faced; but they do not affect, at any rate to a large extent, the evacuation of special classes of persons. The Board of Education recommends the evacuation of children to small centres of population in the county, or even to small camps, and the working out of schemes on these lines would be of the utmost value; and expectant and nursing mothers should also be evacuated.

For those who are not evacuated, there will be nothing to do but to face the danger of a direct hit by high explosives, and to do their best to minimize other dangers by helping the Air Raid Precautions organizations to the best of their ability. Professor J. B. S. Haldane, in a recent article in the *Daily Express*, attacked one argument which has been much used by those who belittle the value of air raid precautions; namely that they can be helpful against gas alone, or against incendiary

bombs alone, but that they are necessarily useless when people are driven from their gas-proof rooms by fires spread by the incendiaries, or when the attack by gas-bombs follows the evacuation of dwellings necessitated by fires. Fire, he pointed out, is a natural antidote to gas, in that it will draw gas up into the atmosphere; and while this argument would not apply to a district whose houses had been attacked by fire some hours before the gas attack, it should be possible to deal effectively with this situation also. In houses which were not badly affected by fire, planks or cardboard could be substituted where window-panes were broken—an improvisation which would meet the case when windows were broken as a result of a near-by explosion. The occupants of houses where there was not a room in the ground floor or basement intact should be shepherded to public shelters.

It is impossible to estimate the potentialities of Air Raid Precautions without considering the strain which is likely to be imposed on the organization: in other words, "passive defence," merely a part of the whole, which is completed by the pursuit aeroplane the balloon barrage and the anti-aircraft gun. But if we assume a continuance of the present superiority of the attack over the defence in this respect, it is reasonable to envisage a prospect, grim indeed, but, if met by proper organization, not amounting to the danger of the annihilation of the population or of widespread anarchy.

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To what extent does an adequate organization exist to-day? The Air Raid Precautions Act itself does something to answer this question. The imposition on the councils of counties and county boroughs of the duty to submit schemes indicates that the schemes themselves do not exist. That is the logical answer to the question, but owing to the English method of building organizations by trial and error, it is, happily not the whole truth. There are numerous schemes in hand, and several tests have been carried out of their working. First in the field is Southampton, a county borough, whose port makes the protection of the population and the maintenance of the essential services a matter of national interest.

The organization which has been evolved at Southampton under the hand of its Air Raid Precautions Officer, Captain

F. J. Phillips, was the subject of an article by the present writer published in *The Spectator* on the 7th of January of this year. Its central features are: the maintenance of the essential services by means of the existing departments of the municipal administration and by public utilities such as the Gas Company; the enrolment of wardens; the organization of a system of Wardens' Posts in which there is to be one Post to every five hundred inhabitants, each Post to be manned by three wardens and one Boy Scout runner; similar systems of Fire Posts and First Aid Posts; the distribution of information from an Intelligence Centre and the co-ordination of all activities from an Operational Room by the Mayor, the Town Clerk and the Air Raid Precautions Officer. The whole organization is voluntary, every volunteer has received or is to receive anti-gas training, and in course of time it is hoped to give full instruction to the public both in anti-gas measures and in the steps necessary to extinguish incendiary bombs. In particular, it is hoped that every business house will organize a scheme of its own, and an important part of the Air Raid Precautions Officer's work consists of giving lectures to the staffs of factories and shops. The scheme was tried out in two wards in an exercise last July, the results of which were both interesting and satisfactory. One notable feature was the successful extinction of incendiary bombs, referred to above.

In the creation of a new type of organization to meet a new emergency it is necessarily "*le premier pas qui coûte*." The fact that a working model is available at Southampton should greatly accelerate the preparation of schemes in other parts of the country, though naturally each locality has its own special problems. The Act provides that whereas (apart from London) counties and county boroughs have to prepare air raid general precautions schemes, all boroughs and urban district councils have to prepare air raid *fire* precaution schemes; but the latter types of authority may apply to the Home Secretary to submit general schemes of their own. These provisions will inevitably lead to some contention between county councils and non-county boroughs, and it will be of interest to the student of local government and human nature to see whether love of economy or love of autonomy will predominate; but they will,

unfortunately, be a cause of delay as well as of amusement. And where different authorities are responsible for the general schemes and the fire schemes, the difficulties of co-ordination are obvious.

The removal of the obstacle to progress imposed by the differences on finance between the Government and the local authorities has not, unfortunately, eliminated every possibility of delay. And, granted all the difficulties of setting into motion a new organization, of deciding which are to be the respective spheres of the Government and local authorities for its purposes, it cannot be said to be satisfactory that after the Air-Raid Precautions Department of the Home Office has been in existence for nearly three years, we should be so much at the beginning of things as we now are. Much technical progress has been made: full credit must be given for the Anti-Gas School at Falfield and for the steady progress in the production of respirators for the civil population. But the development of organization is at least a year behind the development of technique, and, though it is difficult to find any positive evidence of this, it would seem that the "staff" side of the Air-Raid Precautions Department may have been a little apt to apply the military mind to what is, in essence, a problem of local government, comparable with the work of the Ministry of Health rather than with that of the Defence Departments.

Provided that no emergency occurs during the next year or so, the previous delay may not be material; but it is essential that the organization should be built on foundations which are sound. More than this, the foundations must be such that the public believes in them and understands them. If technique is a year ahead of organization, organization is at least a year ahead of leadership. It is not that Sir Samuel Hoare and his subordinates are not competent, but that the task ahead of them is second to none in importance and urgency, and that it requires the whole hearted co-operation of the whole of the people. Its ramifications extend to every corner of the political field. An article in *The Spectator* by Mr. Noel Carrington, in pointing out the danger of big blocks of flats and tenements from the air-raid point of view, suggests that our housing policy must be considered in the light of the air menace. Air-raid

wardens are not being recruited from men of under thirty, yet it is difficult to imagine more exacting and strenuous work than they will be called upon to perform, while in an air-raid the place of the father of a family is in his home, taking care of his family; is the reason for the exclusion of men under thirty an old-fashioned notion that they will be required to man trenches in Flanders? If so, it is a conception which requires very careful revision in the light of modern defence problems, as expounded, for instance, by Captain Liddell Hart in his article on "The Defence of the Empire," in the January issue of *this REVIEW*. How can a Department which ought to consider problems of this scope be efficiently conducted as a mere branch of the Home Office?

The Air Raids Precaution Department should, temporarily at least, be an independent Department with a Minister of Cabinet rank at its head. That Minister must not only be a first-class organizer, but must also have a personality which will attract attention to the Department and its work. Mr. Hore-Belisha's work at the Ministry of Transport and now at the War Office, would make him the obvious choice for the post, were it not that his work at the War Office awaits completion and that he could not possibly fill both offices at the same time. Who else in English public life is of the right calibre? Mr. Lloyd George is too old; and he is in Opposition, as is also Mr. Herbert Morrison. There is one other man suitable, and only one: Mr. Winston Churchill. What an opportunity to crown his political career! "Whoever thought that the air attacks would contribute to shake the will to victory of the English people," wrote the German author Bloem in *Der Weltbrand* "was naïvely mistaken, and did not understand them." It should be made Mr. Churchill's responsibility to persuade the General Staffs of potentially hostile countries not to repeat the mistake.

THE PROBLEM OF WALES

BY WYN GRIFFITH.

THERE are moments when an Englishman feels that an upland farmer in Wales is a foreigner. Unless the farmer speaks English fluently (for no one expects an Englishman to be a linguist), conversation is restricted to the bare essentials of intercourse: food, weather, and the way to the nearest village. Place names are meaningless, and it is difficult to reconcile the pronunciation with the spelling. The visitor sits in the kitchen drinking a glass of milk and listening to a thin and unsteady trickle of English, while a foreign language is flowing vigorously through the open door of the dairy. A weekly paper printed in Welsh lies on the kitchen table, and he cannot understand a word of it: he turns its pages and finds "Bovril" or "Ford" in the advertisement columns, familiar words in strange company. Wales is a foreign country.

A few hours later our Englishman may be in Cardiff or Llandudno. In the shops and in the streets, everybody speaks English, and to all appearance he is in his own country. Wales is part of the West of England, easy to reach, always a pleasant country for holidaying, and occasionally good for business.

If we superimpose these two pictures—and they reproduce experiences common enough to be taken as representative—we get a composite image of Wales as seen by an Englishman. A land in which he may move quickly from the familiar to the strange, where he may sit in his railway carriage on his way from Chester, reading his newspaper, taking little notice of what is happening in the carriage until he suddenly realizes that his fellow-passengers are all talking Welsh, although they have in their hands copies of the daily paper he himself is reading.

There are flourishing Welsh Societies in all the larger towns in England, large Welsh colonies in such unexpected places as Slough and Luton, thirty-six Welsh Churches and chapels in

London. It is true that there are also numerous centres all over the country where Scotsmen and Irishmen meet for social and other purposes, but in any one of these an Englishman could understand what was being said. He could call himself an observer of regional activities, though the Scots and Irish would not allow such an understatement to pass unchallenged. To a Frenchman, at any rate, this would seem to be a reasonable interpretation of the proceedings.

If our Englishman walked along Charing Cross Road on a Sunday night, or in Mecklenburgh Square on a week-night, he might easily find himself in a throng of ordinary citizens talking Welsh. In Hyde Park, on Sunday night, he can find a large body of young people singing in Welsh, assembled there for the sheer delight of singing their own songs in their own language, knowing that on Monday morning they will be back in their offices and shops and kitchens, back in England again.

What is important, and what distinguishes the Welsh from the other inhabitants of the outlying regions of Great Britain, in the eyes and ears of an Englishman, is their habit of talking in a language he cannot understand. On the Rugby field, in the shops, and in ordinary intercourse, he is near enough to them, but they have a habit of vanishing from his ken and taking refuge in a strange language, in which they conceal their thoughts and feelings.

There are many problems in Wales. Some of them are common to other parts of Great Britain: special areas, the state of agriculture, road and rail communications, wireless reception and rural housing. But the problem of Wales is a problem of language. It is important that this should be realized in England, for it holds the clue to many matters that are now obscure to the majority of English people. Different racial origins and different customs play their part in creating this sense of difference, but for all practical purposes at the present moment, the language question is paramount.

The words of the preamble to the Act of Union are worth repeating, although they are four hundred years old.

"Albeit the Dominion Principality and Country of Wales justly and righteously is, and ever hath been incorporated annexed united and subject and under the Imperial Crown of this Realm as a very Member and Joint of the same . . . yet notwithstanding because in the same Country

Principality and Dominion divers Rights Usages and Customs be far discrepant from the Laws and Customs of this Realm, and also because that the People of the same Dominion have and do daily use a speech nothing like, nor consonant to the natural Mother Tongue used within this Realm, some rude and ignorant People have made distinction and diversity between the King's subjects of this Realm and his Subjects of the said Dominion and Principality of Wales, whereby great Discord Variance Division Murmur and Sedition hath grown between his said Subjects, His Highness " (King Henry VIII.) " therefore of a singular Zeal Love and Favour that he beareth towards his Subjects of his said Dominion of Wales, minding and intending to reduce them to the perfect Order Notice and Knowledge of his Laws of this his Realm, and utterly to extirp all and singular the sinister Usages and Customs differing from the same . . . "

To a Welshman, the mischief began four hundred years ago, in Henry VIII's "Singular Zeal Love and Favour." At that time, Scotland was a hostile kingdom, and Ireland, for the most part, in the hands of the "wild men." But Wales became Henry's seventh wife, with all that that implies.

The Act goes on to say that

"No person or persons that use the Welsh Speech or Language shall have or enjoy any Manner Office or Fees within this Realm of England Wales or other the King's Dominion, upon pain of forfeiting the same Offices or Fees, unless he or they use and exercise the English Speech or Language."

In the witness box or the dock to-day, the "Welsh Speech or Language" has to be translated. And it is difficult to think of any "Office or Fees" a Welshman can have or enjoy unless he uses the "English Speech or Language." As the latest Census figures show that out of the 2,151,374 inhabitants of Wales, 811,329 speak Welsh, and 97,932 do not admit to speaking English, it is clear that there is a considerable number of people who "daily use a speech nothing like nor consonant to the natural Mother Tongue used within this Realm."

Whether Wales (or England, for that matter) gained or lost by the Act of Union is of no importance at present, for the exact nature of the relationship between the two countries in the future will depend upon estimates of favours to come rather than upon computations of benefits obtained in the past. Sooner or later, some kind of union would have been imposed upon Wales, and equally inevitably, a demand for separation would have been created by union. It would be interesting to speculate upon the varying nature of the terms upon which union would have come into force at different times during the last four hundred years, according to the dominant mood of the

dominant partner, but it would be of little use. It is hard to believe that the Welsh language would have been treated with courtesy and consideration at any period. Politically and administratively, two languages are inconvenient, if not actually troublesome, to the governing power. If the non-dominant language has declined sufficiently, it may become a curiosity, worth preserving (within strict limits) as picturesque and quaint, but this is the last stage of decay, the prelude to death and to disinterment by antiquarians. However, Welsh is a living language of great vitality and power of adaptation, and the speech of over eight hundred thousand people cannot be dismissed as a romantic survival, the last faint trace of woad or of Druidism.

If we pause for a moment to take stock, we find that in the West of England there is a nation numbering over two million, of whom nearly a million speak Welsh. Until recent years, the West of England was of no particular importance to anyone but its inhabitants and those who wished to trade with them or to exploit its natural riches. But the aeroplane has now made the West Country strategically important, and the Defence Forces are casting their eyes upon it. Factories, depots, bases . . . it is easy to "lose" a building in this hilly country. There are good harbours, and in certain areas there is a highly-skilled industrial population. If we descend to the level of mere convenience—and this has often proved a starting-point for reform—there is much to be said for giving consideration to a matter exercising the minds of the inhabitants of an area that is strategically important. They are uneasy, suspicious, and even obstructive on this question of language. So long as this is added to their concern about their livelihood, especially in the special areas, they are bound to be bad neighbours.

It is difficult for a Welshman to be dispassionate and judicial on such a topic, but the attempt must be made, for passion is a poor evangelist. First of all, it is desirable to correct some common misunderstandings. There are some who think that Welsh is of no more importance in Wales than Gaelic is in Scotland. According to the 1931 Census, the population of Scotland was 4,842,980, and the population of Wales was 2,151,374. There were 129,419 people in Scotland who spoke

Gaelic, and 811,329 in Wales who spoke Welsh. And while there were 6,716 people in Scotland who spoke Gaelic only, there were 97,932 in Wales who spoke Welsh only. These numbers show that as a matter of practical politics, the language problem in Wales cannot be disposed of by airy references to Gaelic.

Moreover, even in the industrialized county of Glamorgan, with a population of 1,166,998 in 1931, there were 346,244 who spoke Welsh. In North Wales, out of 508,768 people, 236,988 spoke Welsh. Approximately thirty-seven per cent. of the inhabitants of Wales in 1931 were Welsh-speaking. In five out of twelve counties, over eighty per cent of the inhabitants speak Welsh.

The chief lesson to be drawn from these figures is that there is a body of people, spread over the whole of Wales, and over eight hundred thousand strong, who have inherited a language which they wish to preserve and to hand down to the next generation. Until recent years, it would be correct to say that the general attitude of Wales on this question was one of passive resistance to English influence. The degree of resistance varied greatly at different times and in different parts of the country: proximity to England, holiday visitors, and industrial development played their part in determining the strength of the forces opposed to Anglicization.

The post-war years have changed the temper of the country. Motor traffic—and in particular the motor bus—has brought the village to the town, to the English newspapers and to the cinema. Broadcasting has brought the town—the English town—to the country: even to-day, after years of endeavour culminating in the establishment of a Welsh Regional Station, Welsh is broadcast for about one hour only, on the average, out of fourteen programme hours a day. And this hour does not reach many of the people who would welcome it, for they live in the remote mountainous regions where medium-wave reception is uncertain and poor.

These influences were not consciously directed against the Welsh language, but infiltration is often more effective than a frontal attack. Within the last few years, Wales has realized that its language is in danger, and from being mostly instinctive, its resistance to this process of Anglicization has become

conscious. There have been men in all periods who were aware of the danger, and active in their efforts to counter it, but it is not untrue to say that the country as a whole is now alive to the fact that, if the language is to flourish in the future, something must be done to-day. Wales has become conscious of Welsh.

Why do these hundreds of people want to preserve their language? What does it profit them, and in what manner? Is it mere sentimentality? Why do the Welsh wish to remain Welsh? These questions are often asked, but not so frequently answered calmly and dispassionately. It is difficult to improve upon the words of a Departmental Committee of the Board of Education.

"The individuality of a nation is its birthright. War or conquest may obliterate it; an alien culture may overlay it; the unseen processes of history may efface it; immigration may dilute it; and yet it makes a fight for life, and that battle is just. There is no profit in uniformity. For more than eighteen hundred years the Welsh people has maintained its individuality; it withstood the encircling powers of the Romans; it was hardly affected by the inroads of the Teutonic invaders; it was maintained in spite of the armed occupation of Edward I. and the administrative assimilation of Henry VIII. Against the more insidious pressure of English Industry, English Commerce, English visitors, English books, English newspapers" (and, it must now be added, English Broadcasting) "it has maintained a steady resistance . . . The language of a people is the outward expression of its individuality. With the loss of its language some essential part of its character is at least obscured. In the literature of a people are enshrined the traditional habits of thought of a people, the life of its spirit, its aspirations, its visions, its continuous purpose."

These are strong words, but they are an honest statement of opinions strongly held, and they cannot be dismissed as mere prejudice. They reflect an attitude towards language and culture which is entirely reasonable, and they lay emphasis upon the right values, as will at once be admitted in England if "English" be substituted for "Welsh." Why were they written?

"There is no profit in uniformity," but there is convenience, and ease in administration. There is no movement in England to attack the Welsh language, no "Anti-Welsh League." No one plots against it, and the announcement of a meeting in England to bring about its abolition would not fill a parish-hall. It is no use pretending that there is a conspiracy to destroy it, for it does not figure in the list of public enemies. Colonel Blimp has probably never heard it spoken, except at an

International Rugby match, where strange words are sometimes sung.

But there are people to whom it is a nuisance. Administration would be simpler if it did not exist: however, it does exist, and there are matters of greater importance than the simplification of administration. Taking a long view, would it not be better to recognize its existence? Certain Government Departments do so, others do not. As things are now, a Welsh-speaking Welshman (and there are over eight hundred thousand of them) can attend to certain matters in his own language, and he can fill in certain forms with a reasonable chance of understanding them: other matters and other forms he must struggle with in English. There is an immense resistance, none the less powerful for being illogical and unvocal, against any extension of the recognition of the language.

One result of this is that Wales is a discontented neighbour, at a time when there is no lack of economic grounds for unrest and *malaise*. The intellectual leaders of the country are alarmed, and rightly so. They are endeavouring to create a generation that will actively resist the process of Anglicization, and they are determined to save their heritage, even at the cost of separatism. The poets and the prose-writers are turning away from England, although most of them are bilingual and are well aware of the self-sacrifice involved.

There is no inherent reason why this revival of Welsh should be anti-English, any more than it should be anti-French. The language has its own vitality, its own literature, old and new, and it does not require hate for its propagation. All that Wales asks for is fair play and no favour.

If England extended its recognition of a language spoken by over eight hundred thousand people, so that Wales could, if it pleased, manage its affairs in its own language, what would happen? A great deal of the energy now spent in frustration and in the milder forms of obstruction would be available for co-operation. Antagonism, open or latent, would evaporate into an understanding based upon tolerance of differences, and of all forms of nationalism in the present world, this is the wisest and the most practical. The best neighbour is one who keeps his own house in order and works hard to keep down the

weeds in his own garden. If he wishes to run his household in Welsh, why not let him do so?

The nationalistic spirit is active in Wales to-day. There is a Welsh Nationalist Party, of which much was heard recently when its leaders were sentenced for arson. It is not easy to determine its numerical strength; as its members are scattered all over the country, it has achieved no glory at the polls, and it appears to be of no importance politically. But it cannot be judged merely by its numbers, nor can it be dismissed as trivial because it does not seem likely to create a parliamentary party in the near future. Part of its political programme seems impracticable to the ordinary voter, too Utopian to be taken seriously. In its championship of the Welsh language, however, it expresses the desires of hundreds of thousands of men and women of all creeds and parties, young and old, rural and urban. If it does not succeed in one direction, it may progress in another: it may concentrate upon non-parliamentary representation, and it is important to remember that any movement which reflects one widespread desire is capable of quick expansion, if it devotes its energies to exploiting this at the expense of its other and less popular aims.

A non-militant nationalism, seeking a way of preserving its culture, untroubled by dreams of expanding beyond its own borders, threatening no one's peace, is rare enough in the world of to-day to merit an attempt to understand it. Behind all the numerous manifestations of Welsh nationality, there lies one conviction, one paramount concern: the language of the country must not be allowed to be overwhelmed, and it must be treated with the consideration and courtesy which its history and its vitality justify. Until this is recognized, there can be no solution to the real "Problem of Wales."

THE WORKHOUSE

By J. S. COLLIS

ADMISSION is free. It is open to every race and to all sexes. No distinction is made between the rich and the poor, the clever and the stupid, the real and the fake, the industrious and the lazy, the believer and the atheist, the conservative and the rebel—all alike receive the same goods for *nothing*, and the same consideration if they seek assistance from the officials, who seem to take a special pleasure in courteous attention. It is, in my experience, the most perfect example of that English tolerance which delights to welcome "all shades of opinion" and to give "fair play" to the champions of all causes. Whatever a man's aim may be, this gate of truth is thrown open to him so generously and so genuinely that when, for instance, Lenin had finished studying the work of a former reader called Karl Marx, he was in a position to rise from Seat L. 13, leave the library, and stand a whole Empire on its head (from the English point of view) and to cut off the heads of those who did not like that position.

At this Reading Room of the British Museum, it is officially claimed, you can get out any book written by any person in any country in any age. This cannot be true. But the fact remains that any book which you look up in the catalogue (W. B. Yeats said that he had to give up coming to the Museum because these catalogues were too heavy to lift) is nearly always there. The Room is circular. From the balcony it looks like a giant wheel with the readers at their desks for spokes, and the inner circle of catalogues for the hub. Radiating under and outwards from this Wheel That Turns Not Round stretch forty miles of bookshelves—a honeycomb of knowledge, a mine of books. "All shades of opinion are welcomed here:" shades indeed, and ghosts, and apparitions of opinion wandering and reverberating through the everlasting corridors of prose!

It is typical of England that though she cares less for things of the mind than any other civilized nation, she should have erected the best library in the world—(this country is like that in everything). The English themselves do not think much of the place. To them Appearance means everything. They cannot see that what goes on in the Reading Room may be more fundamentally *active* than the proceedings down the street in the House of Commons. They think that in the Beginning is the Act. They will not acknowledge that in the Beginning is the Word. The Word that sows the seed may not be seen. It works underneath the ground, and those who convey it may be clothed in shabbiness and penury. Our deepest desires are put into ideas, our ideas into theories and programmes—until at last the Great Movements advance and are executed well or badly by the M.P.s and the P.M.s who occupy the seats of power. But such transcendentalism is hateful to the English or to the Scottish mind. Even their own mystics gibe at the Museum Library. Edward Carpenter—one of those gracious flowers of English culture envied by all nations—could not avoid his joke at its expense. “What is it, such a library?” he exclaimed. “It is the homage of industrious dullness to the human soul.” And again :

“How lovely!

All the myriad books—well-nigh two millions of volumes—the interminable iron galleries, the forty miles or so of closely-packed shelves ;

The immense catalogue—itsself a small library—of over a thousand volumes ;

The mountain-peaks of literature, and the myriads of lesser hills and shoulders and points—the mole-hills and grass-blades even ;

How lovely!

To think there are all these books—and one need not read them.”

Hence most of the people who make profitable use of the Reading Room are foreigners—the stuffy atmosphere (as he calls it) is too much for the robust, open-the-window Englishman who is content to come and sip from the honeycomb now and then (every eminent man of letters seems to have done this one time or another)—though occasionally a person like Samuel Butler, who routined every hour of his day, makes it into a permanent study. The distinguished *habitués* nearly all come from foreign countries—to which they seldom return. The English *habitués* are extinguished almost as human beings—which is partly due

to the fact that with unsurpassed British thoughtlessness as to the aim of the Library the authorities close it at 6 p.m. just as the authorities of the Church of England, with unsurpassed British thoughtlessness as to the aim of a church, close St. Paul's Cathedral at 6 p.m. lest anyone instead of rushing home should commit the indiscretion of going in to pray.

For some years my own work brought me into intimate touch with this Reading Room, and I confess that I grew very fond of it. I used to reach it in time to secure a seat on the edge of one of the spokes of the wheel so as to have no one on my right—(you never see the man opposite, for a splendid English hedge of wood shields you off from him). There I would often sit all day, sometimes without going out for food. The lack of movement used to make me so chilly that at last, putting my overcoat over my shoulders and half-submerging my head, I probably almost disappeared as a person.

Thus I was able to understand the appeal which this place made to the poor English *habitués*. For them it is a Workhouse—in the sense in which that word is used in England, an asylum, a retreat from the work of the outside world. One day, having gone through the swing-doors into the short corridor leading to the Reading Room, I paused, struck by a figure stooping over the hot-water pipes which at one time were in that passage. He was meagre of body, utterly slighted by Nature ; his back almost a hump, his shoulders falling away at a hopeless angle, covered by a grey thin overcoat beyond death itself, trousers with beggary in every fold, as if upheld by no kind of braces creased his legs ; a long piece of string dangled from the lining of a pocket ; his broken-down hat was well over the forehead and half down the face, while shivering grey hair miserably fell behind. He stood stooping over the pipes, neither moving nor turning his mouse-like face to left or right. I was glad to see him there instead of in a less dignified Workhouse. He was not an exceptional figure. An even greater decay had settled upon another intellectual tramp who once, sitting beside me, rose, went to the shelves and raising his ragged arms addressed the books in half-silent exhortation. These derelict men are a special feature of the library, though all are not quite so overthrown. I took the following note concerning one who had

obviously found his home at last : 'The Reading Room would be unthinkable without him. He is poor, he is faded, he is sadly happy. He comes early, he goes at the last minute. Often he sleeps. Often he stands outside on the steps of the Museum in vague gaze. He is in no haste. He is without purpose ; it is impossible to believe that he is getting anywhere in his studies. Clearly he is lost. From what does he fly ? And when the cruel door closes whither does he go ? Here, at any rate, from nine to six, he is not lost. This is his home, his asylum, his earthly paradise ; for him here there is sure and certain peace ; in this place he will keep watch until he dies — nay, in this harbour he cannot die, for outside it he does not exist ; he shall be found here from generation to generation and from age to age.'

There are more impressive immortals also suspended in this Room. Men who must surely be getting somewhere. I have only known this museum off and on for a trilling fourteen years, but enough perhaps to allow me to appreciate the labours of those permanent students who have been taking notes every day for some forty years. I have never not seen a certain tall, thin, serene, dark man (a foreigner) walk in, turn to the right at the entrance and go to the same chair — he is obviously accomplishing something, his upright carriage and perpetual half-smile reflect his progress. The same is true of the man whom I would call the Colossal Priest. No one has ever not seen him there, summer, winter, autumn, spring. You leave this museum for a long time, you travel into a far country. You return. And there, as if only an hour had passed, is the Great Priest walking in or out of the room. His garments are those of some French ecclesiastical personage. His proportions are elephantine. His extremely large head, crowned with a little cap, looks extremely small on a body that can be second to none in weight. As the years pass he becomes ever more prodigious, his stomach advancing still further to the front. His body divides him from his books by an expanse that might make comfortable reading difficult, but his eyes are good and he sees across the distance. Though sometimes found asleep, his general operations are impressive, he knows what he is doing, and piles his desk high with tier after tier of books. Sooner

or later he will complete a superlative Scholastic work, and at last return to his own country with the mightiest tome the world has ever seen !

Around this drastic presence, this rock of ages, there cling and grow and wither the lesser perennials. In the outside world crisis follows crisis, while away from it all in the Reading Room a small, thin man takes innumerable notes in microscopic note-books until at last he walks with his head bent forward at a shocking angle ; while a strange frock-coated gentleman who is unable to work for more than a quarter of an hour at a stretch without getting up and talking to someone, carries out work on Chinese texts ; while a negro studies Latin Grammar ; while a faded beauty writes a novel ; while an old woman reads with her eyes so near the text that her forehead rests on the page.

The more eccentric readers are not so constant in attendance. One seldom sees the man who tried to come in clothed only in a loin-cloth ; or the man who went out carrying one of the chairs on his back ; or the reader wearing rubber gloves, and with a perforated enamelled mug strapped over his mouth ; or the heavily veiled lady who used to raise her veil at intervals to stick a piece of stamp-paper on the end of her nose. But they are not excluded. The British genius in tolerance not only recognizes that eccentricity is necessary to the ultimate harmony of the world, but realizes that if knowledge is thrown open to all, then those who know how to use it will enter the gate. There are not a few such always in that Reading Room, though they may not be the most conspicuous. They possess the secret of how to turn knowledge into power—and because of them this strange place of refuge and labour is for ever justified.

FRENCH VIEW.

BY PIERRE VIÉNOT.

THERE is one fundamental fact that must be appreciated by the student of French public opinion: the French Press does not reflect the state of mind of the people, and it is impossible to discern the currents and eddies of opinion from the direction taken at any given time by the principal newspapers. Whereas in other democratic countries the Press constitutes normally a fairly accurate mirror of the sentiments of its readers and merely acts as an amplifier, the French Press—or perhaps I should say the Press in Paris—rather fancies itself as possessing a capacity for creating such currents of opinion—and, for a variety of reasons, seeks to do so. Naturally in nine cases out of ten it fails to do anything of the sort.

This phenomenon may be observed constantly in domestic politics, but it is still more patent where the question of foreign policy is concerned. Anyone who is in contact at first-hand with “the average Frenchman” can verify my statement. The reader in France looks in his newspaper for facts, but he doesn’t *believe* his newspaper, indeed he is utterly sceptical about any commentaries or interpretations he may find there.

This is the crux of the situation. Of all the democracies the French is undoubtedly the community in which there is the closest and most sustained contact between the elector and the elected. If the French Press is an inaccurate mirror of opinion, the French Parliament, on the other hand, does reproduce this opinion, as it were, in the raw, and the Government is entirely conscious of the fact. “The average Deputy” is a fair reflection of the will of the people, and the Minister who will smile gently each morning as he reads his selection of the Press comments knows perfectly well that, when a few minutes later he receives even the most ingenuous of his Parliamentary colleagues, the latter’s views will be far more revealing as to

the psychology of the country than the bold assertions that he has just been scanning.

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If I am asked what are the most deep-seated sentiments in France in the face of the external problems so brutally confronting her—as indeed, too, the British Empire—I am led, of course, to distinguish a number of different questions. But the popular judgment on them all actually draws its inspiration from a single source, an acute and profound preoccupation with peace.

On this point there is no need for an elaborate statement. The French people is in this respect in the closest possible agreement with the British. A feeling of active disgust about the horrors of war, the immorality and inherent injustice of war, that is as English as it is French. The same applies to the essential instinct that impels the Frenchman to place his moral condemnation of war in the foreground of any judgment expressed on the world situation, on the attitude of the various Powers or on the policy of his own country. Where there is a marked difference, however, is in the way in which the possibility of war presents itself to the Englishman, on the one hand, and the Frenchman on the other. For the Englishman as for the American war is not something that suddenly drops down from the skies. However out of date in fact, insularity is still the prevailing atmosphere among people in Great Britain, and there is still a profound conviction that ultimately the fact of being an island ensures for England some degree of freedom to decide. John Smith knows that because of the necessities of Imperial defence, the engagements of collective security and the intimate bond of common interests which links Great Britain with France and Belgium, war may become necessary if England is to remain England. But the possibility of making the choice subsists. At the last moment the British Government will have to decide, for example, whether it will remain faithful to the Locarno Pact and whether the defence of those British interests which induced the Government to sign that Treaty requires likewise that these obligations be fulfilled. The almost unconscious feeling of the British—all the stronger for being deep down in the sub-conscious—is that war can only impinge on them at the second

remove, *i.e.*, through the intermediate phase of an aggression which may not directly affect Britain, and that Britain will in the end have to make up its mind whether to say the decisive "yes" or to leave it unsaid.

But for the Frenchman the situation is not at all the same. To his mind war never presents itself as anything else but an imposition inflicted upon him by somebody else, as a blow which he cannot possibly parry, indeed a fatality to which he must perforce submit, and this sentiment is so strong that—at any rate in the regions of Northern and Eastern France—there is an utter confusion between the idea of war and the idea of invasion, the two being indissolubly connected in the minds of the people. When in March, 1936, there were rumours of war in circulation in the frontier region which I represent in the Chamber, a certain laundryman in one of the towns complained to me that for a week or so the people had stopped sending their washing to the laundry because they were expecting war to break out and they felt that if they were to have the Germans again robbing them of their washing at any rate it would be stupid to have it all nice and laundered for them!

It is hardly surprising, therefore, that an identical will to peace should be accompanied in the reactions of public opinion on each side of the Channel by various differences, two of which seem to me particularly worth while noting. The first of them is the astonishment of the Frenchman when he discovers—and he has done so twice in the past two years—that circumstances may put him in the situation which I described just now as being normally that of the Englishman, a situation, that is, where he is called upon, of his own free will to make the choice between accepting or refusing war, or at any rate the risks of war—with regard to a dispute in which he is not directly or immediately concerned. I am thinking, of course, of the Abyssinian affair and the Spanish war. In each case the man in the street found himself out of his depth and incapable of taking a clear agreed line. This particular contingency, you see, was a novelty for French public opinion. Consequently French opinion wavered. The whole thing was too much of a surprise, this having to determine one's own fate instead of it taking the form of a direct impact from outside.

The second observation which I venture to make on this point relates to the inevitable impatience of French opinion with British "wait and see." Doubtless there is a contradiction here with the attitude taken up by French opinion in the recent circumstances I have just mentioned. But that contradiction is a fact and an intelligible fact. Where Germany is concerned the sense of the danger that we are running *willy-nilly*, is too acute for public opinion to be affected by anything else—and too absorbing for the public to retain the degree of objectivity and liberty of judgment which would be necessary to an understanding of the hesitation of a large number of English people. Personally I discern a substantial amount of self-delusion in the British insistence on reserving the final decision, but I know full well that at any rate it springs from the very best motives. The mass of French opinion, however, sees in it just an involuntary encouragement of the aggressor, and they conclude that "it's no good relying on England" with the result that the feeling of solidarity and of a common destiny with the democracy across the Channel, otherwise so strong, is in this respect weakened and hampered.

French anxieties, it should be said, as also France's desire for peace, are instinctively directed to Germany, and, strictly speaking, people do not consciously bother their heads about any other country. There are other dangers, of course, but, manifestly French opinion is very much less quick to perceive them or understand them. These other perils do not impinge on a complex of feelings which are merely dormant and liable at any moment to be awakened, they do not really touch the Frenchman in a vital spot.

With regard to Italy, in particular—to cite the second of the Powers that regard war as a legitimate means of national expansion and as one of the "normal" forms of international relations—French opinion definitely lags behind in its appreciation of the dangers, it is lagging behind because of lack of experience. . . . Frenchmen have no memory of actual invasion from beyond the Alps. And, moreover, though the sentiment of "our Latin sister," etc., can hardly be regarded as more than a conventional peroration in official speeches, the fact remains that opinion does not feel any hostility to the

Italian people. That moment of hesitation which is to be observed when your Frenchman is asked to make a distinction between the German rulers and the German people, that modicum of resistance, which can always be detected, these never show themselves in regard to Italy. Then, of course, fear is an important factor of the sentiment of hostility. If the lesson of the past is that the power of Germany is something to be feared, the French public has not yet got used to the idea of being frightened about Italy. Those terrifying speeches which the Frenchman reads periodically in his newspapers irritate him and sometimes make him indignant. But deep down in himself he finds it very difficult to take all this rhodomontade seriously. These reactions are perhaps regrettable, and they may well be the fruits of an entirely false conception. But that is the psychological reality.

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Both France and England repudiate the *régimes* that obtain in Italy and Germany in themselves and in their application to French or British conditions. But at the same time even the most determined anti-fascist elements formally reject any, so to speak, ideological crusade against those countries. There is another country, however, in relation to which, if we were to believe the stories put up by foreign propaganda, France has lost all freedom of action—as a consequence of developments in domestic policy and the community of sentiments of one of the elements that make up the present Parliamentary majority. I am referring of course to Soviet Russia. I am sure I am speaking the truth when I say that the influence of a political ideology has no more weight in the relations of France and the U.S.S.R., than in our relations with the Fascist states. In this sphere, however, more than in any other, direct contact with French opinion is necessary for obtaining a valid judgment, and that is the reason no doubt why so many mistaken ideas have gained currency abroad on this matter, due largely to the vulgar polemics of some of our own newspapers. Really no objective notion can be obtained if one confines oneself either to the Communist or the Right press as one's sources of information. And the chief fact to be remembered is the meagre influence in this respect of the Communist party itself on

its rank-and-file and the narrow limits within which its leaders have to manoeuvre if they wish to maintain the confidence of the latter. Obviously in their assessment of the internal situation in Russia and the actual achievements of the U.S.S.R., French Communists, in the absence of any other information, are apt to accept to a great extent the optimistic statements of their newspapers and their leaders. But if it is a question of either the policy France is to pursue *vis-à-vis* Russia or of following the example set by the Soviets in matters of domestic policy I may say that, as far as the immense majority of Communist electors are concerned, the Russian question actually plays no part in their predilection for the Communist party. Indeed, I go further. I should say that it constitutes rather for them an obstacle. You will never get a Communist among the rank-and-file recognizing in a public debate that there can be any question of his party depending on the Moscow Government. He knows very well that an admission of this kind would arouse the hostility of the audience.

Consequently, even among the advanced elements, there is no ideological sympathy with regard to Russia strong enough to exert any influence on the conduct of our foreign policy. The Government on the one side, and the actual leaders of the Communist Party on the other, are fully aware of all that I have been saying. They realize their respective strengths in relation to public opinion, and the difference is so markedly to the advantage of the Government that its freedom of action remains complete. Evidence of this can be found, for example, in the widespread acclamation of the reply by M. Léon Blum to M. Thorez, the Communist leader, when the latter sought to make it of reproach to him that Dr. Schacht had been received with every consideration on his visit to Paris last year for an exchange of views with the French Government.

Does that mean, however, that there is no public sentiment in France in favour of the Franco-Russian pact? It would be a serious mistake to interpret the situation in that way. The point is that this sentiment derives from the traditional practice by France of a policy of alliance—or at any rate friendship—with some Power to the East of the German *Reich*. With a history of four centuries behind it this tradition still appears

to public opinion to be one of the bases of the security of France and also one of the most elementary precautions and elements of protection, and this sentiment was reinforced still more in post-war years by the fears to which the Rapallo pact gave rise. In any circumstances therefore such a friendship is likely to be popular.

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There is still another point that should be mentioned in an analysis of the fundamentals of French opinion; namely the feeling of the country with regard to national defence. The present international situation is, indeed, such that public opinion on this matter constitutes, whether we like it or not, one of the most important factors of foreign policy. As to the fidelity of France—and this applies equally to the whole of the working class—to the ideal of national defence against aggression there can never have been any serious doubt for any well-informed observers, even when the Communist party was conducting such a bitter campaign against any “bourgeois” war, whether defensive or not. But here, too, there has been a development in the last eighteen months which deserves special comment. The fact is that, whereas for a certain section of the country this patriotic allegiance was based until quite recently simply on a traditional instinct, on a sort of routine sentiment, it has now taken on a much more reflective character, affirmative and conscious. For two reasons. The first is the anti-Fascism of those elements which in the past might perhaps have been, if not recalcitrant in the matter of national defence, at any rate rather passive about it. Manifestly the threat of war to-day comes from the policies of the Fascist States. National defence therefore appears not only in the light of a struggle for France as a nation but also as a defence of those liberties to which they are passionately attached, which they have sworn to defend against any internal enemy and which they are clearly not going to allow to be endangered by any external aggression.

Do not let us forget that it was not until the Communist Party gave its support to National Defence in 1936 that it received any substantial success at the polls!

The development that I mention here, has, however, a second basis, more difficult to detect no doubt but at least as influential.

I mean the fact—since the electoral success of the *Front Populaire* and the Léon Blum Government—of a kind of re-integration of the working-class into the national community. All those of us who are in contact with the working-class population cannot help sensing this.

The French people has an amusing way of describing those who in the dim distance of exalted spheres in Paris control politics, business and administration, all those complex matters which are so difficult to follow but whose effects are felt in everyday life, in wages, unemployment, taxes and the duration of the period of military service. It christens these obscure Powers just “They.” Thinking confusedly of the Government, of the Chambers and officials of all kinds the workman will ask about this or that question: “What are ‘They’ going to decide” and in that “They” there used to be frequently not merely the element of remoteness or ignorance but a certain holding back and disinclination to be associated with them. “They” were the men who ran things, in a France in which the working-class had no say. To-day though the term “They” may still be used from force of habit, it has actually been transformed in the working-class mind into another pronoun “we,” as a consequence of the actual management of public affairs—in the formula used in resolutions in the Socialist Party—by, “our comrades who are delegates to the Government,” and as a result of the social reforms which have been effected. This psychological shift, from the point of view of national defence, is extremely important. And it is reflected in the facts, as a number of officers in the Army have assured me after noticing the change of attitude among the recruits. There has been no difficulty moreover, in getting the workers to support the immense rearmament programme shown alas! to be necessary. Really it makes one smile that east of the French frontier people should apparently be taken in by the propaganda which is spread about and should have come to consider France weakened or divided.

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What I have said above will be sufficient explanation, I think, of the way in which the policy of non-intervention originated and the extent of the approval for the initiative of the French Govern-

ment in that sense on the part of the immense majority of French public opinion. Throughout the whole of the first phase of the Spanish Civil War the refusal of the French people to get involved in any ideological crusade, its determination not to give the slightest opportunity for the outbreak of a European war, and also its particular care to maintain Franco-British solidarity by an understanding with England on a common policy—these were the dominant factors which, in the general view, justified the non-intervention policy. Nevertheless, that policy from August 1936, onwards came into conflict with a spontaneous current of feeling among the working-class not so much in favour of intervention in Spain as in opposition to the discriminatory measures taken vis-à-vis the regular Government of Spain. But the strongest and most persistent sentiment of all remained the absolute will to peace of the population.

Unfortunately the history of non-intervention in Spain is not confined to the international agreement of August 28th, 1936, whereby the European Powers undertook to refrain from sending any war material to Spain. So, after much hesitation and a long period of delay, a second phase in the evolution of French opinion must be noted. The fact of civil war in Spain became a secondary question from the time when French opinion to a very large extent became aware that it was witnessing a case of military aggression against a neighbouring country, a new-style aggression, which if it were to be successful might mean, more or less, the conquest of Spain or at any rate a firm grip on its Government on the part of those very Powers which France herself had such cause to fear. This fact has now penetrated the public mind; witness for example the last Radical Party Congress where the change of tone and attitude as compared with the year before was most significant.

Events speak for themselves. If French opinion appreciates that the only thing to do is to remain calm, even in the face of the boastful utterances by which the Italian press and Signor Mussolini himself acknowledge their intervention in Spain, all these demonstrations and the spirit which they reveal are perturbing Frenchmen a good deal and underlining the gravity of the information which reaches them.

Does that mean, however, that French opinion has come to the point of accepting with regard to affairs in Spain, the idea of war, as it has accepted it in the event of France being directly attacked? No, certainly not. But in its anxiety to avert the risk of war its reply is no longer, as it was the year before, merely a determination to keep out. As French people see the question, there is quite a different problem now facing us. An ever-increasing majority considers that the weakness shown with regard to Italy has done immense damage to French security and has increased the danger of war against which it was hoped to secure safeguards. Non-intervention in the Spanish Civil War has not, strictly speaking, been called in question. But the toleration of Italian intervention is not only affecting the Frenchman's sense of justice and provoking more and more vigorous protests than those of the Paris workers last year, it is now actually causing a feeling of national anxiety.

Honesty compels me to admit that the failure on England's part—or apparent failure—to feel, as we do, that danger, which we regard as a common danger, has caused some sense of disappointment, very noticeable at the moment even among ordinary men and women.

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Now what is the attitude of French public opinion on the question of Germany? It would not be true to say that it is one of systematic hostility. French opinion, though it might reject the idea of political concessions such as the surrender of French colonial territory, would at all events be prepared to face some kind of arrangement which might ease the problem of German food supplies and at the same time provide an outlet for the superfluous energy of her enterprising young men. But I am no less convinced that French public opinion would not tolerate that an arrangement of this kind should be made—and I am deliberately keeping it in the vague form in which the suggestion presents itself to-day—if it were to be a free gift, a *gratuitous* gesture doing no good, in fact placing a premium on the policy of the mailed fist. French opinion would certainly demand a counterpart in security guarantees, which would have to be sought no doubt in some means of checking the armament race, together with a

scheme of international supervision of armaments. There is nothing in such a gesture, as I see it, which could be called bargaining; really you cannot start measuring means for the pacification of Europe on the scales, as the ingredients of a prescription are weighed in a chemist's shop.

A year ago, on January 19th, 1936, at Lyon, M. Blum, then the Prime Minister of France, made an offer of collaboration to which so far German ears have remained deaf. Can we hope that this deafness is now wearing off?

In any case, French opinion is prepared to go to any lengths to secure and preserve peace. It is in this direction that it looks for a counterpart to any concessions made. And that is the meaning French opinion attaches to the stipulation, on which the leaders of the two countries have proclaimed their agreement in London, that any concession must be incorporated within the framework of a general settlement.

"General settlement"—the term is synonymous with effective guarantees of peace. And if British opinion were to diverge from the opinion held in France on the necessity for a policy which may compel our neighbours to put their cards on the table—the only governing condition being the supreme goal of peace—then I can only say that the future of the two Western democracies and of their position in the world would be seriously imperilled.

AUSTRALIA AND THE ANGLO—U.S. TREATY.

By A. A. JAMES.

THE response of public opinion to the proposed Anglo-American trade treaty, in Australia, as elsewhere, shows a sharp conflict between those who view only the possible results of trade bargaining and those who value trade aids towards a consolidation of the English-speaking races and the democratic countries of western Europe. The attitude of the Australian Government was first stated by the Minister for Commerce, Dr. Earle Page, as one of welcoming the trade treaty, given safeguards against injury to any Australian industry. Such a strictly economic viewpoint is officially correct in a matter concerned officially only with trade. Since then he has ventured a welcome on non-commercial lines.

Viewing the countries spread out as on a map, but live and palpitating, it is difficult to reduce them to pure economics, or even reasonable order. They will not be so reduced. The geographical distribution is startlingly suggestive of possible combinations and cleavages. The United States takes form vividly in the centre, surrounded by Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and the United Kingdom. Great Britain, withal so formidable, seems somehow on the edge, set closely against the seething cauldron of Europe. At the apex of lines drawn north-west and north from Canada, the United States, New Zealand and Australia, Japan plunges truculently through China, and, as is sometimes remarked of that aggressive Power, "does as she likes."

The United States, despite isolationist fears to the contrary, is closely identified by more than geographical position with the surrounding British peoples. The American, visiting Europe, is at home in England, but is in strange country as soon as he crosses to the Continent. My patriotism as a child, drawn from ordinary Australian juvenile contacts, and without any American

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connections, was almost as strong for the United States as for Australia and Great Britain. After some years of analysis, classification is more difficult, but the sentiment remains. If America had entered the colonial stage later in British history she might still have been part of the Empire. Likewise Australia, if colonized two hundred years earlier, might have sought independence. . . . In trade, Australia's independence is equal to that of the United States. But America lacks some Empire privileges.

Australia would surrender all the benefits of Ottawa if required by Britain's internal need; she would surrender them equally with the other Dominions in case of Empire need; but would resist strenuously attempts by foreign nations, without adequate reason, to remove a single clause from the British preferential contracts. If it were fitting that the Empire as a whole should make material contribution to world economic welfare, or to consolidate the English-speaking and western democratic countries, there is no doubt Australia's contribution would be in full measure. Australian public opinion is at present concerned as to just how far the Anglo-American negotiations, for trade reasons or because of their more impelling background, call for export sacrifice.

Since Ottawa, the British market for foodstuffs has been stabilized to an extent by the internal agricultural policy on the one hand, and the Empire preferences on the other. This stabilization has not increased the total British market for products which Australia exports. Imports of wheat from all countries into the United Kingdom in 1936 were almost 5,000,000 cwts. less than in 1932; 898,000 tons of chilled and frozen beef, mutton, and lamb were imported in 1936, compared with 915,000 tons in 1932. Wool imports in 1936 totalled 914,200,000 lbs., and 918,300,000 lbs. in 1932. Butter imports, on the contrary, increased from 8,364,000 cwts. in 1932 to 9,752,000 cwts. in 1936.

Australia's exports to this contracted market, in terms of value, show a large, but misleading increase. By quantities, the increases, though outweighing any losses, were not so large. Australia's butter shipments to the United Kingdom actually were less by 5.7 per cent. in 1936 than in 1932, and wheat

by 3.5 per cent. Her exports of wool to Great Britain were 10.7 per cent. larger in 1936 than in 1932, and of frozen and chilled beef, mutton, and lamb approximately 25 per cent. larger. There were also substantial increases in British imports of Australian dried and canned fruits.

These results demonstrate that Australia has received material benefit from the operation of the British preferences, but also suggest that but for these preferences her trade to the smaller British market might have declined.

Further advantages were obtained by the stabilization of channels of trade. The effect of this stability may be instanced by the Australian meat industry. Following on Ottawa, the British preference of 3d. per lb. on beef, equal to about £2 per carcass, with a quota exceeding Australia's immediate export capacity, enabled the meat industry to pursue a settled policy of production for export. The meat quota may not have been in the best interests of world trade; it certainly was not in the interests of Argentina beef producers; but it was in the interests of the Australian meat industry, and Australia's reaction to any impairment of Ottawa privileges may be gauged accordingly.

The Ottawa Conference, held in a period of trade dislocation and difficulty, was an effort to stabilize channels of trade in the only wider political sphere in the world in which several nations constituted one Empire. Its chief advantage has not been the immediate gain to any one country, but the stability introduced into the large area of world trade represented by the British Empire.

Almost every country in the Empire has stabilized some part of its industry, its transport, and its finance, on the basis of Ottawa and other British and Empire preferences. The United States, even, has established new industries in Australia to replace lost exports, and has duplicated many of its industries across the Canadian border to obtain the advantage of British preferential rates.

As a result of Ottawa, therefore, there has been a certain redistribution of capital; industry is active in places where otherwise it might not have existed; communities are safeguarded in their homes and associations. The effects of Ottawa have become stabilized in Empire economy.

It is here that the theory of the general removal of trade barriers breaks on the hard rocks of everyday facts. The ideal world might be one in which each territory would produce those commodities most appropriate to its climate and resources, with a free exchange of surplus production. But the world has not been divided among the nations in that way. Such a theory might excite speculation as to the future, but it has no present application. The trade difficulties of recent years have not been merely a restriction of the freedom of trade, but economic dislocation requiring a slow and usually painful readjustment. The dislocation of conditions now existing might be equally dangerous. The introduction of more freedom of trade than the industries of Australia or Canada could withstand—in competition with the exports of other industrial countries—would be disastrous to those industries. It may be said that Australia and Canada should have remained large farms for the world supply of agricultural products; but the fact is that they did not; and it is the fact itself that has to be faced by the Anglo-American negotiators.

The Dominions have five angles for favourable re-consideration of the Ottawa contracts: for their own benefit individually; for the benefit of Great Britain; for the benefit of the Empire; for that of the English-speaking nations; or internationally.

Australia would not entertain modification of Ottawa for the trade benefit of the United States only. But liberal concessions would probably be made to obtain tangible improvements in any of the directions indicated. She has shown that she is capable of strenuous contention in small trade matters, where trade is the only consideration, and of substantial trade sacrifices where more important issues are involved. New Zealand and Australia, for example, while enjoying a preferential agreement covering much of their trade, have fought cheerfully and vigorously by means of quarantine embargoes and tariffs, Australia endeavouring to exclude New Zealand butter and potatoes, and New Zealand prohibiting (now with seasonal permits) the importation of Australian fresh fruit and vegetables in order to import oranges from California and to further her apple trade in the United States. Australia has penalized South African maize, earning retaliation against her wheat and

butter. In contrast to these family differences within the Empire, the trade diversion policy instituted in 1936 against Japan illustrates Australia's capacity to risk valuable export trade when British interests are at stake.

With this fundamental aspect in mind it may be safely said that Australia's attitude towards the United States in connection with the proposed trade treaty will depend upon the underlying meaning of the American proposals.

If, as Sir Arthur Willert stated in the September FORTNIGHTLY, Mr. Hull wishes to see the American reciprocity area linked with the Imperial preference area, and with the democracies of Western Europe, strengthening the European democracies against the dictatorships, and tempting the dictatorships to join the freer trading countries, then Australia is not likely to adopt half-measures in her co-operation. With the consummation of English-speaking solidarity, Australia would be as loyal to that confederation as she is to the Empire. It would in effect be a larger and stronger Empire, with voluntary adherence to agreements for the benefit of the nations included in the group, and of those nations reciprocally inclined.

Australia, as much as any other country, would agree that such an understanding is the greatest need of the democratic world at the present time. That the Empire countries understand its full significance is shown by the unanimous support of the treaty in principle by the Empire Governments, following on the Imperial Conference. If it had been solely a matter of trade, the official welcome to the negotiations would not have been so general. One has not to go beyond the pronouncements by the leading trade organizations, especially in Great Britain, for differences between the Governmental and business viewpoints.

At present Australia is one of the black sheep excluded from America's fiscal fold. Germany is the other. These are the only two countries which have not received the benefit of the tariff reductions made by the United States as a result of reciprocal trade agreements. Germany and Australia alone are denied the most-favoured nation treatment, owing to their alleged discrimination against the United States in the matter of tariff, exchange, or importation regulations.

Australia applied her trade diversion policy to the United States in May, 1936, at the same time as against Japan, but for almost directly opposite reasons. (She had suffered an adverse balance of trade with the United States for the ten years prior to June 30, 1935, amounting to £180,000,000, and paid £22,000,000 sterling in interest to New York.) Following on a refusal by the United States to negotiate a trade agreement, Australia subjected about one-fifth of her imports from the United States to licensing restrictions, with the result that goods usually purchased from America were obtained as follows: replaced by Australian products, £764,000; from the United Kingdom, £802,000; Germany, £225,000; Canada, £169,000; Belgium, £88,000; and the balance of a total of £2,200,000 from other countries.

Like the minor trade differences with the other Dominions, this was purely a trade matter, and has not affected the cordial relations diplomatically between the two countries, nor with the very courteous American nationals conducting American businesses in Australia. As a result of the restrictions some £3,000,000 worth of new American capital has been invested in Australian industry. Also the trade position is more favourable for the negotiation of an Australian-American trade agreement. America has twice declined to negotiate, but the new situation created by the prospective Anglo-American treaty should be conducive to a settlement of the two countries' trade problems. Incidentally, Dr. Page has stated that an opportune time for negotiations would be when the Ottawa Agreements are being reviewed in 1938.

One result of an agreement on doubt would be the inclusion of Australia in the most-favoured nation circle, but an immediate benefit sought would be a reduction in the United States duties on wool, which are from 1/5½d. to 1/10½d. per lb. on the clean content, equivalent to 60 to 80 per cent. *ad valorem*. The United States is one of the very few countries which imposes a duty on wool.

Meanwhile the application of the trade diversion policy to United States imports has been abandoned, presumably to facilitate the British Government's negotiations. Also the reason for the restrictions has been removed by Australia's

attainment of a favourable trade balance with the United States for the first time since Federation. The inclusion in Australia's exports to America for the year ended June 30, 1937, of wool to the value of £6,033,697 compared with £1,620,357 in 1935-36, suggests that America is again prepared to pay the price, and the duty in addition, for the fine wools, a luxury article, of which she was a large purchaser at the Australian auctions in the 1920's.

To sum up—if the Anglo-American trade treaty is consummated, purely as a trade matter, Australia will seek compensation in the United States for any concessions at her expense in the British market. If the trade treaty is the vehicle of a deeper Anglo-American understanding, Australia, taken with the other Dominions into Great Britain's confidence, may be expected to offer fullest co-operation.

THE PLIGHT OF IRISH AGRICULTURE

BY JOSEPH JOHNSTON

WHILE there is nothing unique about Irish history, it is a most convenient storehouse or museum from which one may illustrate those collective imbecilities which have perverted world history and still continue to poison international and class relations. The present war without truce or herald which Japan is waging on China differs in no essential respect from the impact of medieval England on medieval Ireland. The only historically true and artistically justifiable attitude, then, to Irish events, past or present, is to view them *sub specie aeternitatis*, and to expound them, not as mere Irish or Anglo-Irish happenings but as local manifestations of widely distributed forces and tendencies.

The fundamental cause of the economic revolution in what is now Eire was the desire to refashion our economic life in the direction of a greater degree of economic self-sufficiency, and develop the industrial arm that had been withered by the East Wind of our history. This desire is not peculiarly Irish. But in our case it had a peculiar intensity on account of the economic relations which seemed to make our welfare excessively dependent on the export of a single type of product to the English market. Thus, says a Fianna Fail election broadsheet,

"Before 1932 most of our towns were mere distribution centres. The cattle went out—the foreign goods came in. There was nothing for the people to do (except in the large cities) but send out the cattle and buy the foreign goods."

Hence the policy of avoiding reliance on the demand for one type of agricultural product and "creating a home market which will never diminish." Better to commit suicide, so to speak, than hang on to this dangerous economic dependence.

It would be easy to show that the philosophy underlying this policy is riddled with fallacies, but there remains the one

unpleasant fact that our excessive dependence on the British market gave, or seemed to give, to British politicians a means of bringing economic pressure to bear on us, which in fact they were short-sighted enough to use.

The particular economic fallacies which have been most evident in the detailed development of our national economic policies might be illustrated *ad nauseam*. It is more important at this stage to remind British readers of some elementary economic truths which were present in the mind of Adam Smith, but have become somewhat obscured in the rather exotic atmosphere in which the body of accepted economic doctrine has grown up.

Non-agricultural economic producers depend for the necessities of life on the surplus produced by agriculturists. Consequently the growth of this surplus, whatever its causes, constitutes a limiting factor on the growth and differentiation of the economy in general. When Great Britain abolished the Corn Laws she called in the surplus of non-British agriculture to redress the deficiencies of British, and thus made possible the enormous industrial and commercial development of the second half of the nineteenth century. The first was an indispensable condition of the second. We see in our own day the serious difficulties in which the industrial structure of Germany finds itself because its accumulated stature requires a foundation on world agriculture while national policy has sought to limit that to national agriculture, thus inverting, so to speak, the economic pyramid.

If we look more closely at the motives, as distinct from the physical conditions, which govern the production and sale of a surplus by agricultural producers we must distinguish two extreme cases, and notice the possible existence of many intermediate grades. The surplus in question is, of course, what is available for sale to non-agriculturists over and above what is consumed in the farmer's household or by the so-called agricultural community. It is in essence an economic surplus and is not necessarily a physiological one. The motives for its production may be those of economic inducement, or they may reflect some form of economic exploitation of agriculture by the exchange economy in general.

The peasants of revolutionary Russia had no inducement to

sell their surplus in exchange for the non-agricultural goods which urban industry was not yet in a position to supply. But the surplus, without which the industrial programme and probably the exchange economy must have collapsed, was forthcoming nevertheless—at the point of the bayonet—and the Russian peasants were left with very little grain for their own subsistence.

This is one way of preserving an agricultural foundation for the exchange economy. Results similar in essence, though more tactful in method, have been produced again and again in Irish and world history. The Roman Empire was based on the systematic exploitation of agriculture, and when the exploitation ceased to be effective the Empire collapsed, and with it the exchange economy. Agricultural rents in eighteenth-century Ireland were so high in relation to the gross value of agricultural produce that when he had paid them the peasant had no money left to buy anything else. He had to sell so large a proportion of his produce that he had little left for his own subsistence, and in times of exceptional scarcity the Irish peasantry lived on weeds, and tapped the veins of the cattle in order to drink their blood without killing them. On this foundation an exchange economy was built up which, in its cultural aspect, the historian delights to depict. In recent times, if the farmers of New Zealand, the U.S.A., Australia, Denmark or dozens of other countries, had paid their mortgage liabilities in full they would have had no purchasing power left to buy non-agricultural goods and very little of their own produce to live on either.

In normal times the agriculturist is induced to produce a surplus for exchange by a comparison in which financial costs of production, prices of produce sold, and prices of desirable non-agricultural goods play the chief part. If costs, relative prices, and overhead financial liabilities are such that no money is left to buy non-agricultural goods the element of inducement disappears, leaving an exchange economy based on the exploitation of agriculture. Except in Russia the economy as a whole has not sought to maintain itself by substituting the bayonet for the price-system. With instinctive wisdom it has eased the degree of economic exploitation by remitting some of the financial liabilities of farmers and thus saved itself from collapse.

Though the worst dangers have been avoided it cannot be pretended that the present relations between agriculture and industry, either in Ireland or elsewhere, give no grounds for alarm. The kind of economic inducement which is needed, if the economy as a whole is to preserve a stable agricultural foundation, requires such a relationship of prices as will induce agriculturists to maintain a gradually expanding volume of production, which should at the same time gradually differentiate itself in response to the changing incidence of demand that accompanies a rising standard of living. A period of world plenty has been succeeded by one of relative scarcity of primary foodstuffs. Agricultural incomes in the U.S.A. have risen with rising prices, but the fear of over-production looms ahead, confidence is shaken and depression threatens. The alternation of glut and scarcity does not provide a desirable kind of economic inducement to farmers, since both alike may be financially disastrous to them, and each in different ways is injurious to non-agricultural interests. Industrial expansion, now intensified by the race of rearmament, must rest on a precarious foundation so long as the world agricultural situation is unsatisfactory.

Considerable industrial expansion has taken place recently in the twenty-six Counties. The increase in net industrial output in 1936, as compared with 1931, is a matter of some six millions sterling. The other aspect of things, however, is that net agricultural output has diminished by at least £17 millions in value since 1931 and is still diminishing in aggregate volume. In 1929 price relations and production were such that our 670,000 persons "gainfully occupied" in agriculture obtained an average net output equivalent to nearly £84 a year per head, produce consumed in farm households being valued at farmers' selling prices. In 1936 that average was of the order of £60 per head. Agricultural prices were in 1936 10% below pre-war while the cost of living index stood at 60% above. The average of all real incomes from agriculture is less than the amount which public policy now seeks to fix as a compulsory minimum level for certain sections of our 130,000 agricultural wage workers. Our urban population as a whole, and especially that section of it which depends on the new artificially sustained industries,

is in fact a privileged class, a kind of native Ascendancy, differing doubtless in many ways from the Protestant Ascendancy of the eighteenth century, but resembling it in the one fundamental fact, that it is a vampire class battenning on the decaying body of our exploited and impoverished agriculture. This is one of the most curious ironies of the many in which our modern history abounds.

But it is not unique. Price relations between New Zealand exports of butter to Great Britain and imports of British industrial products to New Zealand were, in some recent years, such that the New Zealand farmer was forced to produce more and more while consuming less and less, and in this respect he was typical of overseas agriculturists in general. Thus the urban population of Eire merely represents on a national scale the position of economic privilege which British and other industrialized communities were in a position to maintain during the years of agricultural plenty and depression on a world-wide scale, though only Great Britain had the good sense to extract from it a full measure of national advantage. It remains to be seen what the reaction will be to the present agricultural scarcity or, in our case, agricultural decay.

The irony of, in fact, paying the annuities while pretending to keep them has a superficial political explanation which is obvious, but in its more profound significance it is related to the necessity of maintaining at all costs the production of that agricultural surplus on which the life of the exchange economy depends. Half our normal output of agricultural produce finds a market in Great Britain. The home market, meaning the non-agricultural population of Eire, provides an outlet for one sixth at most. The immediate effect of the British taxes was to create a price situation in which it was no longer worth while for the Irish farmer to produce any surplus at all, either for the home market or the export market. He would have simply stopped producing it, as soon as the momentum of existing production commitments had been exhausted, if the price situation had not been restored in some degree by the payment of bounties on favoured agricultural exports. In this way the British taxes were counteracted and to some extent the burden of the disputed payments was assumed

as a liability of the taxpayer in general. The worst consequences of the political folly which involved us in the Economic War were neutralized by the instinctive wisdom which preserved the foundations of the exchange economy here, by methods which have many parallels elsewhere.

As to the fact of our agricultural decay there can be no possible doubt. Our agriculture is and must remain one in which the production of animal products plays the chief part. The crops which we acquire by cultivation are produced mainly as feed for cattle, poultry, and pigs. Oats and potatoes are doubtless an important source of employment and national wealth, but by far the most important crop which we produce is the grass which clothes our nine million acres of pasture and meadow land. To a certain extent it may be said to produce itself, but it requires more cultivation than the townsman generally realizes. Grass, then, is our most important agricultural raw material, and we supplement it by cultivating a certain amount of oats, barley and roots, and importing additional animal feed from abroad. Just as the intensity of cotton production in Lancashire can be measured by the import of the raw material cotton, so we may measure the intensity of our agriculture by ascertaining from year to year the available supplies of cultivated and imported raw materials. In nutritional value a stone of turnips or mangels is worth little more than a pound of cereals, and oats, barley and maize have much the same analysis. Consequently, if we divide our officially estimated annual production of root crops by twelve, and add for each year the result of this division to the estimated production of oats and barley and the known figure for the import in each year of maize and its products (the chief imported animal feed) we get, in terms of cereals, a series of totals which reflects admirably the intensity of our agricultural effort. Between 1926 and 1932 this aggregate varied between 32,000,000 cwt. and 35,000,000 cwt., but since then the trend has been steadily downwards, and in 1936 was little more than 24,000,000 cwt. To a limited extent this is offset by the by-products of our wheat and beet acreage, but only to a limited extent.

The fertility of our very important grass lands depends on their being stocked with a sufficient number of large cattle, and

on these cattle being fed in the winter-time with a complete ration (including oilcake which must be imported), part of which returns to the land in the form of manure, and is indeed the chief agent for its maintenance and improvement whether the land is grazed or cultivated. As eighty per cent. of our output of cattle and calves was normally exported, our Government proceeded to wage ruthless war on our cattle industry. Hundreds of thousands of calves had their throats cut in accordance with this national policy, and the result is that we have now little more than 600,000 dry cattle "two years old and upwards" instead of the normal, which is about 900,000, and our grass lands are understocked. The grass, like the cattle, is deteriorating, for the cattle are no longer house-fed so liberally as before. Our import of oilseed cake and meal, which in 1931 exceeded 1,100,000 cwt., fell below 430,000 cwt. in 1936.

The diminished use of artificial manures tells a similar tale. The import of basic slag (a very important grass manure) varied between 28,000 and 38,000 tons from 1926 to 1931, was practically nil. in 1933 and 1934, and in 1936 was only 15,000 tons. The figures for the import of superphosphate and kainit reveal a similar shrinking tendency. Those for the import of rock phosphate, for manufacture by our domestic artificial manure factories, after falling to 49,000 tons in 1933, were in 1936 back at 72,000 tons which may be regarded as normal. Yet, on balance, the total consumption of phosphatic and potassic manures is down enormously. These are the most important of the manures which permanently enrich the soil. Nitrogenous manures are notoriously short-lived in their effects, and a recent substantial increase in the import of sulphate of ammonia, above the pre-1932 normal, is a poor compensation for the decrease of the others. They reflect merely the despairing effort of the farmer to snatch a quick cash profit from the cultivation of State subsidized beet and wheat, regardless of the long-term effect on his pocket or on the soil.

In America the recent improvement in the financial situation of agriculture has been to some extent negated by a substantial increase in the hourly wages of urban workers, with injurious reactions on the price relations between agricultural and non-agricultural products. The rising cost of living in these islands

threatens to create a similar situation, which will once more upset the balance between agriculture and industry, or rather prevent the restoration of an equilibrium which may be permanent because not too intolerable for agriculture. Urban interests sometimes forget that the recent expansion of urban industry was based on the exploitation of agriculture, and therefore on a condition of things which could not possibly become permanent in the world as a whole.

Another and a final irony. Free Trade is generally believed to have ruined Irish agriculture in the middle of the last century, but it is certain that only Free Trade can save it now. It is no exaggeration to say that the greatest of all agricultural interests is now everywhere the restoration and maintenance of substantial freedom of commerce. This interest requires no demonstration in the case of Australia, the Argentine Republic and other agricultural surplus exporting countries. They need free markets, in Great Britain and elsewhere, because only thus can they keep *up* the agricultural end of the price relationship in their own countries. They need equally a relaxation of industrial protectionism in their own countries because only thus can they keep *down* the non-agricultural end of the domestic price-relationship. Only in food-importing countries does the policy of agricultural protectionism appear to promise immediate benefits. Farmers in England, Germany and similarly situated countries will have to learn that they will lose more by lowering the standard of living of their industrial customers at home, and disorganizing international trade, than they will gain by stealing business from overseas competitors whose agriculture, on closer examination, will be found to be more complementary to their own than competitive.

One thing is certain, a friendly settlement of the Anglo-Irish Economic War, and a restoration of normal commercial relations between our two countries would shine as a "good deed in a naughty world," and have invaluable results, even if it left much to be desired from the point of view of an old-fashioned Free Trader.

INDIA AND THE MACHINE

BY F. YEATS-BROWN

FOR the first time in history the Indian villager is becoming really travel-conscious. The motor bus has revolutionized life in a way the train never did, for a train journey meant—and still means—a long walk to the nearest railway station, bribing a clerk to issue the ticket without undue delay, and all kinds of discomfort. The bus, on the contrary, goes everywhere (from Cape Cormorin to Kabul) and covers twenty miles an hour compared to the bullock-cart's twenty miles a day. What the results of this new and popular form of transport will be no one can foretell, but they are likely to be staggering in their proportions, for you cannot stir three hundred million people out of the sleep of ages without some surprising consequences.

Exploring these possibilities, I took the public conveyance between Ootacamund and Mysore, in the Nilgiri Hills. The driver negotiated the steep road with his bare feet on the pedals. We gallivanted along the edge of precipices, and grazed mountain sides: at each sharp S-turn our old and heavily laden charabanc sagged on its springs and complained bitterly of its brakes.

From where I sat, next the driver, I could have jumped to safety; but what of the woman behind me, with a baby at her breast? And the twenty other passengers, compressed into sixteen seats? However, no one seemed at all alarmed. Indians have excellent nerves, and our chauffeur, who was singing light-heartedly, was an accomplished driver. He was making up time, in order to stop at a shrine, where the husband of the woman with the baby wanted to worship Parvati, the goddess of fertility.

We pulled up in the foothills of the Mysore plain, before the image of the goddess, with her long slanting eyes, and full

breasts. The worshipper broke a coconut at her feet, bent down to touch the lintel of the temple with his forehead, offered her six bananas, bowed again. Then he picked up his bananas (he was a poor man and would eat them afterwards) and returned to his seat. Meanwhile, the driver had kept his engine running: he sympathized with the old gods of stone, but he was also the servant of the new gods of steel . . . In this little scene India's attitude towards the West was epitomized. The internal combustion engine, like electric light, the cinema, and the radio, are not ousting the deities of the Hindu Pantheon, but are being added to them.

Fifteen years ago, when I was last in India, the average Indian mechanic grudged an engine its fuel, and considered he was pampering it if he gave it more than a few cupfuls of oil. Nowadays he knows better. Machinery is still a mystery to him, but he has infinite faith in its power to earn him money provided it is suitably propitiated. There is a ritual to be performed before the works of the General Motors Corporation no more and no less mysterious than his temple worship; so he offers lubricant and water to his engine in the same spirit as he worships Parvati, or brings an offering of gingelly-oil to Nandi, the amiable bull on which the great god Siva rides.

As a driver, he has improved of late years. He is still inconsiderate of other traffic, and inclined to use his horn with maddening iteration, but he has good judgment, and his nervous reflexes are quick. Sikhs are among the best mechanics. Their religion ordains that they shall never cut their hair and that they shall always wear an iron bracelet: both the bracelet and the hair seem somewhat anachronistic when you see them at work on a repair job, with their well-buttered locks mingling with a carburettor or a fan-belt, but they have real mechanical aptitude.

It is a complete delusion to suppose that Indians are bad workmen: silversmiths, ivory-workers, inlay-workers, blacksmiths and carvers all bear witness to an exceptionally high standard of craftsmanship. The late Sir Jagadis Bose, the plant scientist, had all the apparatus used in his experiments made for him in Calcutta. When I visited him at the Bose Institute, he showed me all sorts of marvellous mechanisms by which he measured

the reactions of a mimosa to light, the pulsations of its sap, the rate of its feeding, and other extremely minute nervous changes. Every one of his enquiries into the basic principles of life—enquiries which have made him world-famous—depended upon ingenious contrivances for measurement, invented by himself, and executed by Indian artificers.

In contrast to the peaceful and studious atmosphere of the Bose Institute, I found another laboratory in the far north of India devoted to the making of lethal weapons. It is situated in the pass between Peshawar and Kohat, in Independent Territory, so that there can be no British interference with its activities. The industry arose owing to the need for weapons of the wild tribes of the North West Frontier: smuggling arms is difficult and expensive in these parts, and rifles are unobtainable in British India except by theft or murder; hence this factory in the Kohat Pass, in the 'no-man's land' between the Indian Empire and Afghanistan.

I do not suppose that there are many craftsmen in America or Europe who would undertake to build a whole rifle, lock, stock and barrel, with their own hands, even with the help of the most modern tools, but in the Kohat Pass it is being done every day by a dozen Pathans, turning out modern high-velocity rifles with practically no tools. They possess an old lathe and a charcoal furnace, but that is the whole equipment of the arsenal. It is an amazing sight to see them boring out the rifling of the barrels while holding them in their prehensile big toes.

Why these Pass-made rifles do not explode is a mystery. The fact remains that they do not, and that they are weapons of precision in the hands of a Pathan sniper. They can be recognized by their stocks, which are of inferior wood to that used in British rifles, but otherwise they are good imitations, even to the Government marks, of the weapons made at Dum Dum and Woolwich.

Ammunition-making has not proved a success in this arsenal; nor have the Pathans yet made a machine-gun; but no doubt they will. There seems no limit to their ingenuity. One day they will give up marauding the lowlands, for machine-guns and aeroplanes have weighted the dice very heavily in favour of *pax Britannica*.

The only decent typist I discovered in the whole of the great Indian peninsula was a Pathan. In Delhi, where there are thousands of clerks, I tried for days to get a secretary who could at least copy my manuscript, if not take dictation. A dozen men and two girls came to my hotel. Each was more incompetent than the last, until this paragon of a Pathan arrived, who could take shorthand at eighty words a minute.

Why there should be so few typists in India, when there are so many excellent mechanics I have not been able to discover. Perhaps it is because language is a more flexible thing than machinery, and can stand worse treatment without actual breakdown: the fact remains that it is the exception to receive a properly typed letter, while all the Indian-owned newspapers (except the *Hindu* of Madras, and Mr. Gandhi's weekly *Harijan*) are carelessly edited and full of misprints.

Of course, not all Indians are good mechanics. My servant, for instance, a good old-fashioned retainer, who imparted a mirror-like shine to my shoes by some ancestral formula for polish, was extremely suspicious of modernity. Although he could read, he shied at the dial of an automatic telephone like a horse at wind-blown paper, and zip-fasteners gave him the jitters. I think he must have had some sort of complex about my sponge-bag, for never once could I prevail on him to perform the simple operation of closing it. Yet he was able to put the top on my portable typewriter, and to switch on the radio, or a fan. Once I asked him what was wrong with a fan that needed oiling: "*Garmi lugga*," he replied promptly: "It has heat stroke!"

Fifteen years ago, the average servant could not recognize which way up a photograph should go. Shown a picture of his master's wife, he would as likely as not mistake it for a cow or an elephant. But now even the simplest peasant is taking to cutting photogravures out of the weekly papers, and adorning the mud walls of his home with them. My servant was a cinema fan, and he believed that in some other incarnation I had lived through the incidents depicted in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*.

He accepted the miracles of modern science without question. Although he never actually travelled with me by aeroplane, he considered flying as a very natural and normal means of travel.

(After all, his gods flew, many thousands of years ago). If I had said that I was going to the moon, he would merely have asked me whether I would be taking my dress-suit. As to hearing voices over the air, or producing the songs of a famous nautch-girl out of some flat discs, he took these things as a matter of course: some of them, like zip-fasteners, irritated him, but none of them were matters for awe or surprise.

Indians rarely betray astonishment. I have taken a party of Sikh and Punjaubi officers through the West-end of London by night during the Jubilee celebrations, have accompanied them over a submarine and a battleship and a giant aeroplane, sat with them near the royal box during the Aldershot Tattoo. They were only mildly interested. But they liked the barracks at Aldershot: they were reminded of their own cantonments in India.

None the less, Indians are quick to use any inventions which conform with their customs, or simplify them. Right across Moslem India, the rising of the new moon that marks the end of the four weeks' fast of Ramadan is reported by radio. There is no uncertainty nowadays about the exact moment, as there used to be: from the minarets of Mecca the word goes out, to Morocco and to Malaya, that the crescent of Islam has been seen and that the Faithful may rejoice.

When I was in Lahore I hired a car that was fitted with an ingenious arrangement of venetian blinds. I thought at first that it might be some adaptation of a gangster's limousine but it was nothing so sinister: it was merely a *purdah* car, in which the wives of the old-fashioned gentry could travel screened from public view.

There is no doubt that India is being modernized and industrialized, but it is happening quite casually. Sometimes it seems to me as if the West had spent itself in giving birth to our marvellous inventions, and now had no psychic energy left to direct and control them, so that one day they may destroy us. India on the contrary has adopted mass-production in the cotton-mills of Bombay, in the jute-factories of Calcutta, and in the Tata steel-works . . . almost in her sleep. There are things on her horizon infinitely more important than production-lines, and looms and annealing presses. She takes industry as she finds it, for it is sometimes convenient and profitable

(pace Mr. Gandhi) but she does not surrender to it an atom of her essential calm. Nowhere throughout the length and breadth of the peninsula will you see the tired business man, the quick-lunch counter, the scurry and rush of our great, proud, cruel and slightly insane cities. She refuses to take our civilization seriously.

This serenity, as I have already pointed out, is not lethargy or incompetence, but the reverse. Indians have no intention of being mastered by machines. One of the most remarkable experiments ever made in rural-industrial life is in progress in a community of Hindus known as Radhasoamis, living at Dayalbagh, near Agra. These people have formed themselves into a religious brotherhood and have taken to modern machinery, not primarily for profit, but in order to make their colony self-supporting.

Twenty years ago there was nothing at Dayalbagh except a small and obscure sect of Hinduism. Now there is a beautiful Garden City, with the best dairy farm in Asia, and *forty-two industries*, ranging all the way from tanning and weaving to the production of automobile parts and precision balances. The products of Dayalbagh are known throughout India, and have a turnover of £60,000 a year. Everything has been accomplished by the colonists themselves, without foreign help.

When Sir Anand Sarup, whose sudden death last year was such a grievous loss to India, determined to industrialize Dayalbagh, he enjoined his followers (who now number two thousand) to abstain from idle political discussions, and to get to work along Western lines. God meant us to use machines. God meant us to make the world a garden, and to live happily in it, producing by our brow's sweat a continual promise of increase. The results have been amazing.

Here in Dayalbagh is the answer to what machines can do for India. Where there was waste land and misery twenty years ago, there is now a flourishing community, well-fed, well-housed, and at peace with itself and its neighbours.

The Radhasoamis believe in God, in leadership, in the higher faculties of man, which can be developed and evolved by certain exercises in meditation: and they have proved, beyond a possibility of doubt, that their faith is justified by their works.

The forty-two industries are typical. No doubt Sir Anand Sarup could have made more money for his followers by concentrating on one or two: for instance, his very profitable electric fans, or his furniture business; but that would have been boring. Man does not live by bread alone, nor by making endless routine motions under the eye of a foreman. So the Radhasoamis extended their range. Radio is still in its infancy in India, but it has enormous possibilities. One day Dayalbagh may have its own transmitting station, and soon it will surely be turning out receivers by the hundred thousand.

The Radhasoamis are doing much more than prove that the Indian is a capable and versatile craftsman, for we know that already: they are, I believe in all seriousness, showing the world a new way of life.

HENRY IRVING.

BY H. M. WALBROOK.

A RIDICULOUS objection occasionally heard to Irving's acting was that he was "always Irving."* In a way, of course, he was. How could he be otherwise? At Burlington House, Leighton, Millais, and the other outstanding painters of the day were always themselves, so that one could recognize at a glance by each artist's individuality, and without the aid of the catalogue, a portrait as by Sargent or by Watts, a sea-piece as by Hook or Henry Moore, a classical composition as by Poynter or Alma Tadema. It was as impossible for Irving in any character to be like, say, Wilson Barrett, as it was for Charles Wyndham to be like Toole or Ellen Terry to be like Nelly Farren. Every great artist, be he poet, painter, sculptor, actor, or writer, must ever be himself, and it is as such that he charms or repels. Yet to suggest that Irving's or any other great actor's performances were merely repetitions of each other would be to utter mere nonsense. What did such impersonations as his Hamlet and Shylock, his Benedick and Lear, his Mathias and Doricourt, his Iago and Dubose, his Jeremy Diddler and Dr. Primrose, his Charles I. and Louis XI.—what, I ask, did all these have in common! One thing and one only—the actor's personal force. To look at and to listen to, each was absolutely different from the rest.

The five years which opened in 1871 with his first appearance as Mathias in "The Bells" and included his London *débuts* as Hamlet and Richelieu and a tour of the leading cities of Britain and Ireland which was literally a triumphal progress, may well have been the happiest in his life. After years of hard work, chiefly in the provinces (he played over four hundred parts in his first three years on the stage) he had become the leading

*February 6th, 1938, will be the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Henry Irving.

actor at the Lyceum, revealing his powers in a crescendo of successes, until so steady a pen as that of Joseph Knight wrote of him as follows in *The Athenæum* :

"Kean in the height of his triumphs awoke no greater enthusiasm than is now displayed on first nights at the Lyceum, and Macready during his last days inspired less interest than is shown in Mr. Irving. It is necessary to turn to France and the career of Mlle. Rachel, when she stood forward as the Queen of Tragedy, to find instances of parallel excitement. With the sound of frantic and reiterated applause ringing in our ears it is impossible to doubt the sincerity of public conviction."

In those days the Lyceum pit covered nearly three-fourths of the floor of the theatre; seventy per cent. of the crowd that filled it nightly were young playgoers, and the actor himself was still in his 'thirties.

In 1878, he became the lessee of the theatre and engaged Ellen Terry as his "leading lady," and all through the 'eighties he was at the height of his popularity. His productions of "The Merchant of Venice," "Othello" (with the American tragedian, Edwin Booth, alternating with him the parts of the Moor and Iago), "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado About Nothing," and "Faust" had given his theatre a European standing second only to that of the *Comédie Française*. There were barricades in the vestibule to regulate the daily throng booking seats, and night after night the crowd waiting for the opening of the pit doors not only filled the covered passage leading from the Strand but extended across the pavement into the roadway, so that vehicles travelling eastward had to follow a curve to get past. For the first performance of "Faust," on December 19, 1885, a dozen young men had gathered at the pit doors at nine a.m. talking together in German. They were students from Heidelberg who had crossed land and sea to have the earliest possible view of the English actor in their countryman's creation; and on all his "first nights" of that period the "scrum" outside the pit and gallery doors was so severe that it was no unusual thing for one or more of the participants to have to spend the night in Charing Cross Hospital with a fractured rib.

In the 'nineties a change slowly set in and the excitement of which the house was the centre began to decline. A Lyceum *première* was still a brilliant social event, but the generation of

playgoers which had seen the actor's rise to fame in the 'seventies had now begun to take him for granted, while the new circle of critics were mainly agitating themselves over the plays of Ibsen, Pinero and Oscar Wilde, the acting of Sarah Bernhardt, Eleanora Duse, and Ada Rehan, and the first sprightly runnings of Musical Comedy. For a time his acting as Wolsey, Becket and Corporal Brewster revived the old enthusiasm, but gradually the house lost its magnetism, and at last, on the afternoon of July 19, 1902—thirty-one years after his first appearance in "The Bells"—Henry Irving acted there for the last time, in the part of Shylock. On a February afternoon in 1904 I stood upon the Lyceum stage. In the centre of it, surrounding an auctioneer's pulpit, a crowd of men were smoking, spitting, and offering bids. I walked hither and thither on the old wooden floor, marvelled at its unevenness and its maze of "traps" and slits; and looked up to the tangle of ropes and the long rows of gas-jets of which one was lit to illuminate the scene below. Walls and doors, proscenium and wings, all bore the crude chalk scribbings of the auctioneer—"Lot 204," "Lot 205," and so on; and the more I stared around, and the longer I reflected that, after all, I had as much right to be there as Irving himself had possessed in the old days, the more miserable I felt. On my way at last to the stage-door, the many-medalled Irish soldier, Sergeant Barry by name, who for twenty-eight years had guarded it from his little box, leaned forward and said: "Isn't it a terruble end, sorr? To think of it! Here! Here, where the finest theatrical productions in the world were brought out! To see it all bein' sold like this! Have ye been in the Beefsteak Room? The room where Kings have dined? Now nothin' but a ghastly shell! Have ye seen that? By God, it's enough to break a man's heart!"

Even then, however, the actor had one London triumph still to come, and I almost think it was the greatest of all. In the summer of 1905 he appeared at Drury Lane for a season of six weeks' duration as Shylock, Becket, Louis XI., Mathias and Corporal Brewster. Ellen Terry was elsewhere; his company generally was very inferior to that of the old Lyceum days, and the scenery was quite ordinary. Yet every night the great house was crowded to excess by what was

predominantly another generation of young playgoers, who were seeing him for the first time, and who received him with an exact repetition of the fervours of the Lyceum audiences of thirty years before! I was present at several of these performances, and cannot forget either the almost undiminished power of the actor or the enthusiasm it evoked. I can still hear his voice in the last act of Tennyson's tragedy :

" Tho' all the loud-lung'd trumpets upon earth
Blared from the heights of all the thrones of her kings
Blowing the world against me, I would stand
Clothed with the full authority of Rome,
Mail'd in the perfect panoply of faith,
First of the foremost of their files who die
For God, to people Heaven in the great day
When God makes up His jewels."

I can still see him as the wicked old French king mumbling his prayers to the images in his cap, and then muttering to them with an evil leer, " If I thought you knew what is in my mind I'd burn ye! " Considering that he was then in his 68th year and within a few months of his death, his conquest at Drury Lane of the young playgoers of 1905 was surely the most convincing of all the proofs of his quality.

Four months later he left London to go on tour. On his birthday in that year he had written in reply to a greeting from Sir Francis Burnand :

" God bless you, and for all your good wishes. I don't know, all told, if you haven't had a better time than I have, and that your old age shouldn't have more in it than mine. After all, you can go on writing while the brain lasts ; even when your fingers give in you can dictate ; but the poor old player's life is limited by his bodily activity . . . "

On an evening in October a friend called to see him in his hotel at Sheffield. He tapped at the door and a tired voice said " Come in. " On entering, he found a figure huddled in a deep chair before the fire, and the face it showed in turning was death-like. In the following week the actor was at Bradford. On the Wednesday he was entertained to luncheon by the Mayor and Corporation and presented with an address, in replying to which he described himself as " one the sands of whose life are running fast. " Only his indomitable will was keeping him going. Two nights later, on October the 13th, he acted in " Becket " before a house crowded in every part, and, so far as the audience could see, all was well ; but, within an hour of his

final bow before the curtain, a little group of grief-stricken men were standing around his dead body as it lay on a seat in the entrance-hall of his hotel. A week later he was buried in Westminster Abbey a few feet away from where the statue of Shakespeare stands.

Such was this man of humble Gloucestershire beginnings who did more to lift the stage of his day than any other actor in history. With the exceptions of " Faust " and " Becket," the plays in which he achieved his greatest success were by Shakespeare. From time to time to the end of his life he revived " The Bells " and other melodramas in which the intensity of his acting was probably comparable with that of Edmund Kean in similar productions : but it was as Hamlet, Shylock, Macbeth, Romeo, and Benedick that he enjoyed his greatest successes here and in his four visits to America. His Iago made the accompanying Othello of so fine an actor as Edwin Booth seem almost commonplace. Beside the deepening tragedy of his Romeo the Juliet even of Ellen Terry seemed to fade away. The varied graces of his Hamlet and the electrical force of his acting in the play-scene made an unforgettable date in many lives. One seems still to hear the roar from the audience which followed the Prince's triumphant cry as he rushed up the steps of the throne from which the panic-stricken King had fled.

Like most important artists, Irving had formed a style of his own. His stage-walk—the left foot stepping boldly forward, the right dragging after it along the floor—was one of his so-called mannerisms. Others were some of his vowel-sounds : his " all " could sound like oll, his " ghost " like gost, his " day " like deh, and so on. Now and then in passages of excitement he was difficult to follow. For example, in the banquet-scene of " Macbeth " he made the tyrant's outburst at the sight of Banquo's ghost an almost inarticulate torrent of sound ; and well do I remember, when the curtain had fallen upon that act, a neighbour turning to me and saying quietly : " Well, I think we may say that we have now seen Irving at his worst. " Curiously, however, in many other and far longer scenes of anguish he made every word sound as clear as a bell and kept the audience spell-bound. For example, the last act of W. G. Wills's drama, " Eugene Aram," was practically a long

monologue of terror and remorse, yet in it there was not a moment in which the actor did not hold the spectators enthralled. One of the least expansive critics of that day, Mr. Dutton Cook, wrote of this scene in the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "The actor's self-abandonment to the passion of the situation, his powerful display of anguish and despair, are histrionic achievements of real note and obtained long-continued applause."

Irving carried into the nineteenth century Garrick's art of "making points"—drawing applause by a tone or a glance or both combined. In "Hamlet" he so spoke the sentence, "When the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a hand-saw," that the house from stalls to gallery broke into acclaim. In Iago's soliloquy at the end of the first act of "Othello" he drew an audible gasp from the audience by slowly drawing his hands down his face after the words "How? How? How?" and showing his eyes and whole countenance alive with the devilish scheme that had come into his mind. In "Charles I." he won a nightly cheer from the loyal Victorians by the tone in which, in reply to Cromwell's remark, "The People's rights! And are *they* not divine?" he answered:

"The people's rights, sir, are indeed divine.
Not so the wrongs of rebels!"

And, by way of contrast, who that saw him in that play does not remember his delivery, in the scene of the camp at Newark, of the betrayed King's speech to the traitor, Moray?—

"I saw a picture once by a great master,
It was an old man's head,
Narrow and evil was its wrinkled front,
Eyes close and cunning, a dull vulpine smile,
'Twas called a Judas. Wide that painter erred,
Judas had eyes like thine of candid blue;
His skin was smooth, his hair of youthful gold;
Upon his brow shone the white stamp of truth,
And lips like thine did give the traitor kiss."

or, the pathos and dignity of the final scene in Whitehall in which, after kneeling at the feet of his wife and kissing her hands, he rose and, with the word "Remember!" passed to his death.

In this and other such plays as "Dante," "Becket," and "Richelieu" he seemed to revive all the personal dignity of great historical figures. "Irving has faults," wrote Matthew Arnold in the middle 'eighties, "but he has a merit which

redeems them all—the merit of delicacy and distinction." Off the stage and on the man was a personage. With his tall figure, fine face, and long hair there was no mistaking him in any company. Thackeray's daughter, Lady Ritchie, caught sight of him once at Victoria station and wrote as follows: "On his appearance the station porters rushed at him from every direction, and, looking very handsome and very melancholy, he indicated his luggage to them as though he was pointing to the grave of Ophelia!" The omniscient George Saintsbury, whose enthusiasms did not include playgoing, went to see him in the part of Iago and subsequently burst into a long article in praise of the performance, which concluded as follows:—

"I rather hope Mr. Irving will not give us many more impersonations of this force. I should have to take to going very regularly to the theatre, which would cost me a great deal of time, some trouble, and not a little money."

That article was Saintsbury's first and last venture into dramatic criticism, and needless to say it is immensely worth reading. He reprinted it years after in one of his "Scrap Books," and, incidentally, it is the most masterly analysis of the character of the Moor's Ancient which it has so far been my good fortune to read.

In Irving's case, certainly, his work was his life. To him all the world was indeed a stage. A sublime sunset over Niagara only evoked from him the remark: "What a pity Hawes Craven isn't here!" (Hawes Craven was his principal scene painter). During his Lyceum years he spent most of the day as well as half the night in his theatre. Edwin Booth wrote the following description of the way in which he conducted his rehearsals:

"Mr. Irving is despotic on the stage. At rehearsal his will is absolute law, whether it concern the entry of a Messenger with a letter or the reading of a letter by Miss Terry. From first to last he rules the stage with a will of iron, but also with a patience that is marvellous. He sits among his players watching every movement, listening to every word, constantly stopping anyone—Miss Terry as well as the Messenger—who does not do exactly right. He rises, explains the fault, and that part of the scene is immediately repeated. His patience holds out against any test. Over and over again the line is recited or a bit of the action done, until all is perfect. At the Lyceum one sees the perfection of stage discipline, and in Mr. Irving the perfection of stage patience."

And with what hours of preliminary study of the play he must

have fortified himself for these coachings of his company! As he used to say: "I may not know all Shakespeare, but of any play of his which I present on the stage I know more than any other man in England."

On other topics than those of the theatre his "small talk" could be very small indeed. Andrew Lang once met him at a little dinner party and remarked afterwards: "If, as I am told, Irving is distinctly intellectual he concealed the circumstance, perhaps in pity of our frivolity." As two such famous talkers as James Russell Lowell and George du Maurier were among the five or six guests, it is quite likely that Irving found himself rather overpowered. One of the many stories told of him in the Garrick Club is that one night—or, rather one early morning—he sat there with lowered eyelids listening in silence to a long and enthralling account of Dr. Nansen's latest display of courage and hardihood in the Arctic region, and that, at last, being asked for his opinion of the hero of the hour, he opened his eyes and remarked quietly, "He seems able to stand the cold well." But, with a crony or cronies, he would talk till dawn, and after, on the Theatre and all thereunto appertaining: and when his club closed it was nothing for him to call a cab and take them home with him for further whisky, talk, and cigars. Mr. Lionel Brough once told me that it was on one of these occasions that Irving and his wife parted. He had taken Mr. Brough back with him at three in the morning; Mrs. Irving came to the top of the stairs and protested, until Irving at last quietly retired, packed a bag, and left the house, never to see his wife again, and apparently never again even to mention her name: though to the end of her long life, she received the handsome provision he had made for her.

On the other hand, his generosity to less fortunate members of his profession became a sort of household word. A young architectural student who had good looks, nice manners, and a pleasant voice, decided to drop architecture and become an actor. After the usual experience of small parts in the metropolis, rather better ones in the provinces, and the difficulties of trying to "manage" on an exiguous and erratic income, he applied to Irving for a part in a forthcoming Shakespearean production, and received an invitation to call at the theatre.

The part was duly given him, and as the interview was drawing near its end Irving sounded him very delicately as to his financial position and finished up by sending him away with thirty pounds "in advance," which he was never asked to repay. In the concluding chapter of his "Life of Henry Irving," the late Mr. Austin Brereton revealed that from the period when he took possession of the Lyceum in August, 1878, to the end of his last season in London in June, 1905, over two and a quarter million pounds flowed into his box-office. For years, however, while money was literally pouring into his theatre at one end it was pouring out of it again at the other on scene-painters, musicians, playwrights, costumiers, beneficences of every sort, and a prodigious salary-list; and the provisions of his will were only met by the sale of his personal effects and the high prices they realized in the wave of emotion caused by his death.

At its height his career gave a dignity to the whole British theatre. He became its recognized leader and its public voice, and lifted it to an eminence it had never before known. There was not a playhouse of any importance in London which did not seem to have gathered an added status from the prestige of the Lyceum. On such nights of excitement as those which saw the final retirement of the Bancrofts at the Haymarket and the end of the long and historical management of John Hollingshead at the Gaiety the climax came with the entry of Henry Irving to deliver the words of farewell. He re-established Shakespeare on the stage, and against that finest of backgrounds all the minor activities of the theatre—modern comedy, drama, melodrama, farce, and even burlesque—rose to a higher level than they had known for many years. He raised the public taste. The great Master of Balliol of that day publicly added his name to those of Burbage, Betterton, Garrick, Edmund Kean, and Macready as one of the greatest in the "bede-roll" of our stage. He used to describe himself at the end of his little speeches to the audience after the fall of the curtain on outstanding occasions as "your faithful loving servant." His statues to-day in the heart of the City of London and at Charing Cross are lasting reminders of all that he was and did.

THUS SPAKE MRS. GABBET

BY ALISON MOURNE

“OH there you are at last, Ulmer. You're dreadfully late. How many museums and galleries did you take in to-day? Sit down and I'll tell you what I did. This morning after you'd gone, I decided that since we were to be in London for some time—a coupla weeks anyway—I'd rather like to join one of the women's clubs here, just as a temporary member. I had my membership card from the Yerba Buena club with me, showing me to be a member in good standing with all my dues paid, and I thought that if I showed that to them, any nominating committee of any club anywhere would only be too glad to welcome me, just as we would do ourselves in the Yerba Buena if any stranger ever wanted to join us temporarily. I figured that whatever I paid for the privilege of becoming a temporary member would be a darn good investment whichever way you looked at it. For one thing, take lunches; they are always so much better in those kinda places, and you never have to stand in line waiting for a table. Then I'd have somewhere comfortable to sit and rest while you went the round of the museums. (Lord, what you see in those places I can't figure out; they hurt my feet.) Also I could get a looksee at the new books and magazines without having to buy them, so that when I went home I could prove to everybody that though I'd bin abroad I'd kept up with what is going on in the world. And most of all, I'd be able to tell our members that I'd really bin nominated to join one of London's high-toned clubs. I planned to work my impressions of it into the travel talk that the educational committee would want me to give on my return. This was at the back of my mind, too; I might get the chance to give a lecture or two over here, then I could tell the folks how we run things in the Yerba Buena club, and invite them all to pay us a visit the next time they are in San Francisco. Because

a little seed of kindness takes only a second to plant . . . and before you know it there's a five hundred per cent. return on your outlay.

“Of course, I oughta have known better than to go into the place at all. My dear, it was a regular tomb! Not a sound anywhere . . . no one about . . . no reception committee member to welcome me . . . I tell you I never hope to hear such quiet again until I'm six feet under the ground! When I remembered our own gay lonnge hall, with those brightly coloured chairs and tables and that cute cocktail bar at the end and Manuel in his white coat shaking 'em up, and people laughing and talking all over the place . . . I just felt sorry for those folks there, that's all!

“But that was nothing to what I found out afterwards. These English certainly don't know the first thing about running a club! Would you believe it? They wouldn't accept me as a member! At first I thought that maybe they were prejudiced against my name—you know at home how careful we are what foreigners we let into the club—so I explained that my mother was English, and was brought to California when she was a tiny baby, and as for you, you were a Native Son of the Golden West (can you feature it, she had never even *heard* of that organization?) and even you could drum up an aunt who had married a Canadian, so that we were not really foreigners at all.

“But it seemed that it wasn't anything to do with my name; they just didn't accept guest memberships; there was no provision in their constitution for such a thing. (So much worse for your constitution, I told her.) Not even when I gave her a spiel about International Goodwill and how we clubwomen should accept its challenge because the peace of the world rests in our hands, and after all we are the two mightiest peoples on earth, and should keep our hands clasped across the sea . . . not even then would she relent. Rules were rules; you know how these English are. Sure is the land of behave here. I asked if I could interview the nominating committee and put my case before them, but she insisted that they had no such thing! No nominating committee! I ask you! I *ask* you! What a way to run things! No wonder they can't pay their war debts!

"Anyway, I went on, even if you won't allow me to join the club, would you tell me something about the way it is run? I might be able to take back a few slick idears to San Francisco. (You see, I knew that our president was looking out for new idears for next season and our members would fall for anything that we could advertise as coming from London.) But she only raised her eyebrows as high as they would go, and says she:

"Idears? How we run . . . I don't quite . . . just what did you wish to know?"

"Well for one thing, I said, I'd like to know what sorta stunts you put on when you want to raise money?"

"Stunts?" she echoed. "Stunts?" (You could tell she had never even heard the word before, the poor fish.) "Oh . . . er . . . we don't go in for things like that; our members pay dues."

"Well for crying out loud, so do ours, I replied, but what do you do when you want to raise the wind for somep'n special, like Santa Claus Fund, or the Flood Relief or the new Clubhouse?"

"If we wished to do anything of that sort," she assured me, "we would open a fund, and any member who wished to subscribe could do so."

"Heavens! I said, you sure don't seem to know how to get hold of money over here. Haven't you learned yet that you can get three times as much out of a person if you put on a cute stunt and charge him admission to see it? Now our club last year sent two hundred dollars to the Flood Relief, five hundred to the Community Chest, and we've got more than a thousand dollars sewn up in good stocks biding the time when we start to build a new clubhouse. I know all this because I was chairman of the financial committee."

"My land, Ulmer, that secretary was a strange girl! She didn't seem the least bit impressed by anything I told her. I'll have to admit she was polite, but that's all. Then I asked her how her members stood on the subject of committees."

"Stand . . . on . . .?" she echoed. (As an echo, she was good.) "I'm afraid . . ."

"Well, this is the way we run things, I began. (I thought she might just as well learn how a proper club was run.) We have eleven committees: decoration, reception, entertainment,

refreshments, membership, financial (that's the one I was chairman of), music, educational, drama, garden and parliamentary. (They assess us for fines if we don't attend the meetings, or if we break any of the rules.) These committees run the club; they take care of everything, and they are responsible for everything. They arrange the day's events and goodness! there's somep'n doing every minute! In the mornings there is Bridge, of course, and lectures and round tables and classes of all sorts, so you couldn't belong to the Yerba Buena club and not be a well-educated lady. Last winter I took glove-making twice a week, then a course of five lectures on Flower Arrangement. After I finished that Mrs. Birdie L. Warren gave us three mornings on 'Hitler and his position in Europe,' and during January Dr. Benjamin O. Farrenstein talked on 'Art and the Cosmic Soul.' Then we devoted a morning to the works of contemporary novelists, and one to Kipling because he had recently died, and one to Noel Coward's plays, and another to Emil Ludwig's biographies. . . . oh no, I forgot, we didn't do him; we hadn't time. . . .

"Now, of course, I said, this isn't all we did; oh my! no; I'm only telling you a little bit to give you an idear . . ."

"After lunch the Bridge room is always so full that they have to set extra tables all over the place, and three times a week the dramatic or the music sections put on a show, and every Tuesday there are our famous 'Afternoons.' They really are famous. Last season the series was called 'Afternoons in Other Countries.' There was Czechoslovakia one week, and the next China, and the next Sweden, and the next the Hawaiian Islands. We took in practically the whole world. Usually we get natives from the countries (we have them all in San Francisco, you know) to come and dance or sing and play on their native instruments. They're glad to come; they always tell us we are *such* an enthusiastic audience. And of course we ask them if they would care to stay for refreshments afterwards. It's up to the refreshment committee to scrounge round and serve a dish belonging to the country we are studying. Once, though, they couldn't find anything suitable to serve at that hour of the day . . . I mean, with coffee or cocktails . . . it seems that in China (or was it Japan? I forget which—but never mind) they don't go in

much for dessert or things like that, so Mrs. Hosk (she's the chairman) had some little cookies made with pink icing on top, and she called them Ho-Tal-Ling cookies, and was it a clever idear! . . . everyone thought they were a real oriental delicacy. The joke is that our president's name is Hotaling, Mrs. Andrew K. Hotaling, Jr. Wasn't that a kick? Oh we have the *most* fun! You should have seen us on our former president's birthday! We gave her a dinner, and as she came into the dining room we all stood up and sang Happy Birthday, Madam President! Happy Birthday to you! Then for dessert they brought in a gorgeous cake with fifty-five candles on it! And, Ulmer, she doesn't know to this day how we found out her age!) After dinner everyone presented her with the most heavenly bouquets! Everything from baskets as high as my shoulder and magnificent sheaths too big to hold on your arm down to lies of tropical flowers specially rushed over by the clipper plane from Honolulu! And speeches galore (far too many I thought, but you know how some people love the sound of their own voices) some of the members composed verses and read them, and one member sang 'I Love You Truly' while she presented her floral piece, the sweetest blossoms made in the form of a P., for president, you know. We loved the way the newspapers wrote up the affair; they said we placed our loving offerings at Mrs. Wells' feet in an impulsive burst of loyalty such as was not often seen. We all agreed when it was over that friendship is the most precious by-product of club activity.

"We have our very own motto: 'Yerba Buena For Ever,' I told her, and our own cheer . . . I'd let you hear it, only this . . . this gloomy room doesn't seem the right kinda place for cheering. . . .!"

"I'm afraid we don't do things in just that way," she began.

"No, I said, I can see you don't. As far as I can make it out, you might all be dead and buried.

"Our members seem quite well satisfied," she said, "I am sure they would not wish for any alteration to be made in the conduct of the club. Our house committee . . ."

"Say! I caught her up. What was that you mentioned? House committee? That's a new one to me . . . how does it function?"

"It settles any point of internal management that may require a decision."

"Now that's an idear, I said. I thought I'd get at least *one* idear if I stayed here long enough. House committee; At the first chance I get I'm going to propose that we have one of those at the club! (It occurred to me that if I could get Mrs. Sidewilek and Mrs. Richards and Alvine Flaherty to serve on it, it might do me some good when the elections come round next March.)

"Thanks so much for the tip, I told her (the secretary, I mean); I'll get us a house committee at Yerba Buena if I have to turn handsprings to do it.

"Well—it didn't seem to be much use to try and talk to the woman any longer; she was evidently made of granite through and through—so unresponsive—so I bade her good-day and came out of that chilly tomb as fast as I could. (Boy! I could have done with one of Manuel's cocktails just then!) And as I came down the steps, what do you think I did? I hummed our club song . . . 'Hail, Our Dearest Club, Our Happy Days With Thee . . .'"

DISCORD IN YUGOSLAVIA.

BY JOHN KEYSER.

IN one important respect Yugoslavia differs from the majority of the Danubian States. Neither from without nor from within is she directly menaced by the Nazi bogey. Dr. Schacht's economic policy certainly exercised a detrimental effect upon the commercial structure of the country. But the tentacles of the Nazi monster have not spread their hideous embrace around Yugoslavia as they have, in varying degree, round Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Rumania. In all other respects, however, Yugoslavia has abundantly shared the complaints of her neighbours. The habitual instability and uncertainty of the post-War years common to the smaller States of South-Eastern Europe, discovered a most fertile soil in Yugoslavia. The continual quarrels between the Serbs and the Croats have materially prevented the consummation of that inner unity without which no State can progress. They are as acute to-day as they were twenty years ago. From Radic to Macek, from Pasic to Stoyadinovic, through democracy and dictatorship they have persisted. Only the knowledge, equally shared by Serbs and Croats, that divided they would fall, has served to hold together the flimsy fabric of the State.

This perpetual strife and the almost entire absence of support for the Stoyadinovic *régime* have contributed to the complexity of the present internal political position in Yugoslavia. The balance-sheet of the government is most unfavourable. On the credit side only one entry appears. This is entitled Yugoslav Radical Union. It has three sub-divisions. The first is the Radical Party of Dr. Stoyadinovic. Though formerly this party constituted the mainstay of the Government, even its ranks have now become thinned as a result of the dissatisfaction over the Concordat. The other two items are, Father Korosec and his Slovenes and M. Spaho and his Bosnian Moslems. The

value of their support can be written off to almost one hundred per cent. In the elections of May, 1935, they both figured largely on the opposition lists. Loud was their disapproval of the Government's anti-democratic methods. One month later they were both to be found on the side of Dr. Stoyadinovic's newly-formed government. Rarely, if ever, has such a complete abjurement been witnessed. This voluntary adhesion to a policy well-nigh diametrically opposed to their fundamental interests, indicates the opportunist motives which prompted it.

On the debit side the entries are more numerous. Foremost among the Opposition Groups comes the Peasant Democrat Coalition. This "Zagreb Opposition" is composed of Dr. Macek's Croat Peasants and the Serb Independent Democrats under M. Pribicevic. The latter—commonly referred to as the Trans-Danubian Serbs, who were former Hungarian citizens of Croatia—have been closely allied with the Croats since 1927. Recently, a union has been effected with the second main Opposition combination consisting of Radicals, Democrats and Agrarians in Belgrade. These three parties together form what is known as the United Opposition. On September 15th, 1937, they came to an agreement with the Peasant Democrat Coalition. There emerged an opposition *bloc* which, for all the joints in its armour, nevertheless must be held to possess considerable potential striking force. Of lesser consequence are the three right-wing groups. Two former Prime Ministers, General Zivkovic and M. Jevtic, lead the Yugoslav Nationals. Then there is the so-called Hodzera Group of spurious Fascists and "Zbor," the genuine Fascist party of Leotic. These three extremist parties demand a complete return to dictatorial government. In all other aspects but their common dislike of the present régime their policy is the direct opposite of the democratic Opposition.

Such, in outline, is the present alignment of political parties in Yugoslavia. The old antagonisms endure. From time to time they are supplemented by fresh animosity. The most poignant example of this was the ill-fated Concordat. Although the Prime Minister was wise enough to recognize his mistaken line of action and to withdraw the Bill, yet his wisdom, coming after the event, has not in itself sufficed to repair the far-reaching

damage which his previous adoption of it created. The deep-seated objection to the Concordat on the part of the Orthodox Serbs was based on the threat to their prerogatives implied in the increased privileges to be accorded to the Roman Catholic Church. The Opposition Agreement of last Autumn was a direct outcome of the Concordat affair. Its main purpose is to overthrow the Government. It will probably succeed.

As to the Croats, their position has been strengthened by the new Agreement. Although there is no explicit mention in it of their demand for autonomy, yet a consolidation of anti-governmental forces means for them a step nearer their goal. The alpha and omega of that goal is full self-government. But in order to attain this desired object, it would first be necessary to abolish the Constitution of 1931 and to replace it by one which restored democratic principles as a preliminary to the establishment of a Federal State.

The Stoyadinovic government has so far rigidly opposed any alteration to the present semi-dictatorial Constitution for two main reasons. The first is that they conceive it to be their fundamental duty to hand over intact to the boy-King, when he attains his majority at the age of eighteen—that is in 1941—the Constitution enacted by his father. Such an argument is indefensible. On the one hand, it is impossible to imagine that a lad of eighteen would be capable either immediately or within a measurable time of deciding a matter of such deep significance and of such a complex character. On the other hand, it would be of far greater value to present the young King with a situation in which this highly vexed problem had already been solved. In fact this reason is little else but an excuse.

The second main objection, however, is prompted by a more reasonable apprehension for the security of the State. It is set forth in the September Agreement of the Opposition parties that they would proceed to elect a Constituent Assembly which would vote the new Constitution “by a majority among the Deputies of each of the three peoples—Serbs, Croats and Slovenes.” The attainment of so great a measure of harmony between the three peoples would be likely to prove an almost hopeless task. In any case there would certainly ensue a prolonged period of uncertainty and probably even of chaos.

Even so, this should not preclude an attempt to discover some method of modifying a Constitution which has become generally unpopular and which has lost its vital significance since the death of its author. Moreover, it is highly improbable that King Alexander, whose democratic principles were above reproach, had envisaged the 1931 Constitution as anything but a measure of temporary expediency.

What practical steps may be taken to bridge the gulf which still separates the Croats from the Serbs? Probably at no other time since the formation of Yugoslavia has there existed so urgent a necessity of getting to grips with this problem. Never, with the possible exception of the time of Radic's death has the split been so complete. At the moment there is the added danger of an imminent fall of the Government. The uncertainty as to its successor and the likelihood that, whichever party or combination of parties that may happen to be, a period of constitutional drift would accompany any conceivable change, tend to increase the existing difficulties.

The most immediately valuable line for the Government to adopt would be the reaffirmation, if only in principle, of the equality of rights accorded to the Croats by the Pact of Corfu. Although this equality was recognized by the Vidovdan Constitution of 1921, under its terms the administration was centralized in Belgrade and the conception of autonomy thereby disappeared. It is from that moment that the intensification of Croat dissatisfaction and disillusionment dates. Certainly, unless this fundamental acceptance of the terms upon which the Croats agreed to form the joint State are reasserted, no progress towards the peaceful co-operation of the two leading nationalities of Yugoslavia will ever be made. Moreover, it is a step which, in their own interests, the Serbs are bound to take. Continued refusal to do so will undoubtedly terminate in the final disruption of the nation. On the grounds of justice there is no valid excuse which the Serbs can advance for their unwillingness to take this step.

Secondly, Dr. Macek would be more favourably disposed towards the Government if an agrarian policy more in line with the interests of the peasants were introduced. Approximately 80 per cent. of the Yugoslav people are engaged in

agriculture. The density of the agricultural population reaches the very high figure of 120 head to 100 Hectares (or 247 Acres) compared with only 78 in Hungary, 64 in Austria and 52 in Germany. Despite the obvious importance of agriculture in the country and the agrarian reform introduced after the war, yet only one-fifth of the agricultural population is land-owning. The remainder are wage-earners. Even small-holders are forced to work on bigger estates. Conditions are so bad that in 1936, agricultural wages were as low as 6—7 Dinars (about 7d.) for an 18-hour day. Less than 1 per cent. of the total State Revenue is devoted to agricultural interests. It is essential that these wretched conditions should be improved if the peasants are to be satisfied. Much remains to be done in the direction of increasing the extent of cultivable land, by reclamation of bogs and marshes, by a considered policy of internal colonization and by studying the future organization of agricultural credits.

If progress were effected in these directions, it might be possible to prevail upon the Croats to reduce their absolute demand for full self-government to something more in the nature of administrative and social autonomy. At present, the Croats are determined to accept no compromise. If, however, their general treatment were improved, it is conceivable that they would be prepared to limit the severity of their demands.

In any case the Croats are determined to get justice. They are at present in a sounder position with their policy of passive patience than the Serbs with their active disunion. Authoritarian rule is, on the whole, alien to the Serb character. Many of them, including Government officials, recently expressed to the writer their disagreement in principle with dictatorial methods. They have been led into their acquiescence of them, partly through fear as to the possible consequences if they were relaxed, but mainly, because they consider them to be the sole means of maintaining their supremacy in the State, which they look upon as their natural right. Yet, the more they procrastinate, the greater becomes the danger to the State. Even now, if Yugoslavia were involved in a war, the Croat soldiers would refuse to fight. It is in the interests of the Government

to take immediate stock of its position, which cannot be described as anything but precarious. In fact, apart from the support of a number of officials in the administration and a section of the Radicals, its continued existence is dependent upon the loyalty of the army and of the police and, in certain measure, to the success of its foreign policy—although that is more theoretical than actual.

Dr. Stoyadinovic has systematically pursued a policy of friendship with all States. It might almost be said that he has been playing his friends off one against the other. This policy, if viewed from the stand-point of the various agreements, pacts and treaties which he has contracted, appears to have been entirely successful. Yet, there is a considerable danger that, in consequence, Dr. Stoyadinovic may have been blinded by the glitter of his apparent success. The Little Entente edifice, though still standing, is on the verge of decay—the more so since Yugoslavia's advances to the anti-League Powers. The partnership in the Balkan Entente was badly shaken as a result of the Yugoslav-Bulgarian Agreement. The Treaty with Italy has in no way overcome the intense antipathy of the two peoples to one another. It needed far more than the mere signature of an unpopular Government to a document to alter so deeply-rooted a feeling. This feeling was forcibly demonstrated on M. Delbos' arrival in Belgrade when the streets echoed with cries of "Down with Fascism, Germany, Italy and the Government!" With France, although Dr. Stoyadinovic was able, on the occasion of his last visit, to prolong his Pact of Friendship, he did not achieve that "something more" for which he had hoped. Moreover, any improvement in Franco-Yugoslav relations resulting from M. Delbos' visit to Belgrade was cleverly counterbalanced by the Rome and Berlin visits between which it was sandwiched. With Germany relations are cordial, but it is a cordiality dictated by economic necessity and political fear. In the case of Hungary, the best that can be said is that Yugoslavia has been less antagonistic than either Czechoslovakia or Rumania, probably because she stands to lose less from Hungarian revisionist claims than either of her two partners in the Little Entente. The recent noticeable improvement in Little Entente-Hungarian relations was checked

by Rumania. Negotiations towards a *rapprochement* were postponed pending elections and a change of government in that country, but the obstacles have increased owing to the character of the new Cabinet.

With Austria, Poland, Great Britain and the U.S.S.R., Yugoslavia is on good terms—despite the fact that she has never recognized the latter State—but in not one of these cases is the friendship anything but essentially superficial. Indeed it seems that Yugoslavia is fast qualifying for the description, “A friend to everybody is a friend to nobody.” If she has to fight a war she will probably realize the perils of having contracted shallow friendships which can so easily revert to enmities. In the words of Cato, “It is better to have harsh foes than those friends who seem sweet.”

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND REFUGEES

By SIR JOHN HOPE SIMPSON

THERE are a million refugees in the world to-day. The largest class is that of Russians scattered over the countries of Eastern Europe, Germany, France and the Far East. Next in numbers come the Armenians, chiefly in Syria, Greece and France. The volume of German refugees is already large, and is increasing, and fears are entertained that a wave of Jewish emigration from Danzig, Poland, Rumania and possibly Hungary is probable in the not distant future. The problem is already one of great magnitude, and shows little sign of diminishing and the proceedings of the 1937 League Assembly prove that the nations are well aware of its importance.

In 1921 Dr. Nansen was appointed as League High Commissioner for refugee work, and since that time the connection between the League and the organizations dealing with this question has been continuous and close. It was with powerful assistance from Geneva that Greece and Bulgaria were able to raise the funds required for settlement of their refugees. The administration of these funds was entrusted to agencies appointed by and subject to the control of the Council of the League. In the case of the Greek Refugee Settlement Commission, as in that of the Commissioner appointed to direct the settlement of Bulgarian refugees, quarterly progress reports were submitted to the Economic Section of the League and examined by the League Council, at whose meetings members of the Commissions attended to supply such additional information or explanations as might be necessary.

It has been an accepted principle, and was indeed laid down in a formal resolution in 1930, that the League is not and cannot be responsible for the humanitarian activities connected with relief. League action has consistently been confined to

the political and juridical aspects of the question, and its expenditure to the costs of administration of the Nansen Office and of the office of the High Commissioner for refugees from Germany, both of which are subject to its control, and submit their budgets and accounts for scrutiny and approval by the Council. In two cases only, those of the Assyrians of Iraq and of the Saarlanders, has the League departed from this principle, and allotted funds for relief and for settlement. In these two cases the League is subject to a special responsibility arising from its own action. In all other cases, relief and settlement are an obligation on the private organizations dealing with refugee work.

During the period when the refugee services were controlled by the International Labour Organization (1925-1929), the refugee problem was regarded rather as one of unemployment than as a political matter. At that time it was anticipated that the mass of Armenian refugees in Greece and Bulgaria would be transferred to and settled in the Armenian Republic of Erivan, a constituent but self-governing republic of the Soviet Union. It was also considered that the Armenian settlement in Syria would be complete and the settlers safe, as there was no expectation that the mandate would be abandoned at an early date. It was also hoped with confidence that the Assyrians would be settled in Iraq (the Iraq Treaty which alarmed the Assyrians and led to their escape into Syria, was not signed till 1930). On the assumption that these schemes were successfully carried through, the only large body of refugees remaining was the Russian. Vigorous and successful efforts were made to obtain employment for them, and the very success led to a belief that the general problem of the refugees could and would be solved in this way within a few years.

The Resolution of the Assembly in 1930, which transferred control of the Nansen Office from the International Labour Organization to the Secretariat, entrusted to the latter the political and legal protection of refugees, but left to the Nansen office that humanitarian work which had consistently been the responsibility of Dr. Nansen, in his capacity of High Commissioner of the League. In 1930 the Assembly shared the optimism of the Secretariat and of the International Labour Organization as to the limited period in which the problem of

the refugees would find complete solution. It consequently passed a Resolution recommending the adoption of a plan to wind up the work of the Nansen Office in 1939, and the Assembly of 1931 by resolution advanced the date for liquidation of that office to 1938. The 31st December, 1938, was also fixed as the date when the mandate of the present High Commissioner appointed to deal with German refugees.

Various facts combined to compel the League to reconsider its decision. The plans for the transfer of Armenians to Erivan, and of Assyrians overseas fell through. Unemployment among White Russian refugees continued. The volume of emigration of refugees from Germany reached large proportions. Thus, when the question came up for discussion in the Assembly of 1936 a resolution was adopted indicating material change in the policy of the League. It was then decided that, although the previous decision as to the closure of the Nansen office and of that of the High Commissioner for refugees coming from Germany should continue effective, this action did not imply that the League had lost its interest in the problem. The resolution recommended that in 1938 at latest the whole refugee problem should be examined, and that general principles should be adopted to guide the League in its future action.

Valiant efforts were made by the Sixth Committee of this year's Assembly (of which Lord Cranborne was Rapporteur) to obtain unanimity in favour of a recommendation that the League should not dissociate itself from protection of the refugees, though the offices should be liquidated as previously resolved. This view was accepted by every member save one, M. Stein, representative of Soviet Russia, who insisted on a literal interpretation of the original resolution, which, in his view, implied entire abstention of the League from any form of protection of the refugees. Efforts to induce a change of attitude on the part of the Soviet representative were unsuccessful, and in the end the Sixth Committee submitted its report to the Assembly of the League, with one dissentient voice. That report included a draft Resolution, recommended for acceptance by the Assembly, of which the second Chapter recorded the continued existence of the refugee problem, the obligation on the League for political and legal protection,

and the decision to continue without interruption the work carried on up to the present time under the auspices of the League. In the fourth Chapter it went on to instruct the Secretary General, in consultation with the President of the governing body of the Nansen office, and the High Commissioner for refugees coming from Germany, to prepare a plan of action for the work of assistance to refugees after December 31st, 1938.

Had this draft Resolution been presented to the Assembly, it would probably not have received the unanimous support requisite to pass it, owing to the opposition of the representative of the U.S.S.R. The matter was, moreover, complicated by a subsidiary question. The Nansen office required a supplementary allocation in its budget for the ensuing year. To this request the Soviet representative had, in Committee, expressed his opposition. It required unanimous support in the Assembly. Were the supplementary credit not voted, the major question would become academic, as the office would have exhausted its funds and been compelled to close down long before 31st December, 1938, its appointed date of demise.

Faced with this dilemma the French representative on the Committee, supported by the representatives of Belgium, the Netherlands and Czechoslovakia—although he and they had voted in favour of the report drafted by the Committee—proposed an amendment to that report, when it came before the Assembly. The proposal was made in an effort to prevent an adverse decision of the Assembly which might prove final, and to secure more time in which to overcome the opposition of Soviet Russia. The amendment recorded the opinion that the whole body of problems raised by the previous decisions of the assembly requires reconsideration, and asked the Council to prepare or arrange for the preparation of a scheme for international assistance to refugees before the next Assembly. In other words it asked for postponement of decision for a year.

The amendment was the subject of criticism on the part of a number of representatives, who had been on the Committee, notably by Lord Cranborne. When put to the vote, of 47 States represented, 25 voted in favour of the amendment, 22 abstained from voting, and the amendment was declared carried unanimously. The abstentions included the

delegations of Great Britain, of all Dominions except the Irish Free State, and of Soviet Russia.

The result was a diplomatic triumph for the representative of Soviet Russia. Not only did he escape from solitude, which could not fail to be invidious, as unique opponent of the original report and draft resolution. He succeeded at the same time in driving a wedge into the solid phalanx in its favour, so that not only France, but Norway, whose representative had proposed the course embodied in the report, voted for an amendment which was not accepted by Great Britain.

It is interesting to speculate on the reasons for the action of the Soviet representative, who not only failed to vote against the amendment, but also refrained from voting against the supplementary credit for the Nansen Office, which he had originally opposed. Whatever may be the reasons, the result is clear. The Nansen Office has secured the funds necessary to enable it to function until its close in December, 1938, but it will only be in September or October, 1938, that a final decision will be taken as to the form of future assistance, if any, by the League to the refugees. This will leave at best a short and inadequate three months in which to organize the necessary machinery.

Nor is it at all certain that the Assembly will accept unanimously any resolution implying continuing responsibility of the League for the work of protection of refugees. Soviet Russia has not been alone in her critical attitude in past years, and it may well be that past critics may revert to their original attitude. Yet criticism in the past has, as a rule, been mainly directed, not against the League's rôle as protector of refugees, but rather against the actual machinery which directly handled the problem. In the case of Italy hostility appears to have dated from Dr. Nansen's outspoken condemnation of the Corfu incident. Soviet Russia might be prepared to approve continuance of League protection, were that protection withdrawn from Russian refugees, whom, in certain cases, possibly not without some reason, it suspects of intrigue against the existing Government of Russia.

It should be unthinkable that the League will wash its hands of refugee work and disclaim responsibility for these unfortunates

in future. It is the influence of the League alone that has effected such improvement in their political position as has been apparent the past sixteen or seventeen years. The Convention of 1933 and the Arrangement of 1936, to mention only two international instruments which afford to refugees a measure of political protection in certain countries, were the result of Conferences summoned by the League. A further conference, to deal specially with the political and legal position of German refugees is being called early in 1938.

Though it is true that in some countries the position of the refugees has been improved in recent years, much remains to be done before other nations of the world afford to their refugees the privileges offered to them by China. In that country the refugee is granted a passport, as a stateless person, which is visa-ed in the same way as a national passport for foreign travel. The difference between the two lies in the period of validity. The stateless Chinese passport is renewable each year. In China, in addition, the refugee has the same right to employment as a Chinese national, he is at liberty to travel in China, to own real property, and to conduct his business. The Chinese courts are open to him. He is indeed in the same position as any foreigner who does not enjoy extraterritorial rights.

That is the ideal at which past efforts of the League have aimed. Those efforts have been only partially successful, but continued exercise of the League's influence is the one hope of general progress towards the ideal. Should the League decide to disinterest itself in the refugee problem, a section of the human race, which is in any case very wretched, will be bereft of the measure of assistance which it now enjoys, and will in truth become entirely defenceless and hopeless. The problem is not one which can safely be left to the unstimulated good will of the individual State, and by renouncing its responsibility and its duty in this matter the League would strike an effective blow at its own reputation, which has already suffered so much in the past from avoidance of patent responsibilities.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

TWO wars go on; the lesser in Spain limited in scope by weather conditions which might well have barred all activity: but both sides have shown heroic determination in the fight which centres about Teruel. There has been much less talk than before about foreign contingents; plainly both sides have created formidable forces of their own. And for the present the safety of Europe at large seems less menaced. General Franco's evident unwillingness to destroy Madrid by shell-fire points to confidence that he can achieve his ends without this dreadful expedient: but the evacuation of nearly half-a-million people from the capital signifies that attack in force there is looked for when weather softens.

The Far Eastern struggle involves great European interests of which the British are the greatest. At any modern period, up to 1914, European intervention in such a case, would have been certain, and would probably have been the intervention of all Europe. Now, two great European Powers are openly backing Japan in the aggression upon China—and covertly in the defiance of British, French and American rights. Conquest of China goes on, and the wider it spreads, the more ample resources will be needed over a long period to hold what has been won.

It is not yet certain that Japan will continue to have a free hand. President Roosevelt's utterances make it clear that the United States Government is considering gravely how far a policy of abstention continues to be possible. There is little doubt that the United States and the British Empire acting in concert could render Japan's task all but impossible by refusing to supply oil, rubber, iron and other essentials—one of which is said to be tungsten. But equally there is little doubt that Germany and Italy would seek to procure them and supply

Japan indirectly; or that Japan would retaliate by seizing whatever British or American property lay within her grasp—and this would include Hongkong. These are formidable dangers to face; and President Roosevelt has at the same time to provide against the probable figure of eight million unemployed.

On the other, there is comfort to be derived from a letter published in the *Irish Times*, quoting the poet Tagore's reply to a group of Indian merchants in Tokyo. They had asked him to oppose a movement spreading among the masses in India for a boycott of Japanese goods. He wrote:

"I know that in appealing to me you have reckoned on my high opinion of the Japanese; for I, and all Asia with me, once admired Japan and cherished great hopes that Asia had at last found in Japan the answer to the West; that the new power of Japan would be devoted to safeguarding the civilization of the East against foreign interests. All this is now changed, and when one nation invades the territory of another to-day, the wrong it commits does not consist merely of its imperialist ambition, but in slaughtering of human beings with less discrimination than a pestilence. And when the conscience of the whole world is aroused to indignation by this wrong, and cries out in protest, how can I oppose this just protest?"

Admittedly, the world has run into a packet of bad weather it is not nice that a new group of initials has entered into our list of familiar abbreviations. A.R.P.: Air Raid Precautions:

The League a pretty present for the New Year. Even if **can** physical apprehension does not weigh heavy on **Prevail** many of us, all are depressed by what looks like the crumbling away of high hopes. As an antidote, two public utterances have been extremely valuable. One was a letter from Mr. George Barnes, the old Labour leader, who wrote to *The Times* recalling how Peel's proposal of a central police force was granted. Locality after locality denounced this arbitrary invasion of local sovereignties as a conspiracy against freedom. Now, we have for so long taken the police force for granted that Mr. Barnes has the appearance of a romancer, inventing neat analogies to show that the Society of Nations also must have a force at hand to deal with marauders.

But Mr. Barnes was making a case with admirable humour—and good humour for the creation of something which the world has not yet had. General Smuts, speaking at the Cape, but speaking to the civilized world, condemned valiantly all

thoughts of deserting an enterprise to which the civilized world had set its hand, and which marked, as he held, the highest point to which civilized humanity had sought to attain. We have all noticed that denouncers of the League of Nations pride themselves on a virile contempt for the futile pacifists who uphold that effete institution. Now, if ever there was a man who showed in fullness the virile qualities of mind and body, General Smuts is that man—soldier, statesman and philosopher. Soldier, he has been a leader in two wars, and in each faced the limits of bodily endurance and danger. Statesman, coming out of a small nation, he has done more than any man to graft that small nation into another stock—and has done it after a bitter war between races. He has been high in the counsels of Europe at a supreme moment, and has gone back from them to perfect his own work of reconciliation in politics; yet all the while his mind has been busy with the abstractions of philosophy. When such a man tells us plainly that to renounce what we undertook in the League would be a desertion and a betrayal—for that is what his finding comes to—we may disregard the clamour of clubmen who "always told you so," and even the oracles who respond sympathetically to Signor Mussolini.

One thing ought to be quite clear now. If the League's existence were not felt as an inconvenience by States with grasping designs, Germany and Italy would not be at such pains to detach other members from it. It is nonsense to say that Italy's secession increased the weakness; in truth, the presence of a member continuously disloyal to the whole purposes of the League to effect their purposes within a limited range—to protect the fabric of Europe. If the will to use the League is firm, the League's existence is in no danger: but the will must be there.

If protection by the League was felt to be an assured backing for the Little Entente, Rumania would scarcely to-day be entering into a flirtation with Italy. Probably, however,

The Way of the World this is regarded in Rumania as an extra insurance, and Rumania's withdrawal from the League of Nations is unlikely. Then there are Austria and Hungary, which it is said Italy also hopes to detach. Hungary will scarcely be disposed towards that step if Italy's relations

with Rumania become affectionate: all hope of recovering Transylvania would disappear. And Austria, if Austria desires to remain a separate entity, can surely not count on a combination of German and Italian influence to that end. These two unhappy States will probably prefer King Log to King Stork.

The larger question is, however, whether the League, reduced to those States which sincerely desire its continuance and its effectiveness, may not suddenly expand. The United States, on a view of its own interest, abstained from joining the League which American ideals contributed so largely to planning. Eighteen years have given the United States food for reflection. Americans have had time to realize the difficulties and responsibilities of neutrality. They had become aware how reluctant their democracy is, on moral grounds, to enter on any course of action which may conceivably lead to war; and yet the interests of such a democracy have to be defended. Beyond question, Japan has counted on America's separation from Europe, and on the crippling of many European forces, occasioned by the weakness of Europe's central organism. The only possible way to secure American interests, and at the same time to prevent the consummation of a wrong which America condemns, is by close co-operation of America with Europe—which may involve war. But the co-operation which matters most, that of Great Britain and in a lesser degree of France, cannot be given completely unless the interests of these countries in Europe are guaranteed, so far as American resources can guarantee them. Logically, the simple course would be for the United States to change its mind and join the League; but that is Utopian; and the most one can hope for is a limited co-operation.

The probable outcome is that neither Europe nor America will do anything; that Japan will succeed in imposing terms of surrender; and that the trade of Europe and of America with China's four hundred millions will be reduced to a small fraction of what it was. Mary Kingsley thought trade as well worth fighting for as the home town, since the home town had to live by trade: she would have thought an attempt by Japan to grab forcibly all trade facilities in China an attack on England's life. But the Japanese have the great advantage of knowing

clearly what they want and setting out to get it. If they succeed at the same time in defying both America and Europe and in conquering China, they will have earned admiration. It is not easy to admire those who by lack of foresight fail to combine the powers necessary to prevent Japan from carrying out her will.

France has only a secondary responsibility in this matter and has not been so rudely challenged. In any case, although the nation would spring together at a word to defend its own territory, the internal situation there gives the Government—whoever may be its head—full occupation. Great changes, probably beneficent, were made suddenly by M. Blum, and the shock has not yet been absorbed. More or less the same phenomena present themselves in the United States. But there Mr. Roosevelt's difficulty is with the colossal trusts. In France it seems that M. Blum neglected to take account of the very numerous small capitalists who employ fewer than a hundred men. Unless the Government can satisfy this class to some moderate degree, it will not have France behind it; for France is emphatically the country of the small employer—who often began as an artisan. Unfortunately such an employer is apt to think that what was good enough for him in early days should be good enough for today. *Eo immitior quia toleraverat*. M. Chautemp's successors have their work cut out to make all these opposing types hear reason.

In Ireland the passing of the new Constitution, and the acquiescence of Great Britain and the other Dominions in its terms, marks a date. The message sent through a New York newspaper from eighty Senators and two hundred and fifty Republicans in the United States is worth noting:

Salute to
Eire

"We regard the adoption of the new Irish Constitution, and the emergence of the State of Ireland, as events of the utmost importance, because we see in them the devotion of the Irish people to genuine democratic government, and because they furnish a happy augury for the attainment of lasting peace, understanding and friendship between the Irish and British peoples—a consummation of vital consequence not only to the British and Irish peoples, but to the world at large."

The essential point is that Ireland is now in purely voluntary association with the British Commonwealth. The constitution of the Free State was in part imposed by the Treaty of 1921 and

imposed under threat of war as the alternative. Since then, the evolution of the Commonwealth, through Dominion Conferences in which Irish representatives (more specially Kevin O'Higgins) played a leading part, has made it plain that any Dominion which might choose to secede was free to do so. The only ties binding were ties of self-interest and ties of affection. In the case of Ireland and of South Africa, these latter ties have still to grow, so far as a large part of the people are concerned. Ireland has now claimed the right to make a constitution entirely of her own devising, and the claim has not been resisted. There is, however, only one change of importance. The official head of the Irish Free State, whose formal assent was necessary to law-making, was a representative of the King of England. He was, in each succeeding case, an Irishman chosen on the advice of Irish ministers, and was bound to act on their advice. Mr. Cosgrave's Government accepted this arrangement willingly, and Mr. Healy and Mr. MacNeill represented King George V. in a way that pleased most of Ireland—and not Ireland only. Mr. de Valera, however, and those who agreed with him (about half the electorate) resented the implications of sovereignty. Henceforth the official head of Ireland, in the twenty-six counties, will be a President chosen by the entire electorate. On the suggestion of Cardinal MacRory, Primate of the Catholic Church in Ireland, steps are being taken to secure that, as the result of agreement, only one name shall be put before the electors. If this comes to pass, a good day's work will have been done for Ireland; and I hope and expect that the wishes of the Protestant minority will have been taken into consideration.

In all external relations the Irish State will act, as the Dominions do, through the King and in the King's name. Ministers and consuls abroad will be so accredited. No doubt technical difficulties will arise, but if there is good will, the arrangement can be made to work. And it has been made plain at Geneva again and again that not only the representatives of the Cosgrave government but Mr. de Valera himself are in broad general agreement with British policy on world affairs. What Mr. de Valera has said at Geneva has been welcomed frankly more than once by the British people. To come to the

heart of the matter, it is certain that Mr. de Valera and his Government desire today to see the closest co-operation between Great Britain and the United States in the Far East. Since the Treaty, the anti-English effect of Irish feeling in the United States has lessened steadily. It has not disappeared; there will be a residue of it still, just as there is in Ireland an extreme faction denouncing Mr. de Valera and his "bogus Constitution." But it will be only a remnant, notably reduced from the passing of that Constitution henceforward.

In the more immediate relations of the two countries there cannot be even the beginnings of cordiality till the "economic war" is ended. Nor will Ireland ever be a contented country while the partition lasts a state of affairs, for which Nationalist Ireland chooses to regard England as entirely responsible. But even which partition has to be accepted, things could be made much better than they are to-day. Serious consideration should be given at once to the military aspect, connected with the naval stations in Donegal and Cork. As to the "economic war," it would pay both England and Ireland to submit the whole complicated dispute for arbitration to a tribunal of Americans, before which each side could make its case. Negotiations have begun—significantly on Mr. de Valera's invitation. Men of good will echo Mr. Cosgrave in wishing them "all the good luck in the world."

Students of pre-war diplomacy will find entertainment in the "Political Correspondence" of Alexander Isvolsky, of which the first volume, covering the years 1906 and 1907, has been **Isvolsky and** published by his daughter in Paris. Born in **Pye-War** 1856, trained for diplomacy under Prince **Diplomacy** Gortschakoff, Isvolsky was fifty years old when the Russian Government made him Minister for Foreign Affairs. His career had begun in the Balkans and then passed on to a stage at Washington which contributed to make him what he became—a Westerner in Russian politics. By 1906, that disposition was confirmed because the disastrous war with Japan had seemed to shut the door against eastward expansion; still more because demand for great constitutional changes had become overwhelming in Russia. He became Foreign Minister

Cuyp—a study probably in the Ardennes, for there are hills in the background. The golden haze over it does not take away anything from the breathing life of the scene, which centres round two horsemen, one whose horse has just been watered, while the other is still drinking.

Two pictures, once attributed to Velasquez, but now assigned to Rizzi, showed a great painter of whom I had never heard. But the revelation of the exhibition was El Greco. Work of his on that scale does not, I think, exist in any public gallery within these islands. Unfortunately that immensely tall panel of the Nativity needs to be seen at a long distance, which is impossible in such crowded rooms. But one can see over people's heads what carrying quality there is in that peculiar colour—as of a high-pitched but melodious voice—and how the rhythms of the whole composition fall into a kind of solemn dance. To see it is a rare extension of experience.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

ART AND ANECDOTE

BY R. H. WILENSKI

FRENCH PAINTING AND THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, by James Laver. With notes on the artists and the pictures by Michael Sevier, and a postscript by Alfred Flechtheim *Batsford*. 21s.

NARRATIVE PICTURES. A survey of English Genre and its painters, by Sacheverell Sitwell. With notes on the illustrations by Michael Sevier. *Batsford*. 21s.

When I was an art student some thirty years ago (1906—1908) the English *dilettanti* were agreed that a picture which did nothing but tell a story or describe a scene was popular pictorial literature—a mongrel art to be disqualified from every ring. For when Whistler mated Manet's *Le buccur d'absinthe* (1859) to Japanese prints he was producing in England an art as æsthetic in character as the art then produced by Renoir and the French Impressionists of whom Mr. Laver writes. And if we wish to point the difference between such art and popular descriptive record or popular narrative painting we can do so by saying that whereas a writer with a fluent pen, helped by good reproductions, can give an equivalent of, say, J. J. Tissot's *Ball on shipboard* or *Entre les deux mon cœur balance* painted at exactly the same time as Whistler's *Miss Alexander* and Renoir's *Bal au Moulin de la Galette*—(as Mr. Sitwell in fact does in the jolly book before us)—neither Mr. Sitwell nor Mr. Laver nor anyone else can give us Whistler or Renoir again, because the essence of those lyrical paintings—the artists' æsthetic experience—can only be apprehended in personal contact with the

actual works. In 1906 that difference was widely realized; nothing less was then demanded from a picture than the record in representational painting of the artist's æsthetic experience; the Tate Gallery, ashamed of its Tate and Chantrey Victorian mongrels, briefed its new director, Mr. D. S. MacColl to hide as many as might be in the cellars; and everyone praised the almost-Impressionist seascape by Boudin just accepted as a gift by the National Gallery from the newly established National Art Collections Fund.

Ten years later in 1916, Matisse and the Fauve followers of Van Gogh had pushed the English *dilettanti* still further from the standards of the popular descriptive or anecdotic picture and taught them that in recording his æsthetic experience the artist might distort the representation to increase its rhythmic or romantic expressiveness. And the Tate Gallery then accepted funds to build a wing for the Lane Bequest of French Impressionist pictures and received as a gift from the Contemporary Art Society *The Queen of Sheba* by Duncan Grant.

Ten years later in 1926, it was maintained that the old dictum—"Architecture is the Mother of the Arts"—should be interpreted to mean that Painting, like his mother Architecture, might be essentially an affair of proportions, balance, recessions and so on and that a painting need not be representational if it recorded what I then christened the painter's "architectural experience." That happened because by 1926 Picasso, Braque and Gris had won the Cubist

battle and Ozenfant had converted Cubism to Purism (which Jeanneret (Le Corbusier) had converted to Functional Architecture) and because chromium-steel chairs had appeared at the Paris *Exposition des Arts Decoratifs* and china, glass, tennis balls and so on were displayed in straight lines, triangles and circles in the window of the *Printemps* store. At the same time I pointed out that descriptive or narrative painting need not of necessity be popular in kind if the mind and eye of the artist were original, i.e., if they could reach beyond familiar experience of everyday life. And at that time the Tate Gallery accepted as gifts an almost non-representational painting by Braque, two pictures by Paul Nash, and Stanley Spencer's *Resurrection*.

But meanwhile æsthetic expressionist and architectural painting had been dealt some savage blows. In 1916 the Zurich Dadaists had cried out cynically that the whole of this art, in a world where aggression with bombs, gas and machine guns could only be countered by more bombs, more gas and more machine guns, was a butterfly quite useless to contemporary wheels. In 1920 Picabia, then a Dadaist, had exhibited in this spirit a toy monkey and titled it "Portrait of Cezanne;" and in that year also Lenin (followed later in this by Stalin) put his taboo on æsthetic, expressionist and architectural painting as shameful bourgeois trifling not comprehensible to the masses and ordered "discouragement" of the artists practising it and the encouragement of those willing to paint popular descriptive or narrative pictures which would be within the familiar experience of the masses and lead them by the subjects or easy symbolism to proper appreciation of the Soviet régime. In 1924 André Breton founded Neo-Surrealism (which must not be confused with the real æsthetic Surrealism of Chirico and Chagall) and in 1925 he printed on the cover of a Neo-Surrealist review a large scarecrow labelled *French art at the beginning of the twentieth century* to mark his group's adherence to the Dada attitude in this

matter. And since 1926 the wheels have still further crushed the butterfly. For in 1929 the Neo-Surrealists put out a monstrous pictorial mongrel of their own in the German Max Ernst's *La femme: 100 têtes* (a scrapbook of fragments from cheap nineteenth-century popular prints arranged in gruesome anecdotic combinations) and in paintings by the Spaniard Salvador Dali, depicting nightmare anecdotes with Daguerreotypic illusionism oleographically coloured. Nor is that all. For in 1933 Hitler put his taboo on æsthetic, expressionist and architectural painting as a shameful Bolshevik menace unfit for Aryan consumption and ordered the "discouragement" of the artists practising it and the encouragement of artists willing to paint popular descriptive or narrative pictures which would be within the familiar experience of the masses and lead them by the subjects or easy symbolism to proper appreciation of the National Socialist régime. And now comes Mr. Sitwell as champion of "narrative painting" which he defines as follows: "Perhaps the most easy explanation would be to term it the painting of anecdote. It is the chosen moment in some related incident, and looking more closely in its details we must see hints or suggestions of the before and after of the story." And the Tate Gallery's latest acquisition is the Frenchman J. J. Tissot's *Ball on Shipboard* (1876) bought in 1937 with dear old Chantrey's money.

Does this mean that we are back at the point where we stood when Frith of *Derby Day* gave evidence against Whistler in Whistler v. Ruskin (1878)? And that Mr. Sitwell's Tissot, to whom in his day the French *dilettante* preferred Mr. Laver's Impressionists, is now to be our torch and guide? If so we have got there without a "March on London," or "discouragement" of original artists, or compulsory shoutings of "Vive Stalin" or "Heil Hitler"; and thus all is still well with the British Lion which believes good-naturedly that every dog—even a popular narrative mongrel—should have an occasional day.

PRIVATE LIVES

By W. HORSEFALL CARTER

THIS IS MY LIFE, by Vernon Bartlett. Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d.

GEORGIAN ADVENTURE: The Autobiography of Douglas Jerrold. Collins. 15s.

A PLAIN TALE FROM THE BOGS, by Rearden Conner. John Miles. 8s. 6d.

I do not imagine Vernon Bartlett has ever had Montaigne's Essays as a bedside book. When one stops to reflect upon his frank, uncompromising self-portrayal (and self-betrayal), however, it is of that charming, *simpatico* egoist, Michel de Montaigne, that one inevitably thinks. On the very first page of *This is My Life* there is a phrase which exactly hits off Vernon Bartlett's peculiar quality:—"There is in me . . . a considerable leavening of anxious conceit." The adjective here is all-important, for of the conceit which annoys and repels Bartlett has not a trace; and thus the familiar guise of mock modesty by which the public knows him is no assumed virtue but, as his friends can testify, the quintessential man himself.

The man's sincerity and his humanness (there is no other word) are unique: hence his success at the microphone. After leaving school at sixteen and going abroad to learn languages he is provided by his father with a job in a city firm to look after foreign correspondence. He goes there one morning, is thoroughly snubbed and is miserable, so goes no more but, instead—by lying about his age—secures a job at a language school in Berlin. There his experience is anything but happy, and that, too, comes to an end when a very large blonde woman is found sitting on his knee—"How she got there I don't know, but I can hardly believe that I took the initiative"! Through his War experiences and his early years of journalism runs the same refrain of human weakness and triumphant

humility. Fortune evidently favours the humble no less than the brave, because, for all his self-deprecation, Bartlett has had a thoroughly enviable career; beginning as a reporter on the *Daily Mail*, then experience with Reuters and the *Daily Herald* at the Peace Conference and a three years' period with *The Times* followed by the directorship of the London Office of the League of Nations Secretariat and so on to his days of broadcasting fame—characteristically he has "no recollection whatsoever how I first came to the microphone . . ."—and his present position as Diplomatic and roving correspondent of the *News-Chronicle*. Typical of the man is his summing-up: "It is in fact a lasting puzzle to me that any newspaper gives me regular employment, for I am completely uninterested in obtaining news." What is the secret?

That he is the best of good companions, as I can testify, hardly seems sufficient explanation. Nor is it enough to say that, without depth or brilliance, he has that element of genius which consists in an infinite capacity for taking pains—his famous quarter-of-an-hour broadcasts, as he reminds us, were the product of over twenty hours' reading and preparation. I can only think that Providence, like the public, finds an irresistible appeal in the "little man" ever striving *anxiously* though continually tripping up over the flies and props of the human comedy stage. Things happen to Vernon Bartlett—as they happen to Charlie Chaplin—though he calls on no adventitious aids. There was, for instance, the large horse that ran away with him, when he was carrying precious liquor for the mess, and charged into a troop of cavalry . . .; then during the Peace Conference a Press photographer took his photograph as he was standing outside the fenced-in

portion of the Versailles park where the German delegation was confined and published it in a London paper with the caption—"Hun delegate tries prison bars;" at the first lecture he gives in America he is dressed up in a cassock and surplice and bidden to mount the pulpit whereupon he, inevitably, trips up in his unaccustomed garb and lands in the pulpit on his stomach; and finally when he goes to Spain for a few days to have a peep at the civil war he comes in for a nasty Italo-German air raid at Toledo . . .

Withal a pleasant, readable book which is a faithful enough reflection of "some of the photographic records made in my two-score and three years."

Mr. Douglas Jerrold is just about the same age; and he, too, in his own utterly wrong-headed way, is, I imagine, an endearing personality. But his way has lain in very different reaches of life, on the fringe of England's governing clique, to which, for reasons of temperament, he can never, like Vernon Bartlett, really belong. Whereas Bartlett's tense is essentially the present indicative, with occasional timid peering into the future, Jerrold looks longingly back to the stability of the Victorian age, to the associations, literary and political, of his distinguished forbears, and, with a characteristic distaste for undressing in public, he informs us severely in the Preface that his book is "a record of days lived, not of things heard, of the march of events and the movement of ideas rather than of my own reactions to either . . ."

Westminster, New College, Gallipoli (the author was in the Royal Naval Division and later wrote its history), the Ministry of Food and the Treasury, then publisher with Benns and now Eyre & Spottiswoode, together with the editorship of *The English Review*—from such a background there is ample material for an interesting story. Mr. Jerrold writes well but all through there is a suggestion of frustration. Because of a Catholic upbringing and a mind which, though uncommonly acute, somehow has never quite grown up, he

seems destined to remain "on the fringe." Many personalities who are names to conjure with flit through his pages, but it is not until "The Last Crusade", one feels, that Mr. Jerrold has had a hand in the making of contemporary history. This is when a Spanish friend calmly requires from him one day "a man and three platinum blondes to fly to Africa to-morrow"—whom he duly supplies—to convey General Franco from the Canary Isles to Morocco. Mr. Jerrold's own ideas about Spain are pitiful: he is one of those Liberals gone wrong who, *quid* Christians, suffer from a chronic Communist nightmare: when a man of his standing—after a visit to Spain in 1937—can dismiss Spain's foreign invaders as "a few Germans in the technical services of the Franco forces and also Italian volunteers," one cannot have a very high opinion of his judgment or accuracy on other matters.

Both these books provide a pleasant respite from the contemporary turmoil and the wrath to come. Mr. Rearden Conner, on the other hand, is a grim figure and has a grim story to tell. The son of an Irishman in British service he suffers moral and physical torment at his various schools, his home life with a dour humourless father and a matronly housekeeper is a fitting prelude to misery, enlivened only by the background of "the troubles." Mr. Conner writes well about Ireland, partly because of his detached position. The author then makes tracks for London (somehow I don't like the phrase with which Chapter XIV. begins: "One day I decide to sling my hook and leave the city of Dublin . . .") and has his fill of wretched experiences as a down-and-out before making some sort of a living as a landscape gardener. That he should maintain his courage and determination to be a writer is very much to his credit. With his novel "Shake Hand with the Devil" he makes a hit. And then we have a close-up of his third world the literary racket. There we leave him, finding it "tame" but still standing "in my coracle on the Sea of Hope."

COTSWOLD COUNTRY, by H. J. Massingham. Batsford. 7s. 6d.

DOWN THE RIVER, by H. E. Bates. With Engravings by Agnes Miller Parker. Gollancz. 10s. 6d.

COUNTRY MATTERS, written and Engraved by Clare Leighton. Gollancz. 10s. 6d.

Properly to appreciate the reason for the variousness of the English landscape one must first study a geological map of the country. Architecture, flowers, crops, customs—all are governed by the geological structure out of which they grow. And of all the geological belts that cross this island, the great oolitic belt that runs from the Dorset coast up into Lincolnshire is in many ways the richest. Of course the most favoured area within this belt is the Cotswolds; but there are districts in Somerset and in Rutlandshire hardly inferior—at least as far as architecture goes; and it was a happy thought of Mr. Massingham's to make the whole of this limestone belt the theme for his latest contribution to Messrs. Batsford's admirable series, "The Face of Britain." Certainly nobody was better qualified for the task. "Wold Without End" was proof enough that he knew his Cotswolds well and loved them this side of idolatry; whilst several other books of his have shown his genius for considering landscape in conjunction with the strata that govern it. In "Cotswold Country" these two assets have stood him in such good stead that we need not hope for a better book on limestone England south of the Peak.

Mr. Massingham is not one to toe the line with all those mass-produced praisers of England's beauty-spots: his account of the Cotswolds, therefore, is the better for being discriminatingly his own. He will have nothing to do with Broadway: Painswick has a "cancer of decay": Cirencester's decorated church porch is "positively ugly"; and Bourton becomes "the Wigan of the Cotswolds." The result of such individual appreciation, and courage in the expression of it, is a book

unusually actual in its effect upon the reader and full of amply circumstantiated finds. If I may mention a personal disappointment, it is that Mr. Massingham did not give more space to what he calls "the adventure of the Edge" and particularly to all that incomparable part of it that stretches hinterland from Haresfield Beacon. Then, too, he says that he could not find any example of those hay-rick and straw-stack ornaments "by which the countryman expressed the benediction of his labour"—a lack that seems to me strange when I remember how, on a single walk in Rutlandshire last year, I came upon an assortment that ranged from the traditional, triumphant cockerel to aeroplanes (as their maker informed me) "in the h'act of falling." But these are very minor quibbles. "Cotswold Country" is an altogether praiseworthy book, and nobody who knows, or wants to know, that delectable stretch of England should miss it.

Although Mr. Bates's territory overlaps with Mr. Massingham's, his book is so different as to make comparison ridiculous. "I count it one of the luckiest things in life (he begins his story) to have been born within reach of a river valley"; and *Down the River* is an account of some of the priceless treasures this good luck has brought him. With all the charm and verisimilitude of a born country writer he tells us of the things he did and saw and dreamed as a boy on the banks of the Nene and the Ouse. The colour and smell and life of these two so different rivers is still in his blood; and whether it was the Nene, sacred to those Sunday walks with his grandfather, slow and all-seeing and ending at the riverside pub, or the Ouse, sacred to Summer, that made most impression upon him I do not know; though I think his most vivid recollections are of the former. Perhaps that is partly because in Winter the Nene flooded, and any morning the boy might wake up to an icy world of infinite possibilities. But against this attraction of the Nene must be set the attraction of the lace-makers who lived beside the Ouse (and about whose

dying art Mr. Bates has some vivid facts to reveal) and of the water-mill and the otters.

It is when Mr. Bates comes to the subject of these otters that he suddenly changes the whole tone of his easy-going narrative and informs it with all the fury and scorn of which he is capable. I know that some will object to this vehement chapter; but it seems to me that Mr. Bates's arguments are as irrefutable as his passion is undeniable, and since the otter is part of the river-life and since it is being ruthlessly hunted by people whose delight it is to cap their day's sport with a tearing out of bowels, I for one do not see why the chapter should not be included.

After Mr. Bates's exact information and alert narrative, Miss Leighton's essays on such "country matters" as blacksmiths and primroses, harvest festivals and cricket matches, chair-bodgers and bell-ringers, seems almost too gentle and just a little on the sentimental side. There is a hint of the larger-than-life in her characters and a slightly jarring ring about some of the little incidents whereby she enlivens her otherwise static descriptions.

Nevertheless, *Country Matters* is a book of note, though mainly for the sake of its engravings. To my lay eye it seems that Miss Leighton's skill as an engraver increases every year, and at times, as in the storm scene at the fair and in the figures on pages 57, 44 and (particularly) 38, achieves unmistakable genius. Moreover, her illustrations really are part and parcel of the book, whereas I found Miss Parker's engravings, lovely as they are and ingeniously compounded of design and pure naturalism, almost an intrusion on Mr. Bates's narrative.

In conclusion, a word of praise is owing to the publishers of these three books, each one of which is a handsome tribute to the art of book production in this country. The numerous photographs in Mr. Massingham's book more than live up to the Batsford tradition.

C. HENRY WARREN.

ENDS AND MEANS, by Aldous Huxley.

Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d. net.

Ends and Means, both for its good qualities and its bad, is a landmark in the spiritual history of this generation. Its subject is the essential nature of the good life and the Great Society; the evils and weaknesses—and their causes—whose horrible practice threatens mankind today with indescribable ruin; and the methods which we must learn to understand and use if we are to escape destruction and enter, as a race, the Kingdom of Life. No greater theme can be treated by mortal pen; and Mr. Huxley, as might be expected, handles it with immense learning, acumen, and insight, with sweep and imagination and power.

Mr. Huxley sees the good life as the life of the free spirit, liberated from the separating thralldom of individual desire, ruled by sensitive intelligence, compassion and love. He envisages the Great Society as a social organization which helps men to live the good life, a society obviously free from the idolatry, greed, violence and ambition which poison social existence to-day. Both his analysis and his ideals he bases on the underlying physical unity of the universe as demonstrated by modern science and its underlying spiritual unity, as directly known in the experience of mystics and men of supreme virtue throughout the ages.

Among the countless responsibilities of spiritual leaders, the first and greatest is conviction. Only those can wear the mantle of Elijah who have themselves passed through the fires of experience and emerged with faith. Ordinarily one would not think of asking whether a man can stand up and say with his whole heart, *Credo in Unum Deum*; but to Mr. Huxley that question must be put. The answer is in the affirmative. This book shows that Mr. Huxley has passed through that valley of the shadow which is strewn with souls unable to yield up the egotist's final treasure, that abandonment of rational proof for direct intuitive belief which is the supreme intellectual self-surrender.

But though the faith in whose light *Ends and Means* has been written illumines many dark places in contemporary life, there are two which, despite all his efforts, Mr. Huxley in my opinion, still leaves in their original blackness. These are war and the problem of evil. War, it is true, he discusses at length; but to evil he gives scarcely any attention. A definition or two, the apparent assumption that, with what is good once recognized and defined, all men will successfully seek it, some comments on the inherent instability of evil—and that is all. One might almost think that to avoid evil was as easy as for a diner-out to order a mixed grill.

Both war and evil are obviously connected. In many senses, war, certainly under modern conditions, is the supreme manifestation of evil. But it is not always evil unredeemed. No reader who accepts Mr. Huxley's chapter on war can possibly understand the passionate belief in their own righteousness with which certainly one side, perhaps both sides, have recently fought on the bleak snow-driven uplands of Teruel. But for Mr. Huxley no warrior can be a hero. Indeed, his preoccupation with the problem of war amounts almost to obsession, an obsession which makes him drag it like a smoking victim across pages of argument to which it scarcely relates.

*Video meliora proboque:
Deteriora sequor.*

This favourite quotation of Mr. Huxley's applies to his own treatment of war and to many evasions of lesser problems (planning is one example) which, scarcely noticed at first reading, —so great is his skill as a writer—nevertheless on closer inspection mar the pages of his book. To whom much is given, from him much shall be required. Mr. Huxley must face again and with a freer spirit the great problems of war and evil, face them not as a spectre to be banished from sight at all costs or a pitfall which need only be pointed out to be avoided but with the passionate honesty and humility with which alone they can be

understood, and, when understood, perhaps overcome — though not necessarily before we have again made Moloch his awful sacrifice. Another man might evade this task. Having written *Ends and Means*, Mr. Huxley cannot. For him it is a responsibility which he owes to his generation.

JULES MENKEN.

ON BORROWED TIME, by Lawrence Edward Watkin. Lovat Dickson. 7s. 6d.

This novel from America is worth special notice, lest it should be overlooked in these days of over-production. It is a myth, narrated with a skill and direct simplicity that remind me of Pushkin's *Ace of Spades*. Yet it is a first novel, written by a young lecturer in Lexington University. He admits that the story "seems to be Flemish; it seems to have been current in the French countryside after the wars of the Fronde, and it seems to have visited Sicily."

The tale is one which students of folklore will recognize. Grim Death, that mischievous spectre, is cornered by a mortal and driven up an apple-tree, where he is powerless. In the end he manages to break the spell, but not before the suspension of his labours has threatened to upset the whole human race.

A nice piece of allegory. The novelist has taken this theme and made a charming symphony out of it. Death, called Mr. Brink, is captured by Gramp, an old man of eighty who wants to live another sixteen years so that he can be sure that his beloved grandson, left in his charge after the parents are killed in a car-crash, may be safely launched in life. The old man and the boy are two happy and innocent conspirators against the sham respectability which Mark Twain so breezily attacked. Mr. Watkin's urchin has a touch of Tom Sawyer about him, and further similarities may be found in Mr. Watkin's tale and those of his great predecessor. Both know how to use whimsicality with success. Both know

how to spice it with a touch of derision and irresponsible fantasy.

At first Gramp is hailed as a public benefactor; but as the imprisonment of Death gives amnesty to maggots as well as men; and since there are undertakers and insurance companies who play a large part in the organization of society, the old man is soon threatened with infamy if he does not recall his spell. But he has elaborate personal reasons—family reasons which are carefully revealed to the reader for refusing. Nobody knows what will come of this wilful upsetting of the laws of creation. The nation's morals are already being undermined. Why, at the very foot of the apple-tree a young man and a girl . . . But Gramp has not reckoned with Mr. Brink's cleverness in appealing to the innocent boy who is the prime cause of all this disturbance. The little fellow is lured to the tree by the invisible voice. He climbs the high railings which Gramp has erected round the tree, and he falls and breaks his back. So he is doomed to something worse than death, unless Gramp is willing to release him, and with him the rest of humanity living and unborn. So the story, with the world which it symbolizes, relapses to the normal, and is nicely rounded off.

With undertones and overtones strikingly direct and simple, the author has added his own personal quality to the tale, creating a group of small-town types who yet have a touch of universality. The result is a remarkable little work of art. RICHARD CHURCH.

PAINT AND PREJUDICE, by C. R. W. Nevinson. *Methuen*. 12s. 6d.

AN IRISHMAN'S ENGLAND, by J. S. Collis. *Cassell*. 7s. 6d.

An impression that remained with me, after I had finished Richard Nevinson's extremely interesting autobiography, was that he regards himself as a sorely tried, persecuted and lonely figure. Yet nearly all that he tells us about his career suggests the opposite. From his earliest youth he had the entrée to circles into which it takes the average young painter years to gain

admission. Apart from bouts of ill-health, of which he gives us detailed descriptions, he seems to have escaped the major miseries which so many men have had to endure in order to preserve their independence.

His schooldays were, it is true, very unhappy. He was sent to Uppingham, where he was "kicked, hounded, caned, flogged, hairbrushed, morning noon and night." But he was not the only future creative artist who found life at a conventional public school a "hell on earth." From Uppingham, as a compensation, he went "straight to Heaven: to St. John's Wood School of Art," to train for the Royal Academy Schools, although he actually went on to the Slade. Here he made friends with Wadsworth, Allinson and Gertler. "I was delighted to be able to help Gertler," he tells us. "I hope without patronage, to the wider culture that had been possible for me through my birth and environment." With Professor Tonks, who advised him "to abandon art as a career," he got on badly, and it is clear that the memory of this discouragement still rankles. Others, however, like Frank Rutter, Gilman, Gore and St. Lert, were quick to recognize his talents. After a spell of journalism, during which he had an amusing interview with Marie Lloyd and made the acquaintance of Charlie Chaplin, he went to Paris to continue painting, met Lenin and for some time shared a studio with Modigliani. He bought one of Modigliani's pictures for £5 which he was able to sell years later, when the boom started, for £120. He maintains that since Modigliani's "leap into fame the most utter nonsense has been written about him—how he drove his mistress to her death; how he begged for food; how he died of dissipation and poverty, and how is that possible in Paris?" This naïve question reveals the advantages of having parents rich enough to send you to a public school. Modigliani, he declares, was "kind, constant and considerate; a bourgeois Jew."

Like others who reached manhood before the War, Nevinson is dis-

illusioned about the England of to-day which, he says, "seems more vulgar and cheap-minded than it was . . . Maybe publicity has killed something. The venom of current writers and the personal vindictiveness now displayed were then unknown." Although he had already begun to make a name for himself, prior to 1914, and was, as he tells us, "lunching and dining with all the rich and great of the land," it was his admirable series of war pictures which established his position. There were, of course, some who did not like them and wrote them down, and he seems to have been badly treated by the Tate Gallery. But on the whole, the praise he received so far outweighed the adverse criticism that it is difficult to understand why he took the latter so bitterly to heart.

Mr. Collis, as his volume of essays "Farewell to Argument" demonstrated, is a literary critic of great discernment who can write brilliantly on his own subjects. His world is evidently the world of religious and philosophical ideas and the literature in which they find expression; he knows less, and is less perceptive about ordinary human beings and their racial characteristics. Like so many "Celtic fringers" educated at English public schools—he was at Rugby under Dr. David—he idealizes the type of Englishman he was expected to imitate, "the English gentleman." Whereas the English hold the view that "there are gentlemen of every class, including even the aristocracy," Mr. Collis narrows the field to those whose parents could afford to give them the caste training which is peculiar to this country. He does not realize the "old school tie" no longer has either the social or the ethical value which it once possessed. Mr. Collis, who evidently does not study the crime reports in his daily newspaper, believes that, among Englishmen, the public schoolboy has the monopoly of honesty. "If you deal with a man who is not a gentleman in England," he surprisingly writes, "you have to take every precaution, to be suspicious, to safeguard yourself against being done in the eye. And

you are right in doing so, if you are dealing on any sort of commercial footing: for if he is not a gentleman he will, to-day, nine times out of ten, be a liar, a charlatan, a backbiter, and a thief under a respectable covering. . . . "The Bible," he adds, "means nothing to the man who isn't a gentleman and little to the man who is. But the latter has his own working Bible, his traditions. And he sticks to them."

To comment on such statements would be a waste of good ink. To the English working man, whom the author regards as in every way inferior to his Irish brother, he devotes page after page of vituperation. "Outside his own family," Mr. Collis assures us, "he recognizes no such words as loyalty, gratitude or affection." If for the word "family" we substitute "class," is not this equally true of the upper classes, who have coined the word "outsider" and regard it as the most contemptuous expression in their vocabulary? Warning to his work, Mr. Collis observes that the English proletarian's "emotional reactions to politeness, decency, thoughtfulness, fair dealing and generosity differ radically from those of the gentleman. . . . He is irreligious to the core."

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

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OXFORD LIMITED, by Keith Briant. *Michael Joseph*. 10s. 6d.

THE CAMFORD VISITATION, by H. G. Wells. *Methuen*. 2s.

In these days unless Cambridge can stage a murder or lose a boat race she is left severely alone, whereas an Oxford undergraduate has only to be hauled before the magistrates for exceeding the speed limit, and the newsboards blaze with the gratifying intelligence "Varsity Student's Dangerous Prank."

It was a relief to find in Mr. Briant's sober "Introduction" to *Oxford Limited*:

"It is doubtful whether Oxford has suffered more from the abuse of her detractors than from the praise of her friends. . . . This, the admirers of Oxford would have us see life in the University in the same light that the author of 'The Fifth Form of St. Dominic's' saw life in a public school, while her cruder detractors insist that Oxford is the home of Bacchanalian rites, the source of poisonous propaganda and the foster-mother of extravagance."

Oxford Limited is, in fact, the best and most informative book that has been written about the university as it is to-day. In addition to information about contemporary life, which Mr. Briant is especially well qualified to give, there is a brief "Historical Excursion" into the past, and some useful speculation about the future. The fact that the "value" of three years at Oxford has appreciably decreased is, in Mr. Briant's view, a criticism of the age rather than of Oxford, and he considers that if its continued insistence on the importance of intellectual and humane values means its end, such a collapse will herald the collapse of the present world civilization.

This is finely said, and the comforting thing about it is that the speaker has himself only just come down from the university. It must not be thought that Mr. Briant is content to sing the praises of his Alma Mater in a tedious strain of slow music. He comments severely on the extreme conservatism of Congregation. He records the comparative failure (at the moment) of the Oxford Appeal. He calls attention to the need for a representative student council to act as a link between the two

halves of the university. Although *Oxford Limited* is a refreshing book to come from a member of the younger generation.

Mr. H. G. Wells, like his elder, Mr. Bernard Shaw, becomes markedly less interested in plot, characterization, and literary grace as he grows older. *The Camford Visitation* concerns a mysterious Voice which booms out, now loud and clear, now still and small, to all sorts of important and unimportant graduates, but it seems strangely indifferent to the junior members of the university. It made a Positively Final Appearance on Congregation Day, and its last words were:

"There is no salvation for races that will not save themselves. Half the stars in the sky are the burning rubbish of worlds that might have been."

With this typical Wellsian utterance the Voice ended its message, and Camford returned to a peaceful routine that would obtain Mr. Briant's commendation. I enjoyed this short story. It is Wells at the top of his present form. ERIC GILBERT

NEW WRITING (4), edited by John Lehmann. *Lawrence and Wishart*. 6s.

A BOY IN KENT, by C. Henry Warren. *Geoffrey Blaiz*. 7s. 6d.

THE HORSEMAN'S WEEK-END BOOK by Gordon Winter. *Seely Service*. 8s. 6d.

BOOK ILLUSTRATION, by R. P. Gossop. *Dent*. 1s. 6d.

Do not imagine that I find the new writing dull. On the contrary much of it, as far as the writing goes, is very good and no one anticipates with greater pleasure the arrival of a fresh volume of Mr. Lehmann's twice yearly publications. But, and it is a big but as far as I am concerned, there is a tendency in much of the work, which is sometimes called left-wing and sometimes "new," to imagine that the view which the authors see from their own particular window is much wider and exciting than it really is. Indeed, I believe that many of them have no windows, only a slit set low down in the castle wall and through which they dosery a poor prospect—a narrow

vista set between high walls. At the far end of this corridor there may be a door, a door which is sometimes but too rarely opened. With great energy and fine ability they describe everything to be seen within, but having fitted their spectacles, look through their slit, and cut off their vision by the walls they cannot see without.

C. Henry Warren must forgive me if I tell him that for me *A Boy in Kent* starts by being wholly charming and ends by becoming over sweet. It is an opinion which matters little, for very many readers will find his tale delightful from beginning to end. The narrative, nevertheless, lacks form. The boy's character—a shy, sensitive type—set in a background of nature far from red in tooth and claw, is well drawn; but starting well the tale becomes entirely episodic and the boy's mind more difficult to follow owing to the impossibility of fixing his age for two pages together. I enjoyed reading this book and admire Mr. Warren's descriptive writing, otherwise I would not bother to criticize it in so short a space; he might have written a vignette of rare quality but somehow he has just failed. Probably, though short, it is still over long, and possibly I am worried by the necessity of associating descriptive passages of this kind—"There were several streams in the copse, varying from elusive threads of water to a wide flow that had to be crossed on stepping-stones"—with the voice of a child. Compare Lorna Doone. "Annie should not come with me, because the water was too cold; for the winter had been long, and snow lay here and there, in patches in the hollow of the banks, like a lady's gloves forgotten." And then follow Jan Ridd through the stream as he tries to catch a loach with his three-pronged fork.

One thing is certain: Gordon Winter knows more than two things about a horse, although, if he knows the coarse one, he has left it out of his *Horseman's Week-End Book*. Week-end books for the specialized as well as the general reader have been justifiably popular in recent years, and this one, in the

publishers' series for the sportsman, will be at most bedtimes where sleeps a lover of the horse. In it the reader will be able to refresh his knowledge under the guidance of the author and R. Ansell Wells, test his memory by trying to answer the questions without looking at page 273, and incidentally, if he is that way inclined, set a few posers for his friends on the morrow. Best of all, he may re-read a favourite passage from the many extracts in prose and verse of the horse in literature, and with this night-cap in his head, whatever may be in his stomach, fall to sleep without fear of night starvation. A word also for Anne Bullen's delightful decorations.

I must confess, sadly, of my failure to consider the decline of book illustration until reading Mr. R. P. Gossop's little book, being the seventh Dent Memorial Lecture. Whether there will be a revival of the art seems doubtful. Few people care for illustration in works of fiction, but a book like the one reviewed immediately above, would not have the same value without its decorations. But the present moment—a time of high and increasing costs—would appear an evil one for suggesting a renaissance. JOHN ARMITAGE.

THE BENDING SICKLE, by Gerald Bullett. *Dent*. 7s. 6d.

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE, by Ann Bridge. *Chatto & Windus*. 7s. 6d.

THE HOUSE BY THE TREE, by Norah C. James. *Cassell*. 7s. 6d.

POISON FLOWER, by Mabel Constanduros. *The Bodley Head*. 7s. 6d.

"The High Street was as lively as ever on this mellow September morning." Mr. Bullett's pastoral style is as smocky as ever, with a village called Sunday Severals and a walking-on part for Mercy Bedstraw, the local idiot. To reach his perfectly appointed countryside he sends a publisher down for the week-end, on a visit to an old lady whose youthful and ninetyish novel it is proposed to resurrect for the amusement of a precious public. Then

we fade back to the childhood of Lalage Green, secretly scribbling her manuscript of *Lord Roger*. Not until the last chapter does the publisher step from the car to meet the serene and charming old authoress, and meanwhile we have pursued Lalage's personal Cavalcade through sixty years or so. There is an early marriage to a brute, and a violent end for him. Then a period of earning in a small French pension, a romance, a second marriage, the War, sheep-dipping, children, and the sunset of old age. Passages of light description and an analysis of character that has moments of conviction cannot entirely compensate for the loose form of this novel, its shifts of pace, the mannered rural backcloth and the facetiousness, at one stage, of French idiom literally rendered into English.

The foreign idiom does not trouble Miss Ann Bridge, who turns in her new novel to the Italy of thirty years ago. One is aware of a manner of thought and expression slightly alien in time and space, and a French or an Italian phrase is dropped lightly here and there. It is enough. We are transported, and the careful detail of dress and scene and occupation makes everything recognizable. On her first arrival as governess to Marietta, the youngest child of an aristocratic North Italian family, the English girl Almina Prestwich finds much that is bewildering. The reader shares both her first confusion among the family's collaterals and their habits of mind and action, and also her gradual initiation. The pattern is close, the pace steady, and with great art an attempted suicide is prepared for us by a successful one. It was inevitable that Almina, innocent to a degree incredible were it not carefully supported by circumstance, should fall in love with one or other of the young Counts. And when she has been chosen by the one on whom her middle-aged but still beautiful employer has already fixed her attention, expectation of the crisis becomes exciting. What is remarkable is that when this critical situation has

developed it can be discussed successively by half a dozen interested parties without losing its savour. For the interested parties have character, sharp and well defined, and their reaction to any situation, as told by Miss Bridge, would be worth observing. As apex to the whole baroque pyramid of the swarming family, the old Marchesa is quietly allowed to acquire supreme importance. One wants nothing so much as to see her reach her hundredth birthday, and in the last chapter she does so. Perhaps she settles everybody's troubled affairs a little too happily in the end. But, as young Marietta observes: "Bonne-Mama always knows what is right; and she causes things to happen, as others cannot."

A successful suicide and an attempted one occur also in *The House by the Tree*. But after the grace and intelligence of *Each other's Nightshade*, Miss Norah James sorely tries one's patience. The Edwardian innocence of Miss Bridge's governess is far less outrageous than the hysterical helplessness of Francis and Noel, who, the jacket tells us, "are inseparable pals, when Pauline is thrust into their lives!" This is an occasion when it is fair to quote a blurb which gives exactly the flavour of the book. When Francis gets drunk, Noel tells Pauline that he is "tiddly-wops." Nor does the suicide of one of these egregious chums, by reason of an attempted *ménage à trois*, afford any relief. Gangrene attacks the relationship thereafter. And it seems, although the last page brings its message of hope, that only Thumber or Dorothy Dix could really have helped the survivors.

Miss Mabel Constandures, well known as an entertainer, has written what might have been (and may yet be) a first-class Abiwych farce. But the elaborations that have been found necessary in order to fit it between the covers of a novel are not impressive. Nevertheless, there are good laughs in *Poison Floor*, and after *The House by the Tree* they are welcome.

FRANCIS WATSON.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.

While Japan continues her forays in China, in Europe there is for the time being a deceptive calm. Meanwhile the full significance of the so-called anti-Comintern pact is being borne in upon us: it is nothing less than an onslaught upon the privileged position of the three major democratic States, Great Britain, France and the U.S.A., by the three nations that are wedded to the ancient remedy of war. "Communism" comes in only as a convenient bogey.

This point cannot be driven home too often. We are grateful therefore to Professor **Guglielmo Ferrero** for providing a conspectus of this grim "rule of fear" and showing unmistakably the interaction of events in Manchuria, Abyssinia and Spain. Professor Ferrero has had the advantage of a ringside seat, so to speak, for since 1930 he has occupied the chair of Modern History at the University of Geneva. Like many another independent thinker he has been driven out of his own country—and in 1935 all his books written in Italian were seized by the Italian Government. In pre-Fascist Italy he was regarded, with Benedetto Croce, as a historian in the front rank, and his works on *The Greatness and Decline of Rome* and the Caesars enjoy a worldwide reputation. In recent years he has concerned himself a good deal with "The Tragedy of Peace" (the title of one of his latest books).

What is frequently not appreciated is that the use by the anti-democratic Powers of the Communist bugbear for their own expansionist ends is, in a sense, designed to parry Soviet Russia's wielding of the anti-Fascist weapon. The point is clearly brought out in the article on "The Twilight of Comintern" by Professor **E. H. Carr**. Professor Carr is one of the leading authorities in the country on Russia and the historical background of Marxism. His

biography of Karl Marx (1932) is rated very high, and a recent study of **Michael Bakunin** has been described as one of the few political books of the present age which will live. He occupied important positions at the Foreign Office until the summer of 1936 when he resigned to become Wilson Professor of International Politics at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth.

These articles complete the analysis of the European scene initiated by the articles of **Pertinax** and **Sir Arthur Willert** last year, a grim winter's tale with which most students of public affairs are only too painfully familiar. It is time for THE FORTNIGHTLY to turn to constructive remedies, which must originate from a synthesis of British, French and American effort. But an essential preliminary is an improved understanding between the British and French peoples, whose incompatibility of temper is notorious. The article by **M. Pierre Viénot** should contribute substantially to this end. Those who follow European affairs will recognize in M. Viénot the very able Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the Léon Blum Government which ruled France for just over a year. M. Viénot is a moderate Socialist who first attracted attention by his acute and sympathetic analysis of Germany in the years immediately preceding the Hitler régime, published under the title *Incertitudes Allemandes*.

As a first timid step towards concerted effort by the democracies there is, indeed, the projected Anglo-American Trade Agreement—a way of peace which **Sir Arthur Willert** commended to us in his article last September. **Mr. A. A. James** gives us a measured view of this trade aid, as seen from Australia. An ex-editor of agricultural newspapers

in Brisbane and Sydney, and until recently Secretary of the Sydney Chamber of Commerce. Mr. James is admirably qualified for his present task — which he interprets as "endeavouring to see Australia from the outside and world problems from the inside."

Another facet of the dislocation of the traditional international trade system is illuminated by Joseph Johnston, Lecturer in Economics at Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. de Valera's undoubted success in building up Irish industries has been achieved, we are told, at the expense of Irish Agriculture. A realization of the hard economic facts expounded by Joseph Johnston, was no doubt, one of the factors that inspired "Dev" to take the initiative for the recent Anglo-Irish conversations.

One of the by-products of the political chemistry of our time is the problem of refugees, now entering upon an acute phase. Sir John Hope Simpson who tells the whole story in brief compass, has a distinguished record of public service. An Indian Civil Servant for some twenty-five years he has served since retirement on a number of Government Commissions—for India, Palestine, Newfoundland—and was Director-General of the National Flood Relief Commission, China, 1931-1933. From 1926-1930 he was Vice-President of the Refugees Settlement Commission, at Athens, and was recently appointed Director of the new Refugees Survey, launched under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs.

The mention of refugees inevitably calls to mind the *refugios* against air raids which one sees everywhere in the chief Spanish cities. We in the countries as yet untouched by war should take action while there is yet time, and the National Government has acquired merit in at last enacting

its Air Raid Precautions Bill. W. T. Wells who recounts lucidly the measures in preparation and the reasons for them, has contributed articles from time to time to *The Spectator* and *The Times* and has done useful work as assistant to the Military correspondent of *The Times*.

Parliament, when it resumes, should spare a little time to deal with the vociferous demands from Wales for a greater measure of autonomy and special consideration. Ll. Wyn Griffith who explains that the distinctive language, which is Welshmen's common heritage, is at the root of the problem of Wales, is Editor of the Journal of The Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion.

In lighter vein we have J. S. Collis who contributes a sketch of the British Museum Reading Room. His sketch may serve to celebrate the decision of the Trustees to extend the closing-time of that "Work-house" by an hour. J. S. Collis author of *An Irishman's England*, reviewed on another page, is a versatile writer who boldly "commenced author," just after coming down from Oxford in 1922, by an interpretative biography of Bernard Shaw.

H. M. Walbrook is a veteran student of the theatre who was frequently a contributor to THE FORTNIGHTLY under Courtney's editorship. His subject, Henry Irving, is of perennial interest.

Finally, there is Francis Yeats-Brown with one of his characteristic studies of India—not as a problem but as a reservoir of humanity. F. Yeats-Brown, author of *Bengal Lancer* needs no introduction. He is that rare combination, the soldier-mystic, combining pig-sticking with yoga and, latterly, a near-Fascist interest in politics.

THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

Our distinguished contemporary, *The London Mercury*, kindly included us in its list of monthly magazines which cost more than somewhat per issue. It was explaining the necessity of raising its own price from one shilling a month to two shillings, and it took THE FORTNIGHTLY, among others, as an example of the prices that reviews found it necessary to charge. Just at this time, there is less reason than ever for excusing one's price, for quality demands support in hard cash besides flattery. In any case we wish *The London Mercury* the best of good fortune in 1938 and welcome from Lawrence and Wishart a new friend in *The Modern Quarterly*. This is priced at half-a-crown, is published from 2, Parton Street, W.C.1, and has a distinguished editorial council. Its aims are clearly set out at the beginning of the January issue. "We live," says the statement signed by the Council, "in an age of great intellectual activity, of great achievement in the social and natural sciences." . . . "But it is becoming increasingly apparent that in modern society these achievements are not being utilized to the full; we are accustomed to the company of war and poverty, and to the perversion of scientific discovery to ignoble and injurious ends." And the Council go on to say that they believe "that it is urgently necessary to combat such tendencies," and that they wish "to contribute to a system of thought which will correspond to the real world which science analyses and in which we live." Contributors to the first number are, H. Levy, J. D. Bernal, Benjamin Farrington, Joseph Needham, Max Black, F. D. Klingender, and Erich Roll.

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The Geneva Research Center, Villa Rigot, 14, Avenue de France, Geneva, announces a new pamphlet series to be published during 1938. Included among them are *The Crisis in International Organization* by M. Nicolas Politis, *Revision of the Covenant* by Professor Hans Kelsen, *The First Experiment with Sanctions* by Albert E. Highley, *The United States and World Organization in 1937*, *The Sino-Japanese Dispute 1937*, and *The League of Nations and The Problem of Nutrition*. The Geneva Research Center serves as an information bureau and clearing house in connection with national research organizations to which it renders various services; undertakes long-term research studies on vital problems; awards fellowships to scholars from various parts of the world to enable them to benefit from Geneva's unsurpassed documentation; holds occasional conferences; and issues a monthly News Letter. Subscriptions are invited, and should be addressed to the Director.

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Modern publicity takes strange forms. The New Architecture exhibition organized by Mars (Modern Architectural Research) Group was heralded in some "trailer" copy thus: "The amount of plywood used to panel the walls could make a box for the Nelson Column, and a mile and a quarter of wood framework is being used to support it. The ceiling will be covered with a false roof, using a thousand yards of brown and white casement cloth. A couple of hundredweight of nails and a mile and half of electric cable—enough current to light fifty houses—are other figures which give some idea of the scale on which the exhibition is planned."

Not that the "impression by statistics" form of publicity is unusual. In a very well produced brochure advertising Gas at Earl's Court, we are led gently up the gas walk through a flood of statistics. Earl's Court took eighteen months to build and cost £1,500,000; the building covers more than nine acres; seven and a quarter million bricks were used; 80,000 cubic yards of concrete, 24,000 tons of cement—and so on until we come to the really important point, the seven gas-equipped kitchens.

Not only geographically but also by history and culture the Northern Countries constitute a community of their own among the other European Countries. It is natural, therefore, that the Northern Countries should join in common endeavours for promoting mutual interests and co-operate in the restoration and consolidation of international economic relations. The Delegations for the Promotion of Economic Co-operation between the Northern Countries, an organ created in 1934, have published a book entitled "The Northern Countries in World Economy," which gives a useful account of the basic elements in the economic structure of those Countries, their various trades, their position as producers and consumers, international balance, commercial policy and economic co-operation. It provides a very vivid impression of how Denmark's butter, bacon and eggs, Finland's, Norway's and Sweden's timber, pulp and paper, as well as Sweden iron ore and machinery and Iceland's and Norway's fish rapidly gained markets in various countries of the world.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW was founded in the year 1836, as a journal of Catholic letters; since then it has continued to appeal to a large reading public. The first number contained articles on such diverse subjects as the Hampden controversy, the Irish railway system and Maria Monk's black nunnery. Since that day there have been many articles by distinguished writers, including Cardinal Wiseman, Cardinal Manning, Dr. Lingard, W. G. Ward, Professor Mivart, to name only a few.

The policy of the Review has always been to aim at the breadth of view and true Catholic humanism which were the special qualities of its founders, Cardinal Wiseman, Daniel O'Connell and Charles Russell. Distinguished contributors during recent years include Christopher Dawson, Shane Leslie, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Archdeacon Goodier, S.J., Algar Thorold, Abbot Butler, O.S.B., Father M. C. D'Arcy, S.J., Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., Professor Edwyn Bevan and Monsignor Ronald Knox.

There have also been articles by figures well-known on the continent, including Cardinal Faulhaber, Don Luigi Sturzo, Dr. Waldemar Gurian, Daniel Rops and Nicholas Berdyaev.

A friend of the Review recently observed to the editors that it could best be enjoyed along with a good glass of port; we hope that some who read this advertisement may try the experiment.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

MARCH, 1938

CRISIS

BY THE EDITOR

THE FORTNIGHTLY is an independent review without party ties and dedicated only to the 'preservation of certain standards in public life. If its articles on foreign affairs have firmly opposed the expansionist aims and "gangster" methods pursued by Germany, Italy and Japan during the past six years of reversion to international anarchy, it has certainly not been from any blind prejudice against the National Socialist idea. And if our contributors have, generally, been critical of the action (or inaction) of His Majesty's Government, the attitude taken up—by Pertinax, Sir Arthur Willert, The Hon. Harold Nicolson, and Professor Guglielmo Ferrero, for example—has been commendably free from the catch-cries of the Left and has manifestly been inspired by considerations of the highest national interest. Nevertheless, with the resignation of Mr. Anthony Eden from the Government, and particularly in view of the circumstances which provoked it, it is impossible for us to remain silent.

What are the facts? For months it has been an open secret that the deplorable weakness of British foreign policy, which is the current coin of discussion outside these islands, was due not to insufficiency of armaments but inadequacy of purpose, a confusion of counsel which has enabled Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini by continual and characteristic pivotings of the Berlin-Rome axis to put the National Government "on the spot"—and thereby establish and confirm in the minds of the peoples of Europe this country's decadence. Time and again it has been shown that the patrician elements of our governing class are simply out of their depth in the surging tide of contemporary problems.

Because of a pathetic and abysmal ignorance of the new forces at work—the emergence of the mass-man of which Señor Ortega y Gasset has so brilliantly written, i.e., the ascendancy of the *petite bourgeoisie* with all the limitations of that class—the

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older members of the Cabinet have consistently played mouse to the cat of the predatory Powers. With the support of a section of Conservative opinion, which has yet to learn the European alphabet, and with certain elements in the City ever ready to stage the "ballet of the frozen feet," they have apparently allowed themselves to be bulldozed by the preposterous idea that the sole purpose of the rulers of Germany and Italy (to say nothing of Japan) is to save the world from Bolshevism. This sprat has caught so many mackerels that it is hardly surprising to find it the *pièce de résistance* of the German Chancellor's latest speech. Anyone with half an eye can see, however, that the mischief to which Germany and Italy have put their hands in Spain has precious little to do with any ideology; raw materials, minerals and strategic key-points, these are the objects of their intervention in the Spanish schism. The anti-Comintern pact, too, is manifestly no mere shield and sword for use against Russia but, as we said last month, nothing less than an onslaught upon the privileged position of the three major democratic nations, Great Britain, France and U.S.A.

Mr. Eden, to his undying credit, has, with staunch support, be it said, from the Foreign Office, resisted the blackmail policy of German-Italian diplomacy. Above all, by his years of experience abroad he has appreciated the appalling effect on British prestige, indeed on the cause of democracy in general, of the surrender to the policy of blackmail.

To anyone who has had occasion to follow events in Europe in the past decade, indeed since the Peace Conference, it is painfully obvious that Great Britain's failure to learn to "speak European," in M. Briand's pregnant phrase has been the root of all evil. Austria all along has been a test case.

If ever there was a victim of the continuing inter-State anarchy which effectively excludes any healthy national life, it is the orphan Austrian Republic. Because of its beggar's existence at the price of subservience to the interests of foreign capitalists the "independence" of Austria has, of course, been nothing but a diplomatists' fiction. If it was necessary, in order to remove the threat of German *Macht* from the new States carved out of the old Hapsburg Empire in their fledgling years, that the Supreme Council in 1919 should veto the *Anschluss*, it was equally

necessary openly and frankly to recognise that such action was no more and no less than an expression of the traditional doctrine of balance-of-power. And at least the League of Nations should have been formally entrusted with the task of administration of the estate, pending a final settlement, as in the analogous case of the Saar; otherwise there was no adequate reply to the charge that the Allies, having invoked the principle of self-determination for the Succession States, were deliberately flouting when it cut across their own interests. In the absence of any security-disarmament agreement superseding the old power-politics it was inevitable that sooner or later we should witness an all-in contest of the Great Powers over Austria's prostrate body. Nothing, however, was done to relieve the situation. For obvious historical and economic reasons Austria's future could not be secured without a collaboration of Germany, and there might indeed have been some hope of a gradual adjustment on the lines of a reconstructed Danubian economic system, with Germany obtaining the market which her industry needs, had not Great Britain and France, united only in their negative purpose, imposed their veto on the Customs Union project of 1931. That fateful negative may be said to have set in motion the National-Socialist avalanche throughout central and eastern Europe. And its folly has been only matched by the subsequent criminal negligence of the principal guardians of the 1919 settlement in leaving their ward to the tender mercies of the hereditary foe, Italy. No one who has visited Austria in recent years can have failed to appreciate that, if once the country's destiny was left to be decided by a trial of strength between Fascist Italy and National Socialist Germany the outcome of such a "conflict" was a foregone conclusion. No one could fail to notice the almost hypnotic attraction of the personality of Herr Hitler himself, together with the appeal of German strength to Austrian weakness. Yet in spite of the ominous rumblings of the period 1931-34, not a finger was raised by the British Government for a *positive* solution of the problem of Austria, to implement, as with the fundamental security—disarmament problem, the principle of League *guardianship*—as contrasted with the *tutelage* of this or that Great Power. True, the British Government subscribed to a number of solemn

declarations of Britain's interest in the "independence" of Austria and frowned upon sundry German manifestations of the policy of the mailed fist. But there was in practice the same unreadiness to make of the League a useful instrument of peaceful change as there was to provide the essential basis of international security; and Herr Hitler, in an interview with Mr. Edward Price Bell, three years ago, could reasonably say "if the Germany of National Socialism has recourse to power diplomacy the reason is that it lives in a world of power-diplomacy." And meanwhile British public opinion, uninformed and prone to sentimentalize, grew to blame the war-fevered atmosphere of Europe upon France and the so-called *status quo* Powers; forgetting that Great Britain was equally responsible with France for the sorry plight of Austria, for example, since France and her girdle of small States were only given a free hand to establish their power-opposition as a *quid pro quo* for Britain's seizure of German colonies and the destruction of the German navy.

Since it was Herr Hitler's successful sabre-rattling at the expense of the unfortunate Dr. Schuschnigg which provoked the present British crisis, it was necessary, we suggest, to place the Austrian question in perspective. But what has been the immediate sequence of events?

To go no further back than last autumn; the achievement of the Nyon anti-piracy patrol, which was essentially Mr. Eden's triumph, was torpedoed—diplomatically speaking—within a fortnight by the forces hostile to him in London, to the consternation, be it said, of all who were following events in Geneva, not excluding the Foreign Office representatives. The next move, which inevitably undermined Mr. Eden's position, was the sudden decision of the Prime Minister to make a "friendly" approach to Herr Hitler over the head of the British Foreign Secretary. Mr. Neville Chamberlain did this against the better judgment of all his advisers and in spite of the complete rebuff which had attended a similar overture to Signor Mussolini in the previous August. The outcome of Lord Halifax's mission to Germany was entirely negative. But the dislocation within the Government which it revealed was sufficient encouragement to the Dictators for them to believe that now they had got the British Cabinet on the run. There followed the "promotion"—

read side-tracking—of Sir Robert Vansittart and further sinister intrigues for a "general settlement" with Germany on the entirely unwarranted assumption that the *Reich* could be bought off by the extension of foreign credits and *ad hoc* Committees of economic co-operation on the basis of the van Zeeland Report.

Finally, after the German weapon had broken in their hands, the same panicky circles, who have no grasp whatsoever of the fundamentals of Europe's situation, traded upon Mr. Chamberlain's innocence to press for a similar "friendly" approach to the Italian Government—again, if necessary, over the head of the Foreign Secretary. Overnight the "gramophone" Press, which had been assuring its readers that a settlement with Signor Mussolini was impossible so long as anti-British broadcasts, renewed piracy in the Mediterranean and continued intervention in Spain were the order of the day, put on the new record—and held out hopes of a return to the Gentleman's Agreement of January, 1937. The evidence of panic counsels was so transparent that Signor Mussolini must have simply chortled with malice.

At this point the Austrian crisis supervened. Dr. Schuschnigg was the victim of a stratagem which can only properly be described as a gangsters' hold-up. Signor Mussolini, naturally, kept his own counsel. Had he not discounted this German-Austrian *Gleichrichtung* ever since the early phase of the development of the Berlin-Rome axis? Thanks to the ostrich-like behaviour of London with regard to the Spanish war he and Herr Hitler had both a far bigger game to play in the Mediterranean and athwart the Atlantic route to the Cape. So, when reminded of their reiterated pledges of Austria's "independence" the spokesmen of British policy could only shamefacedly profess that "they had no information"—or that, without the support of Italy, such declarations were devoid of meaning. After the Abyssinian fiasco this fact was patent, but it had never been openly and candidly admitted; and there were still nuclei of opinion in the various countries of Europe who simply did not believe it to be possible that Britain, the very artificer of balance-of-power principles, should now allow the whole conception to go by default, and watch the Austrian bastion being invested without raising a finger.

Undaunted—indeed, one supposes, hugging the illusion that the Austrian *coup* had disposed Signor Mussolini to welcome friendly advances—Mr. Chamberlain and his advisers proceeded to fall over themselves in their desire to “square” the junior partner of the anti-Comintern firm. Thus, at the umpteenth conversations between Mr. Eden and Count Grandi concerning the withdrawal of Italian “volunteers” from Spain—on February 18th—Mr. Chamberlain was present, and it transpires that, despite an utterly negative response, the Prime Minister was willing to waive all the fundamental points of difference!

It is the effect of yet another surrender to the policy of blackmail which matters. Herr Hitler's success in brutalizing Austria was bound, in any case, to clinch Germany's hegemony in Central and south-eastern Europe. But that, after his speech of defiance on the 20th and especially the taunts directed against Mr. Eden personally, the latter should appear to have been thrown to the “Fascist” wolves is the gravest element of the whole situation.

No wonder Mr. Eden, for once taking the offensive, should have thrown out his appeal to “the younger generation” at the Birmingham conference of the Junior Imperial League. There are millions of men and women of all parties and of no party who will echo his *cri de cœur* of ‘peace not only in our time but in yours’—which means, as he said, “no sacrifice of principles and no shirking of responsibilities merely to obtain quick results that may not be permanent . . .” By their last act, as by so many others, the “monstrous regiment of old women” at present disposing of Britain's destinies stand self-condemned. To “drop the pilot” at this juncture reveals a complete failure to understand the imponderables of the European situation.

The present writer belongs to that growing number of Englishmen which, in fact, wins every election—and is not represented in Parliament. Whether or not the present *désarroi* in British policy causes a new general election in the near future, one thing is certain: the emergence, and the entry into power, sooner or later, of a generation which, appreciating what is at stake, will steadfastly maintain “a more positive attitude by this country in Europe” (*cf* the statement issued after the meeting of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House on February 17th) thus upholding those principles of ordered freedom for which Mr. Anthony Eden stands.

AGRICULTURAL POLICY

BY PROFESSOR R. G. STAPLEDON,

THE outstanding lesson to be learned from the various expedients adopted during recent critical years to save agriculture from bankruptcy is this: that apparently straightforward projects entail the most complicated, far-reaching, and in many of their ramifications unexpected, not to say undesirable, consequences. A corollary to this statement is that every change brought about in the production and handling of commodities must eventually react upon the land itself for good or for ill. Now practically all recent Government policy, up to the lime and slag policy and save for the de-rating of agricultural land, has been concerned solely and exclusively with commodities. Every one of these policies has, however, automatically had some influence on the land: what that influence was likely to be it has been nobody's concern to try and prognosticate. The commodities in question, moreover, would necessarily be produced by a variety of methods.

Herein lies the inherent weakness of all short-term policies (invariably based on commodities), indeed of all policies based on commodities as such—the finished article. Here is the urban mind, triumphantly led by the economists, at work cheerfully supposing that agriculture can be dealt with in terms of the factory, the raw material, and the finished product. The cold fact is that nothing can be produced in the agricultural “factory” without also constantly influencing the very substance and basic structure of the factory itself, while, for that matter, it is quite impossible to make a real distinction between factory and raw material, or in many instances between raw material and finished product. All movement on a well-organized farm goes in circles: in a factory movement proceeds along straight lines, bifurcating and deviating perhaps, but always in straight lines. These are the fundamental and

irreconcilable differences between agriculture and manufacture, and the realization of these differences must necessarily be the only mental foundation upon which it is possible to think out the essentials of a stable long-term policy for agriculture. The factory—and the soil is the *real* factory (highly unstable and ever changing though it be)—must be looked after continuously and kept up to a proper standard of efficiency. What standard? That is the first question to be settled. By merely asking this question we are at once set off on the right lines, for we must next ask, what, precisely, in the interest of the nation at this time and at all times, do we expect our soil, that is to say the land of this country, to do for us?

It follows that in framing a long-term policy for agriculture the first thing to do is to look ahead and to endeavour to form a correct estimate of the most menacing of possible eventualities. There are three: war, the threatened rapid fall in birth-rate and the unlikelihood of overseas countries being able to supply us with food as cheaply and as abundantly as heretofore. Of these three dangers decreasing population is probably by far the most serious. Without thinking of war, and without taking an exaggerated view of the importance to mankind of the British peoples, half a dozen cogent reasons spring to mind why a diminished population would be a first-class catastrophe to the people contributing to it. The population problem is of prime urgency, because, if the threatened danger is to be met, action must be taken at once. It is a reasonable hypothesis to put forward, and only reasoned speculation is here possible, that a contented rural population would rear larger families than even a contented urban population. Accept this proposition—and there is evidence in favour of its acceptance—and it is evident that the first cornerstone in our agricultural policy would have to be to ensure as large and as contented a rural population as possible. Great emphasis is to be laid on *contented*; this implies that there must be no undue disparity between rural and urban wages and housing conditions. Indeed that this disparity should be immediately brought to an end is probably the most urgent need of rural Britain to-day.

War! The last war taught us the dangers and the immense expense involved in not being agriculturally prepared. To-day,

on balance, and for the sake of argument, let it be granted that we are less vulnerable than we were in 1917: even so, no living man dare prognosticate how we shall stand ten or twenty years hence in relation to scientific developments in the arts of destruction and of killing. In order then to frame our long-term policy is necessary to decide in advance what commodities in particular will be required, and in what relative proportion to each other during the stress of war—and this chiefly in the interest ensuring adequate soil fertility for war needs.

Owing to the very real menace of soil erosion and of soil depletion methods of husbandry abroad must substantially change, costs of production are likely steadily to rise, to the disadvantage of the British housewife and to the advantage of the home farmer, while certain commodities may actually go scarce sooner than we expect. He who eventually shoulders the task of framing a long-term policy for British agriculture must assuredly hold all the long-term contingencies here enumerated clearly in mind.

What are the needs of to-day? First and foremost that we should produce here at home enough of such foods as must be eaten fresh. This matter of fresh food has both its immediate and its longer period significance. The biochemist has only just begun his work. In the first place freshness is a relative term, on the one hand it may very likely be found that eggs and vegetables, and perhaps many other commodities, to be of maximum health value should be eaten fresher than anybody thinks they should, while other commodities not now put in the "fresh" class may eventually have to be so placed. After freshness as such must be placed the whole question of quality, quality considered primarily from the point of view of human health. There remains a great deal of definition to be done relative to quality. But the immediate point is that agricultural methods are likely to need revision when *quality* rather than *cheapness* dominates the outlook of mankind.

The question of the agricultural population is urgent from the point of view of the immediate needs of agriculture, let alone any expansion. By some it is argued that in view of the rapid developments in mechanization we are far from having attained to maximum output per man. Even so, the higher the production, whatever the methods, relatively the greater the

employment in the country: the more animals to be looked after, larger harvests to be moved about on and off the farm, the greater the transportation of fertilizers, and of "finished" products. The last word, however, has certainly not been said—far from it—as to the economic size of holdings and as to the amount of labour that could be fruitfully employed on holdings of various types and sizes. We are, moreover, a long way from having attained to the high-water mark in the production of vegetables, and eggs and livestock products in general, which are susceptible only to a certain amount of mechanization.

To argue that agriculture can no longer be the basis for a reasonably large rural population is manifestly ridiculous; such an argument is tenable only if it can be proved that it is to the country's advantage now and always to grow the absolute minimum of food for itself.

British agricultural policy, then, must be one that, firstly, ensures a large rural population, and, secondly, that maintains the maximum acreage of the country in a condition capable of high production. It would seem important to lay emphasis on "a condition suitable for high production" rather than on any particular commodity. In the first place peace and war if not actually calling for different commodities call for different proportions between commodities. World conditions are in such a state of flux, and scientific developments so rapid, that there is no guarantee of supplies of any particular commodity being cheaper, or in some cases more plentiful, from overseas sources than from home production at any give date within the next twenty to fifty years. As to certain commodities we should immediately work up to optimum output for the health of the nation in respect of milk, vegetables and possibly eggs also, and, maybe, quality meat as well.

In short, a sane long-term policy must be one which is as interested in what the country could grow "next" year, as in what it is actually growing "this" year, and behind the framing of the policy must be the acute realization that the country cannot grow the maximum of any set of commodities unless there is enough fully trained labour on the land to do so, and unless there are enough farmers mentally, technically and mechanically equipped for cultivation and for high production.

This paper is only concerned with the essentials of a sane long-term agricultural policy: whether the country is sufficiently alive to the dangers ahead to make the necessary changes in policy in order to render it possible, and before it is too late, to launch a real agricultural and rural policy is another matter.

The essentials, let it be repeated, are farmers, men and acres—fertile acres to boot! Mr. Christopher Turnor, than whom nobody has a wider experience of agricultural conditions, has recently and forcefully urged the need of exhaustive inquiry. All said and done, in the last resort everything comes down to men and acres. In the absolute sense at the present time, and for some time to come, men are not limited. Acres in a small country with a large population making all manner of agricultural and non-agricultural calls on its land surface are exceedingly limited. To-day then, and in any event for several generations, acres are the master factor in the whole situation. How stand we for acres, and upon what lines is it desirable to conduct exhaustive inquiries into the quantity and quality of available acres? To this, the basic factor, the closing portion of our brief review will be devoted.

At the outset let us remind ourselves—here we are permitting ourselves, and legitimately enough in this case, an industrial analogy—that when Britain started on her re-armament the greatest difficulties and the greatest delays were connected with the setting up of factories and the accumulation of raw material; in short, with problems equivalent to the obtaining of acres for agricultural development. More than this, re-armament has been greatly concerned with acres in their solid and spatial reality. Factory sites, the bespoiling of agricultural land for the winning of minerals, training grounds, camps, munition dumps, all in the aggregate making heavy annual inroads on agricultural land, and not infrequently on some of the very best of agricultural land. All this, moreover, on top of the heavy and ill-co-ordinated raids that for the last twenty years and more urban and industrial developments have been making on Land.

The first thing to be found out is what exactly has been and what is likely to be the annual increment of all this commandeering. In recent years it has certainly exceeded 50,000 acres and is probably now not far short of 100,000 acres per annum. The

second need is to formulate a sound basis for assessing the optimum use of land—of all land, of every parcel of land.* When we come to such land as the urban-ravager, and the suppositious necessities of defence leave over for agriculture, we have to regard maximum need in the interest of soil fertility and general agricultural utility as of greater immediate moment than optimum use in respect of the production of any particular crop. We must then schedule our acres, first in relation to optimum use from the point of view of all the purposes to which land can be put, and then schedule the agricultural residue in terms of maximum need (in relation to soil fertility and general agricultural utility, let it be again emphasized) and in terms of potential rather than of actual present optimum use.

Need and potential use, then, are to be our criteria, and our guiding principles, in obtaining information leading to the formulation of a sane agricultural policy. This implies that information is urgently needed, not so much as to the acreage in the several crops and as to the yield and excellence of the crops (this our statistics give us), but as to how these crop acreages are disposed of in relation to systems of farming, and then how different systems of farming react upon first, soil fertility, and secondly, flexibility in commodity production. Data on ploughability and equipment are perhaps the most essential of all.

Systems of farming in relation to soil, flexibility and equipment in this country I shall presume to define as follows:

Arable. When the plough and crop cultivation is taken over practically the whole of the farm:

- (a) When leys† do not contribute to the rotation of crops;
- (b) When leys of no longer than two years' duration contribute to the rotation, and when the area in leys does not exceed one-sixth of the land under cultivation.

*The argument here developed and the terminology employed are in sympathy with—and an extension of—the thesis propounded by Lord Thomson over a year ago, and amplified by Mr. G. M. Young in a recent letter to *The Times*.

†The meaning and the significance of the ley must be clearly understood. A ley is a field sown down to grass and such as will be left down to grass, until such events, for a pre-defined and definite number of years, one, two, or four, as Z, and seldom more than twelve. The underlying idea is grass as a crop, but equally important is the ploughed down sod in relation to the enhancement and maintenance of soil fertility. The ley, properly understood and properly employed, has more to contribute to flexibility and soil fertility, and therefore is a more important factor influencing a sane long term agricultural policy than any other single crop.

These systems properly conducted constitute high farming: they entail full equipment for crop production but not necessarily for animal production; they maintain, or are capable of maintaining, soil fertility at a high level and permit of great flexibility at short notice. They are, however, easily abused. Only a limited area of the country is adapted to these systems. What area of each, having regard to modern knowledge, cheap fertilizers and modern machinery?

Permanent Grass.—When the whole farm is in grass and the plough is never used; no cropping. The number of such farms ill-managed and on poor to very poor permanent grass full of weeds is far in excess of those well managed. The productivity of our permanent grass farms as a whole is lower in relation to potentialities, and the soil less cared for in relation to need, than is the case with other of the systems we adopt. This system makes heavier calls on imported feeding stuffs in relation to potentialities for the production of winter rations on the farms than any other. Much of the dairy farming as now practised on permanent grass is such as totally to ignore both the optimum use and maximum need of the fields of the farm.

Nondescript.—When one portion of the farm, frequently less than one-third, is kept under rotation and the remainder in permanent grass. Taking the country as a whole the preponderant acreage would probably be found to be under this system. Within obvious limitations there is scope for high farming under this system, but the average of achievement in relation to potentialities is lamentably low. This system, even in the hands of the worst practitioners, ranks higher than the all-permanent grass system, because cultivation if only in an undertone is not a lost art, and the farm itself at least contributes something more than inferior hay to the winter ration.

Alternate Husbandry. i.e., when the plough is taken in rotation over all the ploughable fields of the farm. This system is based on the ley. The fields actually in leys at any time may vary from about 25 per cent. to over 80 per cent. of the whole farm. Properly conducted this system builds up fertility more rapidly and more certainly than any except the highest arable farming. The grass from the leys will be weed-free, highly nutritious and available for a greatly extended grazing season.

The system is supremely flexible, its practitioners are necessarily informed stock-masters and skilled cultivators. They are equipped for both animal and crop husbandry.

As to the gross acreage and the number of farms devoted to each system, although some of the data necessary for classification are available, far too many are totally lacking. Anything approaching an accurate statement is utterly impossible.

To have accurately mapped the country in terms of these systems is a basic necessity from the points of view alike of formulating a long-term policy and taking reasoned measures in respect of war danger.

Look at the matter how we will, it is the acreage under permanent grass that always has been and always must be the mirror which reflects our progress away from or towards a sane long-term policy for agriculture. We have not yet begun to move forward. To-day as never before we have the technical and mechanical equipment available to leap forward at the very first signs of dawning national sanity, and we have the experience of men like Hosier and a number of far-seeing pioneers who have grasped the significance of modern developments and—who thanks to initiative nowhere surpassed in the sphere of progressive enterprise—have forged, or shown that it is easily possible to forge, the appropriate methods of farm practice.

Put quite tersely the basic principle that must underlie our policy can only be a striving to eliminate as far as absolutely possible nondescript and permanent grass farming from our agricultural practices. High arable farming should be in progress on all situations suitable for it, and alternate husbandry—ley farming in short—on all the rest of the country that *can be farmed*. It is farmers that the country wants, for “to be a farmer” is to “cultivate the land.”

We have now brought our argument to a single issue. How many acres of Great Britain can *not* be farmed, or ought not, in the interest of agriculture itself, to be farmed. How many acres, that is to say, is it both necessary and legitimate to leave in permanent grass? It is to be conceded that a few fields in permanent grass may be necessary in some circumstances both to the arable and to the ley farmer, and it may be legitimate to

keep a small proportion of the very best permanent grass (a small acreage anyway) intact.

In a paper read in London on May 13th, 1936,* the writer brought forward a considered estimate to show that in England and Wales of permanent grass, completely deteriorated long leys and of rough grazings below the 1,500 ft. contour there were something of the order of 16½ million acres of land in relation to potentialities more or less neglected and much of it absolutely derelict. No less an area than 43 per cent of the land surface of England and Wales by no manner of means pulling its weight in the interest of food production.

To-day, such is our lack of reliable evidence, it is impossible to say how large a proportion of that 16½ million acres could be brought under arable or ley farming—how much, in short, is ploughable and ought to be ploughed. The amount is probably not short of 8 million acres, and may well be in excess of that.

To sum up and to conclude. The basis of a permanent and stable agricultural policy must necessarily be sought for in terms of farmers, men and acres. When we say farmers we mean men equipped for and conversant in the arts of cultivation and crop production. In absolutes, since this is a small country with a large population, acres are the ultimate limiting factor. Therefore, the basic consideration is that of the acres in their qualitative and quantitative aspects, and consequently the first necessity in an approach towards a long-term policy for agriculture is to ascertain where we stand as to acres, and how we stand in respect of systems of farming appropriate to those acres. Remembering that a system of farming is only appropriate if it holds a just balance between optimum use of the fields (in terms of healthy food fit for humans to eat) and maximum need in respect of soil fertility—and if it is also flexible. These are hard sayings, doubly hard because true, and they are sayings that cut deep into all the political and economic tenets that have dominated the thought of this country for a hundred years and more.

*See “The Case for Land Improvement and Reclamation.” J. Roy. Soc. Arts. Vol. lxxiv. July, 1936.

BRITAIN AND THE EUROPEAN BALANCE

BY LIONEL M. GELBER.

INSIDE Europe a free hand for herself, outside Europe a free hand for Great Britain—this, in sum, is the substance of Germany's vision, a clue perhaps not only to what is in the front of her mind but to what may also be at the back of her policy. Now in a world progressively shorn of collective safeguards British, as well as German, calculations must at bottom be founded on elements of individual and associated power. For nothing less is at stake than the European balance. It is no easy task to turn down Germany on disputed grounds of national honour or international morality alone. There is a deep-rooted feeling in Great Britain that because of the way she was handled after 1918 she must be treated with indulgence now, that, however reprehensible her conduct at home and abroad, amends have yet to be made to her. No doubt the argument flies to an extreme when it condones the sinister error, so fatal alike to European order and the British Commonwealth, that race, nationality and the State must be co-extensive; when, as though neither Masaryk nor Benes, Dollfuss nor Schuschnigg, had ever existed, it invokes exclusively in Germany's favour the blessed name of self-determination; and when, so irrational are the emotions aroused, the odd spectacle is furnished of Wilsonian idealism harnessed to the rule of the strong. But what has yet to be explained is why, if it be true that the *status quo* in Europe inhibits unjustly a people so virile and so dynamic as the Germans, this complaint should be applied more seldom to the Far East where, for reasons akin to their discontent with the post-war treaties, the Japanese are demonstrating how such notions work in practice.

The problem is no new one. From the days of the Tudors to those of Louis XIV, from Bonaparte to the Emperor William II, it has been a cardinal maxim of British policy to insist upon

the free passage of the Narrow Seas, to keep the Low Countries out of hostile hands and to oppose the domination of Europe by any single aggressive Power or group of Powers. During the Victorian era matchless naval strength and unchallengeable industrial supremacy gave Great Britain a measure of detachment from Continental dissensions and the age-old struggle between Gaul, Teuton and Slav; to the very last Salisbury harboured what Joseph Chamberlain perceived was already obsolete, the luxury conception of the British rôle as *la puissance médiatrice*. In the twentieth century the issue was again faced squarely first by Lansdowne and then by Grey; the military superiority of Germany disturbed them before her naval aspirations widened the gulf irrevocably. Then came 1914-18, the invasion of Belgium and France, Europe in flames, the grim fulfilment of everything Lansdowne and Grey had feared and foreseen. The lesson of those years has not, however, been forgotten. In 1936 when Germany violated the Locarno Treaty Great Britain extended to Belgium and France military guarantees, exact commitments (modified and renewed a year later) which the pre-war Entente did not possess and clear testimony to her dependence in the present as in the past on the European equilibrium.

But does it suffice merely to be content with what Lord Baldwin has called our frontier on the Rhine? Is it not an illusion to think that Great Britain can withdraw securely behind Anglo-French ramparts while Germany imposes her ruthless will everywhere else in Europe? Yet beneath the attempt to induce France to drop all her Eastern commitments—which might indirectly involve Great Britain in war across the Rhine—lies the conviction that as recompense for their Western immunity the Franco-British Entente should encourage or at least assent to German ascendancy in Bohemia, Austria and beyond. Divided counsels in Great Britain are worth an army corps to Germany, and this theory has strong backing. What its adoption must entail is plain enough. Temporarily removing one peril it would create another even more deadly in the end. Accorded a free hand in Central and Eastern Europe,—and that is what the new arrangement with Austria may well mean—Germany could build a power so immense and so irresistible that in turn the West will

be entirely at her mercy. The brilliant sweep of her conquests and arms from 1866 to 1918, her key-position at the heart of the continent, her interior lines of communication, her genius for organization, her national character and mentality—none of these can be left out of account. And if Sadowa preceded Sedan the interval between them was short.

Of the two barriers on Germany's south-eastward path one is less rigid than the other. Austria, moreover, is not only more vulnerable, strategically and diplomatically, than Czechoslovakia but, if she breaks under the weight brought to bear by her great neighbour from within and from without her borders, the Czechs would in any case be encircled—deserted by the disaffected section of the Sudeten minority, their further political independence automatically untenable. *Realpolitik* must turn friendships no less than enmities to account, and the main key to the gates of Vienna has hitherto reposed in Rome. On it, however, Mussolini's grip is visibly relaxing. To-day with German sympathy Italy has given such large hostages to fortune, is so impoverished by her Abyssinian and Spanish adventures, so entangled outside Central Europe with France and Great Britain, that the Italo-German agreement of 1936 about Austria has been shown to be rather a broken need. For the famous axis is not an Italian weapon but a German bar behind which is confined the prisoner of Rome.

More almost than anything else what must influence the European balance for good or ill are the relations of Moscow with the Western capitals. To Hitlerian diplomacy the fiction that between the ideologies of Right and Left there can be no middle way has been an undeniable asset; shielded by the anti-Communist crusade Germany has obtained latitude that would have been incredible before 1914 to pursue traditional and purely national designs of European power. Yet in determining the British attitude towards Berlin and Moscow alike the governing factor can no longer be political theory or moral judgment but the map of Europe; geography has decreed, and history teaches, that the rise of an ambitious, eruptive Power nearby is an immeasurably greater hazard to the British Isles than the machinations of one that is both more self-contained and more remote. By every dispassionate calculation of power-

politics if Russia and the Anglo-French Entente have similar interests in Central and Eastern Europe they may, in a spirit not of mutual esteem but of common exigency, be expected to stand together. What Moscow no less than London has to decide is whether, granting that they possess such interests, they are disposed again to collaborate in their support.

Russia's pacts of non-aggression, her entry into the League of Nations and her treaties of mutual assistance with France and Czechoslovakia were a natural response to the demagogic rattle of the Hitlerian sabre. By some English champions of the new *Drang nach Osten* Russo-German tension has been regarded as not altogether unfortunate; if the Soviet and the Third Reich were embroiled against each other the rest of Europe might breathe more freely. But the plain fact is that before Germany could make inroads in southern Russia or annex the Ukraine the whole of Central and Eastern Europe must come into her grasp; and if that happened the German shadow would lie as heavily over the West as over the East. And what if Russia herself suffers a change of heart? Noting sardonically the triumphs of Italo-German diplomacy in the Abyssinian, Locarno and Spanish controversies she may wonder whether she will not be left by the Western Powers with most of the burden of stemming the eastward Nazi tide; whether—the remilitarization of the Rhineland being here a critical point—without them it is one she can or should bear; whether in such a case antagonism even to Hitler is really worth her while. And should Russia, sceptical of the value of further co-operation with Great Britain and France (although it has contributed weightily to the European balance and therefore to her own advantage), now conclude that her best line of defence is, after all, her own frontier, would not the German task be enormously simplified?

Where bluster fails smoother accents may succeed. Divested of its ideological trappings, Hitler's truculent effort to expel Russia from the councils of Europe is an endeavour to isolate her so as to hamstring collective security, impair the French system, weaken Czechoslovakia and set in train that mastery of the Danubian basin which must be the foundation of his continental power. But may not events in the Far East slowly evoke a drastic revision of policy? So long as there was a prospect of

simultaneous Japanese pressure on Asiatic Russia some Nazis could toy with grandiose projects of taking in their stride along with the smaller Eastern States the outer fringes of the Soviet—although British neutrality and the use of Polish soil for the German legions might also have been essential. But to these plans does not Japan's large-scale war in China constitute a rebuff as shattering as it was unexpected? For the more her blood and treasure are poured out below the Great Wall the lower must sink her stock in any well-timed anti-Russian enterprise. Thus Russia, despite the execution of Tukhachevsky and his colleagues, despite the loss of her most talented military leaders—and the closer unity of the high command with the *régime* may in itself be adequate compensation—is much more secure than she was a year ago; the threat of a joint German-Japanese onslaught correspondingly less real. And, for the moment, in this sense, too, China's anguish is to some extent the price of Europe's peace. But many Germany for her cherished aims altogether because Japan is not a German ally in the cause of Japanese rather than German expansion? A military understanding with Tokyo German expansion? A political understanding with Moscow would not a purposes better?

The *Reichswehr* at least may think so. (For the more limited conditions notwithstanding) they have still insisted on a *tabula rasa*. Certainly it would enable them to deal with a peaceful world originally intended or with less danger of pandering to play turn at once south-eastward where much agitation is they had Russian soil is even touched. On the Rapallo *policy* interference always looked with favour, and the treaty which Germany they have signed with Russia in 1922 was not only renewed in many first Hitler himself but in spite of the subsequent anti-Soviet *campaign* has never been denounced. The *Reichswehr* and the Red Army have a long record of fellowship, while German capitalists *in* again desire opportunities they previously enjoyed in developing Soviet industry. Whatever the ideological pretext, Hitler has tried to sever the tie between Russia, Czechoslovakia, France and the League of Nations for strategic reasons with which every German statesman since Bismarck has been painfully familiar; the West not being intimidated by the *furor teutonicus* and the

wire to the Kremlin having never irreparably been cut he may undertake to gain his ends at Moscow itself. And neither for the Soviet nor for the Third Reich would that mean a more startling metamorphosis in foreign policy than others they have undergone; before Hitler's pact with Pilsudski the relations of Germany with Poland seemed as irremediably bad as they now do with Russia. Since Bismarck's day Germany has always strengthened the chain of her own "encirclement"; if she jettisons her policy of encircling the Soviet she may break a link which she forged against herself. With Japan engrossed more than ever in China and with Italy's gaze fixed overseas it is the Western Powers rather than Moscow who have most to yield to the so-called counter-League of Rome, Berlin and Tokio. In China and Central Europe alike the ultimate political and economic interests of Germany are not those of her present associates; by a union of forces she must help them—as they must help her—to extort from Great Britain and France more than they could each have procured alone in order to offset discrepancies which render their combination fundamentally so unstable. A fit alignment for power-diplomacy at London and Paris, the impermanent triangular coalition is not an insuperable obstacle between Berlin and Moscow.

What then British opinion must appreciate is that Russia dwells under no inescapable obligation to support the European balance. Even now it is not improbable that her reawakening nationalism, with an eye to the enemies by whom she is encompassed, can in some degree be traced to disappointment at the poor fruits of collaboration with Western internationalism. And if Hitler provoked the emergence of Soviet diplomacy from its comparative seclusion he also can purchase its retirement to something like its former state.

In these circumstances the British objective should be clear. The European equipoise to be maintained at all must be steady at both ends. It is the policy of the British Government to circumvent ideological groupings, to work irrespective of internal *régimes* with every Power bent upon peace; and what is sauce for the German goose is sauce for the Russian gander. For by repudiating the League of Nations the Rome—Berlin—Tokio camp have created that which Great Britain seeks to

dispel ; between Russia and the West, however, so long as she is represented at Geneva, the machinery for co-operation remains. The Soviet may still prefer to avoid dependence on German goodwill, and it would be a blunder of the first magnitude if Anglo-French diplomacy allowed that preference to wither in exasperation and despair. To emasculate the Covenant so that Russia as well as the smaller Eastern States could rely no longer on any form of collective security may be further to push them one by one into Hitler's arms ; and if the Soviet pacts with France and Czechoslovakia were deprived of all substance the process would only be accelerated. Just as Grey and his contemporaries, beset with the overweening pretensions of Germany, could not afford to perpetuate Anglo-Russian misunderstanding, so neither can the British Government to-day. There is no question of a fastidious choice between rival creeds or of deciding whether or not the Soviet tyranny outstrips the worst iniquities of the Tsardom. In every way save one Great Britain and Germany had more in common before the War than Great Britain and Russia ; in every way save one the same may even be true again. But that one exception was and is crucial. The disappearance from European politics of the Russian counterpoise would mean that the Third Reich had achieved a goal for which Imperial Germany strove in vain. So dire a setback, unless the balance of power has lost its importance for Great Britain, unless geography is a snare and history a delusion, it is now the business of British statesmanship to do what it can to prevent.

If there is no Russian withdrawal and the French system does not wholly dissolve, Czechoslovakia may face the future with renewed confidence. As for Austria, the weakest of the dykes against the surging German flood, her fate is necessarily influenced by British relations with yet another Great Power. Of that point indeed Mr. Baldwin's Government seem, during the Italo-Ethiopian crisis, to have been fully aware ; it looks like being the trump card up Mussolini's sleeve at present. For the vindication of the Covenant in 1935, even if collectively feasible, might not only have hastened the collapse of Italy but also—with the relics of the League providing a battered trophy for a further Hitlerian triumph—have expedited the surrender to

Germany of Central Europe. Ironic as it may now appear the fact is that on the European continent Great Britain and Italy are natural allies. Signor Mussolini must know perfectly well that his vigil on the Brenner is an Anglo-French interest which cannot endure if his *régime* crumbles and chaos ensues ; the British, on the other hand, knowing equally well that he dare not forfeit Italy's European position, refuse to pay him for what is, after all, his primary duty to his own country. It is a trial of strength, one in which, if unduly prolonged, neither of the contestants but Hitler will be the winner. A fillip to his prestige, concrete advantages to embody it—these are Mussolini's immediate requirements. For, unless he is soon to find himself in complete vassalage to Berlin with scarcely equivalent gains elsewhere, a settlement from Great Britain and France must be extracted at an early date.

If there is a Franco-British deal with Italy what becomes of the Covenant, the rule of law, the decencies of international life ? Perhaps it is no mere question of letting justice be done, though the Mediterranean heavens fall. For Geneva to insist unavailingly upon the restoration of one primitive African State may be to fail while yet there is time to preserve the freedom of others in Europe itself. Will conscience be salved, the decencies of international life upheld, will the Covenant, the rule of law be in a healthier condition when most of Central and Eastern Europe is converted into a German province ? And, even from an ideological point of view, it must be accounted a feeble victory for democracy if Fascism gives way simply to enhance Nazi predominance. For here is no clean-cut decision between right and wrong but a choice of the lesser evil. There are those who distinguish between a British policy founded on the Covenant and one guided by the principle of the balance of power. Whether or not the contrast was once valid it is in the circumstances of to-day a false antithesis, a total misconception of the necessities of the case. Only by maintaining the balance of power can Great Britain and France support a European order in which the ideals of the League may somehow linger and in some happier hour even flourish again. If the equilibrium is demolished, the League goes irretrievably and much else besides.

Conducted with prudence and skill British diplomacy may yet steer mankind away from disaster. Ceaselessly and impressively the mounting armaments and deepening friendships of Great Britain tend to repair her damaged authority. That, despite the high-flown insolence of Japan in the Far East, matters nearer home come first, the concentration of the fleet in and about European waters abundantly indicates. Nor are further continental commitments, of which public opinion might not approve, wholly indispensable. In the present situation uncertainty about British intentions may serve as a deterrent to German expansion only less effective than formal but impracticable iron-clad guarantees. There are circumstances in which imprecision is the bane of international negotiation; there can be circumstances in which it may prove a tower of strength. The mere fact that Hitler has always sought an understanding with Great Britain, of which the premise would be that she disinterest herself in Central and Eastern Europe, shows that unless he gets it he is afraid to move. So long as Great Britain withholds her consent to a free hand, there will be a haunting dread at Berlin that she may in any ultimate crisis intervene. And if Germany remembers the kind of mistake about Great Britain that was made in 1914, the indefinite, the unpredictable nature of the British attitude in an emergency should keep alive in German calculations a saving anxiety not to repeat it.

Herr Hitler, may of course, take a chance on the British love of peace. The danger will be intensified if important sections of the public mind in Great Britain, by finding excuses for him in advance, incite him, as they often do, to some reckless action; if, too, at critical junctures Ministers themselves hamper their own diplomatic influence by saying gratuitously that they will not run the risk of war. It may be so, but why say it? A studied vagueness which will keep Hitler guessing cannot add to the perils confronting Central and Eastern Europe; it might, the potential threat of British participation being what it is, keep them in abeyance. The special Entente problem of July—August, 1914, will not again arise—not, at any rate, in the same shape; the Anglo-French military guarantees of 1936-37 are explicit and comprehensive. But the people and Parliament of Great Britain still retain the liberty to decide on

the merits of each case elsewhere in Europe as it occurs. To barter away that liberty might be to bring about the very predicament that it must be the supreme object of British policy avert.

Nor will the growth of English-speaking solidarity—sympathy with Great Britain in the Dominions and the United States alike—have a negligible effect on the chancelleries of Europe. Experience indeed should warn Berlin that here, too, is another unknown quantity with which it would be foolhardy not to reckon. For much that has happened since the Treaty of Versailles, Great Britain and the United States are apt to blame each other; in any final crisis what draws them closer is a view of human society which transcends every difference, however pronounced, of outlook, geography and tradition. And Great Britain must make the most of this fact even though, in the absence of continuous collaboration such as is feasible with France, British policy may of necessity resort to disillusioning compromises. Properly understood it is a vital interest of the United States, as of the British Commonwealth as a whole, that Great Britain should be able to maintain the European equilibrium, for with it is bound up not only her own security and independence but the distribution of power all the world over. At a time of profound disquiet it is a heartening sign of their faith and temper that in free countries on both sides of the Atlantic so many voices should clamour for a common ideological front dedicated to the defence of democracy; a programme which contemplates improved relations with the Russian and Italian dictatorships, if not utterly repugnant, assuredly must exercise less popular appeal. To buttress the continental balance may none the less be the sole means of upholding an international order in which the democratic institutions of both Western Europe and the New World can safely survive to await the dawn of a better day. For what the morrow will bring no man can tell, but if the unity of the English-speaking peoples stands unshaken and infuses into the diplomacy of peace reserves of strength as vast as they are undefined, the politics of war may yet be overawed.

THE MISCHIEF IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

BY Air-Commodore L. E. O. CHARLTON

THE British Government's policy of non-intervention in Spain is now much better understood on all sides. It is recognized that first of all the expedient was devised to restore a civil character to the Spanish Civil War; and later, when its international significance was unmistakable, the policy was persisted in to prevent the local conflict overspreading and becoming a European conflagration. Our armaments were low, a fact which was only too apparent during the Abyssinian crisis, and we were in no shape to defend ourselves if war did come. And yet in doing so we overlooked a possibility as regards the outcome of the struggle which contains the seeds of a danger to the Empire as great as any it has ever had to face. We overlooked the consequence to the British imperium, and the effect on an already complicated Mediterranean situation, should General Franco win the war.

The precise part which this inland waterway, 1927 miles in length from Gibraltar to Port Said, plays in our Imperial economy is perhaps not wholly understood. Since the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 we know it mostly as a short-cut route by sea to India and the Far East. Since the coming of commercial aviation we recognize its intimate connection with air transport in the chain of Imperial communications, and how its use in this respect reinforces air power. And now, later still, we hear of the two ports, Tripoli and Haifa, at its eastern end as pipe-line terminals for Iraq oil. This is not quite the sum total of our general knowledge on the subject, for there are the key-points on the high road to consider, Gibraltar, Malta and Cyprus, together with Egypt where we must still maintain a garrison. But in the main it is as an arterial highway that we regard it, for commerce mostly, with natural sentry-posts along the route, and men-of-war patrols, to ensure its protection.

That, however, is not the half of the Mediterranean's real importance in our Imperial scheme. If it ceased to be a through way safe for use it would be no difficult matter to deroute all cargo vessels round the Cape. With the exception of oil very few necessities are imported from countries on its seaboard, and as for that commodity less than 15 per cent. of our total requirement originates either in Black Sea or in Mediterranean ports. As for our garrisons, are they not well situated to defend themselves, and would not the activities of the Navy be a further shield and guard? On the face of it war with a Mediterranean power does not even begin to spell the word disaster.

Appearances are apt to be deceptive, and to show that they may be so in this instance it is necessary to describe briefly the effect which the Suez Canal has had on our programme of Imperial expansion. When that project was first mooted by de Lesseps British diplomacy did all it could to foil the undertaking, Lord Palmerston even telling him by word of mouth, and with slight inconsequence, that it was a physical impossibility, that if it were constructed it would injure British maritime supremacy, and that, in any case, it was nothing but a device for French interference in the Near-East. Seven years later Disraeli purchased the whole block of Khedivial shares, and financial ownership began to pass to Great Britain. But mere profit was not our main concern. De Lesseps had not only cut a canal, he had also altered an Imperial policy. For safety's sake it had now become necessary to protect this tenuous strip of water by every means in our power, and accordingly our efforts were at once directed towards the acquisition of, or the suzerainty over, all adjoining territory the position of which might be interpreted has a threat, direct or indirect, against either of its banks.

We consolidated our hold on Egypt, taking in the hinterland of the Sudan, and when the Anglo-French Agreement, thanks to the combined efforts of King Edward VII. and Lord Lansdowne, was signed in 1904 we heaved vast sighs of relief at the free hand which was thereby given us. Aden, now at last a colony, together with Perim, became the guardian of the Bab el Mandeb, and British Somaliland on the opposite shore of the gulf was declared a Protectorate in 1884. The whole belt of land with

its seaboard on the eastern Mediterranean and lying between the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf became our vital concern, and if the Kaiser, hoping to make his *Drang nach Osten* dream come true, had been given the Bagdad railway concession, we were prepared for war.

During the Great War that effort was repeated, and when by supreme exertion we thrust back Turkey in Mesopotamia as well as in Syria and Palestine we were still mindful of the need of territorial bastions in those parts for the outlying protection of the short-cut route. The result is as we know it now. Iraq, at first a mandate but now independent, is under treaty obligation to permit an Air Force garrison. Palestine and Transjordan, still mandates, are in our occupation. The Hadramaut between Yemen and Oman, is covered by the Protectorate of Aden. The Bahrein Islands, key position to the Persian Gulf are in our possession, the Sultanate of Koweit is under our protection, while that of Oman and the two peninsulas of Qatar and Mussandam have a special relationship with the British Government. We have in short, stone by stone, erected a Near-Eastern pyramid of power in order that our sea and air routes traversing those regions shall not be liable to interference in case of war.

Such in brief are the consequences which the accomplishment of de Lesseps project brought in train, and it is in the maintenance of this pyramid of power that the real significance to us of the Mediterranean lies. For if it fell apart owing to successful enemy action in that sea, so that our garrisons were cut off from reinforcement and the territory overrun, it would be a blow to our prestige and a material loss which might disintegrate the Empire. It would mean, in fact, the neat removal from the girdling world chain of our imperial responsibilities of a middle piece consisting of the Mediterranean, 2,000 miles in length, and of all that part of the land-bridge between the eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea and the head waters of the Persian Gulf which forms a vital communicating link 'twixt East and West. In analogy the effect would be that of the sudden elimination of Clapham Junction as a uniquely important traffic link on the Southern Railway system.

So much for the Mediterranean considered as a British right

of way in peace, and as an area for sea manoeuvre in time of war. For France as well it is of extreme importance and, as her fortunes are at present indissolubly linked with ours, she also must be considered in the same connection. France derives more than 50 per cent. of her oil imports from the Eastern Mediterranean, and yet it is at the Western end that she must have sea command in war or be shorn of a large proportion of her military man-power for use on European fronts. Her war plans are calculated on the basis of free, uninterrupted passage for her troop transports between the North African ports and those of disembarkation on her southern coast. It is reasonable to assume that the cutting off of her Mediterranean oil supplies would have no immediate effect, and that, indeed, the loss from that source could be made up from increased activity in oil-fields elsewhere. On the other hand, if she were deprived of the services of her colonial army the result, unless the war were decided in the air off-hand, would be a fatal handicap. For our own purposes we require the Mediterranean for longitudinal use throughout its length, whereas the necessity for France is to use it transversely at its western end for comparatively short sea journeys about four hundred miles long.

It is the boast of every good Italian that the Mediterranean Sea shall again, after the lapse of centuries, become a Roman Lake, and there is no disputing the fact that Italy's central situation, coupled with her resurgence as a military Power in the broad, embracing sense, saves that boast from being only bombast. As it is she can be said to bridge it in the middle, largely by reason of her local air power, and the fortifying of Pantellaria is a substantial indication of a key position midway. Considered as a narrow water-way, or as, indeed, a super-grand canal, despite its total area, it is no exaggeration to state that Italy is in a fair way to control the middle lock. And that, in fact, is the state of affairs, for such is the configuration of the coast-line, and such the position of the island furniture within those confines, that the course of ships between Gibraltar and Port Said is constricted and lies, as it were, between opposing banks.

The control of a middle lock on any international waterway is useful, but power over the gate of entrance itself is better and that is how affairs are shaping now.

The wine of victory is strong and heady, especially so for a country, such as Italy, which happens to be staging, under the aegis of dictatorship, a military "come-back." Certainly she drank deeply of the stuff in Abyssinia, conquering there by a marvel of organization, reinforced by air power, an Empire the terrain of which might have baffled her for decades otherwise. Our own South African experience can point the moral of that story. And so the potion which General Franco had been brewing in the early months of 1936, once the taste had been acquired, proved fatally tempting. The possibility, however remote or miscalculated, of a Sovietized Spain in territorial possession of the Western Mediterranean, with Czecho-Slovakia, a communistic stepping-stone, at an equal distance between the proselyte and the instructor, may have been alarming. But it is much more likely, in view of the sentiment *ad maiorem Italiae gloriam*, so often and so vocally pronounced, that the game of interference was thought to be well worth while. The prospect of converting the Mediterranean into an Italian Lake might be hastened and enhanced thereby. The thither, German, end of the axis of rotation could, naturally, not escape the impulse, though, seated on the periphery, the assistance which it brought was largely specialized.

In this connection the part which Portugal may be destined to play will bear examination. Our oldest ally is also a totalitarian State and, as such, tooth-and-nail in opposition to the Government of Spain. The revolt, indeed, was hatched in Lisbon, and in every way possible Portugal has since placed herself in surreptitious fashion at insurgent disposal. The implications of victory for General Franco are, therefore, obvious, for how then could this little country, so precariously situated, and yet of such enormous strategic value, escape a Fascist domination in her turn? If the small mainland territory of Portugal were thus engulfed it would be significant enough for us. But with the homeland would go her islands, and here exists a possibility which is fraught with dread. For the Azores, Madeira, and the Cape Verde Isles are curiously put down in ocean space, and if adapted for a warlike purpose by sea and air are so situated as to endanger, not alone all shipping which might be home or outward bound *via* the Cape, but every

other ocean route as well with the exception only of sailings east and west across the North Atlantic. This would be more of German than Italian concern, for the latter country cannot stretch her power to infinity, and must rest content for long to come with a Mediterranean stranglehold. But Germany has energy to spare, and it would be idle to suggest that her clear-thinking strategists have not perceived such a golden opportunity for the encirclement of Britain.

The story is so plain to read, and the deduction so obvious to draw, that the ideological veil which the majority of Britains drew down over their eyes can only be bettered as a method of escape by the tactics of the ostrich. The Government, owing to a woeful lack of preparation, pathetically apparent during the so-called Abyssinian crisis, were of course tied hand and foot and could only proceed to re-arm at break-neck pace. But how the full implication of Italian and German intervention in the affairs of Spain could escape the minds of ordinary right-minded citizens is a sheer amazement, the aim and object being, almost without pretence of purer purpose, the aggrandisement of Italy in the Western Mediterranean, with a special eye to the entrance gate itself.

If the "Nationalist" cause triumphs Italy will be in the enviable position of a first mortgagee of Spain, with a controlling voice in her home and foreign affairs. The treasure which has been outlaid demands the best security, and the interests of the principal creditor will assuredly come first. Spain, and the Western Mediterranean, for long enough if not for always will be under Fascist domination. With a puppet State, situated strategically thus, as Manchukuo is the puppet of Japan, it can easily become directly the tool of an aggressive policy. The Balearic Isles, for instance, either by lease or cession, or according to the secret clauses of a treaty, would become utilizable as submarine and aircraft bases for Italy, and are so situated athwart the sailing path between Algiers and the French southern coast that a serious threat to the safety of the communication line is at once supplied. Similarly, either side of the Straits of Gibraltar would become a "Fascist" foothold with all that such an untoward event would imply, and here indeed to us would be the very head and front of the

offending. For if the passage of our ships-of-war could be successfully disputed in the circumstance of modern war, and the Mediterranean become Italy's *mare clausum*, with only France against her in those waters, then a knell for the passing of the British Empire would begin to toll.

It is not for the layman to speculate on the feasibility, or otherwise, of such a naval undertaking in the face of modern opposition. He may, however, be permitted to remember how lamentable a failure was the forcing of the Dardanelles. There is great dissimilarity, no doubt, between that problem and the passage of the Straits of Gibraltar, the Dardanelles being long and narrow, while the latter have a width of eleven nautical miles and a length of only twenty miles from Cape Tarifa to Europa Point. And yet, in Parliament and elsewhere competent persons have expressed themselves as gravely doubtful on the subject, pointing out that the Rock is not easily defensible on its landward side, that shore batteries could command the stretch of water, and that there would nowadays be locally based aircraft, submarines and motor torpedo-craft to contend with, in addition to the mines and coast defences which held us up on that former occasion. We are told that the prevalence of sea fog can always be relied on to assist the passage, though it is disconcerting, if that be true, that the safety of the Empire should be dependent on a transient condition of climate! There is little doubt, however, that hostile guns on the further side of Algeiras Bay would forbid Gibraltar harbour to our fleet, and that the garrison, in consequence, would be cut off from reinforcement.

There is, however, the Mediterranean Fleet within the Sea to think of in this connection, quite strong enough, if sea-power were alone to count, to mop up the Italian Navy without the help of France. Its disadvantage would be that it cannot keep the seas forever, and that the key positions, Gibraltar and Malta, where normally the ships would harbour for their servicing and supply, would now be in the one case untenable, and in the other excessively unhealthy. There are harbours at the eastern end, well-placed and large enough to shelter all the ships, but roadsteads are very different from Imperial outposts, long in use, where the needs of a fleet have been meticulously catered for as

modern navies grew. Then there is the effect of local air power to consider. The Mediterranean is not an empty waste of water like an ocean, and only at its farthest eastern end is it beyond effective range of Italian aircraft, more particularly should General Franco win the Spanish Civil War. It is mere pretence to claim that the ship-of-war has nothing to fear from the bomber any longer, and it is hard in the extreme to envisage a fleet's complement of aircraft making headway against the metropolitan air force of Italy so near at hand to its sources of all supply, and so extraordinarily well-situated to command the narrower stretches of the Sea. Italy would be the power on the spot, with all her resources by sea and land and air at her immediate command. Her position astride the Mediterranean is one of natural strategic strength. She could sustain herself in spite of any reverse she might encounter in a sea fight, for a thousand bombing aircraft, a swarm of submarines, and numbers of motor torpedo-craft, would reinforce her sea power locally and more than offset the depletion of her strength in capital ships.

On land as well she would be formidable, for our Mediterranean and Near-Eastern garrisons are not large, while the Egyptian army has a peace strength of only 13,000 men. The Libyan corps would undoubtedly march east in an attempt to overcome Egypt and secure the Suez Canal, and the British troops in Palestine, together with the Royal Air Force units at their disposal, could hardly abandon the country to the Arab malcontents, already primed by Italian propaganda, by moving towards the scene of greater conflict. Reinforcements, even if available, must first succeed in passing through the Straits of Gibraltar, after which they would have to run the Mediterranean gauntlet in constant deadly danger of various forms of attack from an enemy with the huge resources, carefully built up to plan, of Italy. Among these the consequences of the fall of Abyssinia must receive due mention, for the Red Sea now is but an extension of the Mediterranean "Canal," with the Suez-Port Said lock a matter of 1,300 miles from the Strait of Bab el Mandeb at its final exit. Very large Italian forces are in occupation of Abyssinia, with immense stores of material and particular strength in aircraft. This imperial garrison is organized as far as possible on a self-supporting basis, for even

military megalomania would not stake its safety on so tenuous a thread as the ability to use the Suez Canal in time of war. As a result Italy possesses formidable power at the entrance to the Red Sea and greatly preponderant to our own in that vicinity. In Yemen, opposite, her political influence is also continually increasing. It might be, indeed, that a future Anzac Corps would find on the inhospitable Abyssinian shore a new "Gallipoli." Then might our power in the Eastern Mediterranean, and beyond, begin to crumble, and then might the territorial bastion which we have erected in those regions to guard the short sea way be undermined and levelled to the ground.

All this, or something very like it, would be a sequel to victory for General Franco and then all would depend on the aid, or otherwise, of the British Navy to keep open the Straits. The difficulty of that purely naval undertaking were insuperable; the Mediterranean would become a closed arena of war, with a power which is openly desirous of altering the balance in its waters, and which, in many subtle ways, has evinced a real intention, could dispose of forces much larger in the aggregate than any we could put against her. It is not a consoling thought.

The following quotation from *Disarmament* by Señor Madariaga, written in 1927, should, I think, be engraved upon the minds of those who have to determine British policy :—

"England, as a whole, still believes in the supremacy of the British Navy, as the panacea for all her international ills. That it has been a panacea for about three centuries no one can deny. That it played its last scene in this magnificent rôle during the Great War no one can deny. But that it was the last scene is apparent to everyone outside England and to those clear-sighted Englishmen who do not allow the glow of the past to interfere with the light of the present."

Then, perhaps, the case for getting down to brass tacks with Italy—*pace* the cynical comment it must arouse—will be better appreciated.

"MIGHTY NOBLE EATING"

BY HELEN SIMPSON

THE Restoration gave back to England more than a King ; it restored, among other things, a normal attitude to food. The Puritans could not forget that the Church of Rome called holy-days feasts and celebrated them accordingly. To destroy all trace of the Scarlet Woman's long reign, they permitted themselves a good deal of sermonizing and even some fantastic legislation ; witness that ordinance of 1644 which directed that Christmas Day should be kept as a strict fast ; an opening which the satirists, named and anonymous, could not resist. Thus you have Samuel Butler's account of Protestant stalwarts blaspheming custard through the nose, and another writer grumbling :

"All plumbs the prophets sons despise,
Treason's in December pies
When Christmas was an high day
'Tis turned into Good Friday."

I cannot call to mind any cookery books proper published under the Commonwealth. The nearest thing is an edition of Dr. Moffet's *Health Improvement*, which deals rather with the medical aspects of eating, and dwells longest on the foods to be avoided at all costs.

But if food was deplored it was eaten ; and if recipes were not published they were noted kown. Housewives were inquisitive about the new foods which every year were coming into England in the course of trade. Vegetables were becoming popular, sugar and spices cheaper. (Pepys was amazed to find himself on an Indian ship walking in cloves and nutmegs above the knees, and treading upon pepper ; as noble a sight as ever he saw in his life). The housewives quietly made their experiments, and set down the results in strongly-bound books, carefully indexed, variously written, of which a good many have survived to this day. With their help, and a reasonable

background of history, it may be entertaining to consider the meals eaten and recorded by Samuel Pepys.

They are not always what they seem; the meanings of certain terms in cookery have changed, and the hierarchy of food, the order in which meat, fish, sweets are served, is by no means the same as that which we recognize. Look at a few of his dinners in detail; first, that which is noted down on January 26th, 1660, as "a very fine dinner, viz., a dish of marrow bones; a leg of mutton; a loin of veal; a dish of fowls, three pullets and a dozen of larks all in one dish; a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies; a dish of prawns and cheese." Meat, in the seventeenth century, always takes pride of place, while fish huddles in with the fruit and cheese as a second course; so it is probable that the bones, mutton, veal, and birds all came on the table together to start with, and were followed by oddments, with a tongue to cut at, if anybody felt that choice of three or four sorts of meat was not enough. A final dish of savoury fish is an old custom, witness the paper found in Falstaff's pocket; "Item, anchovies and sack after supper, 2s. 6d." In his and Pepys' day, as now, their purpose was to stimulate thirst; but while we nibble salt stuff before the meal, they reckoned that the main drinking should come after, and arranged matters accordingly.

Considering the resources of a seventeenth-century kitchen, I should say that this mutton and veal were roasted—that is, turned and basted before an open fire—while the birds on their dish were put into the oven to undergo the process which we call roasting, but which in fact is baking. The marrow bones, their ends sealed with paste, could be cooked in a skillet hung over the open fire. The neat's tongue might be cold; though it figures hot as a rule, and cooks took a good deal of trouble over it.

As for the great tart, there is no clue to its contents, and without that clue we wander in mazes of conjecture. The cooks of this century put their best imaginings into tart form, cutting pastry in patterns, laying great stress on the conjunction of colours, describing the dish as red or black, green or yellow according to its contents, which were not always or necessarily fruit. Bacon tart, for example, is common; so is spinach, so

is green pea. But Mrs. Pepys would not have been able to offer these latter at a January dinner, and a bacon tart would have provided no light relief. Possibly her French blood dictated that tremendous sweet known as the Great French Tart, which several housewives rather wistfully mention, it being troublesome and not cheap to make; a pound of blanched almonds beaten up in a mortar with rose-water, the breast of a cold roast turkey similarly pounded with lard, the marrow of four bones, a pound of butter, two of sugar, lemons, citron peel, a whole quarter pound of pistachio nuts and the yolks of eight eggs, all set in pastry.

This dinner of January 26th, 1660, is by no means a subtle one. But, as the years wear on, Pepys, with a little more money to spend, and a growing acquaintance among seafarers, makes experiments in taste; that musk melon in August, for instance, and the jar of olives presented by Captain Cuttance. The melon, I think, was not served with sugar. It was mostly regarded as a vegetable, and sent round with meat. Evelyn, who understood flavours, says that sugar with melon is a mistake, and a little salt and pepper is all it needs. He uses it as we should use an avocado pear. As for the olives, the seventeenth century like the twentieth shared Gerard's opinion, that "there is no nourishment at all to be looked for in them, much less good nourishment"—their oil apart, that is. They did well enough as appetizers.

The reference on September 25th to "tee, a China drink," excites many people unduly. They see in it a delicious foreshadowing of modern times—and picture Pepys, cheered but not inebriated, sipping for pleasure. I am afraid he may rather have had some notion that it was good for the tendency to stone from which he suffered. European doctors were loudly preaching its virtues at this moment. The Dutchman Boutekoe (Pepys had been, though for a short time, in Holland) received a considerable pension for his treatise on tea as a solvent of the stone. It would not be the first aliment to start as a duty and end as a treat. Also, though this is hard for a generation to realize that has been brought up on it from the mother's knee, tea is an acquired taste. The chances are that Pepys tossed down his delicately bitter brew with a slight shudder and the

feeling of duty done, just as a few weeks later, he took a draught of chocolate "to settle my stomach." Madame de Sévigné did the same, finding it odd that the doctors should order it for so many purposes, and coming to the conclusion that chocolate must be a food-of-all-work; "*C'est qu'il agit selon l'intention.*"

I am inclined to dwell upon the entry for December 2nd; "My wife and I all alone to a leg of mutton, the sauce of which being made sweet, I was angry at it and ate none." This corresponds to an aversion of my own, some inner voice singing out that:—

The stars in their courses
Hate sugar in sauces
Intended for meat—
Sweets to the sweet.

But Mrs. Pepys was, according to the practice of the time and of other housewives, well within her rights. I give one recipe, out of a dozen available, to show how that leg of mutton might have been done.

"Boile it in water and salt till it is halfe enough then take it up and put it in a greate pewter dish and as much liquor as it was boiled in as will cover it, put to it a little large mace and slices of nutmegge and then take young fennill or parsleye roots, wash and picke them, cut them in pieces and put to the mutton with a quarter of a pound of currans or raisons of the sun, cover it close and let it stew till it is almost ready to take up, then put in two spoonefulls of cappers, sweet butter, two spoonefulls of sugar mingle this well together and when the meate is enough, lay the meate on a dish with sippets, poare on the sawce and let the currans lye on the topp of the meate, let your meate be fatt, it will eate the better."

A variant of this recipe suggests stewing the mutton with prunes, barberries, orange peel and cloves. All things considered, though I see Mrs. Pepys' point of view, my sympathies are with her husband, whose tastes ran ahead of his time.

It is pleasant to see mince pies, that treasonable and Popish dish, back in favour by January 1662, when Sir W. Pen served eighteen of them as omens of good-will and good luck, one for each year he had been married. Our name for that which the crust encloses perpetuates the true tradition of its ingredients, which in practice we no longer observe. "Mincemeat" we call the mixture of fruits and spices; but (except for a little suet) we leave meat out. Not so the seventeenth century housewife. I give a recipe from a manuscript, beautifully written in a hand so like Dorothy Osborne's that sometimes in

dreams I permit myself, against evidence, to think that the book might have been hers.

"Take four pound of Beef, and the like quantity of Suet, with four ounces of Salt, Nutmeg, Pepper, Cloves, and Mace of each one ounce, Currans and Raisins of the Sun of each two pound; your meate and Suet being chopped very small mingle all together and fill your Pyes."

Nettle porridge, pease porridge, Suffolk cheese, oysters, venison, cheesecakes, and a brave collar of brawne from Winchcombe; these are all pure English dishes. Among them, like foreign *attachés* at a Lord Mayor's dinner, interesting but suspect, go the importations from abroad; a Spanish oleo; grapes and melons from Lisbon; gherkins, the gift of another sea-captain, brought from the Levant; botargo, made of the roe of mullet or tunny, and something out of the way since in Queen Anne's day poets were still exclaiming about it; ortolans, caviare, and beef à la mode. On the fourth anniversary of Pepys' operation there is a full account of his junketings, in which the combination of courses is fully set out. First came a brace of stewed carps, six roasted chickens and a jowl of salmon hot; then a tansy, two neats' tongues and cheese; the whole dressed by a hired man cook, with the help of the maid Jane.

Now this really is, as the diarist says himself, a pretty dinner. The chickens, cheese, and neats' tongues call for no special comment. The carps were expensive, and the method of their preparation dramatic; nearly all the recipes begin: "Take a living carp and knock him on the head." He was then stuffed with onions and sweet herbs, stewed in his own blood mixed with wine, and served with lemon slices. The jowl of salmon, a dish which has undeservedly gone out of fashion, was cooked in much the same way, stewed with wine and butter in a chafing dish, and garnished with slices of orange. (It is faintly horrid to recollect that mince pies, made as before but with salmon or carp in place of the beef, were liable to be served on Fridays at this period). The recipes for tansy, a dish which might almost be called the characteristic Restoration sweet, I take from a book once kept by Catherine Cotton, Charles Cotton's daughter. (It is by no means the last word in tansies, which could be made with parsley, feverfew, violets, or the spawn of a pike as well as with their eponymous herb; but

it is simple and excellent, and works out like a thick, rather limp pancake). A household book of George II.'s day, explaining how to make "an omlet or French dish," says: "beat or mingle all together as you doe a Tansy-Cake." The spinach water's sole function is to colour the substance green.

"Take a pint of cream and as much Spinach as will yeald a pint of juice stamp and strain it and then take twelve eggs and six whites, half a nutmeg and a white lofe grated and as much sugar as will sweeten it put in two or three spoonfulls of sack mingle all together and make it as hard as you would have it in a skillet, you put it into a frying pan and fry it with a little butter and dish it up with limon and strow sugar on it."

Cream and sugar; these are, of course, the foundations of many sweet dishes, and the adornment of most fruits. But nobody who reads Pepys or the cookery books of his time can fail to note and be astonished at the quantity of cream consumed, the relish for cream as a dish by itself, without other trimming than a dash of rose water or sack. People, with naïve greed, went on country expeditions to procure cream; they mixed it with their drink; they stewed capons and hares in it; they blended it with every fruit under the English sun. It was a spring and summer luxury. You do not find it, or any of its derivatives, given in the winter bills of fare, and no doubt some of the gusto with which it was enjoyed attached to the season which brought it within reach. Some of the dishes in which fresh milk and cream were chief ingredients are nowadays by force of circumstance forbidden to Londoners. A syllabub was not out of the question even a century ago, when cows still grazed in St. James's Park; but nowadays there is no following such a direction as this.

"Take a pot, and fill it half full of Red-streaked Sider, with good store of sugar and a little Nutmeg, only milk the Cow into your Sider. Nutmeg Sugar, and so drink it warm."

Pepys' drinks are as varied as his food. You find him drinking beer, Northdown ale, sack, Canary and Málaga wines, tent wine, brandy and claret; trying my Lady Carteret's coffee, and some metheglin at the King's table; taking milk for heartburn, and horse-radish ale for the stone; being cheated of a sack-posset; tasting burnt wine at a tavern, whey at the whey-house, and lamb's wool at home; vowing to drink no wine, and compounding with his conscience by taking hypocras at Guildhall, it being only "a mixed drink and not any wine"—as who should

say, a cocktail is not alcohol. Some of these mixed drinks might well be revived for present-day parties; they are easy to make, in spite of the number of ingredients, and less stunning to the stomach than the nightmare blending of liquors evolved by bar-tenders. I do not suggest that metheglin is the sort of thing flat-dwellers could undertake, but anyone might brew lamb's wool, for which Herrick's recipe is still the best:

Next crowne the bowle full
With gentle Lamb's wooll,
Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger.
With store of ale too
And thus must ye doe
To make the Wassaile a swinger.

Put into prose this means: roast half a dozen apples, mix the pulp with sugar and spices, add to it a quart of strong ale made hot, stir, and consume.

A sack posset works out as a kind of wine custard, almost too thick to drink; the Dutch liqueur called Advocaat is probably the nearest thing to it that we have. It was popular; every housewife had a recipe for it, and these recipes vary little, except in the suggestions for making the drink present a good appearance. Says one lady, after preparing her sack and sugar: "pour the cream into it, elevating your hand to make it froth, which is the grace of your posset." Another strews it with ambergris or musk. Another, more frugal (or perhaps making a winter drink) uses the beaten whites of eggs to simulate cream. The more careful ones strain the liquor through a colander; "this is held the more exquisite way."

Hippocras takes its name from this necessary process of straining, which was done through a bag of the kind still known to chemists as "Hippocrates' sleeve." It was a ceremonial drink, handed about on such occasions as weddings and christenings (to an accompaniment of wafers) and made thus:

"Take a quart of sacke, and as much white wine and put into them grossely beaten half an ounce of Nutmegs as much sinnamon as much coriander-seed, and two races of ginger sliced and halfe a pound of sugar, shackle it all well together, and soe lett it stand a daye or two cloase stoped, and shackle it 2 or 3 times a daye, when it is steeped enough couller it with milke and soe lett it run through your jellye bagge, twice or thrice, season it with musk, amber, leamons juice and rind, and oringe flower water."

It is not surprising that this should have been a drink dedicated to feast days.

Pepys' interest in his food never languishes throughout his diary. He makes more money, in all honesty too—"good God! to see what a man might do, were I a knave." But he still notes delicacies such as asparagus and cheesecakes when he finds them, still records his anniversary dinners in detail as they rise from prettiness to nobility; and in the shadow of a sideboard loaded with plate at the Navy Office gratefully eats the traditional Christmas dinner of turkey and mince pie. His is the completest record of an ordinary seventeenth-century citizen's dietary that we possess, for though the household manuscripts which survive are useful, they sometimes cater for the eye rather than the stomach, are wish-fulfilments, not statements of fact. Pepys eating cold meat on washing-day, touches the imagination more nearly than these, with their pigs soused to imitate sturgeon, and their drinking cups made of pastry royal.

I shall set to work to cook and serve one of his dinners some day; the twenty-sixth of March would be the date most appropriate. But if I do, somebody else must knock the living carp on the head, and there will be no hippocras.

INSIDE SPAIN

BY HENRY BUCKLEY

THE Spanish Government's success at Teruel may introduce fresh complications internationally. Italy and Germany were willing to reduce somewhat their commitments with the Spanish Insurgents, largely, one suspects, because they felt that with the fall of the North the war was more or less over and that General Franco would merely have to deliver a smashing *coup de grâce* on the centre front in order to complete Government demoralization.

This simplified version of the Spanish situation now becomes untenable. Government Spain is revealed as having an Army capable of carrying out a difficult military operation with verve and success and of resistance to a fierce counter-attack launched on what the Insurgent radio stations described as "world war scale." Not only is the end of the war not in sight but the possibility of further vigorous attacks by the Government suggests that General Franco may not have the opportunity to prepare any really large-scale offensive which might develop into a decisive battle. Will the nations which have aided General Franco to the present stand by with folded arms if his defeat should appear likely? The Spanish problem which had rather drifted into the background as an international issue may give European statesmen sleepless nights in the next few months.

Military operations are so much more spectacular and interesting than political manoeuvres that the shifting political scenes behind the lines in Spain have not perhaps received as much attention as they warrant. When 1937 dawned Señor Largo Caballero was still the most prominent figure in Spain and hailed as the head of the "Government of Victory." Millions of people would have bitterly resented any suggestion that he was incapable. Yet in the first week of 1938 we see him a

lonely figure in his Valencia home abandoned by all except a faithful few and excluded completely from the *entente* within the General Union of Workers which emerged from the gathering held in Valencia on January 3, after the expenditure of much Gallic eloquence by a Socialist visitor from across the Pyrenees, M. Léon Jouhaux.

The decline and fall from power of Sr. Largo Caballero is a sad and depressing story from the personal point of view; politically it is of immense importance.

It was in the early nineties that Francisco Largo Caballero, plasterer in the summer months and road-worker in winter, became a trade unionist. He learned to write when twenty-three or twenty-four. A stolid, sober hard-working Castilian with blue eyes and generally "Aryan" in appearance, doubtless a legacy of Visigoth blood, he became a trade union secretary. Along with Pablo Iglesias and another colleague he was elected to Madrid Municipal Council in 1905. It was a great event for Spanish Socialists. They had never before achieved a seat on a municipal council in Madrid, or in fact anywhere except on one occasion in Bilbao. They only achieved this by stooping to the methods used by the Monarchist parties. Elections were controlled by the use of voting papers which bore identification marks on the back so that the polling-booth officers of the Liberal and Conservative parties who alternated in power in the State and in municipalities could control votes. In the event of unwished for candidates such as Republicans or Socialists piling up votes in any dangerous numbers sufficient faked votes were inserted to even up things. The Socialists imitated the identification mark in several wards and were thus able to catch the Monarchist "interventors" unawares. They assumed that the urns were filling with votes of their own, and when the scrutiny came it was too late to manufacture returns.

I mention this to illustrate the kind of struggle Socialists such as Pablo Iglesias and Largo Caballero were up against in Monarchist Spain. Iglesias was returned to Parliament in 1911, following the Ferrer shooting; but Caballero was not elected until 1917, after he had been condemned to death and reprieved for his part in the 1917 revolutionary general strike.

Iglesias was an old and sick man, and by 1917 Caballero was

the undisputed leader of Spanish Socialism and of the trade unions. In 1921 after some months of dispute and uncertainty, and following the report of Don Fernando de los Rios who returned from Soviet Russia with a magnificent fur coat but an adverse opinion of Communism, Caballero and most of the Socialists decided to join the re-formed Second International and to have no connection with the Third International. Under Caballero the Socialists steered a cautious course during the dictatorship of General Primo. Caballero himself agreed to serve on the Council of State, which played quite an important rôle in social questions; but he stipulated that he should not have to make the traditional courtesy call on King Alfonso following the appointment to this post of honour. The fact that Don Alfonso never had direct or indirect contact with such interesting and influential Left politicians as Caballero, Araquistain, Pestaña, del Vayo, and Azaña did much harm to the Monarchy. It is not very clear whether Don Alfonso's advisers should be blamed—or whether the monarch himself was refractory to seeking personal knowledge of these men who reflected important sectors of opinion in the country.

As Minister of Labour under the Republic, Caballero took a moderate line. Almost immediately he had to face the strike of telephone workers provoked by the Anarcho-Syndicalists and his resolute attitude resulted in the defeat of the strikers and the dismissal from their employment of most of the men who took a prominent part. He said afterwards that at this juncture he recommended the formation of Republican militia forces to defend the régime, but that he found no support in the Cabinet.

The overthrow of the Left and the new phase of the Republic when it came under the control of Señores Lerroux and Gil Robles, was reflected in the adoption of a violent attitude by Caballero, who led the opposition to this move to the Right and who sponsored and led the revolutionary general strike of October, 1934. Before and after the elections of 1936 Caballero was refractory to collaboration with the Republicans. Indalecio Prieto had to work very hard to bring about the Popular Front and after the elections he was unable to persuade Caballero and the other Socialist leaders to join the Government. Caballero approved of the formation of the armed Socialist militia during

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the spring of 1936, which battled with the armed groups of the Fascist organizations who were carrying on terrorist activities and who proved of valuable and probably decisive importance in checking the movement during the first days in Madrid. But Caballero was, and is, a single-track mind. The dominance of the Socialists seems to loom out of proportion in his viewpoint. I remember in June, 1936, being told by Señor Araquistain that he and Sr. Largo Caballero did not approve of the union just carried out of the Socialist and Communist militias who had formed the United Socialist Youth organization. The union had been sponsored by Alvarez del Vayo who had just returned from a visit to Moscow, and Araquistain said quite openly that both he and Caballero did not approve of even indirect influence emanating from Moscow. Caballero, who is now sixty-nine, will not tolerate anything that impinges on the dominant position of his party, thus we see that while in February, 1936, he strongly mistrusted the Republicans, by June he was already beginning to fear that the real danger to socialist hegemony lay from the Communist quarter.

In September, 1936, six weeks after the insurgent movement started, Caballero became head of the Government, and his personal popularity and political strength was enormous. Military reverses followed swiftly. Toledo was forgotten and the hasty departure from Madrid to Valencia, which, from a strategical point of view, should really have been carried out earlier, was overlooked in the glow of triumph following Madrid's vigorous resistance. But Málaga rankled. There were so many things to be explained away, and even the parrying of the fierce attack at Arganda and the successful counter-attack and defeat of the Italian expeditionary force at Guadalajara did not quiet resentment.

There had been much surprise at the naming of General Asensio as Under-Secretary of War and as the director of military operations, following on Toledo. Not that the untrained and unequipped Government militias could have saved Toledo against the well-disciplined and well-equipped Franco troops, but no defences had been prepared at all, and even with defeat obvious and imminent not even such elementary precautions were taken as to evacuate the hospitals. Hundreds

of wounded and doctors and nurses were left to be slaughtered by Moors and Foreign Legionaries in one of the nastier episodes of a singularly nasty war. His appointment following Toledo as Under-Secretary of War caused much lifting of eye-brows. After Málaga violent and outspoken criticism was heard on all sides. The more moderate said Asensio was stupid; the more violent condemned him outright as a traitor. Caballero defended him at stormy Cabinet meetings. A Communist Minister asked for his resignation on the grounds that he had been seen in a cabaret in Valencia at five o'clock in the morning in a state of mild intoxication. Finally Caballero got rid of him and made another singularly bad choice by putting into his place Carlos de Baraibar, a Madrid journalist of limited capacity and with numerous enemies in the Left camp who insisted that his conversion from views of a violent right-wing character was much too recent—some seven or eight years before—to inspire confidence.

I saw a good deal of Asensio about the time of Toledo, and he struck me as a brave and intelligent officer and probably quite loyal to the Government. But he was definitely an officer of the old school. He did not understand the handling of a citizen army, and I think he had little faith in his men. He planned elaborate tactics which untrained troops could not possibly carry out, where simpler defensive measures would have saved many lives and many disappointments. At any rate Caballero lost popularity to an enormous extent by his dogged defence of this officer, and people began to suspect what many of Caballero's intimate friends had long known, namely that he was a very obstinate old man who looked at every problem from an intensely personal viewpoint.

His final overthrow was not, however, directly due to Asensio. It was the result of the May *putsch* prepared by the Anarchists and Trotskyists in Barcelona. The free hand permitted to these extremists before the rising, and the refusal to take stern measures afterwards, lined up Republicans, Communists and the great majority of the Socialists against Caballero. The Communists as his most vocal opponents led the revolt, but behind the scenes the hand of the plump Señor Prieto ("Don Inida" is the name by which he is generally known) was evident.

He seems to have wished Alvarez del Vayo to take the premiership, at least there is a credible report to that effect. But Vayo seemed to hesitate. Why he should do so is not clear, for he has long been suspect to the Caballero clique as being too close to the Communists. Dr. Negrin, who had done an excellent job at the Finance Ministry, was named Premier, and the Anarchists were left out. The scholarly doctor is *persona grata* to most parties and a born diplomat. Many thought that Señor Prieto intended to govern indirectly through Dr. Negrin, but the latter has a good deal of personality and is well able to look after himself.

After lying low for some time Caballero in the rôle of fallen angel of the Spanish Revolution began to plot. Surrounded by a clique of admirers who told him day in and day out that he must save Spain from Communism which was absorbing the nation in enveloping tentacles he took a bold and singularly inadvised step. As Secretary-General of the General Union of Workers he suddenly surprised the two million odd members of this organization by discovering that more than a dozen trade unions were behind in their payment of their fees to the parent federation and must therefore be expelled. Now it happened that all the unions in question had recently signed a manifesto offering their unconditional support to the Government for the purpose of winning the war. How serious a political blunder this was may be deduced from the fact that one of the unions concerned was that of the Asturian coal miners, most of whose members were at the moment fighting in the terrible and hopeless struggle in the north and who were being glorified daily by the Press of all shades of opinion in Government Spain as heroes and martyrs. This was unadulterated political suicide, and the Government which had been worried as to the possibility of Caballero and his advisers, Araquistain, Baraibar, Rodolfo Llopis, Pascual Tomas, Wenceslao Carrillo, receiving support not only from some of the Socialist workers but also from the anarcho-syndicalists of the National Labour Confederation (C.N.T.), could breathe freely. Caballero was finished as the result of his narrowness of view. Of forty-three unions only some nine remained loyal to him, and finally these returned to the fold after the Valencia meeting under Jouhaux; Pascual

Tomas, Carlos Hernandez, Ricardo Zabalza and several other trade unionists placed in a conflict of loyalty to the General Union and loyalty to Caballero decided on the former.

Apart from Caballero's personal tragedy there is the wider implication of his experience. It is the fall from popularity of the most typical representative of the "old guard" Socialists who both in their party and in the trade unions take a consistently and strongly anti-communist line. In October of this year I interviewed Señor Araquistain regarding the views of Caballero; he was a man in a position to know exactly those views. He said:

"Both Señor Caballero and those Socialists who agree with him are determined to fight the Comintern just as vigorously as we fight Fascism. We are grateful to the Russian State for what it has done for us during the civil war but we definitely refuse to tolerate in any way that Spain shall come under the influence of the Third International."

I went to a very prominent Socialist and asked what he thought of this statement. His reply was:

"We are quite as determined to defend Spanish independence as is Señor Caballero. But we do not wish to cross the bridge before we reach the river. If any any time the Communist International attempts to interfere in purely Spanish matters we shall resist vigorously. But this is not the case at the present moment. Both we and the whole of the Spanish people who support us are deeply grateful to Russia for the help we have received and which contrasts so strongly to the rebuffs and veiled hostility which we have received from our democratic neighbours. It is quite impossible and impracticable to attempt to distinguish between the Comintern and the Soviet régime."

With the fall of Caballero the way has been smoothed for the union of the Socialist and Communist Parties, which is being pushed very actively by most of the Communists and a lesser, but nevertheless active group of the Socialists. By this union the Socialists hope to obtain sufficient of the strategic positions to impose a moderating influence on the Communist rank and file. The Communists are willing to sacrifice a good deal in order to obtain entry into the party that still dominates the immensely powerful trade union federation, the General Union of Workers, which is prospering and is waxing much stronger than the rival anarchist federation.

So much has been written about the incompatibility of the Spanish character with Communism that many still feel that the Socialists would be committing suicide to unite with them.

But it is a very open question as to whether a nation long dominated by Catholic thought, with its insistence on the acceptance of a rigid dogma, is really likely to be hostile to a political creed evolved on the acceptance of hard-and-fast doctrines. When one surveys today the Communist influence in Spain, with 320,000 members in the party, with a youth organization which claims some 350,000 members, with Pioneers, Friends of the Soviet Union, League of Anti-Fascist women, International Red Help, and other organizations which bring literally hundreds of thousands of Spaniards under the influence of Communist thought, it needs a good deal of imagination to envisage an early collapse or decline. Nor can one overlook the very strong Communist influence in the Army—which seems to grow rather than decline.

The Socialists have suffered from their long training as an opposition party. After the Franco *coup* of July, 1936, when paramount responsibility fell on their shoulders they failed to realize the necessity of complete reorganization and of the building up of a machine capable of leading masses instead of their old purely opposition movement.

To-day they need the Communist organization in order to swing the masses. Their own organization is no use at all for the present task, and their only alternative would be to use the trade unions as direct political bodies. Now this is just what Socialist leaders such as Prieto and Negrin do not want to do. They wish to keep the administrative power in the hands of political bodies. For most of them the amalgamation with the Communists looms as a distasteful probability, but sooner or later either they will have to accept unity or to submit to a trial of strength, and they are much more likely to adopt the former solution.

The Popular Front has come out of 1937 very well. The adjective "popular" still appears to hold good. The radical extremists of Anarchist organizations and the members of the Trotskyist "Poum" Party, who maintain that the revolution is being betrayed and call for violent action against the Government, have lost power and influence. The Spanish masses very definitely want an orderly administration and are tired of vague social experiments. Suppression of the murder of

political opponents and prisoners appears to have become almost complete. I spent more than a fortnight in and around Teruel during the capture and defence of that town. There were a few excesses. One witness told me that he had seen three bodies of civilians who had been summarily shot. I myself saw the body of a man who I was told had been shot "because he was a Carlist." Two tough little *carabineros* told me that they had shot a priest who emerged from a church as they entered the town. But these were the only cases I came across, and considering the fact that over 20,000 soldiers and civilians were taken in the town and its surroundings this would seem to indicate that the Government can justly claim to have established a system of justice and a spirit of discipline which works—even under war conditions.

Lonely and isolated, receiving far less help from outside than is generally believed abroad, Government Spain is, nevertheless, slowly organizing both her civil and military life with a surprising degree of reality. There is better stuff in Spain than most of us suspected, and it is terribly sad that it should need the stress and cruelty of civil war to reveal this.

THE GERMAN ARMY OFFICER

BY HARUSPEX.

IF the recent internal and external crisis of the *Reichswehr* has done something to drag that most enigmatic factor in German as well as in World politics into the public limelight its work is but half accomplished. Commentaries abroad have through their lack of precise information—both as regards the army's relationship to the party and its inner structure and conflicts—proved singularly unenlightening, indeed in their interpretation of the issues involved contradictory to a remarkable degree.

To understand the present *Reichswehr* both in its internal and external outlook one has to remember, above all, that it is essentially a product of the post-War era and that its much advertised connections with the Old Imperial Army are in reality far slighter than one would imagine in view of the sentimental emphasis laid upon them. As all the High Commanders gained their first and most impressive experiences in the old army it is inevitable that the vast majority of them should be still strongly imbued with its spirit and principles, but this does not alter the fact that, taken as a whole, the spirit and outlook both of the army and of the officers differ most markedly from their predecessors. Institutions like the General Staff—which, by the way, never under the old *régime* exercised the influence ascribed to it—have been established on the old lines and fulfil roughly the same functions, but the men that comprise them are no longer of the same type or character.

The greatest difference in outlook between the pre- and the post-war Army is undoubtedly in its attitude towards politics. The old Imperial Army was definitely unpolitical. It rather despised politics as a contemptible game, with which it had no need to concern itself. Owing its allegiance to the Crown and not to the nation, it was protected by the person of the sovereign

from all immediate contact with the political struggle and could devote itself exclusively to its military duties.

The result of the World War was to turn the army out of this privileged and secluded position. Instead of constituting the spoilt darling of society and the main pillar of the political structure it found itself suddenly cut down to an insignificant fraction and at the same time the object of the deepest suspicion both on the part of the Inter-allied Control Commission and of the Republican parties, a suspicion which it took years to live down and all the ability of such a born diplomatist as General von Seeckt to overcome so far as to secure for the Army the indispensable freedom for its internal consolidation. On the other hand, with the practical disarmament of Germany through the Versailles Treaty making the *Reichswehr* incapable of effectively fulfilling its purpose, the defence of its country, the evasion of these regulations, not unnaturally, appeared in the light of a patriotic duty and led the *Reichswehr* into the series of political adventures culminating in the wholesale organizing and training of entire units within the framework of the Red Army and the secret rearmament achieved before and under the Third Reich. No wonder that the atmosphere of conspiracy created by the necessity of keeping these activities secret, not only from the enemy but from its own politicians as well, produced within the *Reichswehr*, and in particular in the Ministry of War, a most curious and abnormal mentality differing fundamentally from the traditional straightforward, if rather blunt, honesty of the Prussian officer.

Dissimulation assumed the character of a virtue, double-crossing was now a matter of routine, and a skill for political intrigue became a highly valued asset. It was inevitable that moral standards should become blurred and, that fundamental barrier once broken down, the lines between intriguing for the sake of one's country and for one's own or for one's group advancement should become easily confused.

Nor was this the only point in which the disintegrating influences of the Republican era changed the *Reichswehr* officers outlook fundamentally from that of the former army. To keep the politicians from prying too closely into the Army's secrets was not the most arduous task the successive High Command

had to contend with. Far greater was the difficulty of keeping—in that era of intense political turmoil and altercation—the Army and the officers safely out of the political strife. Not that the Army as a body was ever as out-and-out reactionary, monarchist and bellicose, as the politicians of the Left were apt to see and to decry it. On the contrary the experiences of the World War and, above all, of the final bitter collapse had not failed to leave their mark upon the vast majority of the officers and had instilled them with a far wider and above all more modern social outlook and understanding of the relationship between a leader and those to be led by him than had formerly been the case.

Above all, the social character of the officers corps itself had undergone a marked change. The feeble attempts made in the beginning at its "republicanization" had miscarried or were easily shelved. But, curiously enough, the landed gentry and old Prussian officers families failed to retain their hold upon the Army to anything like its former degree. In their stead the middle classes—more emotional in temperament and far more easily swayed by the general currents of public opinion—began more and more to dominate among the younger ranks. The older officers made it a point of honour to maintain the strictly unpartisan and unpolitical attitude demanded of them, but the young bloods, impulsive, hot-headed and violently nationalistic could not be expected to stand aside from the general political struggle, which during those years shook the youth of Germany like a fever. Inexperienced and idealistic, they were inevitably drawn towards the more extreme and intolerant brands of nationalism. Ludendorff's prestige as a commander attracted many of them, especially amongst the Staff officers, to the political absurdities of his Tannenberg League. The attempt to fuse an extreme nationalism into a no less decided socialism undertaken by a small group of intellectuals around the Socialist Niekisch, and similar trends towards a "National-Bolshevism," found a remarkable echo not only amongst officers but non-commissioned officers as well. National socialism itself originally excited less interest. Yet it was the famous trial of three officers for entering into illicit communications with that party, held at Leipzig in 1930, which for the first time revealed to the general public to what degree the political strife had penetrated

into the ranks of the *Reichswehr* and the depth of dissension which it had aroused there, not only between elder and younger officers, but between the various warring groups of the latter. It was symbolical of the whole situation that of the three officers accused, one disappeared altogether from the political stage, the second after his release received a high position in the S.A., while the third went over to the anti-Nazi National Bolsheviks. Desperate efforts made by the High Command to reaffirm the unpolitical and non-partisan character of the *Reichswehr* succeeded during the following years in restoring its outward unity to a considerable extent, but the precarious cohesion thus re-established was strained to the breaking-point, when General von Schleicher found himself compelled personally to assume the position of Chancellor and thereby to drag the *Reichswehr* itself into the midst of the political conflict.

Thus the "National" Revolution of 1933 found the *Reichswehr* already in a state of scarcely concealed inner tension, which the following years were destined to increase to a remarkable degree. Thanks to the practical autonomy enjoyed by them, the fighting services did succeed in escaping the worst effects of the universal "politization" brought about in every other sphere of public life in Germany by the new régime. But even they could not in the long run keep themselves immune, could not escape the influences emanating from the rapid disintegration of every standard of private and public morality surrounding them. The Nazis, as everyone knows, lay great emphasis upon *Weltanschauung*. But this, instead of reintegrating these divergent influences within the Forces by the tendency to set political reliability above service and its encouragement of every form of spying and political sycophantism served only to accentuate these dissensions further and to destroy irrevocably the considerable degree of professional, if not of political, solidarity hitherto maintained within the ranks of the officers corps. Instead of continuing to form one great community, the members of which, beneath all outer divergencies, were proudly conscious of their fundamental unity, the officers corps broke up into innumerable small cliques and coteries, each viewing all others with the deepest suspicion and rivalry. Dissimulation and mutual distrust of the other fellows' private and political outlook and

reliability took the place of the former frank and open comradeship, while the advantages gained by those that put themselves wholeheartedly at the disposition of the new *régime* tended still further to foster that unhealthy spirit of competition and intrigue so utterly incompatible with the moral integrity and inner cohesion of any armed force. The result of this internal disruption brought about by the Nazis in the service has been to break down within these few years effectively the Army's fundamental strength, its power for concerted action, and thus made it innocuous from the party's point of view, but at the cost of reducing its fighting value to a degree extremely difficult to assess.

Amongst the various groups to be discerned to-day within the ranks of the officers corps the adherent of the old traditions of the Prussian Army are, above all, to be found among the higher ranks, the majority of whom naturally still cling to the professional and political tenets of their youth. In their political outlook they are conservative, although not necessarily monarchist. They have accepted the Nazi Government as the liberator from the fetters of Versailles. But intimate contact and frequent conflicts with its representatives has robbed them of any illusions they might still have entertained as to the moral qualities of its leaders or of the *régime* as a whole, which most of them continue to serve only because there is nothing else left and with constant self-abnegation. They have tried to maintain, as far as possible, the non-political character of the army even under the new *régime*, and to that end have restricted party propaganda to the utmost degree compatible with avoiding open opposition. They are, above all, most of them, definitely and profoundly Christian in their outlook, in that deep, unostentatious way characteristic of the old army and they have succeeded in maintaining the army the only public body in Germany with a positively Christian basis of thought.

Unhappily their very qualities, in the situation they were placed in, have proved their undoing when dealing with the representatives of the party. Balanced and objective in their outlook and animated by a genuine feeling of responsibility for the country, but unhappily without any political will of their own, they have been hopelessly outmatched in their conflicts

with the Nazi leaders, no less by their lack of a positive purpose than by that of the barefaced unscrupulousness and dare-devil determination which they found themselves up against. Time and again, in the early days of the new *régime*, they missed them opportunities of overthrowing it by a bold stroke; time and again they let the chance slip out of their grasp, for fear of the political radicalization of the country if the *coup* should fail—and, above all for the lack of a political conception of their own—until the strength of the party had grown, and its grip upon the army tightened to such an extent that an open revolt could only be envisaged as a desperate gamble.

For the greatest weakness of this group lies in the fact that it is almost wholly confined to the older officers, but has few, if any, adherents amongst the junior ranks, politically either indifferent or radical in their views. Thus, although it has been able hitherto to emphasize its demands by presenting the government with a united front of practically all the High Commanders, it has, on the other hand, been more and more fatally handicapped by the uncertainty, as to the support it would be able to count upon in an out-and-out struggle on the part of the mass of the middle and lower ranks—not to speak of the bulk of the rank-and-file.

This fundamental weakness of the conservative elements in the army has inevitably increased through the large-scale expansion both of the army itself and of its officers' corps, during the last years. Nor has the re-enlistment of suitable officers of the Old Imperial Army, served to offset this to any considerable degree; as has been erroneously supposed. For, apart from the fact that even the youngest of these re-enlisted officers of the former Imperial Army are to-day nearing the forties, only a small percentage of them have actually proved fit to be retained permanently in active service; the majority of them have been either placed on the reserve or later transferred to the new group of E-officers, i.e., those unfit for active service and destined to relieve the officers capable of being used in the field from all the bureaucratic routine work unavoidable in a modern army. Thus they form a group of second-rate officers with limited opportunities for promotion and consequently but restricted moral influence and, what is even more

to the point in this connection, they wield practically no executive power with the Services.

Opposing these conservative elements as individuals rather than collectively stands a second group, at least equal in numbers, and individually far stronger both owing to their own activity and the party backing they enjoy: the opportunists and adventurers. Men of the *Landsknechts* type, of strong brutal instincts, who see in the general upheaval of all traditional standards and values brought about by the Nazis nothing but the heaven-sent opportunity for the gratification of their private lust for power and their personal promotion and enhancement. Ready to make their way by any intrigue or deception conceivable, these men, to be found in all ranks of the Services up to the very highest, find the atmosphere created by the *régime* a most congenial medium for the development of their talents in that direction and feel no compunction in paying lip-service to the shibboleths of the Party. Cynical and self-seeking they are in no way troubled by their insight into the moral depravity of the party and its consequences; on the contrary, their fundamental similarity of character—or rather lack of it— attracts them no less to the Nazi leaders than the positive benefits to be derived from such a connection. On the other hand, they would be the first to betray them if their influence showed ever signs of breaking down.

The mass of the Party's adherents, in particular amongst the younger officers, on the other hand, are honest idealists. Their ideas may be immature and fantastic; they are frequently proud of having dispensed with all religious "mythologies" and tend to make a positive virtue out of their purely secular outlook. But their cult of heroism and idealism is at least genuine and unselfish. As far as the realities of the Nazi *régime* have disappointed the high hopes they had set upon it, they have responded by a further radicalization towards a more genuine socialism or national-bolshevism. Thus these young officers as far as they are politically interested at all, have to a large extent taken over within the party the rôle of the S.A. prior to June, 1934. The result is that although ready to back the party against the "reactionaries" their movement contains revolutionary tendencies which might in the end prove scarcely

less embarrassing and dangerous to the *régime* than the more sober and cautious opposition of the "old men."

The majority of the officers, however, belong to neither of these contending groups. Torn between the reverence officially paid to the Nazi *régime* in the Services and its practical effects, as they cannot help noticing them at every turn, they prefer to avoid taking a decision of their own by withdrawing upon their professional duties, seeking to find in their conscientious and efficient fulfilment a definite if limited purpose for their life and efforts. Overwhelmed by the immense increase of work brought about by the expansion of the forces, their only wish is to be allowed to concentrate all their forces upon their immediate objectives and to be spared any disturbances in the form of political or *weltanschauliche* propaganda. Completely taken up by the task of developing and consolidating the defences of their country they naturally tend to deprecate any dissensions between their leaders and the Government as not only liable to force them into taking sides against their wish, but to shake and even possibly to destroy the object of their interest and efforts. Opposed, therefore, to any "politicization" of the forces, they are, on the other hand, not sufficiently determined to make any effective stand against it.

Nowhere has the clash between the Nazis and the Services and between the various sections within the officers cut so deep as in the sphere of religion. For the fact that the leaders of the Army have hitherto succeeded in maintaining its Christian basis and traditions does not imply that the officers as a body or even the bulk of them are any longer to be accounted as Christians or even care to consider themselves as such. Instead of the deep, if rough and primitive devotion of the older generation the mass of the younger officers professes either the slick and non-committal Christianity of the Nazis or openly shows a spirit of complete cynicism. Much of this, apart from the general atmosphere of the Third Reich, is due to the disastrous influence of General Ludendorff.

Such in its broadest outlines is the deeper background of the present crisis, precipitated though not brought about by the generals' protest against Marshal von Blomberg's *mésalliance*.

Externally the end will be doubtless the complete liquidation of the semi-independent position still enjoyed by the Fighting Services. Three or even two years ago the inner cohesion and external strength of the *Reichswehr* would certainly have been sufficient for the overthrow of the *régime*; now any signs of dissatisfaction will in all probability only serve to put the Nazi leaders even more upon their guard and to spur them to tighten their hold upon the Services.

In these circumstances the practical consequences of the responsibility which the Party claims to have assumed for the politics and the morals of the army are ominous enough. Will the party insist upon abolishing the Christian character of the Forces or at least censure its chaplains, as one of its most ardent supporters amongst the High Commanders had, ineffectively, tried to do? Will it introduce political supervision from without in the form of political instructions delegated by it into the army, or will it be content with establishing within the officers' corps that elaborate system of observation and denunciation, of spying and counterspying, which in the Third Reich honeycombs every public and party organization? Will it insist upon recruiting the officers in future exclusively from its own ranks, as it has recently done in the case of civil servants?

Will it follow the example of its axis-partner in introducing its national-socialist salute into the Services instead of their traditional ceremonial. One fact alone is certain, that the Party will spare no effort to convert the initial victory won over its only serious internal rival into as complete a hold as is humanly—or inhumanly—conceivable. That the open opponents of the *régime* will be more or less bloodily weeded out on this occasion and the grip of the Party upon the machinery increase at least externally, is certain. But it is well within the realms of possibility that the very intensity of the pressure applied to eliminate and suppress any opposition or divergence from the official creed may serve to bring groups into the line of opposition that would hitherto not have thought of doing so, not only amongst the younger officers, but above all amongst the bulk of mere "soldiers."

M. VAN ZEELAND'S REPORT

By J. B. CONDLIFFE

AS might have been expected, the Van Zeeland Report, presented on the 26th January, 1938, after an enquiry lasting nearly ten months, is a very ably written document. Though brief, it touches upon all the manifold aspects of present trade restrictions and provides a vivid picture of their interwoven complexity. It is conceived in three parts. The first deals very briefly with the preliminary question: Is it a useful thing to develop international trade? M. van Zeeland comes quickly to the conclusion that, although autarchy is theoretically attainable in certain countries, its attainment involves a lowering of the standard of life of the population, and that, although the absolute importance of the international market may have been exaggerated in certain cases, "its relative importance appears to-day to be as great as ever, and its marginal influence is real and powerful."

This belief, he is able to state categorically, is shared practically unanimously by all statesmen of the present day. Indeed one may go further and draw attention to the unanimity of opinion on this broad question of principle, which is apparent not only among the statesmen, but among business leaders as shown in the Berlin Congress of the International Chamber of Commerce, and among monetary authorities, as illustrated by the recent speeches of the chairmen of the leading British banks, as well as among the official experts who constitute the membership of the League's Economic Committee. There must, however, be real and strong reasons why this unanimous desire to increase international trade cannot be translated into action. M. van Zeeland himself "could not but note that when once the first and eminently favourable stage had been passed, the attitude almost everywhere, became qualified by a very marked reserve."

Here, surely, is a case for further enquiry. What is it that makes the practically universal desire for increased international economic co-operation unattainable in practice. There must be substantial reasons for the hesitation of statesmen to do in fact what they approve in theory. The last few years have abounded in plans and initiatives for the freeing of international trade. The Economic Committee of the League discusses little else, official and unofficial suggestions are made frequently and there have even been attempts at practical beginnings, such as the Ouchy and Oslo Conventions; but very little progress is made. It is not sufficient to retort that economic co-operation must be preceded by political settlement. The counter-retort that the way to peace lies through economic appeasement is too obvious. There are in fact considerable economic difficulties to be faced before there can be much real hope of reconstructing an international monetary standard and a freer international trading system. The fact must be recognized that most of the practical suggestions so far made deal only with symptoms and shirk the underlying difficulties. International trade is a potent means of levelling out price discrepancies; but these discrepancies are now very great between national markets. It is an equally potent means of assuring territorial specialization; but national industry and agriculture has been fostered along lines that would be disrupted if trade were freer. The extraordinarily effective new methods of protection have been imposed precisely because tariffs were unable to protect domestic interests against external competition from areas of more efficient production. The importance now attached to *employment* as distinct from production or prices must be reckoned with, and a rearrangement of external debt burdens must be faced.

The second part of M. van Zeeland's report is an interesting and lucid exposition of the principal direct obstacles in the way of international trade and of the means for reducing them. Necessarily his exposition follows lines already very familiar to students of international economic problems. Without entering into the more fundamental issues referred to above, he concentrates on tariffs, indirect protection and quotas as the most important economic barriers to trade and upon exchange

instability, hindrances to capital movements and restrictions on payments as the most important financial difficulties.

Though the diagnosis of these difficult questions is attempted in ten pages it is very lucid and gives a vivid picture of the complex restrictions with which trade is now surrounded. M. van Zeeland recognizes very clearly the practical difficulties of any attack upon these inter-related problems. Indeed there is almost an over-emphasis of these difficulties and too much concession to national and administrative points of view. Apart from this over-caution there is little to quarrel with in the diagnosis. M. van Zeeland puts his finger unerringly on the main obstacles to international trade. These obstacles are now common knowledge, but the processes of popular education are slow, and the periodic restatement of what has now come to be expert agreement is very necessary.

Dealing first with tariffs, M. van Zeeland re-states the case, not against moderate duties which have been in existence long enough for their effects to have been absorbed into the production and price systems of the countries concerned; but against excessive and arbitrary tariff protectionism. He might well have added a sentence or two to his condemnation of excessive duties, drawing attention to the disturbing effects of frequent tariff revision as he does to the administrative complications that arise from "exaggerating the detail of tariffs and elaborating specification to such a point that the regulations so drawn up are in fact aimed against some individual producer, while deceptively retaining the appearance of general regulations." These are far from being the only abuses of administrative procedure, and the report quite rightly draws attention to the need for stopping the abuse of sanitary regulations and the complication of other administrative formalities.

Most interest attaches, however, to the practical proposals of the Report. These are modest and hedged about with reservations. M. van Zeeland proposes in the first place a series of parallel declarations by Governments undertaking "not to raise or widen the range of their tariffs and to carry out a gradual reduction of such duties as are of an exceptional character and the amount of which is notably greater than the average incidence of the tariff." Even this modest action is to be

spread over a certain number of years. More hope, however, appears to be placed upon the negotiation of bilateral commercial agreements, accompanied by a modification of the most-favoured-nation clause in certain cases. Certain practical suggestions are made for the mitigation of indirect means of protection. It is recommended that industrial quotas should be suppressed. This is perhaps the boldest recommendation of the Report; but it is tempered by the suggestion that such suppression could take place over a series of years and that "tariff quotas" by which imports above a certain minimum are penalized by heavy duties might be utilized in the meantime. Further exceptions are made in favour of quotas against dumping especially from countries with low living standards, and for certain quotas necessary to implement the working of "such international cartels as conform to the general interest." These exceptions open a fairly wide door, and when the much vaguer and less direct proposals that are made for agricultural quotas are taken into consideration it is evident that not a great deal of action is thought practical in this field.

Both in the strictly economic field and in the financial suggestions discussed below, the somewhat extreme caution shown by the authors of the Report raises a very nice question. They have evidently been anxious to put forward plans that offer some prospect of being taken up and translated into effective action. This is shown by the care taken to state practical difficulties and to allow for exceptions and for time before their mild suggestions can be fully carried out. This raises the tactical question as to how far one should go with such concessions to political and administrative expediency. Is it wise, after all, to deceive ourselves as to the difficulties that must be faced? Would it not be wiser to state bluntly what ought to be done and allow the interests concerned to whittle away the proposals? Is there really much more hope of practical action from proposals that are so hedged about with exceptions or will these exceptions provide an excuse, if excuse is needed, for further delay and possibly for inaction?

In the monetary sphere attention is rightly concentrated upon the problems of exchange control—the difficulties now placed in the way of securing payment for exports and the means of

payment for imports. These difficulties are more immediate and of greater practical importance, at least in the short run, than the restrictions placed in the way of foreign investments and, from a trading point of view, outweigh the problems raised by exchange uncertainties and the resulting spasmodic movements of short-term capital ("hot money"). Ultimately, of course, there is no alternative, if international economic co-operation is really desired, to the re-establishment of an international monetary standard—which probably means in practice a reorganized and improved gold standard with fixed exchange rates. Upon this firm basis it would be possible again to count upon a modest but expanding volume of international investment and a growing international trade. The leading currency systems now have the means with which to meet sudden movements of "hot money." Their gold reserves are very great, and substantial proportions of these reserves have been kept aside as Equalization Funds expressly designed to meet sudden capital movements and in doing so to avoid sharp exchange fluctuations.

The smooth working of an international monetary standard, however, pre-supposes economic conditions that do not exist at the present time, notably an assurance of reasonable international economic equilibrium. It would be a grave error, indeed a disaster, if the gold standard were to be restored by unilateral action (as in the immediate post-war period) or even by multilateral agreement (as was attempted at the time of the Monetary and Economic Conference in 1933) and should again break down because of the strains to which it was subjected.

It is probable, therefore, that informed opinion will agree with M. van Zeeland that "the final and definitive solution of the (international monetary) problem must be placed not at the beginning but at the end of the effort of international co-operation towards which we are aiming." Meantime, however, an interim step is suggested by the Report—a revision and extension of the tripartite agreement of September, 1936. What is now required is an assurance that exchange stability will be maintained over as wide an area as possible. This, as M. van Zeeland points out, is easier now that the depreciation to which the main trading currencies have been subjected gives

the possibility of internal and external price equilibrium. But his warning of the necessity for a real will to maintain monetary equilibrium, by appropriate internal and external policies, should be underlined.

The point of immediate attack upon monetary trade restrictions, is quite clearly exchange control. If other countries could follow the example of Austria and first mitigate and then abandon the practice of exchange control, then clearing systems, blocked accounts and other impedimenta to trade might be dealt with. M. van Zeeland emphatically suggests the necessity of abandoning exchange control, at any rate as regards commercial transactions. Certain measures of control might be retained over capital movements; but "the first and most urgent step is to bring about the suppression of all restrictions on payments for merchandise."

In order to bring about such a reform, however, whether immediately, or in stages, two major problems must be tackled, a settlement of past arrears of debt, particularly commercial short-term obligations, and measures to ease the difficulties of the transition period. Practical suggestions are made whereby the Bank for International Settlements might help in the latter respect.

Such suggestions as these, however, are not new. There is, in fact, no insuperable technical difficulty in restoring a much greater freedom of commercial payments. The real question is the will of the monetary, and above all the political authorities, in the countries most concerned to agree to the necessary measures of international co-operation. The crux of the problem, therefore, lies in the questions M. van Zeeland deals with in the third part of his report.

As the reception of the report shows, the difficulties of initiating any positive action are very great. Governments will express appreciation of its suggestions and will undertake to take further "soundings;" but it is not easy to get them to do anything. There is a notable deterioration in recent years of anything approaching international responsibility. The first semi-official statement made, prior indeed to the publication of the report, came from Italy and was at least sceptical, if not hostile, in regard to proposals for international collaboration.

It is indeed difficult to envisage dictatorial Governments relinquishing the powerful disciplinary weapon which exchange control puts in their hands. The statement made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, also, while more appreciative of the Report, was accompanied by a defence of tariffs (British model) on the ground that they are invaluable counters which may be used to protect British interests in commercial bargaining with other countries. Quotas are defended, for instance in Switzerland, on exactly the same grounds. Government policies, in other words, are largely influenced by regard not for general prosperity but for particular interests. This is precisely what Adam Smith described as "that baleful spirit of commerce that would govern a great empire by the maxims of the counter." Neo-mercantilism is in the ascendant, however, and its spirit is fostered by the political insecurity of the present time. What can be done in this situation?

M. van Zeeland's suggestion is that five great trading powers France, the United Kingdom, the United States of America, Germany and Italy, should be approached to ascertain if they would be willing to attempt closer international collaboration along the lines of his report and if so how far they would go. If the preliminary answer was encouraging, he suggests the creation of a "bureau appointed for the purpose," to work out a scheme of action. Here is the most novel suggestion of his whole report. It is clear that it is a further retreat from the League in an effort to bring in Italy and Germany. The bureau would be, it is presumed, a body like the secretariat of the Non-Intervention Committee, created for a particular purpose. The ordinary man, rather weary by now of the constant efforts to cajole the dictatorships into co-operation, may well wonder if it is really worth while to invent new mechanisms and make fresh overtures. It is, of course, highly desirable on political as well as economic grounds to restore the fullest degree of international understanding and co-operation that can be obtained; but must we wait until a formula can be found and a bait devised to bring in the peoples whose need on any ordinary test is greatest, but whose policies are the most obstructive? Is there any hope that concessions will bring a hearty response, or will they merely be used as an argument for further concessions?

There are some countries whose conception of co-operation seems identical with that of the man who wanted his friend to coo, while he himself operated.

We can only hope that the somewhat disillusioned cynicism of the man in the street will be disappointed and that something will come out of the "further soundings," even though the method proposed is a somewhat gratuitous cold-shouldering of the established machinery at Geneva, which still receives the nominal adherence of three and the unofficial co-operation of a fourth of the six Powers mentioned.

Meantime there appears to be more hope of something being done to liberate international trade if the countries that really wish to do so will negotiate agreements among themselves and leave the reluctant ones to come in when they feel disposed to do so. Perhaps the most practically significant sentence of the whole of this report is that in which M. van Zeeland says that "no one would under-estimate the effect which would be produced—either directly, in its reaction on the two economies concerned, or indirectly in its repercussion on the whole world—by the conclusion, in a spirit of international collaboration, of a commercial agreement covering a wide range, between the two great Anglo-Saxon communities." Here is something we can do and do quickly. If it is done in the spirit of Burke's plea that "great empires and little minds go ill together" it will forge enduring links of friendship and redound to the mutual advantage of the whole English-speaking world. In the world of tomorrow, the United States must play a rôle of increasing importance. Already it is responsible for 45 per cent. of the world's manufacturing production. The series of commercial treaties already negotiated have led it far along the road towards accepting, as a creditor nation should, an excess of imports over exports. In years to come the steady vision of its Secretary of State, Mr. Cordell Hull, may well be regarded as responsible for a reversion of commercial policy marking a turning-point not only in its own history but in the history of the world. It is surely the path of wisdom to link the British Commonwealth with the growing political influence and increasing economic importance of the United States, and at the same time to support the far-sighted initiative of its present Foreign Minister.

PUBLICITY BY STEALTH

By MONTGOMERY BELGION

THE task of making known overseas British culture, the attractions which Great Britain offers to tourists, and British policy in relation to native races and to international affairs in general, is to be under official ægis. The Prime Minister has announced that the Government is appointing a committee to co-ordinate the various forms of British publicity abroad. The most recent of these forms is that of broadcasting. Hitherto Britannia has not ruled the air waves. Indeed, foreign propaganda has had the ether to itself. But a first step has now been taken to counteract this foreign wireless activity. The British Broadcasting Corporation has started a service of broadcasts in Arabic, and services in Spanish and Portuguese are to follow. In connexion with these broadcasts in foreign languages two things, I believe, still remain to be pointed out.

It is idle to deny that an immense quantity of official and semi-official propaganda is now being carried on abroad. Its general effect is to make it impossible for the world at large to ascertain the truth about important happenings. The present struggle in Spain, for example, has been the occasion for a campaign of mendacity of altogether fantastic proportions. Atrocities, casualties, and victories have been freely manufactured on the typewriter. Two matters about which the fog of propaganda has so well shrouded the truth that each continues to be the subject of conjecture are the situation of Majorca and the destruction of the town of Guernica. The Italian Government has firmly repudiated any design of annexing the smallest portion of foreign territory in the Mediterranean. Yet the Barcelona Government and its French sympathizers confidently assert that if the Italians are helping the Spanish Nationalists to hold the island, it can only be as the

result of some secret understanding for the future between the Italian Government and General Franco. Guernica was destroyed during the advance of the Nationalists to Bilbao, and many persons were killed or wounded. The Basques announced that Guernica had been destroyed by the bombs of a large force of aeroplanes operating from a Nationalist base. General Franco's headquarters, however, promptly retorted that the destruction was the work of anarchists fighting with the Basques. Which account is correct the world at large cannot tell.

Yet nothing is easier than to exaggerate the extent of the harm done by propaganda of this kind. Actually, the public nowhere requires to know the exact truth in order to form its opinion. The public is not a jury returning its verdict on the evidence. Ordinary men and women adopt an attitude in a given issue without recourse to conscious reasoning, although it often proves that they have reason on their side. They adopt their attitude by what looks like a kind of instinct. Because we in England are exposed to every wind of propaganda, it does not follow that we do not form definite opinions as readily as do the inhabitants of countries from which alien propaganda is rigorously excluded. When Italy began hostilities against Abyssinia, the Italian nation, which had hitherto viewed the prospect of a war with misgiving, rallied to its Government's support. Without knowing all that might have been urged in favour of the other side, the Italian nation was satisfied that the conquest of Abyssinia had become imperative. Equally without having weighed all the pros and cons, the majority of people here in England refused to believe that Italian policy had in this instance any justice behind it. Signor Mussolini certainly had a case, and his case was accessible to any one who cared to study it; and yet the circumstances in which Sir Samuel Hoare had to relinquish office were to show that we in this country would not even either contemplate the most probable issue of the Abyssinian campaign or recognize the inevitable impotence of the League. We showed ourselves in this matter to be as impervious to propaganda as we were blind to the realities of the situation.

So to-day it need not be doubted that the Japanese can advance impressive reasons for the military over-running of China; but to such reasons the majority of us in England are

indifferent: our sympathies have spontaneously gone to the Chinese. Again, circumstantial as was the account issued by the Spanish Nationalists of how Guernica was destroyed, only those English people already favouring General Franco accepted it. For the persons who follow the British Government in remaining neutral as regards the Spanish struggle just as much as for the persons who actively sympathize with the Barcelona Government, the correctness of the Basques' version has never been in question. More recently the outbreak of unrest among the Arabs in Palestine was accompanied by the publication in the Italian press of a series of allegations of unfair conduct on the part of British officials in that country; but these allegations, although their publication was reported here, did not lead a single Englishman to espouse the Arab cause.

Thus, the anti-British propaganda which the B.B.C.'s broadcasts in foreign languages are being designed to counteract has in all likelihood very little damaging effect. It avows itself to be propaganda, and it is too invariably tendentious not to be open to the suspicion, even by those who cannot check its statements, that it distorts or even fabricates its news. And all the world over people are sceptical of propaganda which they can recognize as such, and where they think they are in the presence of deliberate distortion or fabrication they are no more than amused.

That is the first thing in connexion with these broadcasts in foreign languages which has not, I think, so far been pointed out. It leads me straight to the second. The B.B.C. has carefully stated that the broadcasts are being confined to news. Great Britain may want to counteract propaganda; she is not going to engage in *propaganda* herself. The sentiment is admirable. Only, the B.B.C., and the British Government behind the B.B.C., seem to have overlooked that no summary of news can be other than a selection, of news, and that listeners must think it as easy to make the news selected for these foreign broadcasts support and justify British policy in international affairs as it would be to support and justify that policy by means of a commentary. But listeners will also consider that between the two there is this capital difference: that a commentary proclaims itself for what it is, and that a selection of news does

not. It therefore looks very much as if, albeit with the best of motives, the B.B.C.—which goes to such pains, not only in its normal national and regional programmes, but also in its printed publications, not to favour any one side at the expense of an opposite side—were now engaging willy-nilly in *propaganda* under cover of issuing news.

This may easily defeat its own end. A rumour, travelling out of the East, has reached these shores, according to which the Arabs are refusing to listen to the B.B.C.'s broadcasts because they prefer their news coloured. With true Oriental wisdom they prefer propaganda that they can recognize for what it is. But, apart from that, the broadcasts raise the question: can covert propaganda be a good thing?

The broadcasts are addressed abroad, but the question is especially timely for reasons nearer home. It is commonly supposed that, although we here in England are exposed to every kind of contending propaganda from overseas, we are happily free from the effects of a similar local activity. That, like so many other expressions of English insularity, is a delusion. In fact, the British public is being subjected to a mass of propaganda with all kinds of objects and in ways of which it has no inkling. The appointment of a Public Relations Officer to the B.B.C. and of one to the Post Office has been found so satisfactory by the authorities that now a third has been installed at the War Office. These Public Relations Officers are really but agents of propaganda under another name. It is not to be imagined for a moment that they ever issue a statement not in every respect true; but it has, nevertheless, to be recognized that their job severally is to propagate among the public a feeling favourable to the departments for which they work. Propaganda does not depend on the cooking of facts; it is at its most effective when, while sticking to the facts, or to some of the facts, it relies entirely on its manner of presenting them.

Not that home propaganda is always scrupulous about the fact. The issue of the Zinoviev letter on the eve of the general election of 1924 is an event that will not readily be forgotten. That publication was perfectly timed to produce a revulsion of the electorate from the Labour party; and it succeeded. The reason for this success was that the letter was generally accepted

at the time as being authentic. But to what extent it was authentic has since come to light; and we now see that its issue was simply a piece of covert propaganda. It succeeded simply because it was covert. Had the electorate known all the circumstances in which the publication took place, the reaction might have been different.

All four of our political parties maintain departments of propaganda. British industry, too, has followed since the War the example of industry in the United States, and to-day London Transport, the four great railway companies, such combines as Imperial Chemical Industries, trade federations, and a host of firms, all have their public relations officers and their press departments. For that matter, any person or corporate body with the requisite funds may get propaganda undertaken, provided of course there is no infringement of the law, for whatever object he or it likes. There is no need to maintain a special staff. Experts are now in independent practice, and they will act for a stipulated length of time and on a stipulated scale for a proportionate fee. The result is that the ordinary reader of a daily newspaper or weekly periodical often thinks he is reading news when he is absorbing the work of propaganda. Our press to-day abounds in what can only be called publicity by stealth.

In all this the press, it is true, plays a passive part. We have not yet developed co-operation between the advertising and editorial departments of a newspaper to the point of making it the fine art which it is in France. I remember being told by the night editor of a leading Paris daily newspaper that one of the chief Parisian stores had paid 28,000 francs to have published the short story in the paper that morning. Presumably somewhere in the course of the story there was an adroit reference to the store. In France that sort of thing is going on the whole time. With us, however, propaganda in the press does not yet involve, unless it is frankly in the form of an advertisement, payment to the newspaper or periodical concerned. Yet to-day not only do large advertisers in the principal English newspapers often ask for free puffs in the news columns and invariably obtain them, but also the newspapers and periodicals publish a great quantity of news items and photographs which owe

their existence and publication primarily to the desire of some outside party to propagate the name or qualities of a particular article of consumption or the aims of a particular association or movement. And it is not only news items and photographs that are used in this way, but also feature articles, gossip paragraphs, letters to the editor, and often part of the contents of what are called the women's pages.

No doubt it can be pleaded that those who write all this material or take the photographs do not accept payment from a newspaper or periodical if they are being paid elsewhere. Moreover, the favourite method of propagandists acting for commercial or industrial concerns is to instigate some event the newspaper record of which will be publicity and then to invite the Press to get it reported by men or women of their own staffs. That makes it very difficult to draw the line where legitimate news ends and propaganda begins. If a railway company persuades some personage to name a new engine, and a little ceremony is arranged, the railway company's sole object, of course, is to call the public's attention once more to itself and to impress the public with its enterprise. But many people like to read about new engines, and the event will be "covered" by the newspapers and news agencies in complete independence. They will be free, that is to say, to send or not to send their men to witness the event, as they please; and the "copy" thus provided by reporters will have, as a rule, to run with all the other "copy" that pours into an editorial office in a day its chance of getting into print. Likewise, if a big engineering firm invites the press to the trials of a new air liner, or a Dominion High Commissioner invites the press to the launch of a ship for that Dominion's mercantile marine, it can be argued that if such an event is recorded in the next day's papers, it is only because its "news value," i.e., its supposed capacity to interest the buyers of a newspaper, greatly outweighs any incidental propaganda that may be effected.

The aim, indeed, is to make the public conscious of—to imagine some examples—a railway company, an alcoholic beverage, a night club, a process of avoiding infection with tuberculosis, or a trade union, by causing the public to notice *almost unawares* the railway company's enterprise, the ancient customs observed

in connexion with the beverage, the fashionable people who patronize the night club, a celebrity's support of the process of avoiding infection with tuberculosis, or the trade union's entertainment of a distinguished former member. That is to say, the aim is to put the emphasis on something else and to make the public conscious of a concern, an article of consumption, or a movement, surreptitiously. On that account, however, the propaganda has to be covert, the publicity obtained by stealth. For that matter, the newspapers compel this by being pitiless in excising from "copy" any signs of propaganda they may detect.

The result is that the public is being subjected to a vast amount of insidious suggestion. Advertising, however formidable the objections to its methods, operates openly and without disguise. If people allow themselves to be hypnotized by advertisements, they do so, as it were, with their eyes open. But the propaganda to which I am calling attention does not operate openly, and it is disguised. It works insidiously, by stealth. Possibly every one of the innumerable articles, concerns, movements, and establishments on behalf of which it seeks to influence and shape public opinion is excellent, and the public can only benefit by being subjected to such a quantity of publicity concerning them. But that is not the question. The question is: can *covert* propaganda be a good thing?

BILLIE CROW.

BY A. G. MORRIS.

"GOSH! There goes Billie Crow," said Jim, and he put his fingers to his mouth, letting out a long, fiendish, piercing whistle.

Instantly there was a rush of boys from all quarters. Tom, Sam, Walter, Alfie, Charlie . . . shouting, running, kicking and whistling shrilly.

"There's Billie Crow," repeated Jim Barton. "Look at his legs, just look at 'em . . ."

"Like a grass-'opper, 'e is," shouted Sam, laughing.

"Penny toy, wot you winds up . . ." said Alfie.

"Cat on 'ot bricks," commented Walter, originally. "Lord, 'ow 'e picks up those great feet of 'is, sky 'igh . . ."

"Like a bloomin' chorus girl," yelled Charlie, a spotty youth with a foxy face.

Billie Crow saw and heard the boys, waiting at the end of the street. But he had to pass them to get home. And when he did get home there wouldn't be much sympathy waiting for him. He was sixteen years old, and he had never had a job of any kind. He never brought back a penny to help the long family of nine at Fish Court. So now, irresolute, lacking in all self-confidence, a target at home and a butt outside, he stood miserably in the filthy street, with his nail-bitten hands, his ungainly boots, his part-tight-part-loose ill-fitting suit; Bill Crow, Figure of Fun.

"Come on, Bill!" shouted Charlie, "Show us the 'igh kick."

"I gotter git 'ome some'ow," thought Bill.

He took a step forward, a sort of nervous jerk, which threw the knee high up in the air, so that the top part of his leg was almost at right angles to his body. The huge boot hung suspended awkwardly until it lunged downwards and hit the pavement. Then up went the other leg

"Put weights on your clod-'oppers," called out Jim, "Or we'll 'ave to tie you up for dangerous."

"I can't 'elp me feet," said Bill, as the group of boys, reinforced by some girls, closed all round him.

"Got a bitter string?" asked Jim.

"Pull aht 'is own boot lices!" said Gertie.

"Why not 'is brices?" squealed Liz.

"Not me brices!" yelled Bill, almost in tears, "I gotter keep up me trahsers."

"Fency thet, nah," laughed Alfie. And all the girls tittered, all except Sarah.

Heads were popping out of the windows by now, and everybody was laughing. Everybody always laughed at Bill. Even the policeman was amused. Even the Curate smiled. Even the dogs grinned and ran about the city at Bill's approach.

"Ready, nah?" shouted Jim.

"Yus," cried Gert.

"One, two, three, "OP!" cried Jim, and the little crowd parted a fraction to release Bill.

They had taken the laces out of his boots and tied them round his legs. But Bill refused to budge.

"'Op! I said," exclaimed Jim.

Bill was dumb and motionless.

"I'll twist 'is arm," said Charlie.

"'E's spoiling our fun," roared Alfie.

"I think you're mean beasts to torment 'im," said Sarah, suddenly.

"Sarah-Spoil-Sport," screeched Gert, pulling her hair hard.

"Listen to Billie's best girl!" yelled out Liz. "She's got measles by the look on 'er."

"Leave Sarah alone," said Bill, in his deep-pitched funereal voice.

"Leave Sarah alone!" mimicked Alfie, and Gert pulled her hair again, harder than ever.

"Get along, 'op frog," shouted Charlie to Bill, "I won't bag your girl, she squints . . ."

"She don't squint," said Bill, and everybody laughed again.

"She does squint," said Liz. "She squints 'orrible, and she's got a skinny neck, an' . . ."

"An' she's gotter crooked nose," interrupted Charlie. Look at 'er nose . . ."

It was then that Billie hopped. He hopped straight at Charlie, and punched his head. Charlie, taken by surprise, fell down but he was up in a flash and pommelling poor Bill.

"A fight!" yelled Jim. "Fair play, boys, undo 'is legs."

"Er nose is strite," croaked Bill, lunging out wildly, "Say 'er nose is strite." And, before they could stop him to untie the boot laces, he had stumbled and crashed down, with his head on the kerb.

"Gawd, I've killed 'im," blubbered Charlie, standing there, twisting his dirty fingers.

"Get 'ome," said Sarah. "Get 'ome, you beasts, and leave 'im to me. Don't you touch 'im, any on you. Murderers."

"'Ere comes a Copper," warned Jim, and the street cleared.

Sarah took Billie's ugly head in her lap. He opened his eyes and smiled at her.

"What's happened here?" said the policeman, joining the sad couple.

"Nothink," answered Bill, "I just slipped an' fell."

"Hmph," grunted the constable, with his eyes fixed on Billie's ankles. "And what about those boot laces?"

"Just a bitter sport," said Bill, "Wasn't it, Sarah?"

"Yes, Bill," she said, taking her cue from him, but her squinty eyes were wet.

"All right," said the policeman, and he walked away.

"Bit of a character, that lad," he thought.

"I better be getting on 'ome," said Bill.

"Let me tike your arm," said Sarah.

"If you're not ashamed of me legs," said Bill huskily.

"You're not ashamed of my nose, nor me squint," said Sarah.

"You don't squint," said Bill firmly, and the pair of them set out along the street.

"We belong now, don't we, Sarah?" asked Bill.

"Yes," said Sarah, "We belong, two funny ones."

"I must leave you 'ere," said Bill, in Fish Court.

"Goodbye," said Sarah. "Goodbye . . . dear."

It was six o'clock as Bill went up the dark staircase which led to "home." The Crow family lived in two rooms.

Mother was there now, with three of Bill's sisters, and Father was pulling off his boots in a corner. He had a red, beery face and angry eyes.

"'Ere comes the bread-winner," he said, as Bill came into the room.

"Wot you done to yer 'ead?" asked Mary.

"Fell down," said Bill.

"Fighting?" asked Ma.

"Yus," said Bill.

Pa laughed.

"Fighting, my foot!" said Elsie. "Spec they tied up 'is legs agine."

"Gotter job?" asked Edie.

"'Im gotter job!" guffawed Pa, nastily, "Nobody wouldn't 'ave 'im, not if 'e pide."

"'E's gotter big enough mouth ter fill," said Ma.

"You'll 'ave to go short now, me lad," said Pa. "I lost me own job ter day. Time you did summink for Ma and Pa."

"Some 'opes," said Elsie.

"Sleep an' eat. That's all 'e does," said Edie.

"An' walk abaht wiv that cross-eyed tart," said Mary.

"Try a circus," suggested Edie, "They tike freaks."

Bill sat down on the edge of the bed. He felt faint and his head swam.

"Swingin' the lead," said Pa.

"I'll look fer work termorrer," said Bill.

"Termorrer!" said Pa. "It's always termorrer with you, me lad."

"I'll not come 'ome agine till I got a job," said Bill.

And everybody laughed.

Now on the outskirts of the town there was a Circus; not a very large, grand one, but decent and properly-run. There were clowns and acrobats and horses, and even a lion. There were a few freaks too, a fat lady, a living skeleton, a giant, a dwarf, and a woman with fins.

Billie had heard nothing about all this, but the next day, true

to his promise, he went out to look for work. He went with little hope, because he knew that his disability, his twitching limbs, ruled him out of almost all employment. People just looked at him and laughed, and told him, in a variety of ways, to get out.

That day he tried at a Hotel. He tried at a butcher's. He tried at a draper's. He tried at a factory.

Then he heard somebody say.

"Look at that boy! Has he escaped from the Circus?"

That touched a chord.

Bill jerked his head sideways, in a typical gesture, and saw a great placard on the wall: BRANDON'S CIRCUS.

It was being held in Woodbridge Park, a twopenny bus ride from where Bill was standing and staring. He had twopenny in his pocket, in half-pennies.

"I'll go and have a look," he thought, "I'll go be bus, me legs is tired."

The bus wouldn't stop for Bill, but he was hauled on board by the conductor, who got kicked on the shins by the boy's windmill boots.

"You want to look out," said the conductor. "Keep them legs to yourself."

"Sorry, sir," said Bill, forcing himself, by a huge effort, to shuffle along to a seat. "My fault."

"That's all right," said the conductor, rubbing his shin. "Where for?"

"Woodbridge Park," said Bill, pulling out his money, and dropping some of the half-pennies.

"All thumbs, aren't you?" said a fat man, in a grey bowler who was sitting next to Bill.

"Sorry, sir," said Bill again, automatically.

"Don't mention it," said the Fat Man cheerfully. "Want to see the Circus, eh? Bit early, aren't you?"

"Not eggzackly see it, sir," replied Bill, feeling kindness in the man's voice.

"Not see it! What's a Circus for, then, if you don't see it?"

"I gotter get a job," said Bill. He looked just an ordinary rather ugly lad, as he sat there, twiddling his ticket nervously.

The Fat Man laughed, but not unkindly.

"Oho," he said. "So you want to join the Circus. Is that it?"

"Yus," said Bill. "You see, I ain't never 'ad a job, an' I don't bring no money 'ome, an' . . ."

"And so you're trying the Circus? Last hope, eh?" asked the Fat Man. "Well, me lad, what is it to be? Trapeze or tight rope? Or will you be shot out of a gun?"

"I thought I might be a freak, sir," said Bill.

"Good lord," said the Fat Man, in astonishment. "What put that into your head, boy? You're not a beauty, I will say, but I don't think folk would pay to look at your mug!"

"It's me legs, sir," said Bill, "I can't get no job, because of me legs."

"What's wrong with them?" asked the Fat Man, looking down at his companion's shabbily trousered limbs.

"They jumps, sir," said Billie.

"So they ought at your age. I could jump a five-barred gate then."

"I can't stop 'em jumping," explained Bill.

"Do your Dad and Mum know what you're up to?" asked the Fat Man.

"I said I wouldn't come 'ome till I 'ad a job, an' they said Good Riddance to bad rubbish."

"They said that, did they?"

"Yus," said Billie.

"Well, my name's Brandon," said the Fat Man.

"Cripes," said Bill.

"And," continued Mr. Brandon, "if you'll come along, I might find you a job. I won't promise, but I might."

"With the freaks?" asked Billie, brightening up.

"No," said Mr. Brandon. "Not with the freaks, laddie. But you might learn to groom a horse, or help shift the props, or something."

"You 'aven't seen me walk yet, sir," said Bill. "You mayn't want me then . . ."

"We'll see," said Mr. Brandon, standing up. "This is where we get off."

The sun was shining in the Park, as Billie and Brandon walked off towards the Circus tents.

"I'll 'ave a lot to tell Sarah," thought Bill.

Then people began to laugh.

Brandon, who had been thinking of other things, suddenly pricked up his ears, trained to catch the quality of applause or amusement.

"What's the joke here?" he said.

"Me, sir," said Billie miserably, preparing for the usual curt dismissal, when his legs were fully noticed.

"You?" asked Brandon. Then he saw Bill's boots in action, swinging up and down, jerking and wobbling fantastically. "So that's what you meant by jumping," he added.

"Yes, sir," said Bill. "I can't 'elp it, it comes."

"Lucky for you, maybe," said Brandon. "Come on, boy, quick."

"Lucky for me?" wondered Bill. "Lucky?"

He scrabbled along at full speed, his heart racing, his legs flying.

"Bit of a kangaroo, aren't you?" said Brandon. "What's your name?"

"Billie Crow, sir."

"And folk laugh at you, do they?"

"Yus. They can't 'elp it . . ."

"Can't help it, eh? Well, it's a gift to make people laugh, Bill."

That was a new angle, rather incomprehensible.

"Don't seem much of a gift to me, sir," said Bill.

"You wait," said Brandon, kindly. "You'll find out."

"I don't get you, sir," said Billie.

"Come on, Charlie," said Brandon, smiling.

"Not Charlie, sir," said Billie.

"All right, Bill," said Brandon. "My mistake."

That very night Billie appeared in the ring as a clown. It was a try-out, and he was deadly scared, but luckily nervousness only made his legs and arms wriggle and twist into strange contortions than ever . . .

"Quid a week and your keep," said Brandon afterward. "You made 'em laugh. Split like sausages they did."

"Praps it was the others, sir," said Bill. "They was funny."

"Perhaps," said Brandon. "Yes, Bill, perhaps it was the others."

He winked at another man who was standing near, and they both laughed a lot.

But already Bill was learning that laughter could be a very pleasant thing.

So he wrote to Sarah, but not to Ma and Pa.

And it was only the first of many letters to her from all over England and Wales.

Now Brandon had not taken on Bill just because of his legs. Brandon, although he was a man of common earth, had a certain flair for assessing character and potential talent.

Billie had always been laughed at at home, he had been made a joke, and he had lost all faith in himself, but he had a good brain and in his new surroundings, finding that it really was a gift to make men laugh, he discovered self-confidence and he blossomed, if not exactly like a rose.

By much patience and observation he realized the necessity of control, even in clowning. He began by being merely a Figure-of-Fun, because his legs jumped and kicked, but gradually, with cooler brain and steadier nerves, he managed largely to enslave his limbs, to crescendo or decrescendo the contortions to the best advantage. He became, in his way, an artist.

Brandon watched him. One day he took him aside.

"You're getting along, boy," he said. "I'll give you a freer hand. Think out some gags, use your voice. It's funny. Try different clothes. I'll fix you an act of your own. You can pick chaps to help you with it."

"Thank you, sir," said Bill. "I'd meant to ask you for a name."

"Well, Bill, you got it now," said Brandon.

After that encouragement Bill tried out many ideas, transforming himself, by turns, into an Eton-collared boy, a Soldier parade, a Policeman on point duty . . .

A car, with an impatient driver and a load of clowns, would ve furiously into the ring, only to be held up by an idiotic stable, with a melancholy voice and an insatiable demand licences.

"But you've had me driving licence," protested the clown at the wheel.

"Where's your dog licence, then?" asked Bill.

"I ain't got a dog . . ."

"Marriage lines, then, and hurry up."

"But I ain't married."

"Then you'll have to walk . . ."

And so on, until at last the Motorist, producing a gun licence, would open up machine-gun fire on the tormentor and drive the car straight at him.

Then Bill, for the first time, would give his legs full play. All round the ring, with the car chasing him and the gun firing, he would shuffle and shamble, kicking, hopping like a jumping bean, falling over buckets of water, shinning up greasy poles, until he was finally shoved out of sight on the very nose of the automobile, to a running fire of applause, whistles and laughter . . .

He was a success, a solo clown, who was mastering his technique, moulding his infirmities to his art, reading and thinking a lot . . .

But naturally it wasn't cake and ale all the time. Bill had the good-will of Brandon, but his quick success made him an object of jealousy to some of the older men, specially to those clowns who were pushed into second place by him.

"They'll soon get tired of your legs, Crow," said Morton, an old stager, with a tired, sagging mouth.

"Maybe," said Bill, good humouredly.

"Luck you got, more 'an skill," persisted Morton.

"I daresay," agreed Bill, refusing to quarrel, and pitying the older man.

"Well, any'ow, you can't come it over me or any of the boys," said Morton, "I bin twenty years in the ring."

"I hope you'll 'ave twenty more," said Bill.

His self-confidence was no longer rattled by such spleen. He had moved a long way from Fish Court, and he knew his worth.

"They was laughing at me, afore you was born," shouted the old clown, more and more irritated by Bill's calmness.

"Praps," said Bill, grinning, "they'll be laughing at you when I'm dead, or vicy-versy."

"You just look out then, and no oiling round the Boss," said Morton angrily. "There's some of us watching you, an' we won't 'ave no favritism . . ."

"I should go and 'ave a lay down, old boy . . ." said Bill, moving off to his quarters.

He wasn't worried. He trusted firmly in Brandon's common-sense and wide open eyes, and he was right.

The clowns went on strike one night, and tried to shove the blame on to Billie.

"E's not playing a straight game with any of us, Boss, nor with you," said Morton, "and we won't go into the Ring with 'im."

"You needn't," said Brandon evenly, "but he can go into the Ring without you . . . Come here, Crow."

"Sir," said Bill.

"Some of the fellows are a little bit tired to-night, I think. You'll do a turn alone. Can you manage?"

"I think so, sir," answered Bill.

So the strike became a lock-out . . .

And Billie just went on learning his job, picking up aitches bit by bit, and taking no notice of spokes in his wheel.

Petty plots petered out feebly, and threats to bash him up ended in nothing worse than bruises, which may have been accidental . . .

But through all his troubles and triumphs Billie never forgot Sarah.

In two years time, when he was eighteen, he was earning five pounds a week. Half of this he sent home, partly from a sense of duty, partly from pride in achievement; but he never gave name or address. He just put the money in an envelope and registered it.

Only Sarah knew where he was each week, and what he was.

"Any news of the grass-'opper, Squint-Eye?" asked Charlie, very tall now, with a cigarette hanging to his loose lip.

"Better ask 'is Pa," said Sarah. "They may 'ave 'eard sommink."

"You know more 'an you'll say," said Charlie.

"Not your business," said Sarah, "Mebbe 'e'll come back and fight you . . ."

"No fear, 'e'll end in the Work 'Ouse, that performing flea."

"Then 'e'll meet you there," said Sarah, walking away.

And nobody in Fish Court would admit that the weekly money came from Bill. The address was always *typed*.

"From Bill? No fear," said Pa.

"Then where does the brass come from?" asked Ma, in a filthy apron.

"Not from 'im," said Mary. But they all knew it did, and it stuck in their gullets. All the same they swallowed it.

"'Ow could 'e earn anythink?" asked Elsie. "With those legs?"

Almost at that very moment Billie, legs and all, was bounding incredibly out of the ring, dripping wet from innumerable buckets of water, and almost deafened by applause and delighted laughter.

"Boss wants to see you," said a friend.

"Righto," said Bill, and he went to find Brandon.

"Ulo, Billie," said Brandon, "I want you to meet Mr. Porson."

"'Fraid I'm a bit wet, sir," said Bill, smiling and shaking hands.

"Never mind that, Charlie," said Porson.

"Charlie?" thought Bill, and his mind went back two years, to the time when Brandon had made the same mistake in Woodbridge Park.

But Billie was more on the spot now. He knew what was happening to him. He flushed.

"Films, sir?" he said, speaking to Brandon.

"Yes, Bill, it's come," replied Brandon. "I knew I couldn't hold you long. Wouldn't be right."

Bill was silent. He put out his hand and gripped Brandon's hard.

"Don't worry about me, boy," said Brandon, "I'll watch you go up."

"You're a good man, sir," said Bill. Then he turned to Porson. "D'you really want me?" he asked.

"I wouldn't be here if I didn't, Crow," said Porson.

"You think I'll . . . make good?"

"You've got voice and walk," said Porson. "Personality

too. You made me laugh, sir, and that's not easy. Chaplin the Second, maybe. We'll soon find out with the tests. Brandon will release you when you wish. I hope it'll be soon."

Bill didn't look at Brandon when he next spoke.

"Yes, it'll be soon," he said. Then, with a rush of confidence,

"I knew myself that it would come one day . . ."

"Brandon's told me a bit of your history, Crow," said Porson, "and I want to make a picture of you in that slum of yours, with the boys tormenting you, tying you up, making you hop and so forth."

"D'you mind if I go and write a letter, sir?" asked Bill.

"Bless the boy, no," said Porson. "Then we'll sign you up Twenty pounds a week for the first picture. Then we'll see."

So Bill wrote to Sarah.

"Dearest Sarah,

"They want me on the films now. I hope you can be in my first picture too. I've kept away from you for all this time, and worked. But now I can see you again, and perhaps we needn't say Goodbye ever any more.

"Yours affectionately,

Bill."

Sarah cried for joy, when she read that, but she was a little afraid, because Bill had studied to spell like a book.

"And I do squint," she said to herself, in front of a tiny mirror. "An' 'e's seen lovely girls jump through 'oops, an' acrebats in spangled tights . . ."

But she need not have been frightened, for Bill looked at her eyes, and they shone like stars; he looked at her nose, and it was straight . . .

And Porson found in Sarah a most gentle and sensitive Cinderella. . . .

They were to film the old street, and there were jobs for many in the crowd. Even Pa and Ma were impressed.

"'E allers made 'em larf," said Pa, very red and boozy.

"Remembered 'is 'ome, too," said Ma to a reporter. "Sent money as reglar as a clock. Me favrit boy, 'e was. Never a wrong word atween us . . ."

"Now, they're off," said Mary. "'Is nime's Johnnie 'Are in the picksher."

"Gosh! There goes Johnnie 'Are," said Jim, and he put his fingers to his mouth, letting out a long, fiendish, piercing whistle.

Instantly there was a rush of boys from all quarters. Tom, Sam, Walter, Alfie, Charlie . . .

"There's Johnnie 'Are," repeated Jim Barton. "Look at 'is legs, just look at 'em . . ."

"Like a grass-'opper, 'e is," shouted Sam, laughing.

And there he stood at the end of the street, irresolute, lacking in all self-confidence, a target at home and a butt outside, with his nail-bitten hands and his great ungainly boots . . .

So The Play, such a strange revival of old memories, wound itself out, until at last Bill-Johnnie was free to take Sarah-Maria into his arms, to kiss her and to tell her that he had always loved her. She looked up at him and smiled, and they were still like that, long after the cameras had stopped. They had forgotten time and place and crowds and fame. For The Play was the same as Reality.

ESTONIA AFTER TWENTY YEARS

By E. R. SARV

THE post-War years witnessed the creation of many new States all aiming at constitutions based upon extreme democratic principles. But it soon became apparent that, however desirable such a government might be on ethical and moral grounds, it could only be successful when the people—as for instance in the case of Great Britain—had been trained by centuries of democratic evolution.

If the situation was to be saved, and the principles of democracy preserved, there was only one thing to be done, while leaving the ultimate power in the hands of the people, at the same time to control and direct this power until such time as the citizens were able to grasp the responsibilities as well as the rights of popular government. It is in the States that followed this course that one finds nowadays true democracies working towards the same ideals as those held by the countries which they once took as their models.

A few days ago one of the oldest of these young democracies, Estonia, celebrated her twentieth anniversary. During the two decades of her existence very little has happened in this most northern of the Baltic States startling enough to attract world-wide attention. Nevertheless she, like many others, has gone through an internal crisis, and a new form of democracy singularly attractive and suitable to the country and people has been contrived.

After being the battleground of Eastern and Western Europe for five hundred years Estonia at length obtained her freedom and independence through the World War. Twenty years of peaceful progress have now passed since this emancipation, and the Estonians—whom Professors A. J. Grant and H. W. V. Temperley in their standard work describe as "one of the best educated races in Europe"—have welcomed this opportunity

of consolidating and developing their national life—even though it has brought them no “headlines” in the world’s press.

There is a very real reason why Britain should be interested in the affairs of this country, for during the Estonian War of Liberation in 1917 she played a decisive part in checking the spread of communism from revolutionary Russia through the Baltic. It was certainly a critical time for Estonia. The Russian army was within thirty miles of the capital by land, and the Russian fleet was rapidly approaching by sea. Then, at the crucial moment, a British naval squadron, under Admiral Sinclair, appeared in the Gulf of Tallinn. The Russian fleet was repulsed, and with the support—both material and moral—of the British ships, the Estonians were enabled to drive the enemy forces from their borders.

The first Constitution of Estonia comprised a State Assembly exercising political power on behalf of the people with little or no control from the guiding hand of a strong executive. In the matter of constituting governments, accepting resignations, and ratifying treaties, it was vested with the prerogatives of the head of a parliamentary state. The Government itself was reduced to the position of a mere executive committee, while the Prime Minister, though having the title, wielded none of the powers of a chief minister. These circumstances raised many obstacles to the smooth working of government, and at the same time it was found extremely difficult for any one of the various political parties to obtain a clear majority.

While a great deal of social and economic reconstruction was carried through despite these constitutional difficulties the State Assembly progressively lost prestige, as party strife and coalition manoeuvres were allowed to interfere with the efficient running of the State. During the years of depression the situation deteriorated considerably, and the necessity for a strong executive became more and more apparent. The constitution was in urgent need of revision, but this could only be done, providing popular consent was obtained. A nationwide publicity campaign was begun which resulted in the birth of a strong, new political movement, differing from any other previously known in the country by its pronounced fascist tendencies.

In the emergency the National Assembly placed before the people two measures for constitutional reform, but these were rejected in favour of a scheme submitted by the leaders of this “fascist” movement. The result was that by an impressive majority a new constitution was adopted which gave to the President almost dictatorial powers enabling him if necessary to oppose any parliamentary majority which might militate against the best interests of the State.

The constitution was scarcely adopted, however, before the leaders of the new movement, taking advantage of their temporary popularity, decided to launch an anti-parliamentary reaction and, threatened if necessary, even to use force to secure the presidential seat for one of themselves.

Fortunately for the country there was at this time at the head of Estonia’s affairs a most far-seeing and disinterested statesman whose popularity not even all the intrigues of the new fascist movement could diminish. This was Mr. Konstantin Päts, the President, who saw quickly how dangerous it would be if the country were to be allowed to be made the sport of political adventurers. Using the extensive powers given to him by the new constitution he suspended the activities of all political parties, and, giving him wide powers and a seat in the cabinet, nominated as his chief executive General John Laidoner, Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces.

Thus began a new era. Right from the beginning Mr. Päts rejected the principle of excessive presidential power. He aimed at the formation of a new constituent assembly, and the re-organization and consolidation of the national social and administrative life of the country in such a way as to render any possible future change in the constitution possible only by appeal to popular referendum under normal conditions.

To bring about this desirable state of affairs Mr. Päts first of all appealed to and received from the people full powers of action on their behalf. He then convoked a National Assembly, the first chamber of which consisted of 80 members who were elected from constituencies by universal, equal, direct, and secret suffrage. In a second chamber there were 40 members, representative of and elected by various professional and

commercial bodies, including 10 members nominated by the President himself.

By the provisions of the new constitution (which came into force at midnight on the eve of 1938) Estonia remains a representative democracy governed by the strong executive necessitated by the geographical position of the country and the exigencies of a strong economic policy.

There is a two-chambered parliament and a president, and thus it has a certain superficial resemblance to the constitution set up by Mr. de Valera in Ireland. But, above all, it is a constitution which has been built upon the accumulated experience of these twenty years.

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The so-called Baltic *Bloc* or Baltic Union (Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania) has ever since the Great War, and particularly so in recent times, been considered by many to be in an extremely unenviable position. 'What will be the fate of countries who on the one hand are the possible victims of German *Drang nach Osten* and on the other of Russian ambitions on the Baltic?' it may well be asked. Certainly to the casual observer the position seems dangerous in the extreme.

Is there any real cause for alarm, however? There are two very good reasons why Estonia at any rate need not be too anxious about the situation. Germany's eastward-thrusting tendencies are held in check by the thought that, as things are at present, there is in Estonia a bulwark against communist interference, while Russia is given pause when she considers that she has as neighbour a democratic State with no special leanings towards a type of government inimical to her own. Between these counterbalancing forces Estonia feels herself safe and is additionally reassured by the fact that Russia's economic interests have been substantially removed from her Western border. Furthermore, relations between Russia and the Baltic States have for many years been completely normal, and, as will be clear to any student of foreign affairs, Russia, while wanting peace generally, is most particularly anxious to avoid hostilities in Western Europe.

Apart from normal international relationships the Baltic States have made it a rule not to concern themselves in the

internal affairs of other countries and, extending this principle to their own affairs, neither will they tolerate interference in their own. This policy has made it possible to maintain intercourse even on a friendly basis both with communist Russia and Nazi Germany.

General Laidoner, in a recent speech on the problems of foreign policy, made it clear that Estonia has rallied to the group of "alliance-free" states of which the Swedish Prime Minister has been the spokesman:

"We do not want to bind ourselves with anti-communistic-nationalistic-fascistic pacts and treaties such as were urged upon us sometime ago under the so-called Eastern Pact. . . . We want to be neutral but we must protect that neutrality. Every nation, small or great, must be ready to resist attack. Only those small nations have grown strong that have been ready to defend themselves."

If at some remote future date a war were to break out in North-Eastern Europe, the States immediately concerned would be Latvia and Lithuania, which are on the direct line of march between the Russian and the German frontiers. It is conceivable that geographically, Estonia, up on the Northern Baltic, might be able to remain outside the dispute, but if she were bound by treaties she would be obliged to come immediately to the assistance of her neighbours. While such considerations as these have given rise to a body of opinion in Estonia which favours an isolationist policy towards Latvia and Lithuania, it is at the same time realized that whichever of the Baltic States was attacked the others could not escape being eventually drawn into the quarrel. At present, therefore, since their interests are so closely connected, it seems unlikely that the long-standing union of the Baltic States will be dissolved.

LABOUR'S RECORD IN NEW ZEALAND.

By F. L. W. WOOD.

WITHIN a few months New Zealand will face a general election, and the voters will pronounce their verdict on the record of our first Labour Government. At present both sides admit that the country is prosperous. The Government claims that this is "to a major extent" due to its own activities, which will maintain and increase that prosperity in the future. The objective is social security, so that every person "able and willing to work" will be guaranteed what one might call the material basis of "the good life," while the aged and infirm will be cared for. This objective, in Labour's view, will be attained through strong leadership and control by democratically elected government. The opposition retorts that New Zealand's present prosperity is due to the high prices received for our exports. Government spending, it is allowed, has helped for the moment, but at a heavy price to be paid later. Further, government "leadership and control" inevitably entangle private enterprise, which is vital to prosperity, within a paralysing mass of regulations. Thus by both sides attention is drawn to the underlying problem of the State's place in economic life. What can the State really do to make its subjects prosperous?

The Labour Government's doctrine that it can do a very great deal is no new one in New Zealand. Ever since we have had self-government, but especially under the radical governments of the 'nineties and again during war emergencies and post-war depressions, politics have been dominated chiefly by direct State intervention in economic affairs. Such intervention has rarely concerned itself with theories or with ultimate objectives, but has arisen from the practical fact that the free-play of economic individualism often produced results which are both unjust and socially undesirable. There followed the conclusion

that the Government must discipline individual selfishness and inefficiency, and should guide the country's economic life as a whole. In a new country, with a relatively simple economic structure, such reasoning is more natural than in the complexity of the old world. Further, in a new country it is relatively easy for the State to act. Society is less rigidly organized. Issues are often clearer, and the working of economic laws more easy to follow. The result has been that New Zealand, like other new countries, is far less individualistic than might appear on the surface. As elsewhere, State intervention has steadily increased, and at least as much as elsewhere industries in difficulties have taken it for granted that the State should assist them, however much they may criticize "interference" in the abstract.

Under pressure of national crisis the preceding Coalition evolved and acted upon a fairly coherent plan to hasten and control the adaptation of New Zealand's economy to changed world conditions; it was hoped to make the process less painful and more equitable than if it had been left to blind economic forces. In particular, relief was sought through the cardinal policies of exchange depreciation and reduction of local costs, which involved a spectacular extension of the State's sphere of action. So far, for example, the exchange rate had been normally left in the hands of the private banks. It was a big change for the Government to fix the exchange-rate, as a matter of general policy, at a figure different from that desired by the great majority of the bankers. Again, the policy of reducing local costs involved an attack on wage and interest rates. The State "cut" not only wages and salaries in the civil service, but (through the Arbitration Court) those in private industry. It achieved a big reduction in overdraft and discount rates by pressure upon the banks. Interest on the public debt (Government and Local Bodies) was reduced by compulsory conversion in 1933; and all rents, and interest rates on mortgages, etc., were also "cut" by legislation. In some cases, notably in the farming industry, the rights of creditors were indefinitely suspended. These proceedings often cut across law and custom and repudiated the sanctity of contract in the name of the national good. Further, the Coalition set up new institutions through which the State could

act on economic life. For example, the Reserve Bank was created and given control of currency and exchange, with considerable power over credit, and the Mortgage Corporation consolidated the various Government lending departments; both these institutions could be relied upon to carry out the Government's policy. Again, the basic farming industries were given strong Government leadership in the form of the Executive Commission of Agriculture, and a judicial procedure for the ultimate writing off of mortgage debts which exceeded the actual value of the farm.

In short, the Coalition handed on to the Labour Government a very active "social service" tradition. Labour proceeded to carry this tradition still further. As compared with the Coalition it had an optimistic idea of the possibilities of State action. Coalition spokesmen often defended the policy of "deflating" costs on the ground that New Zealand must always cut her coat according to her cloth—meaning that conditions within the Dominion were and always would be controlled by the prices realized for her exports. Labour, then in opposition, had taken the contrary view, that a wise financial and commercial policy could have virtually "insulated" New Zealand from the depression prevailing overseas. The key to the matter, it was urged, lay in local purchasing power. Deflation and rigid Government economy, by destroying purchasing power, deepened the depression they were supposed to relieve. What was needed was a policy of "expansion." Generous social services and a vigorous public works policy were essential, and, above all, wages should have been maintained. Through such means, said Labour spokesmen, the Government held the power to maintain standards of living. The depression was unnecessary; it was due to human folly, not fundamentally to the operation of forces beyond local control.

The Labour Party's optimism was in part a matter of faith, for its leaders were temperamentally inclined to believe that problems would yield before the enthusiasm of men who combined good will with energy. But it was reinforced also by the belief that concrete plans were actually available. These plans were summarized in Labour's election platform of 1935, which in the official view had been perfected by careful study

during the long years spent in opposition. It could, therefore, be put into operation as soon as the Law Drafting Office had translated it into statutory terms. The result was that, in fact, the programme was acted upon after the election with remarkable rapidity and completeness.

One of the first laws to be passed was that reforming the Reserve Bank of New Zealand. A few small changes in the law brought the Bank strictly under Government control. Its Governor is, as before, appointed by the Government, but the shareholders were bought out (full compensation—the market value of shares on the day of the General Election—was granted), and the Directors now hold office during the pleasure of the Government. The Bank's function is now "to give effect as far as may be to the monetary policy of the Government as communicated to it from time to time by the Minister of Finance." At the same time the limits on the amount of accommodation which the Bank could grant to the Government were relaxed or removed, and its powers over the private banks were greatly increased. It is perhaps worth remarking that the Reserve Bank of New Zealand cannot use many of the means by which the Bank of England more or less subtly influences monetary and financial operations. Therefore, a degree of influence which can be taken for granted in England must in New Zealand be provided for in statutory form. In particular, the Reserve Bank was given power to coerce the Trading Banks by varying the amount of reserves which they must deposit with it. Further, they are now compelled to disclose to the Reserve Bank the general tendency of their credit policy by giving regular information about overdrafts authorized but unused. Finally, the Reserve Bank is given the power to control the allocation of sterling exchange—a power, which if exercised, would enable it to regulate imports.

There is little indication, that the social control of credit will be used according to the ideas of Major Douglas. Labour's election campaign did in fact attract many social credit votes, and there are Douglas-minded men both in the caucus and in the Cabinet. But the policy of Mr. Nash, as Minister of Finance, follows different lines. In his view the function of credit is to enable labour to turn raw materials into

consumable goods. The State's main duty in the matter is to see that when Labour, materials, and demand for finished goods are all available, proceedings shall not be held up for lack of credit. In these circumstances, the guiding principle is that the Central Bank should provide the necessary credit on the condition that corresponding assets are created. This idea is illustrated, for example, in the Government's Housing Scheme. There was an admitted shortage of houses in New Zealand, and in the Government's view they were unlikely to be supplied in sufficient quantities and sufficiently cheaply by private enterprise. Accordingly, the State has undertaken to build and let houses. A new Department was created for the purpose, and organized with astonishing speed and efficiency, and as a result of its work, State Houses are already being built in most of the bigger towns. They are, it is said, of uniformly high quality but attractively varied appearance, and the Department claims that it is being besieged by would-be tenants. This whole scheme is financed by Reserve Bank credit; but the rent paid by tenants is calculated to include repayment of the Bank's loan during the lifetime of the houses.

The Housing Scheme is typical of the Labour Government's attitude towards economic problems. The party's avowed objective is Socialism, but the Prime Minister is always at pains to avoid discussion of the Government's proposals in terms of any such socialist objective. His appeal is always to common sense; in his own phrase, "the socialization of the means of production will look after itself, if we face the current problems in an intelligent fashion." He says that the Government is only too willing that goods and services should be provided by private enterprise, so long as private enterprise will do its job well. The State is plainly called upon to interfere in two main instances: when private enterprise cannot provide the necessary services except perhaps at very high price, and where it has got into difficulties from which it cannot extricate itself. In more general terms, wherever there is inefficiency and waste, there is a *prima facie* case for Government action, for inefficiency harms both those engaged in the industry concerned and also the community as a whole.

There are many examples of action along these lines. Price-cutting in the retailing of petrol and of bread led to price-fixing by Order-in-Council (under legislation passed by previous Governments). Overlapping and "economic waste" in the transport system (particularly competition between road transport and the State-owned railway system) has accelerated the existing tendency for all transport services to be minutely regulated if not directly operated by the State. Already a number of motor-services have been bought, while the Minister of Transport says that it may be necessary to have unified control before real efficiency can be obtained, and he cites by way of example the London Transport system. Again, "inefficient" marketing methods in foodstuffs led to Government enquiry, and power has been taken by the Government to regulate selling methods very closely, and if necessary to buy the goods and market them itself. In more general terms, an Industrial Efficiency Act has been passed, which aims at rationalization under Government leadership, though the consent of a majority of those operating it is necessary for reconstruction of an existing industry. And in all these cases, the trend is the same. It is towards Government leadership or regulation, which is used in each case to fix and stabilize the conditions under which industry operates. This is done sometimes directly, and sometimes through such agencies as the restored arbitration system, to which have been added the new principles of the basic wage, compulsory unionism, and the forty-hour week. The effect is to give to each element in the industrial structure a definite and assured position, provided that its work is carried on with "reasonable efficiency." This new security is used to persuade tradesmen to accept a rate of profit which is lower, because steadier, and to promise their employees higher and more secure wages.

The same broad trend is plain in Labour's agricultural policy. In New Zealand farming is comparatively secure from such disasters as droughts and floods, but the prices received for farm produce on the world market have fluctuated wildly. For example, between 1925 and 1935 the price received for a cwt. of butter varied between 64/- and 230/-. This extreme insecurity led Labour, while in Opposition, to put forward a scheme for

giving the farmer guaranteed prices. The party promised, if returned to power, to pay guaranteed prices for primary products, based on average returns to farmers during "the past eight or ten years." Further, it undertook to negotiate trade agreements with our customers overseas, so that a maximum amount of our primary produce should be sold overseas in an orderly manner.

The scheme as explained during the election campaign was a little nebulous, but it certainly played its part in attracting the votes of the small farmers. With the election won, it had to be reduced to concrete form. In the first instance it has been applied only to the dairying industry (which supplies about 25th of our exports) on the ground that here the need was greatest. The State now takes over all dairy produce for export, buying it in a finished state when it is placed on the overseas steamer. The price paid varies according to exacting standards of quality. The butter and cheese is then shipped to England, and its sale is managed by the Government's Dairy Sales Division (previously the London end of the producers' elected Dairy Board), who distribute it through Tooley Street agents. This marketing arrangement follows closely the plans for more orderly marketing which had been worked out by the old Dairy Board, before its functions were virtually taken over by the Government, and it is generally admitted to be a great improvement on older methods. As regards the farmer in New Zealand, he can now count on a definite price for his dairy produce, a price which is fixed each year for the coming export season. Further, the Government took over and simplified its predecessor's policy of keeping interest rates low, and of writing off mortgage debts which were greater than the present value of the farm. This point is of great importance in view of the part played by mortgage finance in New Zealand farming. Before the depression it was estimated that 1/3rd of the average farmer's expenditure was made up of interest and rent. It is on the whole of less importance to the farmer that agricultural wages have been raised and stabilized: for the New Zealand farm employs comparatively few wage-earners. The original idea seems to have been price stabilization over a period of years, not subsidy, though it could be argued that the country can afford to pay a certain price for the benefit

of giving efficient farmers a steady income. But if the process goes too far it would have an inflationary tendency, through expansion of central bank credit.

This tendency is feared all the more because of other "expansionist" tendencies in Labour policy. Thus, wages have been restored to the 1931 level, both within and without the public service, and the amount paid in pensions to the aged and infirm has been greatly increased. These steps, it is claimed, increase "social security" and help to lift the purchasing power of the people, but at the cost of considerable expenditure by the State. Still more important, however, is capital expenditure on public works. Labour came to power pledged to carry out the "vigorous public works policy" which (while in opposition) it had demanded as an anti-depression measure. Accordingly the Public Works Department was re-equipped (the Coalition had not favoured labour-saving machinery, because its object was to spread employment), a new model agreement was concluded between the Department and its employees, and the resuscitated Department was set to work with a speed exceeding that of the boom years. The current budget provides for public works expenditure of £17,367,000. This money is to be provided by the funds of various Government departments: but there is a plain hint that if necessary central bank credit will be called upon.

The Conservative criticism of these proceedings is not that the various public works are in themselves undesirable, or even that New Zealand cannot afford them. It is that such public works should have been kept for times of depression. By spending now, when she is prosperous, New Zealand is depriving herself of reserves which should be kept for the next depression, the onset of which will tempt a Government without resources to experiment in currency inflation. Further, it is urged, New Zealand is incapacitating herself to meet further crises by restricting her whole economy within a rigid framework of Government control. Directly or indirectly, the State is fixing more and more firmly the conditions under which labour shall be employed. To an increasing extent it is fixing the prices at which raw materials may be bought and finished products sold. All this, it is claimed, limits progressively the

extent to which a man of exceptional gifts may make use of his talents to the benefit alike of himself and of the community. It tends to reduce the whole society to the level of an unimaginative civil service.

Finally, it is held, practical difficulties have already shown the unsoundness of the Government's proceedings. For example, as throughout the world, the cost of living is rising, and each increase is widely attributed to the Government. Certain difficulties have already arisen within the Dairy industry because the cheese-producers believed themselves to be less favoured by the guaranteed price than were the farmers supplying butter factories. It is pointed out, further, that fixed prices may lead to over- or under- supply unless the production side of industry is also brought under control. Again, some manufacturers are complaining that Labour's legislation has so increased their costs that they cannot compete with imports. And the list of complaints is growing so as to provoke the question: are these emerging difficulties symptoms that the Government's whole policy is mistaken, or are they minor problems of the kind which appear continually when any constructive policy is being carried out, and which can be met by minor modifications?

Some of this progress may have to be paid for later, and the real test will come should export prices again fall heavily. Perhaps the main question at present at issue is whether the Government will equip itself to meet the test by evolving what seems to have been lacking up to this point, namely, a clearly conceived and coherent plan of how to reach a well defined goal. Many of the current difficulties seem to arise from an empirical method of approach. The Government has been guided by a broad humanitarianism, by an acute sense of practical problems demanding attention, by a group of policies to which it became pledged while in opposition and by some active work and thought applied to sections of the national economy. The present question is whether Cabinet Ministers will give themselves time to think about the problem as a whole. Of some Ministers at least, it may be said that the less they allow themselves to be absorbed by day to day detailed administration, the more likely they will be to achieve enduring results.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

CERTAINLY the dictators keep the world guessing. Three facts, or groups of facts, in the opening week of February stand out. First of these is the renewal of piracy around the Spanish coast, and renewed this time with definite direction against British shipping; one **Freebooting** and vessel sunk by a mysterious submarine, the other **Swashbuckling** destroyed by bombs from aeroplanes boldly marked as General Franco's. In each case a foreign "observer" representing the Non-Intervention Committee, was on board. Second comes the Italian declaration of willingness to sink at sight any submarine observed on or near the recognized trade routes. Now, does this mean that General Franco is acting in opposition to the wishes of the Italian dictator, although still beholden to him for supplies in men and material—to the point of having in his armies strong Italian contingents—which keep themselves distinct, and over whose exploits Italy is bidden to exult? If it does not mean this, what does it mean? The dictatorial formula for answers to such action as General Franco's aeroplanes (at least) have unquestionably taken, is on record: the answer is to hit back and hit hard. Great Britain however, is in a position to hit back more effectively and less brutally; she can either capture or if necessary sink important units of Franco's sea force, or can immobilize the whole. This is so evident that one must presume either that General Franco counts on indefinite impunity for insult and damage to British power, or that he is deliberately provoking reprisals. But everybody knows that England cannot be indefinitely challenged with impunity. What then, if he desires to see the British take action, can be his motive? Is it in the hope that in such a case Italy's limited intervention will become unlimited?

Nothing in the situation was a graver symptom than the

almost complete absence of editorial comment in the *Times*. If a Labour Government were in power it would have been almost impossible for it to avoid treating this aggression as a *casus belli*; pressure from their own side to act, taunts from the other if they did not act, would have been irresistible. These are the moments when one may be thankful for a Government which is National not only in name but in aspiration. And until the state of the world alters out of recognition, I do not see how any kind of purely party government can be tolerable. One must have an organization that represents the will of at least three-fourths of the community.

That conclusion is driven home by the third of the disquieting facts which have been referred to. Herr Hitler has carried out a concentration which ensures that the collective will behind his amazing machinery shall function in a smooth unity. Nobody seems to know the precise reason for each individual change but the main purpose is unmistakeable—unification. It is known that at a crucial moment the dictator's policy encountered opposition in his central cabinet. General von Blomberg at the head of the Army, Baron von Neurath at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and Dr. Schacht at the Ministry of Economics all opposed the move into the Rhineland as too risky. Herr Hitler took his own way successfully. The men who opposed him were not discarded at once, but they are now, none of them, in their former position. The man whose power is increased is Goering—from the change pointing to a less aggressive policy.

There is this further consideration. If the British power submits to the injuries inflicted by General Franco's aeroplanes and his submarine, will the governing forces in Germany anticipate resistance from Great Britain to any step they may take, short of direct attack on British territory or on the Rhine frontier?

Still, there are more cheerful aspects to dwell on. Herr Hitler has found it necessary to carry out an operation very similar to that undertaken by his opposite number in Russia; and his purge is much less revolting than Stalin's. It, again, was some whatless bloody and treacherous than the German clearances of June 30th, 1934.

**Eclipse of
the Military
Chiefs**

The dictators are less nervous in taking steps to assure their supremacy; they feel less need to "mak' siccar;" it is possible that some of those whom Stalin dismissed may still be alive. Herr Hitler had indeed to move with some degree of caution, for he was striking at the army, and although the army assisted his purge in 1934 it was not gratified by the simultaneous "liquidation" of General von Schleicher. One may perhaps guess that these critical decisions were taken because the army's *esprit de corps* had been shaken by insistence in army circles on a tradition that had lost its binding power. General von Blomberg married his secretary. Under the old régime, this breach of caste would have carried dismissal as a matter of course. Part of the army at least thought that Herr Hitler should take the same view of the alliance as Kaiser Wilhelm would have taken. But it is simply not conceivable that in the new Germany that opinion should be universal throughout the Service. Herr Hitler may have seen a way to get rid of a military adviser whose "knowledge and courage" had seemed to him deficient "shortly before the occupation of the Rhineland." To retain him in his post would have offended part of the army, to dismiss him on the ground of his marriage would have offended another part; the solution was to fill the supreme military office not by promotion but by absorption of it into the *Führer's* own attributes. A step is thus taken which could not have been taken without risk if General von Blomberg had not by his personal action in a private matter weakened the professional support behind him.

It is curious to recall that in 1914 during the crisis which followed the Curragh incident, Mr. Asquith had recourse to a similar expedient, taking over the War Office. The purpose then was to allay public disquiet, and silence the criticism which would have been directed against the choice of any man less supremely responsible. That may have weighed also with Herr Hitler. But it was certainly not the desire of Mr. Asquith to aggrandize his personal power. That desire is a necessary part of a dictator's mentality; and we may take it that whatever power of contributing independently to the shaping of policy had been hitherto vested in the military chiefs has now disappeared. There is likely to be some discontent in the army;

but this matters far less to Herr Hitler than it would to Stalin. The facts of geography must always give to some Russian commanders some freedom of initiative; Germany is all concentrated within a small boundary. Herr Hitler has this advantage that he has not so much need to be suspicious of able men as his Russian counterpart—that other spiritual heir of Lenin.

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There is nothing new to observe about the Far Eastern situation, except that the United States authorities have been pushed by internal signs of revolt into a denial of anything 'I'm alone' that could be called co-operation with Great Britain. America will spend what she considers **still the Watch-word of U.S.A.** necessary for her own safety; the American navy "will stand on its own feet"—which is emphatic enough, though a curiously unnautical metaphor. But whatever signs of sense there were in the Washington Agreement have vanished, up the chimney of a furnace where uncontrolled expenditure is stoked up. It is curious how Americans—at least, in the United States—abhor anything that in the least recalls the idea of a League of Nations. Professor L. P. Jacks thinks that the word "League" is the bugbear—he proposes in a letter to the *Times* that we should begin calling it the "Society." But the French have been calling it that since it began; yet this fact has not endeared the organization either to Germany, Italy or the United States. We have to face the fact that several Powers, and Great Powers, are repudiating the idea of corporate action, and insisting on unlimited individual sovereignty. But no other Great Power goes so far in its individualism and repudiation of partnership as the United States. American interests, and American moral principles, so far as one may judge, are offended gravely by Japan's action; but the notion that the United States should present a common front with Great Britain, France or any other State is ruled out as heretical and damnable. Elsewhere, the most individualist and self-seeking nations and Governments form leagues, ententes, and an axis; but you do not catch the United States so compromising its democratic freedom.

I do not think that by changing names or even by altering

parts of the Constitution one can bring the League back into usefulness. Better to leave what stands standing until the world becomes convinced of the necessity for some such machinery of corporate action, as will inevitably happen, though no man can count the cost of that conversion. The League will become a reality when all the Great Powers feel it necessary to their own reasonable safety.

The reason why it failed, as it has failed, was not that Germany, Italy and Japan seceded; only one secession mattered, and that was the initial withdrawal of the most outspoken supporter of its principles. America was so convinced that it could never have need of the League that it left those States which needed it to run the business. Great Britain for several years felt itself taking part in a philanthropic enterprise, for the good of other people. It was real to France from the first because France felt the need of corporate protection not only for herself but for the new States whose existence she was concerned to preserve. The League of the future, the efficient League, will be based on such realistic considerations.

For the moment, what remains of it does in some measure cumber the ground. Take the case of Palestine. The situation there is controlled—so far as it can be said to be controlled—

A Jewish Homeland

by British forces; what matters more, it is governed by British promises which, unfortunately, cannot all be kept, since the promise to Jews contradicts the promise to Arabs. But because Great Britain holds Palestine under mandate from the League, the matter cannot be dealt with by British statesmanship alone. Decision is urgently needed, because throughout Europe the plight of the Jewish race becomes worse monthly. A Commission has proposed a solution which means giving to each of the parties half or a part of what they aspire to; and naturally enough, both repudiate it. But Dr. Weizmann, for the Jews, holds tenaciously to the principle, which it offers, of creating in Palestine a purely Jewish State, fully autonomous. That principle appears to answer to the world's need which is that Jewish energy and Jewish wealth shall be utilized to create a home for the Jews. People doubted whether the thing could be done; no one doubts now—least of all the Arabs—that it can be done, in Palestine.

No other place has the necessary attraction, the historic appeal. As a British Dominion, a Hebrew State in Palestine would be a strength to the British Empire and an addition to the prosperity of the world—and to such Arabs as live within that State. The Arab world is wide, and much of it is now under Arab rule, in consequence of a war in which Arabs fought with decisive backing from Europe; backing so powerful that Europe is entitled to a decisive voice in the disposal of Palestine. The need of the Jews is also the need of Europe—the need of countries like France and England which generously keep an open door for the expatriated; the need also of Poland for instance and such other States as feel that they have in their territory too large a Jewish element.

If the League were capable to-day of decisive action, if too, it possessed authority, then the matter could and should be settled by the League in the interests of Europe and of humanity. But as things are, the only possibility of decisive action rests with Great Britain, and the only shape which that action can take is to remove all restriction on Jewish immigration, with the avowed intention of letting the Jews make it *de facto* a Jewish country, if they can, by superior energy, brains and in the end by superior numbers. If that intention were now made plain, Arab interests could be bought out where it was necessary; but many Arabs would find it their interest to acquire prosperity under the direction of Jewish enterprise. All that is needed is to give opportunity for legitimate penetration and infiltration, the Jews buying and working their way in; with a clear understanding that, if and when the Jews become a majority in the country as a whole, the government of the country will become Jewish. But to go on as at present with no clearly defined policy, with a nominal enforcement of law in which neither Jew nor Arab can see the expression of his own native will is making the worst of both worlds.

Australia's celebration at the finish of her third half-century sets one thinking. A continent rather than a country is given over to seven and a half millions of the English-speaking race;

The Australian Type	racially mixed from all the stocks in these islands, but with no competing element from other lands— and none from its own. In New Zealand the
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Maori factor is not negligible; in South Africa besides the two rival strains, English and Dutch, there is the coloured man; in Canada the French represent the oldest colonial type that is now in the British Commonwealth; so old that they have evolved a folk song. *Habitant* chants go back to the time when France was writing "*J'aime mieux ma mie, o gué, j'aime mieux ma mie*"—where as Molière said, "*la passion parle toute pure*." Those refrains are heard through nearly all that has been written best in English about Canada, and one may say that Canada has a voice for us. So has South Africa, charged with dramatic echoes of conflict and the clash of strong personalities—Boer and Briton—both of whom were determined to bring their vision of South Africa home to the world's imagination. New Zealand, I confess, leaves my imagination indifferent; one is only aware of a small but competent community, living in conditions of climate not wholly unlike our own. But Australia is perplexing. All the environment is almost fantastically different, and yet the conditions are such that the English race grows to magnificent physical development,—swift and strong. Australian troops had no superior on the Western front; some good judges would say they had no equals. By general consent, they were different from English, Scots, Welsh, Irish or Canadians; but how should one define the difference? What do any of us who have not visited Australia know about Australians—except indeed from watching their cricketers? That was not by any means without instruction; we learnt that Australia, playing the most quintessentially English of games with great dexterity and determination, refused to be bound by English traditions. To pull a ball from the offside to the leg was not merely counted bad play, it was bad form; and so your accomplished English batsman could be relied on to place the ball only where it was proper. When the Australians began to hook it to an undefended leg side, the stroke was thought ugly and ungentlemanlike. But since the Australians went on doing it, and scoring fours very fast, England conformed. England allowed its opinion to be changed on a question of what was, or was not, cricket; and only the very old can remember the superstition which schoolboys sixty years ago were brought up to accept.

No respecting of persons, no respecting of tradition; the Australians see themselves like that. But one has a feeling that it will be better for them when they have engendered a tradition of their own with its binding force. They need someone to make songs for them; and the need was made plain when, in deference to Australia's desire, Adam Lindsay Gordon was given a niche and a bust in the Poets' Corner of the Abbey. Yet of his short life—thirty-seven years—less than half was spent in Australia; and none of his boyhood. He had lived the life of the country, a mounted policeman when there were still bushriders to hunt; then for a couple of years, member of parliament; but, above all, and always a horsebreaker and steeplechase rider. The best of his verses comes when they give the thrill of bold horsemanship or the pulsing beat of hoofs; but nothing that is essential fixes the life of them to Australia. Unbookish men would like them, and like them for what is best in them; but Kipling has shown that unbookish men will like even more work that has the same qualities (and not the same defects) of slack nerved expression.

Australia is still waiting for her poet. Even in prose I do not know that anything has brought Australia, or any part of it, home to me. Yet Miss Helen Simpson, who writes so well, writes with a feeling for the growth, the evolution of Australia's people and makes me begin to feel that they are not just merely Englishmen, Scots and Irishmen at the other side of the world.

A little volume issued from the Latin Press discloses a surprising vein of interest in a most remarkable man. Sir Basil Blackett certainly took a first class in *Literae Humaniores* at Oxford before he went to the Treasury, but throughout his career men associated his name with the mastery of finance. Few would have suspected him of an "absorption in Byzantine Greek" which led him into translating devotional poems by St. Gregory Nazianzen, while he was still Controller of Finance in Whitehall. Later, in the months before his death (a motor-crash cut him short at fifty-four), he had turned to versions from mediæval Latin—at a guess, under an impulse given by Miss Helen Waddell, who writes a foreword about him with more than her usual seductive enthusiasm—and that is not saying a little.

Lit. Hum.
and Finance

She lets us know that Sir Basil inherited the taste for monkish literature from his father, a parson, who called his sons after early Fathers of the Church: Basil of Cæsarea, who in a sense stood sponsor for the future Finance Minister, was a friend of St. Gregory's. I give first an example from the Greek—St. Gregory's evening prayer:

"True Word of God, I have been false to Thee
For whom this day was hallowed, thine to be.
I gave my promise, true was my intent
But on this path and that astray I went
Not all-illuminated, Saviour, by Thy light;
Besmirched, bewildered, kneel I here to-night;
Give me Thy light again, Christ, make my darkness bright."

But here now is the opening of a hymn for the Burial of the Dead from Prudentius, who like St. Gregory, lived through most of the fourth century:

"Now, Earth, to thy keeping we send him
In thy fostering bosom we leave him.
'Tis a man; to thy care we commend him;
He is dead, he is noble; receive him.
In this body a soul had his dwelling
By the breath of his Maker was fashioned
In wisdom and knowledge excelling
For the Christ and His Kingdom impassioned."

Miss Waddell says of these translations that one is "among the supreme things of the kind" and I take her to refer to this superb lyric which sweeps harmoniously in nine stanzas to restful close. But how extraordinary it is to find such a man, so completely trained and versed in concrete science, setting his brain to reproduce in English Hildebert's Hymn to the Trinity, which strings with a passion of hurry into short rhyming lines the subtleties of One in Three.

"Coeternal evermore
Neither after nor before"—

Altogether between these translators and Miss Waddell's tribute to her friend, we have here a singular side-light on a man whose untimely death robbed the Commonwealth of a rich asset. All knew that. But how many guessed that there was behind that "ruthless, logical, scientific brain," "a sceptic apprehended by God".

Not many, even of those who have been in some degree "scholars," keep up with Latin and Greek through the medium

of mediæval literature. It would be interesting to know how many of them continue to read the classics habitually. I remember being taken in Italy by an Italian acquaintance (he and I spoke French) to call on a charming and erudite old priest, who unfortunately knew neither French nor English. I could read Latin as easily as French, but I had never ventured myself in speaking it and so stood tongue-tied—too shy to attempt what should have been natural. There had been a defect in my education. We could of course have adjusted our pronunciation to some sort of common denominator; but I remained hypnotized by the illusion that Latin is a “dead language.” People should be taught that it is not; it still has living uses, by no means only in ritual.

Youths with a Catholic upbringing are more easily aware. Some time ago, while the big electric works on the Shannon were in progress, a farmer's son of my acquaintance saw at a cross-roads outside Limerick a group obviously of foreigners obviously in doubt as to their way; and he stopped with the kind notion of offering them a lift—for he was driving. But they had no English, he no German, and he could not ascertain whether they wanted to go into the town or to the works or the river. Then a brain wave struck him and he said *Quo vadis?* Instantly one replied *Ad Limerick*. So they got their lift. I doubt if any scholar, of my year, would have had that bright idea. Latin was learnt as a task, and also, in many cases, for pleasure. We certainly got great enjoyment out of mouthing our passages in Virgil, in a pronunciation in which Virgil assuredly would have scarcely recognized himself. But I believe that English verse recited by an Indian student who has not lived in England sounds strange to English ears. That does not mean that he has not a sincere enjoyment of the poetry, and if I were teaching English to an Indian, I would say, ‘Hurry on to get a grip on the meaning, *enunciation*, do not worry over details of grammar, and above all do not be delayed in your career by questions of pronunciation. You will probably never get these quite right; but you can open up your channels of communication with what the human mind has stored in another language, keeping its own peculiar quality and value’.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

LIVING AND WRITING

By V. S. PRITCHETT

THE SUMMING UP, by W. Somerset Maugham. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

TIME GATHERED, by W. B. Maxwell. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

This book is Mr. Maugham's stock-taking. He has been writing, spending himself all his life—what has he left in stock? Confession! No, Mr. Maugham has none of Mr. Wells' urgent need to rush out and tell the world nothing with the breathlessness of a cosmic news review. Reminiscence! Mr. Maugham is not a bore. No, what he has got left is a collection of ideas, hitherto unsorted, of a professional nature, and *The Summing Up* is an account of how he came by them. His own beginnings, the conditions of his profession, the judgment of critics, his experience of the theatre, views on prose style, the necessity of money, the shrewdness of the planning of his career carried out with a financier's exactitude, the necessary if disappointing discovery and filing for future use of his own limitations, and so on to the problem of the meaning of life itself as it has been variously propounded to him by the philosophers, the religious, the mystics and aesthetes—such are the main lines of his book. Where others trudge round the well-worn track of their failures and successes, Mr. Maugham has—though with far less warmth and happiness in his curiosity than Montaigne—taken up the position of spectator of himself. Impersonal, sceptical and never intimate, he hides an injured and defensive heart behind the fluent mind of the impervious man of the world.

I have read his book twice, the first time because he is the most readable writer living, one whose performance is always so striking for its smoothness in the first canter round the ring; and the second time because, deeply interested though I was, I could hardly remember a line he had written from page to page. He is the least natural of writers; nothing strikes out with the uncouthness of nature, therefore nothing sticks. That clear, colourless style, modelled so assiduously on Swift and Dryden with its odd, occasional lapses into the English of the gossip columns, had flowed through my mind without leaving a single strong impression.

Somewhere he remarks shrewdly that tolerance in some people is merely the measure of their indifference, and I am never sure, after any of Mr. Maugham's books, which of these characteristics is his. That he should savage his characters, as if at first sight his reaction to their originals in life had been a displeased recoil, is not of great importance. We have few enough hard-headed writers in England. In France, where Mr. Maugham is more at home, they do not find a cerebral attitude to character either offensive or uninteresting, and this trait is refreshing in English letters. Malice, sardonic wit, the gaiety of an alert intelligence and the cool scrutiny of the disinterested moralist, are intellectual pleasures which may not have upon us the effect of the greatest imaginative literature, but they do stand out with some well-groomed distinction from the honest sweat which beads the rosy brows of most English novelists. Where Mr.

Maugham falls short is in this: his indifference does lead him to be merely a commentator on character, and the field of his comment is very limited. Preoccupied like so many of his generation seem to have been with the misleading evidence of convention, he has confined himself to debunking the conventional view.

This is an important point because no subject is more interesting to the English middle class. Hence the popularity which has come to a writer who might otherwise have been labelled highbrow and have been unpopular; hence too, Mr. Maugham's dislike of the highbrow writers, his insensibility to Pater, his disapproval of the cultivated, his discomfort before the unpopular. It is true that there is always enough highbrow cant; but there is a no-brow cant, too. It is nonsense to say that a writer who does not become popular in his own time will never be heard of in future generations. Again, his addiction to the comedies and tragedies of convention has led Mr. Maugham to underrate the private sensibility of the English. The Bible may have been wholly bad for latter-day English prose, as he says; but only on the assumption that the English had lost their native romanticism, and only if by the Authorized Version he means such things as the Song of Solomon and not the masterly simplicity of the stories of Ruth or of Samson and Delilah. The best of Hazlitt was a marriage of the conversational simplicity of the eighteenth century, which Mr. Maugham admires, with the warm traditional romanticism of our race; and if one is to distribute blame for the constipated state of English prose to-day, I am not sure that we do not owe it to a debased aping of the Augustans. More than one young writer has had to work Addison out of his system.

Among Mr. Maugham's literary judgments there is plenty to quarrel about—not, indeed, with disapproval but with interest. Some spring from

his rather ninety-ish view of the artist as a detached person. Politics, he says, ruin creative writers. Did they ruin Swift or Defoe? Journalism ruins, too. Did it ruin Defoe, who wrote Robinson Crusoe after a lifetime on newspapers; or Dickens or Thackeray? One suspects the detachment that sets up this imaginary figure of the pure artist. Is it detachment, or is it really isolation, an affected indifference? Mr. Maugham himself has always been worried about the supposed incompatibility between living and writing, so much so that on the same page the following passages appear:

"I have never wished to be nothing but a writer; I have wished to live completely."

and

"I have never been able to persuade myself that anything else (besides writing well) mattered."

It is an odd comment to come from the enemy of the aesthetes and the highbrows.

The Summing Up is not the book of a happy man. Under its superficial self-possession it reveals a curious rootlessness, pathos and bewilderment; but these are kept in their place, out of sight, by Mr. Maugham's warranted pride in his craft, in the accomplished planning of his career and the candid acceptance of his limitations.

Mr. Maxwell's book calls for little comment. It is a conventional volume of literary memories, but very readable, lively in anecdote and fresh in its picture of the comfortably off world at the turn of the century. Somewhere he and Mr. Maugham agree that the present practice whereby novelists review novels is a bad one. So it is. But it is due to that decline of professional criticism to the level of publicity-writing which Mr. Maugham notes, but which Mr. Maxwell, in the kindly desire to see everyone do well, has not observed. Reviewing of novels by novelists is not cricket but it is criticism, practically the only criticism there is in the commercialized literary world of to-day.

THE INDIAN OUTLOOK

BY L. F. RUSHBROOK WILLIAMS.

INDIAN AND WESTERN PHILOSOPHY
by Betty Heimann. George Allen & Unwin. 5s.

GAUTAMA BUDDHA, by Iqbal Singh.
Boriswood. 15s.

INSIDE INDIA, by Halide Edib.
George Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.

HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJA OF BIKANER, by K. M. Panikkar.
Oxford University Press. 18s.

It is a matter of observation that peoples are the creatures of their philosophies—sometimes even of their philosophers. Our modern dictators might receive with mixed feelings the assertion that each, in his way, is the embodiment of a Platonic conception, yet such an assertion is not wholly unfounded. One of the most interesting phenomena of our times is the tendency of Western ideas in politics, in science, and in art, to break away from the course consistently pursued since the time of the Greek sophists. Western history has in the main been the product of the view that "man is the measure of all things;" and that knowledge is primarily derived from the application of the human reason to the analysis of phenomena. Are we now reverting to the older cosmic philosophy of the pre-Aristotelian era, which would reduce the individual judgment to a subordinate position when confronted with a totalitarian philosophy of the universe?

It would be tempting, upon the evidence of these four books, to speculate as to the probability of India's ultimate adhesion to either of the political ideologies which now divide the Western world. But such a tempta-

tion must be resisted; if only because the typically Indian outlook upon man's position in the universe differs so radically from Western conceptions that arguments from analogy lead only to confusion of thought.

In so far as the basis of Indian thought is essentially cosmic, it might appear that the modern reaction against the anthropological view of the universe would tend to bring the West nearer to the East. But in point of fact, India's collectivism and non-individualism, her relativity of values, and her sense of infinity, belong to a different plane; so that whatever may be the apparent convergence between Eastern and Western thought, they will in fact never meet. In her admirable little book, Dr. Heimann, with her original use of philology, elucidates many of the characteristic conceptions of Indian philosophy. She points out that Indian thought is fundamentally synthetical, depending upon the appreciation of the harmonious functioning of each portion of the great cosmic order. The manner of this functioning is dynamic, a perpetual birth and re-birth which is as true of the gods themselves as of men and other manifestations of life. It is this dynamic principle which underlies the often misunderstood conception of *Maya*. *Maya* does not signify the illusory character of the universe, as apparent to the senses. This universe is "real" enough empirically; but since every element in it is an emanation from the mass of primeval matter into which it will eventually be re-absorbed, its "reality" is transient, being subject to the operation of the cosmic laws.

It is these same laws which govern the universe of which man is a part; and which, far more than the State or even his fellow-men, control his status within his environment. Man's duty is thus neither to the State, nor to his fellow-men, but to the whole of creation—a conception so wide that in practice it may operate to blur the obligations which in the West are derived from the narrower conception of civic duty. At the same time, the thought of India is essentially practical and empirical in its operation; reluctant to generalize; and distrustful of theory. Deep-rooted in the Indian mind is the idea that discussion is the most effective of all means of research; and that words themselves possess an efficacy which is an integral part of the thing for which they stand. The practical importance of these facts will be obvious to anyone who observed the difficulties experienced by Indians and Englishmen in the course of the Round Table Conferences in arriving at clear understandings.

Mr. Iqbal Singh, though a master of beautiful English, is not adequately equipped either as a historian or as a philosopher. Had he been either, his life of Gautama Buddha would have been as valuable as it is interesting. His defective equipment leads him to suggest in all seriousness that the concept of survival and re-birth was foisted into Gautama's doctrine by his interpreters; and his assessment of Gautama's position is vitiated by his failure to appreciate the strict orthodoxy of Gautama's views in such matters as the subordination of deities to the cosmic order and the futility of endeavouring to explain the ultimate origin of the universe instead of comprehending the order of its manifestations. Mr. Iqbal Singh's approach to his subject is fundamentally Western; a characteristic he shares with Halide Edib. Her penetrating study of modern India—a very important book—is remarkable in its objectivity and delicacy of perception. The careful critic will discern in her pages, as in Mr. Iqbal Singh's, some minor historical errors; and will wish that she also

had provided herself with a background of traditional Hindu thought. In the view of the present writer, she underestimates the enormous vitality of Hindu culture; and attaches excessive importance to the influence, which may be quite transitory, of Western materialism as an element in India's destinies. This is the more strange in view of her recognition that so essentially Western a culture as that of Islam has, in India, been profoundly modified by Hindu contacts, while leaving them almost unaffected. As a consequence, although her observations are careful, her conclusions are nebulous.

Mr. Panikkar's book is of more than ordinary interest; for it provides a vivid picture of the functioning of Hindu Kingship under modern conditions. *Dharma* has been the inspiration of the Maharaja of Bikaner through all his notable activities for his State, his country, and the Commonwealth. A culture which can to-day provide the philosophical outlook of such a figure as His Highness need not entertain—and indeed does not entertain—any apprehensions as to its own survival.

L. F. RUSHBROOK WILLIAMS..

THE SILENT SOCIAL REVOLUTION,
by G. A. N. Lowndes. Oxford
University Press. 6s.

In describing the expansion of public education in England and Wales during the last forty years in a small book that is at once exact and readable, Mr. Lowndes has done well. The older generation will find in it clear proof of progress. The younger folk who are naturally and rightly impatient with anything short of Utopia may perhaps see that educational reform, to be useful and popular, must take time. Mr. Lowndes first sketches the position reached by 1895, when elementary schools had been provided for all children under the Act of 1870 and the horrid system of "payment by results" was dropped. Illiteracy was vanishing but the schools were primitive, the children could leave at eleven, and there was little provision of education

above Standard VII. The Board did not yet exist. One department looked after the School Boards and the elementary schools, another encouraged some science and art teaching, while the Board of Agriculture subsidized agricultural classes and the Charity Commission kept an eye on the endowed schools. Politically, education was not a live issue. Neither party cared to embitter the feud between the supporter, of the Church Schools and the Non-conformists who favoured the rate-aided Board Schools.

Mr. Balfour's Education Act of 1902 changed the whole outlook. Only a resolute and trusted Prime Minister could have piloted so far-reaching a measure to the Statute-book, in defiance of School Boards and Nonconformist consciences and with none too much help from Churchmen. Once that political revolution was effected, the County Councils showed themselves eager to use their new powers to provide elementary, secondary, technical and higher education. Mr. Lowndes suggests with good reason that the generation which had benefited by the elementary schools welcomed the promise of still better things for their children, whatever politicians might think or say. Under the new Board of Education, with Sir Robert Morant at its head, progress was thenceforward rapid—so rapid indeed that the average man has not kept pace with it and will be grateful for the author's lucid summary up to the Act of 1936. The development of the elementary schools with their medical service is not more remarkable than the organization of secondary, technical and higher grade, and since the Hadow report of 1926, of "senior" schools which make the educational ladder climbable for the poorest children who have talent. Mr. Lowndes describes the recent advances most clearly and helpfully. Older readers who know anything of our present schools can testify that the contrast which he draws between the children of to-day and those of 1895 is not exaggerated. A silent social revolution has indeed taken place, and

the country is infinitely the better for it. The schools have raised the standard of public health, have broken down the old barriers of caste and have made for decency and order in the roughest districts. The intellectual results cannot so easily be assessed as yet but must already be considerable. We need not now fear comparison with any other country in respect of education, though forty years ago we were very far behind.

The only forbidding feature of Mr. Lowndes' fascinating book is the series of folding graphs which he has mistakenly included.

EDWARD G. HAWKE.

POTEMKIN, by George Soloveyitchik.
Thornton Butterworth. 18s.

This publication is accompanied by a document which is apparently designed, by gentle promptings, to enable the least intelligent of critics to write an adequate review without the necessity for any knowledge of his subject or any but the most cursory perusal of the book. It is hard to believe that a series of stereotyped comments can be either helpful or flattering to the author; and the puff in question will have done an ill service to anyone who has thereby felt relieved from the pleasant task of reading this interesting and well-balanced work.

Potemkin constitutes an almost perfect subject for a biographer who can handle an intricate historical subject without either Teutonic dullness or Transatlantic flummery. The subject is vast; but it is illuminated by the dazzling personality of the hero himself. The great historical events unroll their sequence before a background of incredible extravagance, splendour, and eccentricity. Perhaps by reason of his origin, Mr. Soloveyitchik excels in dealing with the character of Catherine the Great and the strange habits of her aristocracy. Among so much that is scarcely credible, it would have been easy to exaggerate; among so much that is barbaric, it would have been easy to lament and moralize.

Mr. Soloveyitchik lets the facts speak for themselves. His picture of the life and behaviour of the Russian nobles of the eighteenth century is very vivid: however reprehensible the state of affairs may have been, it is extremely amusing.

Potemkin himself, apart from being born into the officer class, was entirely a self-made man. At the age of twenty-three he played a minor part in the *coup d'état* by which Catherine seized the throne. At the age of thirty-four he became Catherine's lover. From that time until his death, he remained and was recognized as the most powerful man in Russia, during a period which extended from the beginning of the American Revolution to the beginning of the French Revolution.

Mr. Soloveyitchik is very much concerned to prove, what no other writer has so far advanced, that Potemkin and Catherine were secretly married. This may be an interesting genealogical fact, but it throws no light one way or the other on their relations. The Empress had had one husband already, whom she had put away without much ado. Whatever it was that bound her to Potemkin, it was not her respect for the sanctity of the marriage tie. Yet it is astonishing that he and he alone succeeded in maintaining his political influence over her after the physical union had been severed. At an early stage in their connection, he had the sense to see that for two such highly temperamental people, the bed-chamber was the worst of all possible places for the transaction of the affairs of an Empire. Thereafter he kept Catherine supplied with a relay of lovers, chosen and when necessary removed by himself; while she allowed and even encouraged him to pursue affairs with a multitude of women, and most notably with his own five nieces.

That such a relation should last for long would be strange in any circumstances: but it is amazing when, as their letters show, they were to the very end, and on both sides equally, madly in love. It lasted for one reason only. In her semi-divine position, with her unbounded power, Catherine seldom

came into contact with men who had no private ends to gain. But Potemkin was entirely selfless. He loved her for herself, and he loved his country. He was a mystic, deeply absorbed in religion. His worldly possessions and honours were a cause of misery to him; he used to weep over his responsibilities and power, and gambled away his rewards like chaff. The less he sought, the more was given to him: provinces, palaces, commands. He used to demand them as evidences of his mistress' love: but he used them entirely for her service. So also it was to him, who was utterly oblivious of his own personal appearance, that every woman gave her heart.

Such natures are rare and complex. Potemkin baffled even the astute Lord Malmesbury, who mistook him so completely as to offer him a bribe. He has a little mystified the painstaking Mr. Soloveyitchik, who is not quite convinced of anything beyond the fact that his hero was a genius. His administrative achievements prove that much. But Potemkin was something more unusual still, he was an example of the wholly disinterested man.

CHRISTOPHER HOBHOUSE

ESCAPE ON SKIS, by Brian Meredith. *Hurst & Blackett*. 12s. 6d.

The mood of this book, bright, joyous, keen and wholly exhilarating, is well attuned to the subject. Mr. Brian Meredith is a young Canadian who as a journalist dabbled in the subject of skiing and became co-editor of the *Canada Ski Year Book*. We travel with him 'way down West,' for a thoroughly enjoyable ski-ing expedition in the Rockies, then through the sophisticated "dinner-jacket" centres of Switzerland. The two atmospheres are well contrasted, and, while the reader will search in vain for instruction, there is scarcely a dull page in a highly personal narrative: thus even the compound and unanalysable emotions of this twentieth-century ecstasy are capable of being recaptured in tranquility. There is a pleasant foreword by the Right Hon. L. S. Amery. W.H.C.

HUNGARY AND HER SUCCESSORS, by C. A. Macartney. *Oxford University Press*. 25s.

Perhaps one day this book may serve its real purpose. That is, to act as a collection of evidence and an expert's opinion on the real justification for the often advocated "local revisions" of the frontiers laid down by the Treaty of Trianon. For Mr. Macartney has little patience with so-called "historical rights": real justification of revision, and indeed of the original partition of the Austro-Hungarian territories, as he sees it, is to be found only in the wishes of the peoples concerned, tempered by a proper regard for the economic welfare of the majority and the desirability of a sure foundation for the political stability of the area as a whole.

So the propagandists of either side in this eighteen-year-old agitation will not get much ammunition out of Mr. Macartney. To give only one or two little instances: he must have created a mighty annoyance to the Czechs in allotting back to Hungary (power-politics aside) practically the whole of Sub-Carpathian Ruthenia, even though he underlines severely the necessity for guarantees of autonomy if such a thing came to pass; he must have annoyed Rumanian propagandists by exploding the validity of their claim to a frontier line West of Oradea Mare, and by deciding for a line, roughly, following the watershed of the Bihar and Meszes ranges behind the strip of plain at present occupied by Rumania; he must have dealt a blow to Hungarian sentiments by arguing conclusively against any partition of Transylvania in favour of the Székely districts returning to Hungary, and to Hungarian delusions in respect of the Croats by his very definite account of the real state of Croat national sentiment.

In short, Mr. Macartney pays no attention at all to chauvinistic claims: indeed, in the historical sections of this book, he deals as severely with Magyar arrogance of superiority and all its consequences as ever did Scotus Viator to whom he refers very often in due

acknowledgment of his authority on the subject.

But the day when these questions of revision have to be considered practically is not yet even in sight on the horizon of politics. Quite apart from this book's value as a fresh and dispassionate estimate of the validity of the claims which went to the drafting of the Treaty of Trianon, and quite apart from its immense potential value if revision ever did come to be discussed, the material on which the author bases his conclusions makes up a volume of the greatest interest on the present state of the peoples of the former Hungarian kingdom—the effects of the great partition. Mr. Macartney is extremely thorough, sacrifices nothing in his writing to effect (though he contrives little effects of his own occasionally) and has made an extremely complete survey of that fascinating patchwork of striving peoples in the middle Danube basin. The astonishing thing is that he has been able to accomplish the work in the three years since he produced his last book on *National States and National Minorities*, even though work on that must have brought him into contact with many problems of this latter book. He has included sections not only on the economics of the various regions, the effects of the sudden revolution of their markets and supplies, the economic policies of the Succession States and of post-War Hungary herself, but he even attempts to gauge the political feeling among the minorities and the majorities. (This is a far more difficult task than it sounds in semi-illiterate countries, where the vociferous sections of populations are not necessarily representative of the general state of opinion.)

Transylvania, for example, shows an administration rotten to the core, corrupt and backward to a degree scarcely imaginable, a population with elements of regional cohesion in it, an economy that has been exploited by the Regat, a natural richness of resources which has been a gain to the central and eastern regions and a loss to the western districts. Yugoslavia shows the

bitterest national strivings on a background of a richness of soil and abundance of resources out of which no shifting of markets has been able to mask the utter misery of extreme economic distress. Slovakia, Ruthenia and the Burgenland are similarly illustrated, and the detail is both fascinating and essential to the student of the region. On the data available (not always very rich) Mr. Macartney has written a sane and scholarly book such as those countries of argument and propaganda and half-truth thoroughly deserve.

RALPH. MURRAY.

GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH, by M. Willson Disher. *Bell*. 15s.

This is a history of the life of Astley's Amphitheatre, which used to stand at the junction of Westminster Bridge and Stangate, and of those vivid striving showmen who were managers and entertainers there. For a dramatic critic to write a book without one word of criticism is a rare achievement. The method is research, with plenty of time allowed for jolly anecdote. Mr. Disher tacitly realizes that he is not dealing with an artistic form but with the earthy though richly-humoured career of popular entertainment. Nor yet is his book a social document. It is the chronicle of a vigorous fragment of nineteenth-century life.

It opens with Philip Astley, who ran away from a Staffordshire carpentry bench to fight the French in the Prussian alliance at Emsdorf in George II.'s last year, gain the rank of sergeant-major at nineteen, become the most famous horseman and showman in London, and undertake the conquest of France again, in a different sense and with the skill and grace of his son to help, just before the Revolution. Mr. Disher in his zeal pardonably exaggerates the extent of English yeast in the ferment that blew up the Bastille; his theory is more interesting that persistent representation of Napoleon in circuses later increased the contempt for the restored Bourbon and Orleans monarchies in this country and dis-

satisfaction with them in France. Astley must have been a character exactly portrayable by Mr. W. C. Fields. He has bequeathed a host of remarks, of which "These here horses eat most vociferously" is the best.

Other figures parade in an array of costume: Andrew Ducrow, who could perform any act or write any equestrian piece, and who made while watching a rehearsal of *Hamlet* that immortal observation about "cutting the dialect and coming to the 'osses"; "Napoleon" Gomersal, marching night after night to Moscow and Waterloo; "Methusalem" Widdicomb, an aristocrat even among ring-masters; dazzling Louisa Woolford, whose picture inspired more collectors than an entire revue chorus; Adah Isaac Menken, who took husbands by the season, rode as Mazeppa in that perennial piece, and won a wager from Rossetti by calling on Swinburne and stopping the night. The entry of Lord George Sanger and some of his travelling troupe like Pimpio brings to most of us present memories; but Astley's had closed for ever in 1893.

The narrative is rapid, colourful, painstaking, objective, never psychological. Without being callous, Mr. Disher does not dwell on disaster or close chapters with it; destructive fires and grave injuries are ingredients of the mixture, not banquets for moralists. Thus he escapes the bog which has sucked in many writers about the stage, who present fun-makers always as figures of tragedy, killed for their sport by the gods. He does not overlook that quiet courage by which Astley, Ducrow, Sanger, built up their ventures when hope had often to serve as cash, rivalry with other theatres was a biting spur, and projects were caged by entertainment law. This is a picture of old London as Boz and Thackeray knew it. Oranges in the Old Vic gallery, vegetable barrows in the New Cut, are symbols still of that mingled squalor and heartiness that once overspread the entire Surrey-side.

ALAN PHILLIPS.

SPANISH TESTAMENT, by Arthur Koestler. *Gollancz*. 10s. 6d.

CATALONIA INFELIX, by E. Allison Peers. *Methuen*. 10s. 6d.

SPANISH REHEARSAL, by Arnold Lunn. *Hutchinson*. 10s. 6d.

WHY SPAIN FIGHTS ON, by Louis Fischer. *Union of Democratic Control*. 6d.

The Spanish struggle has been too much presented to English readers as a clash of two rival ideologies which bear scant relation to the real forces, complex and haphazard, at work in the Peninsula. There are, however, signs that the day of books revealing the "truth about Spain" by authors who themselves only began to explore that truth towards 1937 is almost over.

Of the books here reviewed, Mr. Koestler's best exemplifies this realist tendency, and is the most valuable. He devotes, it is true, several chapters to the origins of the civil war, but it is on the whole an accurate exposition and follows, or perhaps inaugurates, recent fashion, by rightly stressing the importance of the agricultural problem. While agreeing with Mr. Koestler's main thesis, I feel bound to point out one or two exaggerations or inaccuracies. Thus, it is misleading to impute the blocking of Agrarian Reform in 1933 to "a highly organized plan of sabotage on the part of the big landowners" without mentioning the landowners' contention that the higher scale of wages imposed made the working of arable land uneconomic. It would have been enough to have charged the Spanish governing caste with inertia and mulishness, without accusing it of a "policy of blackmail" difficult to prove. Again, the number of political prisoners after the rising of October, 1934, was given by left-wing Spaniards as 30,000—not 40,000.

But *Spanish Testament* is more than justified by the chapters describing the fall of Málaga and the author's subsequent imprisonment under sentence of death. As the only foreign journalist

to remain in Málaga, Mr. Koestler was in a unique position to observe the incompetence of the defending command, the entry of Italian troops, and the summary mass executions which followed. His own experiences in the condemned cell, though their interest is chiefly personal, furnish a valuable side-light on insurgent methods, and particularly on their treatment of journalists.

Professor Allison Peers works briefly over the history of Catalonia before coming to a more detailed review of recent developments seen from the standpoint which he adopted in *The Spanish Tragedy*, and which is summed up in the following lines:

"For five months (i.e., February-July, 1936) the Right looked on helplessly at the complete failure of the Government to deal with the excesses of their extremists or with those of its own. In mid-July the Army could stand it no longer. Garrisons, police and civil guardsmen rose all over Spain; the extremists, responding to the call of the Government and the commands of their own leaders, took arms to resist them."

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The statement is at once confusing and too simple. It attaches "extremists" to both sides, then rallies them all to the Government. It suggests to the uninformed reader an Olympian army whereas the real army was deeply involved in, and partly responsible for, the political unrest preceding the "Movement."

But the book will prove useful as a factual account of events in Catalonia up to the middle of 1937. Two of the author's conclusions seem questionable: first, that it would have been possible to restrain the violent reaction of the Catalan people after they had overcome what they believed to be an attack on their dearest liberties made not only by the Army but by all the Right-wing forces, including the Church; secondly, that a victory of the Left in the present war would mean the extinction of Catalan hopes of autonomy.

With Mr. Arnold Lunn we leave the journalist's trained observation and the Hispanic specialist's reasoned narrative and enter a realm of pure fantasy. *Spanish Rehearsal* has little relevance to any Spain that exists or has existed. It is animated by a strong Catholic anti-Communist bias, and its author appears to see in any supporter of the Government an enemy of Western civilization. His material is drawn from a three-week tour of Franco territory under the guidance of insurgent press officers, and the writings of a number of English newspaper correspondents, together with publicists whose competence in Spanish affairs had so far gone unrecognized. Mr. Lunn is a polemical writer of no mean ability. It is a pity that he has wasted his virtuosity by barking so agilely up the wrong tree.

In conjunction with *Spanish Rehearsal* should be read Mr. Fischer's pamphlet. Written with strong Left-wing bias, it supplies the answer to many of Mr. Lunn's charges. It, again, has the defect of over-simplifying the issue, but it contains much reliable, though selected, information.

GEOFFREY BRERETON.

THE PASQUIER CHRONICLES, by Georges Duhamel. Dent. 10s. 6d.

The French novel is frequently as slight in matter as in bulk, but the *Pasquier Chronicles*, first published in their five parts in the *Mercure de France*, becomes a veritable omnibus with the inclusion in the English translation of Books IV and V. It picks up its passengers in 1890 and it is soon clear that Laurent, his father, mother and four brothers and sisters are in for a hard buffetting as they bump down the years, escaping one difficulty immediately to be caught in another; emerging into the spacious prospect of the twentieth century with the middle-aged father only just qualified as a medical practitioner yet struggling to bring up a family according to notions stamped by his own eccentric individualism into a background of bourgeois convention.

"Come, come, sir, put on your hat; do I go about showing my knees?" And for a moment one sees Raymond Pasquier as a remonstrative Johnsonian figure expressing himself to hatless bald-heads with the same force and openness which gain him the respect of his family, his landlord and a whole warren of flat-dwellers in the *impasse Vandamme*. Stability is there in the mother, a resourceful, courageous and unselfish woman, who patiently endures the agony of waiting for a legacy which is tied up at Havre, a town so much on the minds of the family that one day at school Laurent replies to a question from his geography master by saying "Havre, monsieur, oh, Havre is where the lawyer lives."

The author never lingers unnecessarily on any single phase of the Pasquier saga. Incident crowds on incident, and the canvas is filled in with such detail and colour that one cannot afford to skip any of the 850 pages of a translation which seldom falters in rendering that vivid but delicate treatment of the commonplace which is a special virtue of Georges Duhamel. Yet the Pasquiers who are made to live with such vigour and depth of emotion

in their everyday life are an unfailing source of surprise. Raymond especially "A somewhat uncomfortable father to have," is the opinion of Justin Weill, Laurent's Jewish friend. The remark is justified when the complaint that too much water is being used rouses Raymond to burying an enormous chopper in the main supply pipe just to give the landlord "something real to worry about."

That is the reaction of a highly individualized type of Frenchman in the Paris of thirty years ago. (His modern counterpart has a rather different approach. He believes in the effectiveness of unions and sit-down strikes.) Laurent and his friends are younger members of that generation, one which, it seems, could tell the older a thing or two about companies that spring up for the exploitation of incandescent gas. But Laurent lives on hopes which prove almost as poor an investment as his father's shares in the Incanda-Finska. An experiment is made in working a printing press on a communal basis in the suburbs of Paris. The group is in general agreement with one of their number, Senac, who detests the Clemenceau régime, is convinced that another war is coming (it is 1906) and asks one thing of society, "that we shall damn well be left in peace."

But "mutual peace and toleration" is doomed to failure even within the limits of this society. Hard individual effort gives way to pottering and ineffective work. One feels that Raymond's daughter, Cécile, a genius of a pianist who has been practising at the side of an admiring tutor and has now won fame is perhaps the answer to those who would substitute communal endeavour for intensive individual work. And she like the rest of them, Joseph who makes a success in business, Laurent too, are held fast by family ties. It is in revealing their loves, quarrels and worries, inter-related as these are shown to be, that the author excels. For although one may know the Paris of the Ritz Bar, the Opera and Auteuil, or again the life of the

Boulevard Montparnasse and the student haunts around the Luxembourg and the Boul' Mich', it is only one who is himself a Pasquier who could draw so fine a picture of a Parisian family as Georges Duhamel has done. The trials of these people have given them strength and confidence to withstand any shock which may come to their country whether from an internal or external source.

MICHAEL LANGLEY.

CASTLE CORNER, by Joyce Cary. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

STRANGERS, by Claude Houghton. Collins. 8s. 6d.

THE BROTHERS, by H. G. Wells. Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.

THIS MAN MURRAY, by William Corcoran. Dent. 7s. 6d.

Each of these novels is well worth reading, and taken together they represent most of the merits and the failings of contemporary fiction. Mr. Joyce Cary continues the spacious and exuberant chronicle of the last century, Mr. Claude Houghton writes in the romantic psychological manner that matured in the post-war period, Mr. Wells frankly uses the novel as a clumsy but engaging set-piece to carry the Wellsian fireworks, and Mr. Corcoran's medium is the neo-simplicity of the younger Americans.

Mr. Cary's *Castle Corner* portrays the landed gentry and the peasantry of the Victorian age against a background of Ireland, England and West Africa. It is an elaborate panorama in which fresh characters continually appear, and the fecundity of Mr. Cary's portraiture is delightful. In the Irish scenes Mr. Cary displays some of Dostoevsky's skill in rendering the whole dynamic movement of a community, a comparison which is heightened by the "Russian" relationship between the gentry and their servants. Subsequently the book seems to lack an inner core of action. The centre of gravity is continually shifting. Secondary and tertiary characters are over-elaborated, the book loses momentum, and the whole narra-

tive breaks up into an episodic miscellany. What lingers in the memory is the brilliance of single isolated scenes, when Mr. Cary comes to a standstill and distils a haunting poetic quality from some small incident. *Castle Corner* is a rich and abundant material, sufficient for half a dozen novels, which diffuses from its structural defects into a string of exquisite sketches; but the maturity, the objective penetration and the lively feeling of Mr. Cary's style give the whole book an uncommon distinction. Incidentally, when *Castle Corner* is reprinted, the wholesale muddle over inverted commas should be corrected and Mr. Cary might reconsider twenty pounds as the six-months weight of a "small" and "very thin" baby.

By comparison with Mr. Cary, Mr. Houghton's prose is villainous. Neither his eye nor his ear seems to have had any part in the writing of *Strangers*. His idiom is grey and lifeless, and there is no action which has any significance in itself. Mr. Houghton's drama is a reflex on the other side of action, beginning at the point where reflection supersedes objective behaviour. The plot is the simple one of a business-man seducing a mannequin, which Mr. Houghton transposes wholly into the subjective world of the man. It makes an interesting psychological study, and Mr. Houghton does at times succeed in extracting considerable power from his ponderous and turbid methods. Nevertheless, the book is vitiated by the kind of falsity which springs from an imperfect definition of the characters. The wife is a block of wood, the mannequin is pretty well drugged with an overdose of exalted romanticism, and the husband plunges about in a subjective state which lacks any constant validity. A mass of smart chat and unnecessary travelogue swells the book to dropsical dimensions. Yet in spite of everything Mr. Houghton does succeed in holding on grimly to a difficult and interesting theme.

Mr. Wells's *The Brothers* is as contemptuous of its medium as only Mr. Wells can be. Its central theme is a

conversation between the respective leaders of fascist and communist parties during a civil war. This conversation is mounted in a framework of incident so preposterous that one of the characters is impelled to say, "It's as impossible as the *Comedy of Errors*. It's *Prisoner of Zenda* romance." In other words, *The Brothers* is quite pointless unless one is interested in Mr. Wells's thesis about Red-Black politics. This thesis is that the apparent differences between the two parties are spurious and would disappear if they read H. G. Wells. The argument is developed with characteristic gusto and is not funny unless one believes that Mr. Wells has never understood the motivation of human behaviour. The celebrated Wellsian Woman flits about in the background, and altogether the book revives many happy memories of Victorian liberalism.

Mr. Corcoran's *This Man Murray* gives the measure of the distance which divides Mr. Wells from the young novelists of the present day. Murray is an American artisan who sees his fiancée killed, subsequently marries and then has his home broken up by unemployment. It is a simple story, and Mr. Corcoran keeps within its essential simplicity. Unlike Mr. Houghton, he does not inflate it subjectively: unlike Mr. Wells, he does not use it as a rough scaffolding for more portentous utterances. His style is plain, objective, unliterary, deliberately naïve, in the manner generally associated with Hemingway. Mr. Corcoran writes with the speaking voice, and his method will deeply affect an audience accustomed to artificial conventions which have become worn and hackneyed. *This Man Murray* has the freshness and novelty of all that is unselfconscious. It is a domestic literature, touched with a quiet sentiment, appealing directly to the heart's simplicity. There is no reason that is not pathological why Fiction should ever descend below this level.

DESMOND HAWKINS.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.

The mould of the nineteenth century, when Great Britain was supreme, is rapidly dissolving, and in the transition period which must precede the evolution of a new cosmos it is, inevitably, old England that, more than other nations, is at a loss to get her bearings. New problems confront her statesmen, new issues obtrude themselves upon a bewildered public opinion, and with her set ideas rooted in the era of industrial expansion, with her essentially aristocratic traditions, she finds it peculiarly difficult to adjust her mode of life to the new conditions.

For some pertinent home truths about agriculture, for example, we have recourse this month to Professor R. G. Stapledon, C.B.E., who has made a niche for himself by his studies on grass and grasslands, quoted and accepted as authoritative all over the world. Professor Stapledon holds the chair of Agricultural Botany at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth and since 1919 he has also been Director of the Welsh Plant Breeding Station. During the War he was appointed Director of the first Seed Testing Station established under the Food Production Department of the Ministry of Agriculture. His views on agricultural policy were set forth cogently in *The Land: Now and To-morrow* (1935).

It is a commonplace to say that in the age of the aeroplane England has ceased to be an island. Of course the psychological implications of the change have hardly begun to work themselves out. But at the time of Italy's forthright dispositions on the eve of her Abyssinian campaign our Admiralty, at least, had

cause to regret their facile contempt for the air weapon. The strategy of the Mediterranean is indeed transformed, and the ready assistance lent to General Franco's cause by Italy has made plenty of mischief in the Mediterranean. Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton, who treats this subject, has a distinguished career behind him: service with distinction (he won the D.S.O.) in the South African War and in the Great War; Air Attaché, British Embassy, Washington, 1919-22; Chief Staff Officer, Iraq Command, 1923-24—when he resigned as a protest against the air control bombing operations. He has come to the front since as the foremost exponent of the air age and its immense implications—in the political, strategical, and psychological spheres. His latest book, *The Menace of the Clouds* (William Hodge) is an admirable primer of the subject. Readers may recall the article he contributed to this REVIEW last June on new aspects of defence—under the title "Gas and Gulls."

Henry Buckley writes with knowledge and sound sense on the political background of the amazing transformation of loyalist Spain. Now correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* in Madrid, he has worked as a journalist in the country for some ten years, and, except for short periods of leave has been on duty in Madrid, Valencia or Barcelona ever since the beginning of the civil war. There are few writing about Spain to-day who know her politics and her people as well as Henry Buckley.

Recent events in Germany have confounded the prophets who assumed

that, whatever the antics of the Party leaders "on top," the *Reichswehr* was the power that held the trumps. Special interest, therefore, attaches to the study of the German Army Officer which we are able to publish—by one who has had unusual opportunities of a close-up view. "Haruspex" was the appellation of the soothsayer of Roman times whose function it was to predict the future from the quality of the entrails of the beasts of sacrifice! He was the counterpart of the "augur," a name not unknown as a *nom de plume* in this review.

Lionel M. Gelber is a Canadian, a former Rhodes scholar at Balliol, who is perturbed, like so many of us, by the ugly and menacing situation in Europe, but who believes that the situation can still be saved if only Britain remains true to her own special rôle as pivot of the European balance of power. Another contributor whom we welcome from the Dominions is Professor F. L. W. Wood, who holds the chair of History at Victoria College, Wellington, New Zealand. His account of the country's progress is highly encouraging to those of us who welcome the twentieth-century phenomenon of the welfare-State.

Like F. L. W. Wood, J. B. Condliffe was born in Australia, and his early teaching experience was, similarly, in New Zealand. He was Professor of Economics at Canterbury College, 1920-26. During the next

decade he held appointments successively as Research Secretary of the Institute of Pacific Relations and as a member of the Economic Intelligence Section of the League of Nations, Geneva. He is now University Professor of Commerce, London School of Economics, thus being for the first time (except his undergraduate days at Cambridge) domiciled in this country. No more authoritative and unprejudiced witness to the van Zeeland Report could have been found.

The name of Helen Simpson is known to a wide public, in Australia, where she hailed from originally, in America and in England. One of her novels, *Boomerang*, obtained the James Tait Black Memorial prize in 1932. But she is so very much more than a novelist. Among her—admitted—recreations are collecting books on witchcraft and cooking: and out of this strange lore she has given us a delightful commentary on the cookery of Samuel Pepys' age.

Montgomery Belgion, essayist and amateur philosopher, takes up the ever-present theme of "propaganda" and shows that one of the salient characteristics of our time is the development of veiled publicity.

Finally, E. R. Sarv pays a brief tribute to one of the vigorous little countries of the Baltic which has just celebrated its twentieth anniversary. He is the London representative of the newspaper *Uus Eesti*, Tallinn.

THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

From Our Dumb Friends' League, a society working hard at this moment for the success of the Performing Animals (Regulation) Bill, now before Parliament, we have received some valuable literature. The Bill has been designed to prohibit the entry of any animal for training over the age of six months, thus barring the entry of the animal trained abroad. It is of particular interest to readers of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW that a staunch supporter of this Bill is Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell, formerly Secretary of the Zoological Gardens, and, incidentally, a candidate for the Scottish Universities at the recent by-election. The result of that by-election was not known to us at the time of writing these notes. Readers of Mr. Koestler's recent book, *Spanish Testament* or of Sir Peter's own book, *My House in Malaga* will realize what great weight his opinion carries. Sir Peter has said of performing animals that "there is the greatest possible risk that there has been cruelty, not only in training the animal, but continuous cruelty in keeping the animal up to the mark for these—what may be called—fixed time performances . . ." The main objects of the Bill are to prohibit the training and public exhibition of dogs, seals, monkeys, apes and baboons as well as the animal trained abroad, also to extend to the duly appointed representatives of accredited Humane Societies, the right under the Performing Animals (Regulations) Act, 1925, to inspect premises used for training and to attend performances and exhibition of performing animals and inspect performing animals. Also to make particulars of registration under the Act of 1925 more readily available for public inspection. It is hoped in this way to ensure that in future no animals which may be trained and exhibited as performing animals are so trained or exhibited unless they are born in this country and to provide machinery for ensuring that the objects of the Act of 1925 and of the Bill are fulfilled. Mrs. E. A. Pinto-Leite, who has done magnificent work for her cause as Chairman of the Political Committee, appeals for help of every kind from those in sympathy with "Our Dumb Friends' League." Contributions and offers of assistance should be sent to the Secretary, Grosvenor Gardens House, Victoria, S.W.1.

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Lord Aberdare, Chairman of the National Fitness Council, will open, on Wednesday, March 2nd, an Exhibition entitled "Health, Sport and Fitness," which has been organized by the Royal Institute of British Architects at their headquarters, 66, Portland Place, W.1. The Exhibition will remain open until March 31st and will then go on tour of the principal cities and towns of England. The Exhibition is founded on the idea that everybody's health is everybody's else's business, and that the individual has to be helped to health and fitness. The needs of health are met by adequate nutrition, properly planned facilities for sport and recreation, efficiently organized health services, but chiefly by living and working conditions that themselves create health. The R.I.B.A. hold that good planning saves doctors' bills. They also hold that good design in town, building and open spaces are vital to both the mental and physical well-being of the ordinary man.

To keep pace with the rapidly changing events of modern life it has been decided to issue an Encyclopædia Britannica Year Book annually, so that an up-to-date diary of current economic, scientific and political developments may be available. The first of these is to appear early in April and the contributors will include among others:—Sir Noel Ashbridge, Dr. Ernest Baker formerly Director, University of London School of Librarianship, Sir Charles Bressey, Professor E. H. Carr, attached to the British Delegation to the Peace Conference, 1919, Sir Walter Citrine, Mr. G. D. H. Cole, Mr. Cleveland Fife, General Secretary National Farmers' Union, Mr. Eric Gill, the Rt. Hon. Douglas Hacking, Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, Dean Inge, Dr. R. R. Kuczynski, Maj. Gen. Sir R. McCarrison, Lord Meston, Professor Picard, Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond, Sir John Reith, Sir Josiah Stamp, Prof. R. S. Troup and Sir Kingsley Wood. Being produced under the editorship in this country of Mrs. Margaret Dorothy Law, a graduate of Girton College, Cambridge, it will appear simultaneously with a special American edition under the editorship of Mr. Franklin Hooper to whom Mrs. Law is acting as associate for the English edition.

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Light and Dark, the magazine for Oxford and Cambridge, published monthly price sixpence, has just celebrated its first birthday. It contains an excellent variety of articles with verse and poetry of an unusually high order. Edmund Blunden, Frederic Prokosch, and Tom Harrison, are among the contributors.

* * * * *

Not long ago we drew attention in these notes to Ashridge College, Herts. We now have to announce that, owing to ill-health, Major-General Sir Reginald Hoskins has recently resigned the appointment of Principal, a position which he had held since 1929 when the College was first opened. The Governors have appointed to succeed him Mr. Eric J. Patterson, M.A., Head of the Department of International Politics at the University of the South-West of England.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

APRIL, 1938

THE AVALANCHE

By The Editor



IN an unwonted flight of fancy the Prime Minister warned the House of Commons, on June 25th last, on the occasion of the Leipzig incident, that "in the high mountains there are sometimes conditions to be found when an incautious move, or even a sudden loud exclamation, may start an avalanche . . ." By his own clumsy gesture in dislodging the Eden boulder he has now set in motion just such an avalanche: the snows, long perilously poised, have begun to move, and the shout of jubilation that went up from the enemies of democracy has determined its momentum.

In Central Europe, above all in Spain, the British and French Governments are now face to face with the consequences of their own fatal inertia. And Mr. Chamberlain's seizure of the wheel from the hands of the "skilful and intelligent chauffeur"* has already brought dangers to the independence and vital interests of the British Empire that make it imperative for each one of us to set aside all fond hopes and preconceptions and see clearly the abyss yawning before us. Mr. Lloyd George did not exaggerate when he said to a reporter, before leaving London for the South of France on March 17th: "the British Empire and France have been manœuvred into the worst strategic position they have ever been in." Those who—on the Left or Right—appraise the situation in terms of morality or "ideology" deceive themselves. We are down to the bedrock of power-politics. To mobilize public opinion in this country it may be still necessary to invoke standards of conduct, freedom and other high-sounding phrases. But in the present plight to which Britain has been reduced we shall save democracy by saving it, not by labelling it.

*Mr. Lloyd George, quoted by Sir Archibald Sinclair in the House of Commons debate on February 21st.

Last month we wrote *per forza* before the House of Commons met to hear the statements of Mr. Eden and Lord Cranborne, and Mr. Chamberlain's defence. Just as THE FORTNIGHTLY anticipated, the principle involved was that of good faith in international affairs; and events have already conspired to vindicate the late Foreign Secretary and to expose the Prime Minister's idea of a "New Deal" as a mirage. National Socialist Germany has displayed an arrogance and brutality—and contempt for democratic *régimes*—which has no parallel in modern history; Mussolini's Italy has promptly fallen into line: and both these *expansionist* States (it is their expansionism not their Fascism that matters) have, shamelessly, intensified their intervention in Spain with the manifest purpose of taking the Anglo-French position on the flank. That Mr. Chamberlain in his speech should have ignored the strategic implications of the situation in Spain and ridden off on the two countries' "affinities of outlook and forms of government" is a measure of the Government's myopia.

Never was the insulation from harsh realities of the country-house and business groups controlling British policy more manifest than in these past few weeks. With their island-bound intelligence they have been living in a fools' paradise, from which the latest *fait accompli* of Herr Hitler has partially awakened them. Lord Halifax's first major speech as Foreign Secretary was significant. Even now the fatal habit of "indecision with a tendency to hope for the best"—the atmosphere faithfully reflected by Diplomatic Correspondents these two years—persists, and the elderly gentlemen are showing themselves incapable of adjustment to the tempo of our age. Only a dynamic policy and dynamic personalities now can stem the vertiginous course of events: whereas Mr. Chamberlain makes the effect of a rabbit petrified by a stoat.

Of Schuschnigg's Austria it can be said that nothing became her better than her end. The Chancellor will be seen by posterity to have rendered an immense service to Europe by forcing Herr Hitler's hand. The triumph of March 11 revealed once again the terrifying proficiency of the Nazis in the technique of intervention, but it was no act of self-determination, whatever Herr Hitler may proclaim: he is not even willing to risk an

Austrian plebiscite by itself under the Nazi police *régime*. The effect throughout Central and Eastern Europe is already manifest. German domination is assured: while the crowning insult of Herr Ribbentrop's farewell visit to London being made to coincide with the setting in motion of Germany's military machine has laid bare Britain's ignominy.

The rape of Austria, and particularly the official German comment upon the *coup*, has had one unforeseen consequence. For the barefaced lies about conditions of anarchy and Communism churned out by Dr. Goebbels' propaganda machine—in an Austria keyed up to a great gesture of independence—have at last opened the eyes of many a honest-to-goodness Englishman to the prodigious hoax of the "Red Peril" which is used to screen the politics of power.

Nowhere has the wool been more effectively pulled over those eyes than in regard to Spain. General Franco benefited at the outset by the sympathies of the possessing classes of France and this country—but still more by the ready supply through Portugal of aeroplanes and artillery, machines and personnel, from an Italy and a Germany which were waiting their chance to stake out their power-position in the peninsula. The original Spanish Army revolt, *which had failed*, was thus submerged in a large-scale foreign invasion, to which the Admiralty and Conservatives of a "crude, mercantile, class-conscious outlook" turned a blind eye. Such was the power of "anti-Red" prejudice.

Several articles in THE FORTNIGHTLY during the past year have shown the nature and extent of Italian and German intervention in the Peninsula. The military rebellion was carefully planned so that its backers should gain rapid access to the richest mineral areas—as also that they might have interior military lines of communication. The seizure of the "strategic" metals necessary to the armament programmes of Italy and Germany has been a conspicuous fact—minimized over here deliberately because of the British business and financial interests linked up, for better or for worse, with the "anti-Marxist" adventure. And last month Air Commodore Charlton portrayed the serious dangers of a "Franco" victory—which

*cf. Speech by Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, House of Commons, February 22nd.

would clinch the strangle-hold on British and French freedom of action already acquired by the Rome-Berlin alliance. It only remains to call attention to the indiscretions of General Queipo de Llano at a recent ecclesiastical *cum* military parade at La Linea, alongside Gibraltar. The General arrived escorted by soldiers in *Reichswehr* uniform and officered by German *Reichswehr* officers, and through loud speakers set up along the frontier he shouted that

" . . . Gibraltar was lost for us by the cowardice and treachery of those English brigands who have retained it as their own. But we know that they won't stay long there now, for we shall re-take Gibraltar to attach it again to the Motherland. There is no reason why Gibraltar should be anything but Spanish. . . . We must emulate the Italians, for one Italian is worth two Spaniards."

This is not an isolated outburst by a dipsomaniac. It corresponds exactly to the secret ambitions of a large group of younger army officers who demand, overtly, expansion in Morocco—and of whom Franco himself is a leader. The elements supporting the Insurgents are essentially Germanophile and Anglophobe, as they were in the Great War.

The actual official figures, of non-Spanish land forces, according to a recent estimate made after careful investigation, are

Italians	160,000	Four autonomous divisions and air force.
Germans	20,000	Instructors, pilots, anti-aircraft, wireless experts, espionage, etc.
Africans	50,000	Moroccans, Arabs, Ifnis, Libyans.
Legion	7,000	Remnants of the Tercio, or Foreign Legion.
Total	237,000	Foreigners

Then, apart from the enormous and increasing supplies of aeroplanes, of the latest type, German and Italian, there are no less than 8 Italian battleships and 2 German men-of-war, lying off to help in what the insurgents hope to be the final subjugation of Eastern Spain.*

Even when the intervention of Germany and Italy has reached the present dimensions, with the most serious implications in the strategic and economic spheres, Sir Henry Page Croft can still write in *The Times* that

"The intervention in Spain of munitions and fighting men has been almost if not quite as great by Russia and France from the start as by Russia and Germany."

*Full details may be read in *The War in Spain*, No. 10, published by United Editorial, 11, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

when it is an acknowledged fact that Russian supplies did not begin until the middle of October, 1936, after the representative of the U.S.S.R. on the Non-Intervention Committee had openly proclaimed his country's intention to parry the efforts of the expansionist Powers—and also that the number of Russian technicians, pilots, *etc.*, has never at any time during the civil war exceeded 2,000. As for the charge that the machinations of Moscow provoked a proud people to revolt, it is the veriest moonshine—though it is the orthodoxy of militant (political) Catholic and crypto-Fascists alike. In the nation to-day Communism is, forsooth, like the streptococcus germ, present in every normal healthy individual but only virulent when his or her organism is for any reason weak and exposed to infection. The existence of a tiny minority of Moscow-trained doctrinaires, in every country, intent on stirring up social revolution is a commonplace. But the U.S.S.R. has no expansionist designs. Her part in the Spanish imbroglio has been purely "ideological"—whereas Germany and Italy have all along set out to covet and secure the spoils of Spain.

Those who have brought us to the pass of a prospective Berlin—Rome—Madrid alliance directly menacing Britain's main arterial roads in Mediterranean and Atlantic comfort themselves that in the long run the foreign intruders will be given short shrift by the Spaniards—and the money-bags of "the City" will talk to some effect. Any one who knows Spain, who appreciates the dependence of General Franco on German organizing ability, let alone the actual war-assistance, can only marvel at such credulity. The man is a puppet in the hands of his foreign masters and without their continued help could not possibly hold down the Spanish people. That he should have had to acquiesce in the recent horrors of destruction from the air in Barcelona is the measure of his impotence.

What, then, is the conclusion to be drawn? Simply that the German-Italian threat to the life-lines of the British Empire is intolerable. It is for conservative democrats in this country, as in France, to realize what is at stake, and to insist that an authentic National Government shall, in conjunction with France, assert its claim to the retention of vital strategic positions. In all the talk about Czechoslovakia and collective security the

transcendent importance of Spain has somehow been missed. As the French General Staff is stubbornly insisting, with a France threatened on three fronts—Germans are already very much in evidence in the north of Spain alongside the French frontier—she will be powerless to move effectively in Central Europe.

Here, if ever, there is a case for swift and resolute action, as at Nyon. No need to invoke the formulas of Geneva which, unhappily, divide the British people. No danger of entanglement with Russia—such as are feared in Central Europe. The action which is desired must be taken unblushingly in the name of *national* interest and international law—for the Germans and Italians have no business whatsoever to be in Spain, and no British Government worthy of the name can sit back and allow hostile Powers to control the western end of the Mediterranean. Obviously the defence of Spain, because of Gibraltar, not to speak of Minorca and Morocco, is the most vital of British interests. The axis Powers have achieved so much by bluff and blackmail: now is the time to call their bluff in the one area of the world where, thanks to British Navy and French Army—and no debilitating “Liberal”—conscience torn with remorse for the Treaty of Versailles—that bluff *can* be called. Non-intervention at long last has to be given a positive content.

It may be worth while making one more attempt to enlist Signor Mussolini in an Anglo—French—Italian plan for securing to Spain in the future a status of “neutrality” similar to Switzerland, thereby counteracting the far more dangerous designs of Germany. But in any case a stand must be made on the issue of Spain to stop the rot, to maintain and protect British Imperial interests as an essential factor in the ultimate re-establishment of the principles of the League Covenant. Failure to act now and to act firmly will simply mean that Signor Mussolini will lead the British Government up the Italian garden during another five weeks of negotiations* only to break them off just before Herr Hitler’s visit to Rome in May and then restore his prestige *vis-à-vis* his fellow-dictator by demonstrating that he, too, has known how to drag into the mud the might, majesty, dominion and power of England.

*Since even to-day the Italian danger is under-estimated, readers are referred to an admirable little book, *Mussolini’s Roman Empire* by G. T. Garratt, a Penguin Special, 6d.

NAZI MIRAGE

BY JEREMIAH WARNER

THE speech in which Herr Hitler celebrated the fifth anniversary of the Nazis coming into power contained a remarkable innovation; it was stuffed with statistics which were designed to prove that the régime had solved Germany’s major problems. Is that really the case? Or have the Nazis disposed of phantom problems only, which their propaganda had cleverly dressed up, doping the German people and duping mankind?

Germany’s first and greatest need is security. The “nightmare of coalitions” haunted Prince Bismarck’s sleep long after he had made her the strongest military Power on the Continent. Has Herr Hitler banned this spectre?

After Versailles Germany lay bleeding at the feet of her victors. She was disarmed. Her richest provinces were held by an army of occupation, entitled to stay until 1935. Her economic structure was deranged so as to retard her recovery. She was deliberately humiliated. She had to undergo the iniquities of the Ruhr invasion and the disaster of a gigantic inflation. She was excluded from the League of Nations. She was helpless and defenceless.

Six years later, the long-suffering Weimar Republic had emerged, Phoenix-like, from the ashes. The mark was stabilized, prosperity was returning. Germany sat as an equal on the Council of the League of Nations. The Rhineland was evacuated five years before the final date. The reparations question was fading. Germany was still disarmed, but the Treaty of Locarno had given her security from aggression on the western front such as she had never possessed before. If her eastern borders were not equally well protected, she had willed it so: for she was not prepared to recognize Poland’s stability. Any Republican statesman accepting an eastern Locarno would have been

assassinated by murderous nationalist gangs. The nightmare of coalitions had vanished. This "miracle" was the work of Stresemann, of Bruening and of their predecessors: They had built the stage from which Hitler afterwards advertised his stunning performances.

He could never have "reoccupied" the Rhineland with great flourish had not the French evacuated it six years earlier; he could not have banged the door in the face of the League of Nations had not Stresemann unlocked it by putting Germany on its Council. He could not have defaulted brazenly on foreign debts, had not his 'Weimar' predecessors re-established German credit, and as good as settled the reparations question. The fears of timid Frenchmen impeded the full fruition of their efforts.

The belated repentance of conscience-stricken, equally timid Britishers smoothed Hitler's path, when he swept away by unilateral action those remaining iniquities of the Peace Treaty, which the successful negotiations of the unarmed Republic had made untenable anyhow. He has invaded the Rhineland, broken the Locarno Treaty, flouted the League of Nations, shattered the disarmament clauses of the Peace Treaty, re-introduced conscription embarked upon a colossal armament scheme and deliberately raped Austria. Germany is once more proud and aggressive. Nobody dares to attack her, but she can threaten and invade weaker countries, if she so desires, and can play a little at war in Spain without fear of punishment for such wanton interference.

The sudden transformation of a small professional army into a large-scale conscript host put a tremendous strain on Germany's military authorities. The need for self-sufficiency, which the blockade had taught them, necessitated the accumulation of large stocks, which have to be withdrawn from consumption, whilst the equipment of plants designed to manufacture substitutes stresses Germany's scanty resources badly. She is confronted by Powers whose supplies of men and materials are far superior to her own. Her military advisers desired her to go slow and beware of risky adventures. But the Third Reich needs publicity. Its leaders are born propagandists. They advertise indiscriminately goods they have got as well as those

they hope to get. They have frightened the world, forced the pace of rearmament, and have thus inaugurated a race in which all the odds are against them. Germany's present-day security is not so much due to her military strength, as to the well-known love of peace of the leading Western nations. If ever she were to take the bit between her teeth, responsibility would lie with those enemies of war who assure a would-be aggressor in advance that they would rather do anything than stand in his way. Hitler has re-established Germany's equality, by making her sacrifice security; he may have given her back her self-respect, he has filled her people with fear. For adherents as well as opponents of the *régime* are convinced that war is now inevitable. The place of the League of Nations and of Locarno has been taken by the Anti-Communist Pact and the Rome-Berlin axis. So far they have not done much for Germany's security. She has presented Italy with Abyssinia, and has played second to a country, the military prowess of which she despises, and which once before has betrayed her. She has now 'got even' with her in Austria, and she can be sure that Italy will not forget. She has egged on Japan, as she needs an ally against Russia; she has sacrificed influence and trade in China and is antagonizing the Great western Powers, including the United States. She is tardily awakening to the fact that Japan is immobilizing herself in China and is not prepared to risk falling foul of Russia.

The Weimar Republic had no great fear of Russia, notwithstanding Communist intrigues and agitations. But the Nazis needed a "bogey" and embarked on a loud-mouthed campaign against that country. They claim to have saved Germany from Communism; they are now going to save the world, at a time when Russia is getting less revolutionary, and, as a result of Stalin's purges, much less dangerous. They have almost made Russia respectable by getting her into the League; they have revived the Franco-Russian alliance and made it centre round Czechoslovakia.

Germany does not want war; her military leaders are by no means sure of victory. But they cannot prevent the Nazis breaking loose whenever home affairs look unpromising. Nor can they control Germany's newly-found allies, who are playing a desperate game. Locarno and the League of Nations

were not very good platform topics: they did not appeal to military minds smarting from defeat. They offered an unarmed country greater security than rearmament and the Anti-Comintern pacts. As it is, Mussolini and Stalin can drag Germany into a World War any day. Rearmament has established complete equality of insecurity for Germany and the rest of the Continent; it has turned collective security into universal insecurity.

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German unity has been completed, outwardly at least. The absurd rivalries between the states have gone. The Germans facetiously speak of "Ein-Kopf Gesicht"—a uniform type of faces, as a worthy accompaniment to "Ein-Topf Gericht"—the single dish they are enjoined to eat on Sundays. Nobody knows what these faces may hide. The strained hollow eyes of the hard-mouthed fanatic may be the windows of a communist soul, for in Germany Nazism and Communism have frequently been spiritual brethren. It is more than doubtful whether uniformity reflects unity. Signs of real spiritual unity are singularly wanting. Protestant ministers and Catholic priests are arrested and sent to concentration camps—the widespread assertion that they count 100,000 inmates may be empty talk—but as all statistics are doped by the Ministry of Propaganda, the line separating accidental truth from purposeful error is blurred. The Marxist doctrine of class warfare is no longer heard. The battle-song of the Nazis claiming the exclusive use of the streets for the brown battalions, has silenced it. Communist and socialist movements have gone underground. Relentless persecution of all and everybody by the secret police continues, maybe because this is the job of such men, maybe because they are appalled by the dangers ahead of them. They are now trampling Austria into shape.

The recent purge of the army reveals the fears and the ambitions of the Party, which is rent by bitter personal dissensions, but which is resolutely bent on oppressing dissent—internal or external. It evidently prefers an out-and-out political army sworn to the party programme to a soldier's army with great traditions. Its action may merely paralyse the striking power of the army—just as Stalin's purges have done, or it may finally

further unity at the expense of efficiency. One of these days, when the entire grown-up population has passed through Nazi schools, Nazi labour camps and Nazi-controlled barracks, the synthetic Christianity manufactured as a substitute for the real article—the Germans have always been great chemists—may be the State religion, with a kind of "Aryan Mikado," "the son of Heaven" at its head. In the meantime political apathy is hiding internal convulsions, the strength of which is unknown. The old army leaders allowed for internal dissensions in their plans. They knew that an easy and successful war like the Abyssinian expedition may unite a nation. But a "total war," which is not likely to go on without a single hitch is a different matter. Its success depends on the willingness of the entire nation to sustain a long-drawn-out strain, otherwise serious setbacks might result in that "stab in the back" by which General Ludendorff attempted to explain his failure. It made them strong supporters of peace, for concentration camps were no help to unity in their eyes. But the wild men of the party who want the control of the army do not mind risks: they may even need a war in order to close their own ranks. At the same time the out-and-out enemies of the *régime* are beginning to pray for war, as their one and only hope for deliverance.

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So much for the German situation from the point of view of "security" and "unity." What is to be said of the much-vaunted prosperity?

In the light of published statistics, Germany's economic recovery is marvellous. Unemployment has ceased. The volume of physical production has greatly increased, the national income has all but doubled. Birth-rates are rising: the fear that a noble race might die out has vanished. In this sphere Hitler is evidently a wizard, deserving the thanks of those who pray to him for their daily bread.

But here again the question may be raised, whether the prosperity—it is pitiful enough in many ways—is more substantial and permanent than the short-lived prosperity of the Weimar Republic. The Nazis wisely compare their achievements with those of the dying Republic, which the world crisis and their own agitation had undermined. They boast, that they have

raised the population-reproduction rate within five years from 0.82 (1933) to 1.06 (1935/6); but ten years earlier when the Weimar Republic flourished it was 1.12. By 1928 prices had risen, unemployment had decreased; wages had gone up by leaps and bounds. The face of Germany had changed completely; the misery of the final inflation period was turned into smiling prosperity. A learned American professor has described the glories of "The Recovery of Germany." This golden age lasted as long as the influx of credit continued. The lending of nearly 1½ milliard £ to private and public corporations for German industry and agriculture brought about a boom. It collapsed when they ceased to flow in and were partially withdrawn. The great world crisis began.

The Weimar Republic was not responsible for it, nor is the Nazi régime the cause of the general world recovery, which had already set in when it took over. It resumed the Republic's policy of borrowing on a stupendous scale. It got rid of most of its foreign debts by the use and abuse of exchange control, which partially expropriated the foreign creditors and obliged them to give it a kind of forced loan. It fabricated its own credit at home. Its public works, and later on its armaments were mainly financed by bills of exchange, manufactured in a very ingenious way by the various Government financial authorities. They were renewed whenever they fell due; they were taken up by banks and manufacturers, who could sell them in case of need to the *Reichsbank*.

The expansion of credit resulting from these operations inflated incomes and profits and spread purchasing power widely. From time to time the Government issued public loans which banks and insurance companies had to take over provisionally until they could unload them on the public. But these funding operations reduced the amount of outstanding bills only temporarily, since new and greater issues followed, especially when the armament race began. Though tax receipts rose considerably, the main volume of additional expenditure was financed by loans. It was a return to a greatly improved system of war finance, for it prevented successfully the visible consequences of inflation. Prices were fixed and wages were not allowed to rise. The profits of middlemen were eliminated;

goods declined in quality, and restrictions were revived. The wage-earners' actual purchasing power was effectively cut down by various (party) levies and collections which were deducted from his pay roll. He buys a limited amount of very inferior goods at about the same price he formerly spent on a much greater quantity of superior stuff. Germany is not starving. There are enough raw materials for armament purposes, though perhaps not for the building schemes of the *Führer*. But meat, bread, iron, wool, fats, cotton and building materials for private use are scarce. This shortage is partly due to an accumulation of reserve stocks, for a war of long duration, and partly to the equipment of industries which are to make Germany self-sufficient. Substitutes are not only expensive, their manufacture depends on costly plants and ample raw materials. The forests have to be cut down mercilessly, for timber is needed for many new processes. In this respect economic domination of Austria has come in handy—though it will undoubtedly spell ruin to Austria's hard-won economic and financial solvency. It is probably not very serious that ready-made shirts have to be shortened by an inch or two; a militant nation should be able to stand it. But there is no doubt that the standard of living of the masses is very slowly going down. This decline has helped the authorities to cover inflation by a smoke-screen.

Financial operations can continue easily as long as new bills are taken up, to be redeemed on maturity with the proceeds from the sales of other new bills or from loans. No government ever failed as long as it could borrow enough new money to pay maturities, interest and sinking funds on old loans. The total debt may amount to about 2 or 3 milliard £. Nazi experts assert that there is no need for anxiety until the 5 milliards £ limit is reached. They may be right. A public debt of this size would not bear more heavily on Germany than do war debts on other countries. How near she may be to this limit is a mere guess, since no budget is published. The money is spent on public works, including armaments. On their continuation Germany's industrial activities depend. The boom will finish when they stop. For it is not due to the yield of past investments, but to present disbursements. When the 5 milliard £ limit has been reached—which will not take so very long—the

taxpayer will have to provide 225 milliard £ interest yearly. Neither armaments nor monumental buildings will contribute to it; their maintenance and replacement require additional funds. The Nazi experts are quite cheerful about it: for the national (paper) money income can be easily raised. Devaluing the mark by about 50% would double the value of all physical property at the expense of bondholders of course. Prices can be doubled too, and the burden of the national debt can be halved. But the Nazis will scarcely devalue in such a simple way. The fear of inflation still hangs over the land; the rise in prices need not injure the workers; their wages can be raised by the authorities. But it would hurt holders of fixed interest-bearing securities, especially of Government bonds—all the small fry who are the most ardent believers in Nazism. It would, besides, bankrupt insurance companies and other institutions on which these loans have been unloaded. Whilst devaluation would immediately offer some trading advantages resulting from a relatively cheap mark, a capital levy exempting small owners would be a more attractive political measure. The *régime* could thus show its truly socialist character.

The stalwarts never had any love for "Capitalists." Breaking "the debt slavery" was one of the main planks of the original party platform. Dr. Schacht adopted it pretty thoroughly in his dealings with foreign creditors; he fought it tooth-and-nail at home. But he has gone. His retirement, followed so dramatically by the purge of the army and the Foreign Office, shows which way the wind blows. The party no longer cares for the cloak of respectability which these substantial conservatives had lent it. Confiscation for the benefit of the State by seizing shares of big industrialists and by imposing mortgages on the estates of reactionary landowners would be very popular with the rank and file. It might induce them to take a more lenient view of the "splash" some of their leaders indulge in.

By Government co-ownership of mills, mines and estates, a considerable part of the 5 milliard £ debt could be wiped out. Germany would be brought nearer to the collectivist ideal which the Nazis have pursued all the time. The Junkers and industrialists who put them into power have been fools. They should have remembered that the communist spectre was

laid by the socialist Government of the Weimar Republic, when it suppressed the various communist risings between 1918 and 1920. The leader no doubt sincerely believes that he saved Germany from this danger. His personal sincerity should not be taken for historical truth. The complete collapse of the Communists early in 1933 is conclusive proof of their inherent weakness. Had there been any real strength behind their rabble-rousing phrases, they would not have protested against the accusation that they set fire to the Reichstag building. They would have seen in the roaring flames the signal for the great proletarian revolution, and risen as one man; unlike their socialist colleagues they were not wedded to constitutional methods. They indignantly denied their guilt. They were never dangerous to anybody except to the German labour movement.

Herr Hitler has never worried about the solution of material problems. His vivid imagination provides him when necessary with gigantic issues which he can settle to his heart's content. The German people have been taught to live on illusions. As long as their leaders can supply these, those leaders can go on. They can do so for a very long time. The economic recessions menacing important parts of the world may make it easier for Germany to get raw materials; the spoliation of Austria is furnishing a couple of hundred million marks in gold and foreign exchange, besides timber, fats and skilled workers; the armaments race will provide the people with work, and the Government with excuses why life is so hard. The active party members know that none of Germany's real problems have been solved. They know, too, that neither the return of a colony nor the invasion of Czechoslovakia nor the plunder of Austria will satisfy Germany's economic needs. But each of them will add considerably to their prestige. They are no longer held back by sober-minded army men, or far-seeing captains of industry. The mask of conservative respectability, which so long deceived those willing to be deceived, has fallen from their faces. They are ruthless men, who are ready to run any risk rather than relinquish power. There is only one thing which can restrain them from travelling on the road to Armageddon: fear—respect for superior material force, and what is more important, for superior will power on the part of those whom they are trying to intimidate.

THE AUSTRIAN TRAGEDY

By C. F. MELVILLE

FINIS AUSTRIAE! Herr Hitler, speaking to the assembled multitude in Vienna's Heldenplatz, has announced that henceforth Austria becomes the *Ostmark* of the Third German Reich, a German province in the same sense as Prussia, Bavaria and Saxony. Thus Austria's great tradition, from Charlemagne to Schuschnigg, has been buried overnight, and a tremendous blow has been struck at the hopes of those "good Europeans" who had cherished the vision either of an Austria forming an important part of a Danubian confederation, or an Austria which should be the rallying-point of the European cultural tradition in the Germanic world. Culturally, spiritually, the tragedy is beyond measure. Its political, economic and military implications, however, may be measured with exactitude. They mean nothing less than a complete change in the European balance of power, with Germany bestriding Europe like a Colossus, from the Baltic to the Balkans.

The subjugation of Austria took place rapidly, without consideration of the now old-fashioned "courtesies" of warfare. The following, briefly, are the facts:—

On Friday, March 11th, two German ultimatums were delivered to the Austrian Government. The first one demanded the immediate cancellation of the national plebiscite to decide Austria's future which Dr. von Schuschnigg was proposing to hold on Sunday, March 13th. The second demanded the resignation of the Chancellor. Both were complied with. But although the second ultimatum had a time-limit until 7 p.m., the German army actually crossed the frontier at 6 p.m.—one hour before the expiry of the ultimatum. Herr Hitler, accompanied by an army of mechanized units, artillery, infantry, cavalry and aeroplanes, entered Austria by way of Linz, and marched on Vienna. Dr. Seyss Inquart, who, at Herr Hitler's demand, had

succeeded Dr. von Schuschnigg as Chancellor, handed over Austria to the German Führer, and himself stepped down from the rank of Federal Chancellor to that of Provincial Governor (*Statthalter*).

The whole affair had been planned beforehand, down to the last detail. The highly intricate organization of a military invasion cannot be worked out on the spur of the moment. The only thing which was decided at the last moment was the actual political decision.

The story really begins early in February with the internal political crisis in Germany. Certain highly-placed generals of the Reichswehr, including the Commander-in-Chief, General von Fritsch, criticized the National Socialist régime, both on account of its attempts to politicize the army, and its adventurous foreign policy. Herr Hitler dealt with the situation in his usual way. He liquidated the critics. This had to be compensated by a brilliant success in foreign policy. With the critics of a forward policy out of the way, Herr Hitler was ready to essay a final "solution" of the Austrian question.

Thereupon Herr von Papen, Germany's special Ambassador at Vienna, (with the connivance of Dr. Guido Schmidt, Austria's opportunist Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs) proposed a new Austro-German agreement. This agreement was to bring nearer the Nazification of Austria, whilst still preserving the outward semblance of that country's independence. On February 12th Dr. von Schuschnigg went to Berchtesgaden believing he held the trump cards for he took with him the "Teinfaltstrasse dossier," documents seized by the police in the course of a raid on Nazi headquarters in Vienna. The dossier proved that the Austrian Nazis, in connivance with the German Nazis and the Reichswehr, were planning a new internal revolt, to be followed by a German military invasion. The documents failed, however, to produce the desired effect. For Herr Hitler, supported by the presence of three generals of the Reichswehr, demanded sweeping concessions for the Austrian Nazis, under threat of sending the German army into Austria. In return he promised that German Nazis should not interfere in Austrian internal affairs, and that the Austrian Nazi Party, as such, should continue to be considered illegal.

Dr. von Schuschnigg returned to Vienna to carry out the agreement. In the light of subsequent events it is evident that on the German side there was never any intention to honour it. The Austrian Nazis were instructed to form party units within the *Vaterländische Front*, in spite of the fact that at Berchtesgaden it had been agreed that they should only work within the Front as individuals. The aim was to bring about a breakdown of the Berchtesgaden Agreement, and thus give Herr Hitler an excuse to intervene so as to "restore order." The open revolts against the Vienna Government which took place at Graz and Linz showed how quickly things began to move in this direction. During the early stages Dr. Seyss Inquart, Herr Hitler's nominee as Minister of the Interior, behaved with both tact and restraint. He seemed to be living up to his reputation as the man who had the confidence both of Herr Hitler and Dr. von Schuschnigg. But soon the pace quickened, and in the case of Dr. Seyss Inquart the thin dividing-line between "pronounced National" and "National Socialist" disappeared altogether. This, I am told, was the last and most bitter pill Dr. von Schuschnigg had to swallow.

The Chancellor, fully aware by now, that the Nazi aim was to force the issue, decided upon a gambler's throw. He ordered a plebiscite on the issue of a "Free, Independent, Christian, German Austria." It now seems evident, with the wisdom which comes after the event, that he made a mistake in thus openly challenging Herr Hitler; although it might be argued that it was only a case of hastening the inevitable by a few weeks; and, in any case, his bold action did at least tear the mask from Nazi intentions. Dr. von Schuschnigg knew that he would be faced with a new *putsch* in a few days time. So he decided to call the Nazi bluff. Berlin had been demanding for years past a plebiscite in Austria. "Now they shall have it," he declared. He was confident of a two-thirds majority. His eleventh-hour decision to grant the Social Democrats the same freedom within the *Vaterländische Front* as he had accorded the Nazis rallied the Austrian workers to his cause. From my own knowledge and experience of Austrian affairs I would say without hesitation that he would have obtained his majority. Herr Hitler was equally aware of this. He had to stop an adverse vote at all

costs. Hence the two ultimatums. Hence also the military invasion of Austria.

These facts refute the version, based upon political sophism and mock legality, which Germany has since tried to foist upon the outside world. It is necessary to nail these facts to the mast, just as it is necessary to point out that Herr Hitler's rapturous reception by the Austrians as their "deliverer" is on a par with the equally rapturous receptions which used to be accorded to Napoleon by his conquered neighbours when his army was in occupation.

The present situation could never have come about but for the direct interference of Germany in Austria's affairs. For Nazi party activity alone, unless backed by the full resources, political and military, of the *Reich* itself, could never have overturned the Schuschnigg régime. During a recent visit—the last of a long series—I frequently had occasion to discuss the situation with Government supporters and officials, Socialists, Nazis and foreign observers. The position right up to the last was that the Government could cope with any purely internal situation. Although a minority government, the forces ranged against it—Nazis on the Right, Social Democrats on the Left—cancelled each other out by reason of their opposition one to the other. Dr. von Schuschnigg had the support of the Clericals and the Monarchists. He also controlled well-disciplined forces in the Army and the police. The civil service, whatever the private convictions of some of its members may have been, knew which side its bread was buttered. They preferred to be high officials in Vienna under Dr. von Schuschnigg than to be petty district officials of an Austria reduced to the status of a *Reich* province. This last was even the case with regard to some Nazis, other than the radical element. A number of Austrian Nazi leaders hoped to become Ministers in either a coalition Austrian Government or in a Nazi government which would nevertheless be a State government and not a mere provincial administration. The radical Nazis, of course, wanted to go the whole hog. When they shouted their slogan "*One People, One Reich*," they really meant it. But my main point is that the balance of forces, internally, was such that the Schuschnigg régime could have

continued indefinitely so long as the external balance in Europe did not change.

Dr. von Schuschnigg himself was aware of this. For some time past responsible members of his administration, with whom I had talked, had expressed to me the Chancellor's pre-occupations on this score. The European balance did change. The internal German crisis set things going. But developments had already taken place in the wider European political sphere which made possible a sudden shifting of the balance. British weakness towards the Rome-Berlin Axis was one of the main causes. Lord Halifax had gone to Berchtesgaden last November, to discuss Anglo-German conciliation. Herr Hitler had told him plainly that Germany's only outstanding question with Britain was that of Colonies, and that she regarded the return to her of her former colonies as a right, and would not agree to bargain the colonial question against any guarantees in Central Europe. Central Europe, he said, was a purely German "family affair" and not Britain's business. These were plain words. Apparently only the British Government failed to understand their meaning. For they pressed on with the negotiations with Italy, and hoped to start negotiations with Germany.

Signor Mussolini was keen enough on the talks with Britain. Embarrassed by his difficult task in holding down Abyssinia, and faced with a tremendous adventure in Spain—realizing as well, the ominous growth of strength on the part of his German ally—he wanted a policy which, in the polite terminology of diplomacy is called "double re-insurance," and in the less polite language of the ordinary Englishman is called "double-crossing." He wanted better relations with Britain and France in order to be able to put some sort of break upon German expansion on the Danube. But he wanted to maintain the Rome-Berlin Axis in order to blackmail Britain and France in the Mediterranean. Now that Austria had been absorbed by Germany, and Italy has had to accept this unpleasant fact with as good a grace as possible, the value of an agreement with Britain has become much less to her, and her policy of Italian imperialism in the Mediterranean will now be intensified.

Meanwhile Herr Hitler himself had spoken plainly enough to Lord Halifax at Berchtesgaden. He spoke with equal clarity to

our Ambassador in Berlin, a short time before Herr von Ribbentrop came to London. Yet Downing Street still followed the will-o-the-wisp of an Anglo-German understanding. All these things convinced Berlin—and rightly, as it turned out—that, whatever Germany did, Britain would do nothing to deter her.

Berlin also speculated—again not without reason—that France would be too occupied with internal political squabbles to be able to resist any forward German move in Central Europe, provided the move took place with sufficient swiftness. The French, in spite of the warning of what took place between Herr Hitler and Dr. von Schuschnigg at Berchtesgaden, saw fit to have another governmental crisis, so that while the various French political parties were playing their usual game of political carpet-bagging, the Reichswehr marched into Austria. While the French President was busily engaged consulting party leaders in Paris, German aeroplanes were flying over Vienna.

In short: for some time past the British had been sliding down the slippery slope of indecision, the French had failed to put national necessity before party political passion, and these two facts combined to produce just that additional weakness on the part of the Western Powers which enabled the Dictator States to become more powerful. The European balance tilted. The inevitable then happened. Austria disappeared overnight.

The roots of the trouble, of course, go deeper, and also go back further. As regards Austria, it began when—to quote from an article I wrote in *THE FORTNIGHTLY* at the time—"M. Laval and Signor Mussolini settled the Austrian question in the African desert." Britain had always advised the French to make friends with the Italians. Britain and France together said that Austria was a specifically Italian interest. Both London and Paris felt that they could shirk their own responsibilities in regard to Austrian independence by granting to Italy a virtual protectorate in Austria. The results of this policy were manifold. Signor Mussolini proceeded with the conquest of Abyssinia, fought the efforts of the League to stop him, and came to terms with Herr Hitler. The Rome-Berlin Axis was created, in virtue of which Italy and Germany agreed to accommodate their opposing interests in Central Europe, in

order to be able to collaborate against Britain and France in Spain and elsewhere. Step by step this led to the final situation that when Germany occupied Austria, there was no rushing of an Italian army to the Brenner to stop her, as had been the case at the time of the Austrian Nazi *putsch* in 1934. But before this state of affairs came about, during the time when Italy was opposing German aims in Austria, the very fact that she was the sole guardian of Austrian independence did more than anything else to make fresh converts to Nazism in Austria. It also prevented a general rally of the Danubian States to the cause of Austrian independence. Countries like Yugoslavia, for instance, not unnaturally were suspicious of Italian aims on the Danube. If, instead of declaring Austria to be a specifically Italian interest, thus giving Italy the chance first to run Austria against Germany and then to sell her to Germany, Britain and France had headed an international guarantee of Austrian independence, there would still be an Austria in existence to-day.

Looking back upon the long story of ineptitude, cowardice and stupidity, one is amazed more than anything else by the gross ignorance of Central European affairs displayed by the wise men of Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay. The diplomats and politicians of the Western Powers have seemingly never been able to understand that the true solution of the Austrian question was to be sought in a way which, whilst guaranteeing Austria's independence, recognized her German character. The Western Powers, afraid of the *Anschluss*, thought the best way to prevent it would be to try and orientate Austria in an anti-German direction. This was a rank absurdity.

But now all this is a case of crying over spilt milk. Austria is no more. It is necessary to look to the future. And the immediate necessity is to devise a policy which will ensure that Austria's fate to-day will not be Czechoslovakia's fate six months hence. Admittedly Czechoslovakia is in a different category from Austria. She has alliances with France and Russia. A German attack on Czechoslovakia might well mean a war which would spread to the West, and thus involve Britain. Even Mr. Chamberlain's Government realizes this. It would not be possible to wage a bloodless war against Czechoslovakia, as has been done in the case of Austria. But the Western

Powers should not be lulled into inaction by the German assurances which were given to Prague on the morrow of the German invasion of Austria. Herr Hitler has proclaimed his intention of uniting all *Auslandsdeutschtum* with the Reich. The next country on the list of German aggression is Czechoslovakia. Finally, Germany will descend upon the German-speaking Italian Tyrol, in spite of Herr Hitler's present orders that this is for the moment a subject not to be mentioned.

The politico-economic-military consequence of the creation of this greater Germany is immense. Not only does it mean a great increase in man-power, it also means the co-ordination of German and Austrian industrial capacity for the purpose of the manufacture of war material. For Austria is now in the German Four Year Plan. Again, now that Germany includes Austria, Czechoslovakia is menaced on two flanks instead of, as before, on one. Hungary and the Balkan States must inevitably come within the German sphere of economic influence. There are vast potentialities in this as regards raw materials, such as copper; there is also petrol; and agricultural produce. Politically, of course, the pressure will be immense. Countries like Yugoslavia, for instance, cannot but regard these developments with misgiving. Belgrade looks upon London with a friendly eye, but is certainly not disposed to quarrel with her German neighbour. It is not within the power of the smaller States to take initiatives in adopting a specific attitude to such a situation. That, in the first place, is for the Great Powers, and particularly Britain and France, to do. The others would then follow our lead. They most certainly will not be prepared to pull any chestnuts out of the German fire on our behalf, whilst we stand by and do nothing.

The logical conclusion is the most frightening of all. It is that when Germany has obtained the hegemony of Europe in the North, the Centre and the South-East, and Italy makes her final bid for the establishment of the Roman Empire in Spain and the Mediterranean, with Japan threatening us at the same time in the Far East, the day will inevitably come when Herr Hitler will offer us the *Pax Germanica*. This means, in plain words, that the Dictator States, having fooled the West with the ideological disguise of their new imperialism, will demand that

Britain and France hand over half their Empires or take the risk of war. Complete confirmation is therefore given by the march of events to the words spoken to me in Vienna by a distinguished diplomat two years ago. He said: "*The fate of the British Empire may yet be decided at the gates of Vienna.*"

When I originally planned this article, after the Berchtesgaden agreement, but before the German invasion of Austria, I had intended to say something of the new events and personalities in Austria. The picture has since entirely changed. For very little that is Austrian is now left. It is already ruthlessly Germanized. Even many moderate Austrian Nazis hardly expected this. I remember some years ago an Austrian Nazi leader, Dr. Neubacher, now appointed to high office in Vienna, coming secretly to my Vienna hotel to talk to me about the aims of his party. A National Socialist Austria, with a policy in close harmony with that of the *Reich*, was his avowed aim. I have wondered since if he ever envisaged the present complete absorption? I am minded also of the day when I met Dr. Seyss Inquart, at an informal press reception in Vienna. He spoke with two voices. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that his words could have carried one interpretation in Vienna and another in Berlin. He certainly put the "National-German" case clearly enough. But he also maintained that Austria had a mission outside the *Reich*. I wonder if he remembers his words on that occasion, now that he has formally handed over Austria to the *Reich*? Possibly he is still a moderate. If so, he will not remain long in an exalted position. The Seyss-Inquarts and the Glaise-Horstenaus will in due course be swept aside to make room for the Radicals.

In conclusion, it is said that the union of the two German peoples was inevitable, that what has happened is in any case the dynamic of history. Some kind of union probably was inevitable. But the pity of it is that it has come by these brutal methods, and at a time and under a *régime* which will make of it not a reinforcement of all that is valuable in the German spirit, but, instead, an encouragement of all that is cynical and destructive in the ambitions of Germany's present rulers.

Dictatorship

By F. L. Lucas

AMONG my childish memories of the first years of this gentle century there stands out on my father's crowded shelves one red book. Its cover is stamped in gilt with a shattered sceptre and a tumbled crown. Its title proclaims "Triumphant Democracy," by Andrew Carnegie. Children are—or were—romantic. I felt sorry to think crowns and sceptres should be tumbling before gentlemen in prosaic top-hats and trousers; or not even in top-hats. It had been bad enough when one's nurse lifted one up to see Victoria the Good drive across Blackheath and revealed only a little puffy granny in a black bonnet, with not the shadow of a diadem. So I returned "Triumphant Democracy" disdainfully to the shelf; little guessing how many older children I should live to see one day doing the same.

Then memory jumps a dozen years, to the Cambridge of 1913, on that golden eve of the Deluge we so little foresaw. Everyone is talking of a little shilling book—Professor Bury's "History of the Freedom of Thought." "Distrust thy father and thy mother," his last page cries, "is the first commandment with promise." We were thrilled. This was something like a commandment. The older generation, very humanly, was less thrilled; and Mr. Hilaire Belloc rose up to smite this blasphemer against Holy Church. But little we cared for our elders, or even for Mr. Belloc, maugre his glittering pen. For here was a generous, audacious trumpet-call in a high cause—a cause now all but won. True, Bury himself seemed a trifle less confident. "Can we be certain that there may not come a great set-back?" (After all, the intellectual freedom of the Ancients was chained again by Christianity.) It was unlikely, he decided, "apart from a catastrophe sweeping away European culture." But, "if a revolutionary social movement prevailed, led by men

inspired by faith in formulas (like the men of the French Revolution) . . . experience shows that coercion would almost inevitably be resorted to." Bury was wiser than we; wiser than he knew. But though he lived to see his prophecy grimly fulfilling itself, with typical restraint he added no word in later impressions of his book to say "I told you so."

To-day Fascist and Nazi have changed all that. "We have done away with this freedom of the press," shouts Dr. Dietrich, Press-Chief of the *Reich*," and we assert that this action we are reproached with is our proudest title to fame. It is one of the greatest deeds in intellectual history." Yet such candour does not in the least damp the zeal of some of our patriot press for a *rapprochement* with the Reich. "So long as there remains in Germany," shrieks the *Völkischer Beobachter*, "any unpolitical, neutral, liberal or individualistic art, our task is not ended. There must no longer be a single artist who creates otherwise than nationally and with a national purpose. Every artist who withdraws from this preoccupation must be hunted as an enemy of the nation until he gives up his intolerable resistance." Yet Englishmen who pique themselves on culture can still praise a *régime* that subjects it to this gagged prostitution. "The will to happiness is lacking in us," roars Herr Sieburg, "and the idea that it is possible to work and struggle for individual happiness is not only foreign to us, it is positively revolting." Yet the Nazi glamour still captures opulent persons whose own private lives seem somewhat remote from any such ardours of self-sacrifice. They know that these hands they shake have not drawn back from bloodshed and torture, from judicial murders and murders not even judicial; they know that these men are conducting a persecution and degradation of the human intellect unequalled since the Inquisition; but it does not matter. They smile and bow, and the cameras click.

Why this wholesale treason to decency and humanity? Because the rich just fear for their money-bags? No doubt they do. And pretty blind their panic makes them to their own stupid interests. No doubt there is a romantic glamour about "strong" governments. When Napoleon fell, Hazlitt could not eat for days: "I am damned sorry," was Byron's comment on Waterloo. But, after all, there was something to

admire in Napoleon. The truth is, our faith in free speech and free election has faded. It has got about that dictatorships are more "efficient." Reactionaries have always hated freedom; to-day even revolutionaries prefer mystic clap-trap about "the dictatorship of the proletariat." Democratic England in this twentieth century watches the vigour of despotic Europe with a wondering dismay not unlike that with which despotic Europe in the eighteenth watched the vigour of democratic England. Well, *are* dictatorships "efficient" or not? What has experience to say? Above all—from that *moral* point of view which, in the long run, is the most vital of all.

The first great claim for dictators and autocrats is always that they get things done. Cheops has his pyramid; the Cæsars, their Baths and Forums and Colosseums; Louis XIV, Versailles—and the bankruptcy of France. Napoleon I, his Code—and five million graves; Napoleon III, his Boulevards—and Sedan. Yes, autocrats get a great deal done.

And yet it was not they who built the Acropolis or the Gothic cathedrals, the Roman Empire or the British.

The other great claim of the dictator is to keep order. Thus rose Pisistratus, Augustus, Cromwell, Louis XIV, and both Napoleons. "In the Paris of 1851," says Bagehot, "the only notion of '52 was '*on se battra dans la rue*'"; even housewives engaging maids bore that grim prospect in mind, hence the seven million grateful votes cast for Louis Napoleon after his *coup d'état*.

And yet in the long run? By 1865, even Bagehot is disillusioned. He still recognized those good intentions of Napoleon III. for the ordinary citizen's happiness which make the Second Empire immeasurably more civilized than the Fascist *régimes* of to-day. Here was a perfectly Benthamite Emperor, intelligently creating a great deal of real welfare. (Intellectually, too, one has only to contrast the France of 1850-70 with the cultural deserts of modern Italy and Germany.) And yet . . .

"France, *as it is*, may be happier because of the Empire, but France *in the future* will be more ignorant because of the Empire. The daily play of the higher mind upon the lower mind is arrested. The present Government has given an instalment of free-trade; but it could not endure an agitation for free-trade."

Besides, to this threat of future decadence there was already added widespread corruption here and now. The Emperor would not charge the guilty, though he knew : better, after all, old, half-satiated fleas than new and hungry ones. But the fleas were there.

It was delightfully typical that Bagehot's article was reproduced in French official journals ; but with his criticisms suppressed. They could not have proved better, had they tried, how right he was. The rest of the proof came five years later, at Sedan. France had duly enjoyed her twenty years of "order."

Efficiency and order—these two the dictator still offers, if we will bow down and worship him. But dictatorship remains, as ever, slippery to hold, slippery to transmit. The order it offers still rests on police-spy and torture-chamber and praetorian guard ; with the threat, always, of a civil war for the succession.

But it is above all the psychological effects of dictatorship that are glibly forgotten by Marxist and Fascist alike. Always it involves in the end the degradation of ruled and ruler alike. Exceptions there may be, for a time : they never last. They depend on an integrity too rare in man ; above all, in men of affairs.

Dictatorships rise usually on a wave of faith ; but the enthusiasm ebbs ; more and more, then, they must depend on fear. But men must not only be too frightened to act ; they must be too frightened or stupefied or intoxicated to think. The frightening has sometimes to be done by the Church ; to the rebel against Napoleon, to the Liberal in modern Spain she has threatened Hell. But most Dictators prefer to have no rival deities. It is simpler to distract men's thoughts with circuses, with pageantry, still more with hate—hate of Communist, of Bourgeois, of the League, of the nation across the frontier. So it comes that the distraction Hate leads on to the still more efficient distraction, War.

But, of course, the most effective way of all to prevent men from thinking for themselves is to hypnotize and intoxicate them. Here alone, perhaps, modern dictatorships can claim a real advance on anything before them, except perhaps the militant fanaticism of early Islam. Like Mohammed, indeed,

they are founders of new religions. There is but one God, the State ; and Mussolini (or Hitler, or Stalin) is His prophet. "The capacity of modern man for faith," so Signor Mussolini avowed to Emil Ludwig, "is illimitable. When the masses are like wax in my hands . . . I feel myself a part of them. All the same there persists in me a certain feeling of aversion, like that which the modeller feels for his clay. Does not the sculptor sometimes smash the block of marble because he cannot shape it to his vision ?" Still more candid : perhaps, also, prophetic.

Defoe tells us that in his England were forty thousand stout fellows ready to fight to the death against Popery, without knowing whether Popery were a man or a horse. But Defoe's England at least was not ruled by a neurotic despot and equipped with the death-forces of modern science.

It seems, then, truer than ever that dictatorship involves not merely misery for its subjects, but also their steady and relentless degradation. Card-index, finger-print, microphone, and all the other devices of detection and organization which the machine-age has put at the service of criminology, become on a vaster scale the instruments of a criminal government. The scientist and the bureaucrat lend themselves to chain the human spirit with fetters more diabolically ingenious than Force and Violence ever hammered round Prometheus on the crags of Caucasus. Yet the fundamental principles of despotism do not change. The tallest poppies are still beheaded ; and under this unnatural selection the whole stock dwindles to dwarfdom. Individual variation is discouraged. And yet it was the value of such variation for progress that gave even sex its fundamental place in the world. Sex was not needed to continue the race. Life can, and does, go on without ; but without sex there is less variation ; and therefore less evolution. The totalitarian State, however, prefers the uniformity of the amoeba. The dictators yelp perpetually about raising the birth-rate ; they are still busier aborting the birth of ideas. They praise physical courage ; but moral courage they detest. Every great tyrant needs and breeds a host of smaller ones as tools.

So it happens that a nation is bastardized in the name of efficiency ; and a bastardized nation ceases to be efficient.

Order, indeed, it may still have—the order of the cemetery. And the bastardizing colossus who has done it all loses in his lonely eminence all touch with truth—for who dare tell him?

Finally, the great flaw in the “efficiency” of dictatorships is not only the degradation of the nation, but also the degradation of the dictator himself. More and more I believe that for nine men out of ten, perhaps for ninety-nine out of a hundred, unchecked power over their fellows becomes an intoxicant poison. And so all dictatorships lead at last to Moscow.

Even if a dictator resists all the temptations of his autocracy, his efficiency is perpetually hampered by the need to guard it. “What will you do,” a Nazi was asked, “if you come into power?” “Keep it!” But a ruler who has always, so to speak, one hand on his revolver and one eye reading police-reports, halves his effectiveness. Further, the police and the spies, and the police who watch the police, and the spies who spy upon the spies, have all to be paid. How many idle and unproductive toughs in blackshirts, all sucking the finances of the State, does any journey through Italy reveal! For them, for the shows and circuses, for the trumpets and the megalomania it is always the unhappy taxpayer that must find the money, when the unwary foreign investor has at last, though the stupidest of God’s creatures, ceased to lend. But why is modern man so eager to be enslaved? Apart from economic causes, there is, I believe, a psychological need to-day in Europe, after the batterings of twenty-five years, to abdicate responsibility and identity, as mediæval man fled to the shelter of the monastery. Religion fades; but here is at least a substitute.

“Fascism,” says Mussolini in the *Enciclopedia Italiana*, “is a religious conception.” “Life, as conceived by Fascism, is serious, religious, and austere; poised in a world that is ruled by the moral and responsible forces of the spirit.” We may think it a strange kind of “moral spirit” that stoops to murder and torture, a curious form of “religious austerity” that flays and blinds women and children with mustard-gas to loot the mineral wealth of Abyssinia; but these phrases are not meant to be rational. That is precisely their power. As Disraeli said, what grips multitudes is passion—“Mormon has more votaries than Bentham.” And when Fascism

proclaims, “*Tutto è nello stato*”—“Individualism is dead,” it is appealing to something very potent, though—indeed, because—primitive. When D. H. Lawrence in his *Plumed Serpent* pictured the ancient horrors of Aztec worship being revived in the twentieth century, it seemed very silly and unreal. It *was* very silly; but it was not, alas, unreal. The idea that the individual is nothing, the community all, is no novelty; it too, is a reversion to primitive barbarism, to the tribal savagery that believes, not in personal responsibility, but in collective vendetta. The individual does not exist; only the group. This was the superstition that man shook off more than two thousand years ago, when Ezekiel rose in Israel to protest that the sour grapes of the fathers should no more set the children’s teeth on edge; when in Hellas Aeschylus denied hereditary guilt, and Sophocles made his Antigone defy the inhuman edicts of the State, and Thucydides glorified Athenian personality in contrast to that Spartan militarism which is in practice, as Plato’s kindred Republic in theory, the true prototype of our totalitarian States.

To-day once more minds overburdened by civilization, shrinking from the lonely abyss of personality, are only too glad to huddle back into the blind warmth of this ancestral cave. There one can “lose oneself in the mass;” there one can “share” with the group; there one can cast off identity, like the mystic, in the happy insentience of the womb. “It is so wonderful,” said a Nazi visitor to Cambridge, “to feel that in Germany we all think alike.” He meant: “to think that we all feel alike; and need no longer think at all.” Hence the German students’ cry—“*Wir scheissen auf die Freiheit*.” They prefer to the cold peaks of freedom the ecstasy of hypnotic incantations with “the Blood” and “the Race;” the mad herd-rush of the lemmings, even “down a steep place into the sea.” After all, even T. E. Lawrence, worn out by the strain of the War, the disillusion of the Peace, asked only to lose himself in the monastic, disciplined nonentity of an aircraftsman’s blue serge. It is “*il secolo d'autorità*”—a period, in fact, when masses of men ask only to be treated like shirts. This familiar Freudian weariness of individual responsibility, of the burden of living and willing, may go so far as to

become even a death-wish ; as in that German youth, mentioned by Sir Philip Gibbs, whose prayer at his first Communion was to die with a French bullet in his heart. It is not the less formidable for being perverse.

Themistocles used to tell his Athenian countrymen that if only they lived on an island they might have defied the world ; till yesterday we did live on an island and defy the world. Perhaps the blackest disaster in the history of democracy will prove to have been the invention of the aeroplane. "*Tremblez!*" said Talleyrand a century ago, "*insensés que vous êtes, des succès de l'empereur sur les Anglais! Car si la constitution anglaise est détruite, mettez-vous bien dans la tête que la civilisation du monde sera ébranlée jusque dans ses fondements.*"

To-day, it is shaken. But do we really still believe in the idea of democracy? Are men, if not "tired of liberty," yet *blasé* and disillusioned about it? Yes. The reason is stupid, obvious, and human. The nineteenth century hoped everything from political liberty. A magic genie, wiser than Solomon, was to emerge from the ballot-box. The genie did not emerge. We can see why. Political liberty is not enough. Ten votes will not make "free" a man with only twenty-five shillings a week. Then human stupidity, having found political freedom of so little help without economic freedom also, decided that political freedom was worthless. Half the loaf was too little; and so it was flung away, by many thinkers, in favour of the husks of dictatorship.

I have tried to suggest that the last fifteen years have proved once more what should have needed no proving, that dictatorship is one of the many short-cuts which in the end prove the longest way round. Because human nature is too weak and too wicked. You cannot have wholesale revolutions without violence ; and violence turns men to beasts. You cannot have wholesale revolutions without arbitrary power ; and arbitrary power turns them to tyrants. Most human minds are like a house with a tiger in a *papier-mâché* cupboard ; violence may always set the tiger free.

Therefore uncontrolled governments go bad. This may seem a pessimistic view of human nature. It is. It was perhaps permissible for eighteenth-century *philosophes* before

the Revolution to be optimistic about men and believe in perfectibility to-morrow. For us there is no such excuse. We have seen too much—or else we are blind. After the War and the Peace, after the French and Russian Revolutions, we should know a little more of human weakness, ferocity, and stupidity. Of all the tenets of theologians, few have possessed so much reality as the doctrine of "original sin." Men used to uphold democratic government because they trusted human nature ; it is wiser to uphold it because we cannot trust human nature. It is hardly worth changing old worlds for new, where, after infinite misery, new Bureaucrat is merely old Bourgeois writ larger. And if Communism has become the corruption of a noble idea, Fascism has no ideas whatever, except that the finest human being is a soldier, the finest state an army. Better worship Karl Marx than a drill-sergeant. "*Quand les sauvages de la Louisiane veulent avoir du fruit, ils coupent l'arbre au pied, et cueillent le fruit. Voilà le gouvernement despotique.*" So thought Montesquieu. But perhaps we are savages still.

THE ARMY AND ITS OFFICERS

BY LIEUT.-COL. VISCOUNT BRIDGEMAN

IT is one of the curious features of our national life that while public interest in the Navy is continuous, and while interest in the Air Force bids fair to become so, the Army and its members have been alternately remembered and forgotten for the past three hundred years. In accordance with tradition since the Restoration the existence of the Army has been no more than grudgingly accepted by Parliament and still more grudgingly paid for out of public funds: since the War, Parliament and the public have run true to form, and the boom of interest in military affairs occasioned by the War was followed by the equally inevitable slump.

This is said not by any way of complaint, but merely as a statement of fact, for it explains how it can be that a state of affairs has arisen, unheeded by the Press or the public and resulting in a deficiency of nearly a thousand officers. Hence the appointment last summer of the Willington Committee which, it is understood, has now reported to the Army Council.

Not that the matter has never received any consideration in military circles. The Haldane Committee on the supply of officers sat in 1923, as readers of *The Times* were reminded last year by the Military Correspondent's articles on "Brains in the Army." (Since then committees have sat under Lord Marley, Lord Stanhope and Lord Strathcona, successive Under-Secretaries of State.) But no major changes in policy have resulted or, at any rate no change of policy, even if it has been adopted in principle, has ever been given more than the limited practical application represented by the introduction of his selected majors' list and the "axing" of a few score captains some three years ago.

The British Army has pursued a singularly haphazard policy in regard to the supply of its officers. In the eighteenth century

they were a strange mixture; men of good family, like Marlborough and Wellington or, to take lesser names, Granby and Amherst; *protégés* of wealthy and often discerning patrons, like Wolfe and Moore, soldiers of fortune in their scores, not a few men commissioned on the battlefield from the ranks, who, not being able to purchase higher rank, spent their service in the ranks of ensign or lieutenant; younger sons of the landed families, like Sterne's Uncle Toby. The supply was adequate, and in those days of financial latitude it was not necessary to go beyond the low rates of pay, 5/3 a day for the ensign—or a guinea once every four days, which remained in force till 1914.

The Victorian period was a time of prosperity for the landed and middle classes, and a time of large families; consequently, still there was forthcoming a supply of officers of the traditional type and, even if the cost of living was tending to rise after the South African War, the economic conditions of the officer class as a whole had changed very little by 1914. A high proportion were still retiring in early middle age, often on the death of their fathers, and a further considerable number were leaving the Army every year after a few years service, while still subalterns. It was rare therefore that officers who had no private means were forced into retirement through age at a rank below that of Major, which, assuming the pre-war retiring age of 50 with twenty-nine years service would have carried a pension of some £300 a year (with income tax less than a quarter of what it is to-day).

Since the War, the whole problem has undergone fundamental change. It is a commonplace to stress the higher cost of living, the higher taxation and the burdens on agricultural land from which the incomes of a high proportion of the pre-war officers were directly or indirectly derived; but it is not sufficiently realized in every quarter that the difficulties of the officer problem are, at bottom, economic and will not be solved until they have been properly studied from the economic standpoint.

It must now, therefore, be accepted that, apart from the Brigade of Guards and a few other regiments, notably the Cavalry and the Green Jackets, the bulk of the officers of the army depend on the Army for their livelihood for the whole of their lives and are, in fact, in the same position as the bulk of

Civil Servants of the Higher Division, and of professional men generally. These, be it remembered, expect their professional life to last till the age of sixty years, unlike the Army officer, who may easily be retired for age at 45, with a maximum Captain's pension of £271 a year, a family to educate and doubtful prospects of suitable employment.

This estimate of a retiring age of 45 may sound pessimistic, but is based on a factor which may not be generally appreciated. The intake of regular officers during the Great War, even after allowing for casualties due to the War, was very much in excess of the average; moreover, in 1918 and 1919 a large number of commissions were given to those who had entered Woolwich and Sandhurst as cadets before the Armistice. The numbers entered were calculated on war requirements, and no casualties thinned their ranks; the bulk of these are still serving. In the writer's regiment, for example, out of 82 officers on the strength in December, 1936, 37 were commissioned between August, 1914 and March, 1920, and the thirty-first captain on the list was thirty-six years of age at that time. It is plain, therefore, that failing some very drastic steps the period between 1940 and 1945 will see the great majority of these officers retiring for age as captains though, admittedly, the position after that date should improve. By then, however, the harm will have been done, and the presence of a large number of officers "sorrowful, as men without hope" in the interval will have done the Army no good.

Now let us consider the problem of the officer's expenses. If we start with the subaltern, we find that he receives, as a Second-Lieutenant, some £180 yearly in pay when he joins. He also is lodged free and receives free furniture which, by the way, does not include carpet, curtains or bed linen, as it does in the Air Force. He gets free light and should also get his room heated free, but whether he does so in fact depends on whether the barracks, many of which have antiquated heating arrangements, can be kept warm on the supply of fuel allowed. He is allowed the use, or share, of a soldier servant, but will pay him some £6 yearly. He is allowed the same rations as the soldier (excluding the free supper newly supplied to the troops); to raise the standard of messing from that of the soldier to that of the

officer he has to pay, as a rule, at least three shillings daily, or £54 yearly. His Mess bill will, in fact, amount to more than double this amount, even assuming, as we should do, that he keeps his bill for drink and tobacco very low indeed, for he has to pay his share of the upkeep of the mess, and certain subscriptions to such things as regimental games funds for officers and men; his uniform will be new on joining and should cost him little for the first two years or so if he stays at home (though there will be another tailor's bill if he goes abroad), but there will be his washing, boot repairs and the like, and the upkeep of his plain clothes, so that if at the end of the year the newly-joined officer who is living on his pay has £25 to use as he likes he will be very lucky and withal a young man of considerable "resource and sagacity."

The question arises whether the same young man with the same antecedents and education could at the same age earn better money in any civil occupation, and the answer must in the main be no. None the less, the young civilian may be earning a better real wage, for he may be living at home, and furthermore, provided he maintains the requisite standard of dress and behaviour when at work, it is seldom that any supervision is exercised over his doings out of business hours; he can, if he wishes, economize in his lodging or his food in a way that is impossible for the young officer who can only economize in drink and may not always find it easy to do that; he is forced into the standard of the Mess, whether it suits him or not. Again, the young civilian as a rule works a full day; he has no leisure to use wisely or well, and even in the Army it is very difficult to use leisure wisely without spending money; it is idle to advise young officers without private means to shoot or hunt, and even ball games cost something, however small. But we must return later to this question of leisure.

The financial picture becomes more cheerful for the first ten years of the officer's service, for his expenses remain broadly the same, and increments of pay come at three and seven years' service; by his tenth year he will be thirty years of age, and within a year or two he will be promoted captain. At thirty also he becomes eligible for allowances at the rates for married

officers, and it is not unreasonable to imagine that he will be considering marriage.

This question of marriage is not one which can be disregarded from the official point of view, if only because nearly half the cadets entered at Woolwich and Sandhurst are at present the sons of officers; the ability of the present generation of officers to bring up and educate their families will clearly affect the supply of officers in say fifteen years' time. What then are the conditions under which a newly married junior captain of say thirty-three years of age finds himself? Much depends on the station where he is serving, and whether there is available for him a Government house or "quarter" as a house has to be called if it belongs to the War Department. If so, he loses his lodging allowance of £80 a year or 31/6 weekly, but it is most unlikely that, if there are no government quarters available, he can rent an unfurnished house for the amount of his allowance. The difference has to be borne from his pay. Likewise, he is liable to be moved at little or no notice: if he is in a government quarter, well and good, but if not he may have two houses on his hands for a time with no means of redress; and when he moves, he will find that the cost of moving the furniture required to fill a government quarter for a captain will be about twice the amount of the allowance he receives for the move; likewise he will find, especially if he is a Territorial Army Adjutant, that it is extremely difficult to undertake the travelling required, and meet the expense of meals away from his home or usual place of work on the allowances given.

Some four years ago, at Aldershot, an unofficial committee of officers' wives was, so the report goes, assembled to investigate the cost of living for the average young married officer, occupying a quarter, running a light car and father of a family of one or two children under five years of age, living as simply as was possible consistently with maintaining the standard of life in a Line Regiment. The total annual income required worked out at £200 above the total of pay and allowances. While any such figure is bound to be a matter of opinion, the writer, from his own first-hand knowledge, fully accepts this conclusion.

Here again, even more than in the bachelor subaltern's case, the real wages of the officer are reduced, so that his emoluments,

not perhaps inadequate on paper, are diminished not only in the same way as those of the subaltern, but also because the services which the married officer is supposed to receive at no charge on his pay, the chief of which are the cost of lodging and the cost of moves, are not fully covered by allowances and so cause inroads into his pay.

The reader may perhaps think that too much time has been taken up in this examination of the officers' housekeeping details, but, in the view of the writer, no examination of the problem can lead to good results unless it begins from a beginning of economics; and his conclusions are that, while the emoluments of the average "middle-piece" regimental officer are on paper not disproportionate to the salary which the same man might expect to earn in civil life, the officer is in practice worse off. For two reasons: first because of the discrepancy between theoretical wages and real wages, secondly because the wage-earning period stops far earlier than in civil life.

What then are the remedies?

It is impracticable to raise the age-limit for the "middle-piece" officers, for the army is maintained with a view to employment in war, and the Great War proved amply that only the comparatively young are capable of standing the strain of service in war in the junior ranks; if one recollects that the average age of company commanders in and after 1917 was about 24 or less, a retiring age of 45 for captains in peace-time is fully high enough, even when allowance is made for the number of posts available on mobilization for the more elderly.

A more promising possibility would be the reduction of the total establishment of officers so as to reduce the disproportion of the junior ranks to the senior and thereby enable a greater number of those who take a commission to reach field rank or higher. The Royal Air Force, at least till recently, found this problem acute because it was felt necessary that every aeroplane should be flown by an officer; they solved the problem by their system of short-service commissions for four years and thus gave permanent regular officers, the cadets from Cranwell, expectation of higher rank sufficient to make the service attractive as a career. Much the same problem exists in the Royal

Tank Corps to-day since the arguments for a commissioned officer being in command of each pair of tanks are strong ones.

Short-service commissions on the Royal Air Force model are thus a possible remedy, though the experience of that service does not altogether encourage the army to copy the experiment : for the difficulty of securing a really suitable type of young man, if he is to be thrown on the labour market in four years' time, is obvious.

If there is to be any dilution of the younger regular officers, it is much more likely to be successful if their places are filled by Warrant Officers or non-commissioned officers, than by another kind of officer.* In peace-time, such a scheme would work well, and in fact works well now, when owing to shortage of officers, leave, courses and so forth, troops and platoons are often commanded by sergeants ; every year the educational standard of the non-commissioned ranks improves, and there is no danger whatever of the problems of mechanization proving too much for the Sergeants Mess. But what of war ? Here is the age-old problem : can a non-commissioned officer lead troops with the same success as the commissioned officer of the right type, will he display his same resource and courage, and will the troops follow him in the same way ? Mobile warfare, for which the Army is now training, accentuates the problem, for the greater dispersion inherent in such warfare is likely to offer correspondingly greater opportunities for the display of initiative by the junior leader, and a corresponding loss of efficiency on the battlefield if this initiative is not displayed. There is, therefore, a considerable risk to be faced in any dilution of the traditional type of junior leader by another type, but in the writer's opinion it is a risk which could be safely faced if selection of the new type of junior leader were made at a comparatively early age.

What of the pay ? An increase would naturally be welcome, but can it be justified, beyond small adjustments to meet rises in the cost of living ? As has been said above, it is probable that the average army officer is earning as much as he would in civil life ; if so, an increase would not be a reasonable burden

*Since this article was written the Minister of War, in presenting the Army Estimates to the Commons, has outlined reforms exactly on the lines indicated by Lord Bridgeman. *Ed. The Fortnightly.*

for the taxpayer to bear. The remedy lies in the scale of allowances ; the rates should be revised, and that quickly, so that the officers may receive the real cost of lodging and moves instead of an allowance at a rate which has no relation to real costs save, perhaps, in the dreams of a Treasury official.

Finally, there remains the problem of employment when the time comes, as it must, in many cases for an officer (with a young family) to leave the service in early middle age. There has been a good deal of thought given to the problem already, and in particular by one writer, under the pen-name of "Tallow," to whom Army officers owe a great debt. There are, in fact, quite a number of appointments which are regularly offered to Army Officers. Secretaryships of Hospitals and Golf Clubs are examples ; so are the posts which are fast being created under the schemes for the expansion of physical training, and for Air Raid precautions ; but it is surely time that something more was done, as a matter of Government policy. Whatever may be true now, it cannot be said that the civil departments in Whitehall have always been helpful in the past over this question of employment of ex-service personnel, particularly officers. As to the soldiers, however, the Post Office has a notably good record, and to-day the ex-regular soldier, leaving the Army after twenty-one years with a good character, can count on the offer of employment in the Postal Service. Nor has the Postal Service been the loser.

There seems no reason in principle why such an arrangement should not be extended to the ex-officer and to other Government Departments. Every officer receives a considerable amount of administrative training during his service, and its adaptation to the work of, say, the Ministry of Labour or the Ministry of Health or the Board of Customs and Excise would not seem to be difficult. There would also be an economy by the retention of officers in the public service instead of pensioning them at an early age. There are many departmental interests to conciliate, but surely they weigh little in the balance against the requirements of national defence, which include an efficient and contented corps of officers in the Army.

In the last few years the problem of mechanization has complicated the issue ; in the past the horse has been largely

responsible for the appeal which the Army has made to the young man with small means, and it is a matter of some doubt whether the machine will make an adequate appeal to the same type of young man.

Many lamentations have been made on this theme, principally in the cavalry, but in other arms as well—because since the war riding has been on the increase rather than otherwise among officers of the dismounted branches of the Army, by means of schemes for the loan of cavalry troop horses. Once again, there is a risk to be faced, but the issue is not to be avoided, since the horse is evidently leaving the British Army, never to return. Much could be written about this, but the experience of the 11th Hussars and the 12th Lancers, regiments which were mechanized in 1926, makes it at least doubtful whether the risk is serious. The advent of mechanics may indeed deter the less useful type of officer, but when all is said and done the army, even without the horse, surely remains far more attractive than business to those who prefer an outdoor life and an employment which is not jeopardized by bad trade or dull conditions on the Stock Exchange.

It may be that, in the future, mechanization may require more work from the individual officer than of old; the amount of work demanded of officers has been steadily rising during the last ten years and will go on rising for some years to come, not only because the tactical methods are constantly changing and require constant study but because of modern weapons and equipment: anti-aircraft guns and light tanks, anti-gas equipment and wireless for example, all require from the modern cavalryman or infantryman a technical knowledge which his predecessor never dreamed of acquiring. But this is not a matter for serious misgiving. It is never the good man who is frightened by work, nor, as has been said above, is it necessarily right to afford too much leisure to young men who have not the facilities to make good use of it.

So far, it may be said, we have been considering the average officer and have, in fact, been studying how to make the army "safe for mediocrity." But, after all, the bulk of members of the Army or any other profession must always be the average men. Yet it is not the average men who lead the Army in

thought and action, and the Army would quickly stagnate in the absence of any inducement to brains and talent.

This, in fact, has been happening in recent years, not because the average officer has been too well treated but because since the War until the recent Army changes at the top accelerated promotion has been a dead letter, or practically so. The system of brevet promotions has indeed conferred higher rank on some of the more promising officers, but no corresponding pay and, in the main, no appointments of a higher grade than they would have held if they had not received brevet majorities or lieutenant-colonelcies.

Accelerated promotion to Captain, where it has been given, has indeed resulted in an officer being promoted earlier than would have happened otherwise, but the result has nearly always been that the officer goes to another regiment where promotion has been rapid, and finds himself junior to men who are younger than him, and received their first commission later.

There is an officer of the writer's acquaintance, who in the war received the Military Cross with two bars. He was badly placed as a subaltern and was promoted to captain before his turn into another regiment. There he found himself junior to a man who had been a non-commissioned officer in his platoon during the war. In his new regiment promotion was again slow, though it had improved in his former regiment, so that last year, when he went on half-pay, he was lower on the list of captains in his new regiment than he would have been had he stayed in his old one and been promoted captain in the ordinary course.

It cannot be said that, for the seventeen years since the War, the Army has been a career open to the talents, and with the farcical state of affairs of which the above is an indication it is not surprising that many of the older officers are despondent; rather it is remarkable that at the end of the period there has been found so large a proportion of officers still possessed of the faith and hope required for the Army's new adventure. For the end of the dark age seems at last to have come.

During the last few months there has been evidence of the most welcome kind that real selection is being exercised. Not only was the new Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Lord

Gort, chosen from the ranks of the junior Major-Generals in the Army, but five of the most important major-general's appointments have gone to officers who under the old dispensation would never have been considered. They are the Deputy Chief of the Imperial General Staff, the Commandants of the Royal Military Academy and the Royal Military College, the Director of Military Training and the Commandant of the Staff College. Another instance is that of an officer who holds the V.C. and the rank of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, but the regimental rank of Major, being selected for the command of a regular Brigade. But he did command a battalion in the war, twenty years ago!

Still, these few swallows do not make a summer, and it remains to be seen whether after so spectacular a start the same principles will be applied, with the same discerning selection of personalities in dealing with the problem of the lower ranks.

This depends largely on the outcome of the Willingdon report. What are to be its recommendations it would be unwise to forecast, but they are said to be far-reaching in character: if so, the financial arrangements required to make them operative are certain to cause difficulty.

It is a moment of great importance to the Army and to its officers, and on the issue depends the prospect of a supply of officers to meet the needs of the modern mechanical army, and of brains and character to direct its progress in peace and, if need be, successful employment in war; it is no time to apply a palliative, or to rest content with a few striking but transitory changes. But no scheme of reform will be of lasting value unless it deals with the two-fold problem of providing a career for the average officer of small private means and at the same time securing the advancement of the outstanding officer. On the solution to the first part of the problem will depend the future supply of the rank and file of the army officers: it will be reached when the economic issues are squarely faced. On the solution to the second part will depend the progress and welfare of the army as a whole.

Let us hope for real reforms; the files of the War Office are full enough of good intentions already to pave the way to a place to which one hopes the Army may never go.

CAN THE DRAMA HAVE SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE?

BY HUBERT GRIFFITH

TO the man in the street, and to his Government as democratically elected by him, there are at least three obvious and sufficient reasons why the Drama can claim no social importance—hardly indeed, is allowed the status of an “Art” among other arts. By successive Governments (with the complete indifference of the huge majority of their electors) the Drama is treated not as a full art, but rather as some despised and bedraggled half-sister of the arts—and hardly respectable at that; to be snubbed and stood in the corner, at the will of an arbitrary Censorship; to be denied official encouragement—Painting has its National Gallery, but there is as yet no farthing of State money for a National Theatre; and finally, not only to be denied official encouragement, but to be sharply discouraged by a punitive 20% tax on turnover—the State, as it were, taking a handsome percentage of the slut's immoral earnings.

Two of these questions have been debated so often that they need not be debated again here—the National Theatre question, and the Entertainment Tax. The third question, that of the Drama being officially treated as a spoilt and irresponsible child, to be slapped and ejected from the room at will, at the instance of an extremely rigid Censorship, is of at least equal importance, in the light of the drama having (or ever hoping to have) a social significance.

A very few instances are enough to show the Censorship at work in detail, and thence to show it at work in general. There is one with which we are all familiar. “Victoria Regina” was produced at the little Gate Theatre under Charing Cross arches a few years ago. The Gate is a private “subscription” theatre, outside the Censor's jurisdiction. “Victoria Regina,” dealing (need one add?) with the life of Queen Victoria, was at that time

a "banned" play. Later, it ran for two years in New York, before crowded audiences; and, later again, was licensed for London production—a belated triumph of a British public being allowed to see a play, by a British author, about a British Queen, two years after our American cousins. (It has since played to £70,000 of London theatre-goers' money, and has, by the same token, contributed something like £14,000 in tax to the British Exchequer—a point at which "immoral earnings" become distinctly worth having.)

"Young Woodley," a play by a young British dramatist, was unconditionally banned from the British stage; it was then played for a year in New York; it was then licensed for London production—and made a reputation for its author, and for every actor and actress concerned with it. "Blanco Posnet," the work of our greatest living dramatist, was kept off the British stage for a trifle of nearly twenty years—and was then licensed, without a word of the original script being altered. A play of mine (one dislikes being personal, but the narration points a special moral) was unconditionally banned by the Censor. I calls called "Red Sunday." It dealt with the Russian Revolution of 1905 and 1917. It had been played with success at a private "subscription" theatre. It was offered an immediate transfer to a large west-end theatre—but it was unconditionally barred because it contained, as one of its characters, the Tsar Nicholas II. The point of the moral is that every historian, every biographer, is at liberty to take what view he likes of the character of the unhappy Tsar—even the blackest. He can publish his views. I, for purposes of my drama, had taken the blackest possible view—but the play was banned because I had brought him on to the stage in any guise whatever! History may write (and print) her own detached judgments. The Drama is not allowed to make her own very mild comment on contemporary (or even twenty-year-old) affairs.

The point is an important one, for it relates not only to past and forgotten plays that have been written and banned, but to plays of the present and the future, in the minds of young dramatists of the present and of the time to come. Three subjects, in general, may be said to be debarred by the Censorship:

as it exists at present—plays whose theme throws any new and original light on Politics, Religion, and Sex. But these three subjects, and their various sub-headings, are, according to Mr. Shaw himself, the three subjects about which intelligent people most readily think and talk. Nevertheless, the Drama in general is warned: "keep off!" No young playwright welcomes the idea of having a play (that may well represent a year's work) brought to ruin by the edict of an official whose decision he can neither question nor oppose. If he has his pocket to consider, he "keeps off", and the serious plays of the moment remain, for the most part, unwritten. Is it unfair to say that this treatment places the Drama in the position of being—not even a disreputable half-sister of the arts—but rather their idiot-child, who can't be trusted alone without its nurse?

A single light amid this encircling gloom—the gloom of a drama where intellectual ideas are only allowed to penetrate with the greatest difficulty—is the prestige now being enjoyed by the Gate Theatre. The Gate Theatre starts with certain important disadvantages. It is "excavated" (rather than built) out of Charing Cross Arches in Villiers Street. It holds no more than two hundred people in its auditorium, and its stage-space is small. It cannot afford large salaries for principal actors, and pays them a flat rate of £3 a week, principal actors, and pays small-part actors alike. This reduces, or elevates, the work of acting at the Gate to something like a labour of love, not to be undertaken regularly, but only in intervals between more lucrative jobs such as appearing at West-end theatre or making films. In these circumstances it is not surprising that Gate performances are occasionally scrappy; it is surprising that they often attain to the high level that they do. But in the choice of plays the Gate Theatre—being free from the Censor's jurisdiction—can have a range and interest beyond the scope of all the other London theatres put together.

Mr. Norman Marshall, its director, goes about his business with extreme intelligence. He makes free use of his immunity from censorship, without abusing it. He steers a moderate course between the so-called high-brow and the commercial. He has a personal preference for the rather slight and delicate plays of Jean-Jacques Bernard, and in the course of some

seasons has produced the whole series of six of them. But he is not at all unaware of the main chance, and saw the possibilities of (and staged) "Victoria Regina" long before fortunes had been made out of it in the West-end and in New York. He did the "Parnell" play before it was licensed and transferred to the west-end; and an interesting "Gladstone" play, that was refused a licence and so could not be transferred.

Here, then, at this one small theatre, is a drama that can be said to have Social Significance. It can produce English, Continental, Russian, and American plays, dealing freely and variously with life, politics, the public figures of the recent past, with sex (if it so wishes), with religion (if it so wishes). It can do so for two reasons. One of these reasons is its freedom from the Censorship. The second reason—an equally important one—for I am far from wishing to attribute all evils in the British drama to the single fact of the Censorship—is that the Gate possesses, in its subscription-list, a trained and intelligent public.

It is now that we come to the second semi-circle, as it were, of the vicious circle that keeps the London drama as a polite after-dinner diversion, neither handing nor wishing to handle any topic of first-rate interest. It is the theatre-going public itself that, in the course of long years of submission to the Censor's ban, has fed itself on the pap-diet of light comedies and crook-plays to a point where its stomach can take nothing stronger—where it has seriously come to believe that light comedies and crook-plays are the legitimate "meat" of drama, and that the discussion of anything graver or of more social import would, between the walls of a theatre, be actually out of place.

Follow me down the London theatre-list of the moment. It happens to be an unusually brilliant one, for there are, as does not always happen, masterpieces among it. Chekhov's "The Three Sisters" and O'Neill's immense drama, "Mourning Becomes Electra" are both running. One of them, it is true, is a forty-year old play, and the other is a study of an American family in the eighteen-sixties, so no very pressing social significance can be claimed for either of them; but they are at least great emotional experiences, and glorify the stage that produces them. Thereafter, there is a comedy by Mr. St. John Ervine,

"Robert's Wife," very much above the general average; two reasonably interesting plays in which Mr. Priestley exploits his own or someone else's time-theory; and two manufactured dramas in which Miss Flora Robson and Miss Margaret Rawlings show that they are dramatic actresses of ability. (I repeat that I am not taking the London stage at a weak moment, but at a moment when it has a more than usual number of trumps in its hand.)

But after we have reached this point in the list—what then? We come back upon what is the normal fare, year in, year out, for as many years as I have been a dramatic critic, some sixteen years in all—"light" comedies—meaning farces or semi-farces, and crook dramas. Fourteen of these are running at the moment. The Aldwych has a farce (which has run a year), so has the Ambassadors', the Apollo, the Criterion (a light comedy that has run a year), Drury Lane (with music), the Gaiety, the Garrick, the Hippodrome, the Haymarket, His Majesty's, the Saville, the St. James', the Strand, the Vaudeville, the Whitehall, and Wyndham's. Three of these plays, "George and Margaret," "French Without Tears" and "The Housemaster," have all run a year or more.

Am I against light comedies? Not at all. I have spent far too many pleasantly agreeable evenings at them. They represent (in a certain limited sense) the modern genius of English acting. But when I find them, or their equivalents, the crook-dramas, taking up theatres with the tradition of Wyndham's, the Haymarket, the St. James', the Criterion and a dozen others—and taking them up in certain cases for more than a year at a time—then I suggest that the proportion is a little too high.

It is a little too high, because another side of the drama—an aspect of the drama that works on the assumption that plays may occasionally help us in our deepest difficulties, may shed a light to show us how we as a nation really live, is not represented at all.

You might ask, frankly, am I agitating for a few more plays that deal with grey realities and thorny problems—political or "propagandist" plays, as they might easily be called—plays that allowed us to be reminded, even in undertones, that for the

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last decade the unemployment mark has remained steadily at about two million persons; that there are still slums in England comparable with what we imagine Russia at its worst to be; that a European war is waiting for us round the corner, and may or may not be in process of being averted; that the churches are losing their influence; that the marriage-code, in all but outward semblance, is very largely in process of breaking down—for plays that deal with some aspect of one of these? And my answer is, frankly, that these are exactly the sort of plays that I am agitating for.

In sixteen years of post-war dramatic criticism, during which time some thousands of plays passed under my review, I remember *one* play (done in a large way, at a West-end theatre) that dealt with the devastating question of unemployment, "Love on the Dole." The play performed the function, valuable in a play, of showing one half of a community how the other half may be living. The effect, as need hardly be said, was tremendous. The critics (wont to babble in their unguarded moments that "propaganda can't be art" and so forth), saved their reputations and came down heavily in favour of the play. It was described as "an unforgettable experience," "moving beyond description," "there is more truth and reality and vigour in one corner of Mrs. Bull's shawl than in the entire casts of the six most popular drawing-room plays now drawing the West-end." Lastly, a critic suggested that the immediate question was "not whether the play is good enough for London, but whether London is good enough for it."

And here he had made a very shrewd remark indeed. In the end, the play ran for many months to crowded houses, it made the reputation of its authors, and it made the reputation of its young leading actress, Miss Wendy Hiller. But the significant fact is that in its early days it very nearly didn't run at all! In spite of the unanimously favourable and enthusiastic notices, the ordinary London theatre-goers' reaction was that unemployment was obviously "not a theme for a play." I heard this identical remark many times over. The London playgoer's first impulse was to stop away. Going myself to the play on its third or fourth night, I was one of no more than a dozen people in the dress-circle. If the play had

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had a little less capital behind it, it would have been unable to tide over its early days, and would have had to be taken off straight away. To such a depth of feebleness has fashionable taste in plays descended!

There is a country where they do things better than us in this matter of plays of "social significance." (No; I am *not* referring, for the moment, to Soviet Russia! I respect the modern Russian theatre for the intensity and vitality that it puts into its classics; for the brilliance of its acting; for the boldness of its experimental range. But—with exceptions—it has produced almost no plays of the front rank since the Revolution; its censorship of modern work can be extremely rigid; and of its general run of modern plays it is not unfair to say that the majority are "too propagandist by half".)

I am referring to a stage far more like our own in many ways, and yet unlike it in one very important way—the stage of New York. New York has its own wise-cracking comedies (the equivalent of our own spate of "light comedies") and its own crook-dramas. But it also produces a large number of plays dealing in one way or another with social questions; and produces them, not in small hole-and-corner, "left" or "group" theatres, but in large Broadway theatres, where they run for months, and are accepted as part of Broadway's normal theatrical fare.

In New York last season I saw four Broadway plays—in the normal theatrical bill—all of which were based on, and built out of, an acute realization of social conditions. One of them was "The Women." This is a fashionable comedy, running with enormous success. But it is an extreme—almost venomous—social satire at the expense of a certain section of American womanhood—the set of Reno *divorcées*, with more money than they know what to do with, and nothing but scandal-mongering and stealing other peoples' husbands to occupy their time. As satire, it was devastating—and it was one of the best plays in New York.

There was also an extremely successful comedy called "Having A Wonderful Time." It was about a holiday-camp and its population. On the London stage this holiday-camp would almost certainly have been a "rich" holiday camp. It would have

been placed on the Riviera, and all its occupants would have been stated to be in possession of incomes of £2,000 a year and upwards. We like our plays like that. We love seeing, even for an evening in a theatre, how people richer than ourselves live. I repeat that the play was a comedy, and was a huge popular success. But it was at least a comedy based on the sympathetic realization that Friday night's wages are a major concern in almost all our lives. It was, in this sense, a social document.

Another play was the celebrated "Tobacco Row," dealing with the sub-human conditions of life of the "poor whites" of the South. The play is enough of a social document to have given rise to leading-articles in newspapers, to public discussions, to sermons from the pulpit—and to have been banned in Chicago, where it was thought that one half of the population should *not* be allowed to know how the other half lived. But there it was on Broadway, and there it had run for four solid years.

A last example is "Dead End," another play with a full year's run to its credit. It was a play of "mean streets." Its theme was the bitter truism that mean streets, slums and tenements, breed the pauper, the criminal and the gangster of the future. The play has been filmed; and after seeing the film in London the other day a Labour politician said to me, "There's a show that does all our Labour propaganda for us—and does it better than we can do it ourselves!" But this play, of "political propaganda" if you look at it like that, of "social significance," to call it by a milder name, was, as I have hinted, for a year one of the main dramatic sensations of New York!

This, and the other plays that I have mentioned, were not done, as they would have been over here, for a single Sunday-night performance, nor by any little "arty" group, nor by any privileged "subscription" theatre under a railway-arch with an auditorium the size of a match-box. They were part of New York's general theatrical programme. They were popular. The New York theatre-going public has the belief (curious and strange to us) that the theatre *can*, in special circumstances,

deal with the social problems of life—and be all the more vital and refreshing because of it.

The remedies that I suggest for the lamentable state of our own drama are three. That our critics cease their glib pretence, printed on so many occasions, that "propaganda cannot be art." The drama of centuries is against them. From Euripides with his anti-War play "The Trojan Women," to Shaw, great minds have used the theatre to embody their profoundest beliefs on human life and conduct; and a more profitable theme of speculation might be "Can there be serious drama *without* some measure of propaganda in it?"

Secondly, that our theatre-going public should at least compromise with (if not overcome) its prejudices, and agree that drama may (occasionally) be "allowed to say something about something that matters." It has seen such a play once, "Love on the Dole," and liked it. In the Life of Broncho Charlie—a celebrated Western gunman—occurs his remark, "When you've killed a man it don't seem no trouble at all to kill another—in fact, it comes right easy." If we have accepted one play of social significance, it will be no trouble at all (in fact, it may come right easy) to accept others, and find them exciting.

Lastly, the Censorship in its present restrictive capacity must go. Its moral influence is more cramping, even, than its practical influence. By the mere fact of its existence and its arbitrary powers, it keeps the drama low—and childishly low—in the scale of artistic values. It not only forbids the performance of plays that are already written, but acts as a contraceptive to plays that are not yet born.

It is unlikely that any future "progressive" Government could persuade its taxpayers to subsidize the English theatre. But at a single and uncostly stroke it could bring some life into the English theatre—could save the English theatre from dying of its own boredom and irrelevance—by curtailing the Censor's powers.

STRATEGICAL REALITIES OF THE PACIFIC

BY ADMIRAL SIR BARRY DOMVILE

THERE was never a time in our history when it was more essential that policy and strategy should go hand in hand, and never have they been further estranged than during the last few years. To-day there are signs of returning sanity in our foreign relations. Let us hope it is not too late.

From a strategical point of view the trend of our post-war policy has been most unfortunate. Three countries with whom it is to our interest strategically to be on good terms have become potentially hostile. German friendship is needed for our safety at home: Italian goodwill for our security in the middle sea on the lines of communication to our Eastern Empire, and Japanese sympathy in the Far East for the safeguarding of our considerable interests in those regions. By force of circumstance Germany, Italy and Japan have been thrown together and have achieved a degree of collective security that has successfully eluded its sponsors in Geneva, against whom the trio are resentfully lined-up. Such is the sorry strategical position to which statesmanship has brought us.

It is impossible to consider the situation in the Far East without viewing simultaneously the position elsewhere. Strategy is even more indivisible than M. Litvinoff's peace has proved to be.

The rise of Japan in the political hierarchy is one of the most remarkable chapters in history. Eighty years ago Japan was practically unknown to foreigners. To-day she is a world Power. A great similarity exists between the mother countries of the British and Japanese Empires: both consist of islands separated from a continent by narrow waters. Each is highly industrialized and is not self-supporting. Japan is better off in this respect, as she only needs imported products for munitions and raw materials for industry, whilst Great Britain would starve

in a very short space if deprived of her sea communications.

The dissimilarity is equally striking. Great Britain discovered in the Middle Ages as the result of an expensive education that Sea Power thrived best in islands. She left the neighbouring continent. The King of England ceased to be titular King of France. The British Empire was built up overseas. Japan, on the other hand, has progressively penetrated the mainland in search of economic and strategic frontiers. This penetration continues. Japan came into world politics rather too late for enterprise in other directions. History will shew whether her policy is wise. At all events, at the end of the War, Japan, untouched by the cataclysms that had swept Europe, was in a strong position. The Japanese Navy which had been steadily growing since the beginning of the century was by now a formidable force.

In 1921 the President of the United States invited the British Empire, Japan, France and Italy to a conference on limitation of armaments. A corollary to this invitation was our notice to terminate the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, an event which has had the most regrettable consequences. The Alliance was not in keeping with the new spirit of international co-operation that was abroad; Australia, New Zealand and Canada did not care about it either. But the main reason for its abrogation was the desire to please the United States who strongly objected to it. Presumably the American Government felt hemmed in between the two Allies. This sounds far-fetched, as the Alliance was never intended to embrace this contingency, but, in justice to the American point of view, there were moments during the Great War when their lot might well have been thrown in with Germany, when they would have found themselves in precisely the situation they were anxious to avoid. Desire to please our opulent trans-Atlantic neighbour has been the guiding principle of our foreign policy since the war. Nobody will deny that a good understanding with the United States should be the backbone of that policy. This ought not, however, to demand the surrender of our essential interests in deference to a Power who gives nothing in return. It has been a consistent delusion in this country that the United States will play a part in international action abroad. The delusion still persists, in

spite of the constantly reiterated American policy, originally formulated by President Monroe in 1823. Briefly this doctrine warns outsiders against interfering in the two Americas and at the same time declares that the United States have no desire to busy themselves, in a military sense, in other portions of the globe. Failure to recognize the existence of this policy has been responsible for a great deal of the trouble since the war, starting with the repudiation by the American people of the obligations accepted by their President at Versailles.

So at Washington the bone of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was discarded for the shadow of the Four Power Treaty. Japan was hurt at our attitude which she could not understand, and our relations have never regained their previous degree of cordiality. More important still, we have lost that opportunity for giving counsel and acting as a brake on Japanese impetuosity, which the Treaty gave us. The many head-shakings that took place when this wise instrument of policy was abandoned have been amply justified.

The American proposals at Washington allotted to the Japanese a navy three-fifths the strength of the navies of either the United States or the British Empire, between whom an agreement to parity had been already reached. The Japanese were perturbed at the size of their ration, and many weeks of consultation with Tokio elapsed before an answer was ready. This was to the effect that Japan would agree in principle to the proposal, provided the other signatories would contract not to develop further their naval bases within a range of Japanese coasts, which could be regarded as a potential menace to Japan. These bases included the American base at Manila in the Philippines and our own at Hong Kong, but excluded Singapore, which was too far off to be regarded as a threat to Japan. This was a very neat retort. It placed the Americans who had been busily proclaiming their pacific intentions in a quandary. They were being invited to give an earnest of their good will. It was not a matter of such great importance to ourselves, since Hong Kong could never have been developed as our principal naval base in the Far East. It was too exposed to attack. Political considerations prevailed, and the United States agreed to the Japanese proposal. This had the effect of successfully prevent-

ing their fleet from operating in the western half of the Pacific Ocean.

In these modern days, and especially since the introduction of mammoth battleships, it is out of the question for a fleet to make a long passage without a base suitably equipped at journey's end. Docks, moorings, repair plant, and so forth are all essential adjuncts to a fleet's efficiency, and though a good deal of assistance can be obtained from fleet auxiliaries, the dockyard remains a necessity.

Ships require docking not only for repairs after action and examination of underwater fittings, but also to remove the marine growths from their bottom plating which reduce so greatly their speed. Naval bases cannot be hastily improvised. In its existing condition the United States base at Manila was incapable of handling a modern fleet, and to send a fleet across the ocean without a base would have been to court disaster. We possessed a base at Hong Kong insufficiently equipped to accommodate a modern fleet of heavy ships. At Singapore a base was in process of development which would satisfy all naval material needs. The geographical situation of Singapore is such that a fleet stationed there protects the whole eastern flank of the Empire against attack by Japan. No hostile forces could advance and threaten India, Australia or New Zealand, whilst leaving a fleet in being at Singapore on the flank of their line of communications. As a base for defence, Singapore is admirable. But no commander preparing his campaign would be satisfied with a defensive policy. That would be merely committing suicide by instalments. He must prepare an offensive plan.

Naval strategy endeavours to keep the sea communications open for one's own purposes whilst simultaneously denying them to the enemy for his purposes. To do this efficiently, the battle fleet must advance to a position reasonably close to that of the enemy, which must be kept under observation. Behind the shelter of the battle fleet the cruisers and smaller craft do the more active work of keeping the seas clear, whilst the enemy battle fleet is prevented, by the presence of our own, from coming out and mopping up all and sundry vessels found on the sea highways. The only way that the enemy fleet can obtain

freedom of action is by defeating our fleet in battle. He may elect not to try this at once and may remain in harbour awaiting a more favourable opportunity. If our battlefleet cannot reach its advanced position the sea war becomes of the tip-and-run variety with no great hopes of bringing much maritime pressure to bear.

Japan is nearly 3,000 miles from Singapore. To carry out offensive strategy our fleet would have to operate from a base in Chinese waters more than 2,000 miles from its main base, and about 1,200 miles from home. There is no experience of fighting at such long distances from Great Britain. In all our former big naval campaigns the enemy had the decency to be somewhere handy—Spain, France, Holland and Germany were all comparatively close.

Our naval forces were enabled to work on a correct strategic plan. The new problem that confronts our strategy is far more difficult. If it became necessary to despatch a fleet to the Far East, the minimum force that it would be fair to offer the Commander-in-Chief would be one equal to the Japanese Navy. This would only suffice for defensive strategy at Singapore, and would be the bare minimum that could be accepted, in view of the fact that the Japanese Fleet would also be working at a long distance from home, if it came out to give battle. If our fleet was intended to carry out correct strategy and work from an advanced base near Japan, it would need to be at least fifty per cent. stronger than the Japanese fleet. Good strategy requires that at any given moment the force available must be at least equal to the enemy forces. Japan could select her own time for battle. The fifty per cent. margin would be required to allow for ships necessarily absent from the fleet—refitting, damaged, defective and so on. In view of the great distance of the fleet base from the base for operations, these periods of absence would be considerably longer than normal.

In other words the whole British Fleet would be needed. With the Far East in turmoil, it is a certainty that Europe would be simultaneously disturbed, especially since the potentially hostile line-up of the Powers referred to already. Faced with this situation it is inconceivable that any British Government would allow the whole fleet to sail. Every pen in Whitehall and

Downing Street would be mobilized to draft its objections. After all, security, like charity, begins at home. The heart of the Empire could not be left unprotected. So either the fleet would not sail at all, or else some poor modern counterpart of Rozhdestvensky would be sent out with a force ill-equipped for its difficult task.

Even supposing the impossible happened and the whole fleet did sail, it could not bring sufficient pressure to bear on Japan to ensure that she would sue for peace. Neither Sea Power nor Air Power, acting alone can win a war. To do this a military force is required to occupy enemy territory, and compel submission.

If the United States were prepared to throw their lot in with us, the situation would be different. Even then the task would be one of great difficulty, as the American navy has to cross another wide ocean with no base at the end of its voyage. But this eventuality cannot be regarded as probable. Popular feeling in America is opposed to anything of the kind. Europe is naturally anxious to compromise the United States, and the occasional word of hope uttered by some prominent American is magnified and misconstrued by the ecstatic European press. 'At last the United States are prepared to play their part in international affairs.' One of the best known American journalists in London recently described the President of the United States to me as "just a diplomatic tease"—an apt and delightful description of him when making one of his more promising announcements.

It is clear to-day that no reliance can be placed in active American support. There is a myth, cultivated in Socialist circles that, had the League's policy been bolder at the time of the Manchukuo crises, they would have found the United States at their side. There is not an atom of truth in this statement, and it would be most interesting to know how and when it was started: presumably by the Labour Government in trying to justify their work which led to the nadir of our foreign policy in 1935.

The League had no naval forces worth counting which would have been ready to act in the Far East except the British Navy. As has just been shown, the whole of this navy would have

been needed to do the job properly, and even then it would only have been a partial measure with limited powers of coercion. This made no difference to the pen and ink warriors, immersed in their impractical illusions.

And recently the Press was full of a design for a long-range embargo on Japan to be carried out from the discreet distance of Singapore, Pearl Harbour and the Aleutian Islands. A masterpiece of strategy! The first result of this long-range embargo would be a short-range mop-up by Japan of British and American interests in China, for which they would have been given every excuse.

It is difficult to be patient with those individuals who refuse to wake up and face realities and continue to mouth threats which they cannot perform, and to make diplomatic faces from a distance which would not stand the shock of a close-up. This behaviour only leads to humiliating positions.

To-day a revised outlook is required. Japan is engaged in advancing one stage further a long planned policy for the creation of a great Eastern Empire extending to meet the Western world in Asia. This is no new design. Dr. George Morrison, the famous pre-war *Times* correspondent in Peking foresaw accurately the trend of Japanese policy—to bring first Korea, then Manchuria and lastly China proper under her political control. This is an ambitious programme that may well prove the undoing of its devisers. There is no need to prophesy. Whether China is wise in pressing her resistance to-day is difficult to say without more knowledge than is available. I have an uncomfortable feeling that China may have been relying on the same false hopes and promises that led poor Haile Selassie to the conquest of Bath.

Any suggestion of deserting China will be distasteful to many League idealists, but it is far better to tell her honestly that she can expect no help than to continue the present policy of holding out false hopes which can lead nowhere. Diplomatic teasing is discreditable: threats are futile: bluffs useless. And this is all the League has been able to do in support of Article XVI of the Covenant.

In my opinion nothing will help more towards the resumption of peace in the Far East than a more friendly and understanding attitude towards Japan.

PERE DUCHESNE

BY GEORGE COOKE

PÈRE DUCHESNE stopped ploughing for a moment and looked round. He was standing in a fold of the River Doubs, at a spot where the mountains came down to the river. His farm was one of about sixty acres. Forty acres was arable and pasture, lying on the flat lands close by the river; here he grew his corn, his potatoes, his green vegetables, his roots, and kept his four or five cows. Twenty acres lay on the steep slopes of the mountains; and here he cultivated his vines.

Yes, it was a fine situation with the broad waters of the Doubs swirling along, swollen by the rains from the Swiss Mountains, and the hills rising up all round, sharp and clear in their outlines as if God had broken them off from the unused material of some other planet and set them up here as a sign of his power. Père Duchesne gave a sigh of deep content. He was eighty-five years old, and for eighty years now he had paused in his work three or four times a day to wonder at the strange beauty of the landscape. What more could a man want, he thought to himself, than to live out his days in the sight of these towering mountains and finally, full of years and tired of life as a little child is tired of play at the close of a long summer evening, be laid peacefully to rest in the tiny churchyard, lulled to sleep by the rushing waters of the mighty stream?

He called to his horses and went on with the ploughing. It was not an easy piece of work. Last winter the Doubs had slightly shifted its course, and had left uncovered a small portion of muddy soil, about half an acre in extent. Whether this rightly belonged to him, he was not quite sure. But no one had said anything, and it was obviously absurd to trouble the authorities over such a small matter. In another two years

when he had got it broken in, Père Duchesne felt it would make a very useful addition to the field in which it lay.

Suddenly there was a jar. The plough had struck against something hard. He stopped his horses and bent down to see what had happened. Apparently there was an old chest of some kind, bound together by heavy bronze clasps, half buried in the soil. The woodwork was still strong and well preserved, but a crack had been made where the plough had struck it, and inside the old man could just see what looked like some dull stones. He tried to lift it up from the thick mud, but it was too firmly embedded in the ground. He went away to the side of the field where there was a spade, came back with it, and after ten minutes' hard work managed to raise the chest from the soil.

Père Duchesne wondered what it could be. Sometimes old things like this were dug up, and he knew that it might be valuable. He carried it to a piece of rock and tried to open it. But the fastenings were still firm, and finally he was compelled to smash the chest in with his spade.

It contained two objects, which he drew out. One was an old necklace; the other was some kind of dagger. The necklace was made up with what appeared to be dull stones; and the dagger was heavily ornamented with similar brown stones. The old man rubbed them with his sleeve, and they grew brighter until at last they began to glitter slightly in the bright spring sunshine. He laid them aside and gazed at them. Probably they were valuable. He might be able to get as much as a hundred thousand francs for them if he was lucky. Well, it would come in very useful. There was that new wine-press he had been wanting to get for many years; and then perhaps he might purchase a bull to go with his cows; and he could certainly do with one or two new gates to his fields.

Suddenly there was a shout from the other side of the field where the road ran along beside his farm. A car was standing there with two people inside it; a man and a woman, he thought. Père Duchesne rose, shook himself, and walked towards them, leaving the chest and its contents on the rock. As he came near he saw that it was a tall red-faced man and a woman dressed in fine clothes; they were seated in an expensive-looking car. The tall man got out of his motor and came up

to the low stone wall which bounded the field.

"Excuse me, can you tell me how we can get to Besançon?" he asked.

He spoke with a foreign accent, and at first the old man did not understand him.

He repeated his question.

Père Duchesne told him that he must go straight on until he had crossed the river, and then he must take the first turn to the left; this would lead him to the high road which went to Besançon. It was about thirty-five kilometres.

The tall man thanked him and went back to the car. He started up the engine, and they glided smoothly away. He was a wealthy young Englishman from Birmingham who had only been married for three days and was on a honeymoon trip to the South of France.

"Quaint old chap, ain't he, Nellie?" he remarked to the girl at his side. "Wonder how he manages to stick it, shut away among these God-forsaken mountains. Looks as dull as one of his own cows, don't he?"

"It wouldn't suit me, Charlie," replied his companion; "I like to see a bit of life."

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Père Duchesne watched them move off with a slight feeling of disgust. What was the use of people like that? Just like butterflies they were. No idea of the realities of life, or what existence could mean to a man. What did they know of the keen cold smell of the good earth just turned over by the plough, of the crisp winter's mornings when the stars were still shining in the sky as Père Duchesne went out to milk his cows, of the satisfied fatigue that a man felt after a hard day's work, when at last he slipped into his bed and went immediately to sleep with a contented sigh? What could they understand of the mystic beauty of his mountains, always changing and yet always the same? He shrugged his shoulders as he went back to his plough. He supposed they would be spending their time in a dreary round of motoring, dancing, golf and cards. Well, presumably it was all they were good for.

As he reached the plough he heard a cry from up the fields. Yes, as he had expected, it was his grand-daughter Annette.

She called out to him that the *déjeuner* would be ready in ten minutes, and ran off back to the house.

Annette was now the only descendant he had left to carry on the farm when he died. For five hundred years there had been a Duchesne at Territet Farm, but now there was only himself and this grand-daughter left. There had once been two sons of whom Père Duchesne was very proud: Jules and Michel. Fine tall men they had been. Jules, the elder, was expecting to get married in a month when the Great War broke out. He had died at Verdun. And Michel had been killed in the final assault of March, 1918, when the Germans had tried to smash their way through the English to the Channel Ports. The English line had been broken. Some French battalions had been hurried up to the rescue. And Michel, who was a sergeant in one of those battalions, had been blown to pieces by a German shell.

Père Duchesne could never understand why the English had been unable to defend their own portion of the line. No one in the village café could tell him either. But there, that was just like the English. Always expecting other people to do their fighting for them.

Well, that accounted for both the sons. And then the girls. Ninon had fallen into the fierce river one winter's day when it was in flood, and her dead body was only recovered forty-eight hours later. Thérèse had always been different from other women. She never took the interest in young men that a healthy young girl should do. In the end she had become a nun, and four years ago she had died of tuberculosis. Not that she would have been of any use to carry on the family even if she had lived.

And then Claudine! Ah, she had been the most beautiful girl for miles round. She had coal black hair, and deep black eyes with hidden depths in them that lured a man on till he felt the world fade away in the intoxication of her presence, her red, red cheeks and lips. Yes, Claudine should have made a good match. But she had always been wayward, and one day they found she had run away with a Spaniard—a writer fellow who had been staying in the village and of whom Père Duchesne strongly disapproved.

The old man knew that no good would come of it, and he had

been perfectly right. Ten years later he had heard, from the French consul at Rosario in the Argentine, that Claudine had been found dying in a slum, deserted by her husband and leaving one small daughter behind her. Just before her death she had written a letter to her father, confessing that she had been mistaken, and asking him to bring up her little girl. This letter had been sent on by the consul, who had himself written to ask whether Père Duchesne would be willing to take charge of the child. He had, of course, replied that he was prepared to look after her, and a few months later she had arrived in the care of a stiff Spanish nun. She had been a cheerful little thing, five years old with the black hair and the deep black eyes of her mother. She had run at once into the arms of Père Duchesne, calling him grand-father and kissing him. The old man was devoted to her, and since his wife had died in the bitter cold winter three years before, she had kept house for him.

Yes, Annette was a good girl, though at times taking after her mother and looking for more life and gaiety than Territet Farm provided. Only the other day, for instance, she was asking if they could not have a radio set. Père Duchesne spat on the ground. A radio set! What was the use of that? A nasty, great blaring instrument that kept a woman from her work and filled her with wrong ideas.

But on the whole he had little to complain of in Annette. She cooked his meals as he liked them, and looked after the house excellently. And lately she had taken up with Henri Barbel from higher up the valley. Henri was a good lad and knew how to look after the land. He was one of a large family and had no prospects. Père Duchesne hoped he would marry Annette and settle down on the farm to help him with the work. He was still entirely capable of running the farm for himself, but last winter he had fancied once or twice that he had not been quite so energetic as he used to be. Those cold winter mornings had occasionally been something of a trial. In another ten years he would be ninety-five and perhaps the work would be too much for him. Yes, he would like to have a lad like Henri on the farm. And possibly Henri could take the name of Duchesne when he married. Who knew? Such things did happen. Ah, he would like to hold a great-grandchild—a

boy—on his knees before he was finally laid to rest in the little old churchyard by the rushing waters of the Doubs.

Père Duchesne put the necklace and the dagger back in the chest, before carrying them up to the house. What would Annette think of this new discovery of his? Probably she would be pleased enough at the idea of having a little money to spend. He wondered if she would ask him for that radio set again.

A sudden doubt crossed his mind. What if the dagger and the necklace were really valuable? It would be nice to have the money. But how would it affect Annette? She was a beautiful girl; she had her mother's hot blood in her. Would she want to leave the farm—Territet Farm that had been in the family for five hundred years—and go to live in Paris? Père Duchesne had never been to Paris; but he knew what it was like. All noise, great rivers of rushing cars, brilliant lights at night, dancing and drinking. The life of the great city might attract Annette as it had her mother, and she might be destroyed as the moth perishes in the candle.

He pondered deeply for a moment. No, it was not worth the risk. He took the necklace and the dagger and flung them out into the swirling waters of the Doubs. There was a slight splash and they sank below the surface.

Then he walked up to the house with the steady stride of a man who has done a good morning's work. Under his arm he carried the chest. He would not waste that. It could be broken up and used to light the fires.

ITALIAN HOUSEKEEPING: *A Study in Autarchy*

BY K. WALTER

“AUTARCHY,” to most people, has seemed to be just one degree worse than economic nationalism—national self-sufficiency, a withdrawal from the commerce of nations, a kind of bloated and arrogant *Sinn Fein*. So, naturally, when Italy adopted it as the title of her economic policy, its evil character was confirmed beyond all questioning in the minds of those who, like a recent writer in *THE FORTNIGHTLY*, believe in the “menace” of a “medieval and internationally anarchic totalitarian doctrine.” Yet in these days of the new Babel, when the masses are moved by any word that can be made to carry the odium of some hated “ideology,” it is still the duty of thoughtful persons to seek the meaning of such a word, the meaning of those who use it, and of the policy behind the word. Otherwise we might as well close our ears to the whole abominable totalitarian vocabulary and wrap our intelligence in guncotton.

If, by adopting autarchy, Italy intended to pursue to breaking-point a policy of economic self-sufficiency, to make herself completely independent of foreign raw materials and manufacturers, and then, having achieved that illusory objective, to set forth upon wars of conquest and pillage, discussion of the matter would be worth no more than a debate in a lunatic asylum. But if, under the name of autarchy, Italy has adopted a policy which Mussolini and his Government believe to be the best not only for Italy's internal and colonial development, but also for her friendly intercourse with the nations, it is important, whatever our prejudices, that we should open our ears and unwrap our intelligence. For autarchy implies, and in Italy is accepted as implying, orderly economic relations abroad based upon the known capacity of internal production, its surpluses and its deficits, in respect of an ascertainable internal demand.

The origins of the policy are neither doctrinal nor idealistic; they are rooted in Italy's short but valiant history of economic unity and lie in the experience of the War and its stormy aftermath. Italy ceased to be a merely protectionist State, and out of necessity began to plan her economic life, soon after Signor Mussolini became head of the Government. His influence made planning possible, dramatizing each phase of the national effort as an agent in itself, writing each achievement into the legislation of a new social code.

The first great step was in agriculture, making the country independent of foreign wheat supplies excepting a small proportion of hard wheat; and the social consequences of that achievement were just as important in their way as the political ones. Rice cultivation was increased with complete success. The campaign for maximum production in other fields was morally and materially intensified by the imposition of sanctions. The acquisition of colonial territory suitable for development on a scale that had been planned—and thwarted—for many years presented at last the opportunity for the preparation of a national and imperial economic policy in harmony with that of the corporative state and as thoroughgoing as that land reclamation policy, known as *bonifica integrale*, which has rehabilitated agriculture and is still conquering new territory at home. Hitherto Italy's prospect of national planning had been as restricted as that of Germany; to-day she can meet the problems of colonial produce without having to face the insuperable difficulties of Germany's foreign exchange situation. Abyssinian coffee, to name only one article, is already making it easier for Italy to pay for English coal.

The theoretical case against the combination of autarchy with colonial development is a strong one; the two seem to be self-contradictory. It goes directly against our own experience. In all our hundred years of imperial economic expansion we felt no need of controlling foreign trade to promote it, or of stimulating production to a maximum; and it was only recently, when imperial development was flagging, that we began to plan our internal welfare, taking a few random and crablike steps toward autarchy at Ottawa. Providence hitherto had planned for us in a way that she certainly has not planned for Italy. We

sent—as Italy is sending—both men and money to develop our territories; and if those men, or their sons and grandsons, are still working against time to repay the money, and if this task remains so formidable as to suggest the desirability of writing off those overseas debts, should not this be a warning to Italy? For Italy is in no financial position to sink hundreds of millions in this way; only our great profit-capital accretions of privileged industry enabled us to do so. It is difficult enough to believe that autarchy can be a road to international economic order and peace, but who is going to explain how, under its restrictions, a policy of colonial expansion can be undertaken by a country with limited capital resources, whose industrial capital has indeed already suffered a levy of ten per cent.?

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I know of no publication in English which answers these questions or gives a satisfactory exposition of the policy they arraign. Nor are Italian writers always most helpful when most authoritative; exhibitionism too often obscures what they have to exhibit, as in the case of the political writer whose reputation at home is maintained by quotations in the English press. A recent work on the subject, however, is illuminating, and as it is published by an official body, the National Institute of Fascist Culture, its orthodoxy is unassailable. The author, Odon Por, is known to English readers for his book, *Fascism*, a brilliant and far-sighted (indeed, almost clairvoyant) criticism of the movement written in the most turbulent days of its rise to power, a *tour de force* of political authorship. And this quality of vision is still evident in his otherwise weighty publication, *Raw Materials and Autarchy*. I shall not attempt to describe the mass of figures he gives from original documents, relating to the production and consumption of the nations; nor is that the section which has attracted most attention in Italy. In effect it tells with great point what we know in general only too well already, the chaotic distribution of raw materials and the obstacles which stand between the would-be vendor and purchaser. In this he goes a long way with those who have given most thought to the subject in England, and he examines their opinions with some care, beginning with Sir Samuel Hoare's historic statement at Geneva. He parts company with them

decidedly, however, on prognosis, foreseeing only further confusion and ultimate conflict if the economic ills of the world are allowed to run their course with no other treatment than the homœopathic liberalism they prescribe. But his diagnosis also differs from theirs; he finds many of the symptoms not malign but indications of a new and necessary growth of nerves and tissues in the world organism. In the complex of clearings and controls, tariffs and quotas, he considers, it should be our business to disentangle the functional elements of a new order. To abolish all the new instruments of economic relations, to revive (if it were possible—or to revive sectionally)—the old haphazard system, would only be to return to the conditions which give rise to those symptoms, many of them obviously malign. The alternative is to take advantage of the experience through which we are passing, put our own houses in order, and so be prepared to come together with a clear knowledge of what we have to offer on the world market, what we require from it, and with national machinery suitable for orderly marketing. In this way, not flinching at the growing pains of a new world organism, we can build, and Italy is deliberately building, a system of autarchy that will lead to inter-autarchy, to international economic satisfaction and peace.

In a country where peace does not often get into the headlines, it is significant that this international theme of Signor Por's work has been taken up by his reviewers with as much interest as that of the domestic need of autarchy. His interpretation of the policy has been accepted by his fellow-economists, and I shall keep within the sense of it in what follows.

In the first place, then, Italian autarchy is not, and is not intended to be, a closed system, an illusory self-sufficiency, but a maximum production of a people's requirements by the people themselves. Substitutes are being tried out and subsidized, much as we subsidize the substitution of beet sugar. Certain sacrifices are being made during the adjustment of home production to meet domestic demand as fully as possible; in effect they amount to little more than would be a systematized campaign to persuade the public to "buy British." Similarly, the primary appeal of the policy is based upon the same argument advanced for the intensification of our own agriculture, the

provident need of a country to develop its own resources in an unquiet political world; and in this connection we should remember that Italy suffered very much more than we did from lack of foodstuffs during the War. The second appeal is one that we have not heard so much of in England and find more difficult to take at its face value because we do not so readily credit the Fascist régime with collective economic idealism. The appeal is to the self-supporting individual in a self-supporting community for the purpose of raising the standard of living, moral and material, of the whole community. The rising standard of living can only be maintained if production increases; the rising moral standard can only be maintained by a clear understanding of the country's position in the economic world and a national consciousness of that satisfaction which we all feel when we have done a good day's work.

Both these propositions are somewhat foreign to us. We cannot regard our national production and consumption in such a simple way as this; other things come first in our reckoning; our economic satisfaction does not depend upon meeting demand but upon showing profits large enough for the creation of fresh capital to increase production. Our people cannot feel any enthusiasm about the increase of national wealth which they can observe only in the growth of those personal and corporate fortunes to which we mainly confide the creation of fresh capital. But Italy has travelled a long way from this standpoint. Putting it broadly, in a single sentence, I should say that Italy has travelled so far from the liberal capitalist system that she is at present passing safely between the red star of Marx and the green star of Douglas, and closer to the green than the red—although the recent capital levy is not unnaturally seen by some of its victims in the light of the latter: Italy has abandoned the profit-capital system; her future development, domestic and colonial, is not dependent upon the measure of individual profits. The old power of credit is already vested in national control; not however as a preliminary to the nationalization of capital, but as a transition from individualist to corporative finance. Financially this change has some important corollaries to be noted presently; politically it gives reality to the theory which we have noted as being too simple for us—production for

the community—and to many sayings of Mussolini which make autarchy popular. One must also bear in mind another social fact of great importance in this connection, namely, the increasingly influential part which the workers' syndicates are taking in the economic and political life of the nation. It is a mistake to dismiss Signor Mussolini's references to this social change as mere empty bids for popular favour. The people, the workers, are abundantly assured against autarchy becoming merely an intensive system for the exploitation of their labour.

At this point we may well ask ourselves whether autarchy, economic nationalism, indeed any planned economy, is possible in a system which is subject to the disturbing influences of individual profiteering and speculation? Is even orderly marketing possible in such conditions? For those who can recall it, the history of the Canadian Wheat Pool is a tragic answer to that question and a dark shadow upon the preceding ones. The problem of wheat marketing in Italy was admittedly very different from that of Canada, but it is nevertheless significant that when it reached the crucial point, while in Canada there was a reversion to speculation, in Italy the experience of the co-operative pools was supported as against the speculator, extended by a favourable provision of credit, and finally written into the law of the land. And now, in the corporative system, the matter does not end with marketing but brings the purchasers, the millers, the bakers and the retailers, into a producer-to-consumer chain in which every price-link is known and tested. The manner of dealing with other industries is different, more complicated, according to the circumstances; but the aim and end are the same: the elimination of profiteering and speculation in the interest of the producers and consumers, in the interest of the community.

In our instinctive dislike of autarchy, or economic nationalism, if the milder term is less unpalatable, we must be careful to ascertain how much we are influenced by this "socialistic" aspect of it and how much by the fact that it would be difficult to make the policy acceptable to the workers until we have reached a much more advanced point in the integration of our productive forces. There is no reason to despair of such integration, or to suppose that only totalitarian States are

capable of canalizing the conflict of class interests. As planning becomes more imperative, for instance, in agriculture, our minds turn in that direction. "Landowners and farmers now have flourishing organizations," wrote the *Times* Agricultural Correspondent in the British Agriculture Number last January, "and some success has been achieved in the efforts to organize farm workers. It will be a happy day for the industry when the three partners can speak with one voice through their organizations." Possibly we shall devise an orderly system of our own, no less efficient and socially satisfying than the syndicalist-corporative structure of Italy.

Meanwhile, whether we like it or not, we cannot be indifferent to the influence which the policy and extension of autarchy must have upon world trade, since the co-ordination of the corporative system does not end at the frontier. With her marketable surplus calculable and her foreign requirements known, Italy's foreign trade negotiations are much simplified, her operations reduced to a minimum of expense and speculative risk. We have already had evidence of her increased efficiency and punctuality in our dealings with her in the joint clearing control. Her foreign trading will become more and more systematized as the corporations come into full knowledge of their respective spheres of industry and commerce. Her population of 45 millions, satisfied at present with a more simple but not less happy and healthy standard than our own, will become an expanding market also for those goods with which they cannot supply themselves. Her trade will naturally gravitate, when choice offers, toward countries with a similar facility for clear and definitive commercial practice. If she links up more easily with one country than with another, it will not be because of any "ideological" affinities. Signor Por's work and comments on it have shown that there would be no sympathy for any such diversion of policy, provided of course that the democratic countries do not take fright at a word and make a bogey of autarchy. The policy is based upon self-interest of a strictly realistic kind, a self-interest which requires beyond the frontiers a wide and orderly world market in which to balance internal supply and demand.

Italian autarchy, finally, is not designed for war, although

held to be necessary for defence. If we could imagine a world in which war had ceased to be a possibility, autarchy would still be the natural policy for Italy to adopt—for the completion and guidance of her new economic system, for the attainment of the social aims which are written large in her new laws regarding that system, for orderly trade relations with other countries. Nor, let us add at once, was it designed for peace. Its inventors—if a policy of such organic growth can be said to have inventors—did not sit down to think out an economic plan with peace as the objective. That is not the realistic way of achieving peace. Italy has formally abandoned the theory, never more seriously maintained by her than by the United States, that peace can be established by a political device, or indeed as the direct and immediate motive of international action. The concept may be difficult for us, inclined as we are to think of peace as the foundation of justice and civilization. But, for Italy, peace is not the foundation, but the crowning quality, of justice and civilization, which must first be secured in the world before peace can ensue.

D'ANNUNZIO'S ITALY AND ENGLAND

BY C. J. S. SPRIGGE

QUEEN Victoria was distressed and indignant over the bustling of legitimate dynasties out of their capitals in Naples and Tuscany, but England at large saw in the unification of Italy under the Savoy a prospect of new markets (for Cavour was a stout free trader), and a smack at the Pope, a triumph for gallant Garibaldi against the Austrian secret police, and a healthy check on French Mediterranean expansionism. English gentlemen nourished on the classics, and English ladies with their hearts in pre-Raphaelitism were sentimentally favourable to the Italian patriots, and became increasingly the mainstay of the Italian hotel industry. From that time onwards, for three quarters of a century, until a couple of summers ago, Anglo-Italian friendship was, in ministerial jargon "traditional."

The Italian hotel keepers and the waiters, cabbies, porters, guides, souvenir-vendors of a hundred towns found the English the most open-handed of foreigners. And Italians of higher station were charmingly flattering. Industrialists and shopkeepers were proud to call Prato, bosomed in the vineyards of Tuscany, "the Italian Manchester" (on account of one or two chimney stacks): Roman princes cultivated fox-hunting according to the English rite, others admired English Free Trade, English Trade Unions, English general elections, for which the troops were not called out, and the British Empire, in which fair-haired, pipe-smoking giants made savage hordes quail with a quiet glance.

The rulers of Italy from 1860 onwards admired England all the more because unlike France, which had tyrannized in Italy early in the century, and unlike Germany, England showed no ambition to be taken as a model. The French radicals and socialists circulated their literature in Italy and expected all Italians to be able to read it—but who ever heard of a French

deputy reading an Italian newspaper?—posing as spokesmen of a more advanced society. The Germans established big financial interests in Milan, and drew Italy into the system of German markets. The English merely came to Italy to spend money, and as long as guides and porters knew a few English phrases, they preferred the nation at large to remain picturesquely foreign.

The literary forerunners and promoters of Italian unity had left warm words about England which even the man of small reading would have come across, or heard of from his parents. Vittorio Alfieri, in whose lyrical tragedies generations of Italians found their catchwords against tyrants had given late eighteenth-century England a superb testimonial in his memoirs—land of enterprising philanthropists, fair ladies, and incomparable horses. Foscolo, in the most famous short poem in the language, *I Sepolcri*, finds room for Newton and Nelson, but for no other non-Italian, among the modern rivals of the great men of antiquity. Foscolo, too, lived long years of exile (and died) in England: like Alfieri he complained of little here but that wealth was too highly esteemed; a defect which had its advantages in the behaviour of British tourists. Mazzini made England his second home, Cavour came little, but as an admiring student of British railways and ports, Garibaldi, despite Queen Victoria, got a national hero's greeting from duchesses and street arabs.

The generation of Italians now in the fifties and sixties of their lives inherited such "traditional" feelings about England from their fathers who had desired, or even explicitly demanded, an Italy more like parliamentary free-trading pushful Britain, quit of Papal paternalism, superstition, feudal privilege, more inclined to work to get rich than to sing and make love in picturesque rags and hovels. And the English accepted this Italian will to imitate as a form of flattery not the less sincere because it looked like being quite hopeless.

Not only the English, but the Italians also, in bad moments, felt that the imitation of England by Italy was hopeless, and never more so than in the eighties and nineties, when united Germany was so unmistakeably entering into a serious rivalry with England. "What a difference between the two newly

born united nations!" writes Croce, recollecting that period in his "History of Italy, 1871—1915."

"What a pigmy was Italy at the side of the giant. Many began distressfully to suspect and others felt only too painfully sure, that the Italians were a people that had played its historic part centuries before Perhaps only the Germanic people (and France was partly Germanic) could be truly free, having shaken off the yoke of Rome and accomplished the Reformation. Perhaps people of Latin race must abide in spiritual subjection to the Roman church and in politics experience a painful alternation of tyrannic order and demagogic disorder Italy was perhaps a museum, in which visitors were interested in the exhibits, not in their guardians."

This sense of Italian failure to emulate England is recorded quite bluntly by the *Times* correspondent in Rome, of the period, W. J. Stillman. In the concluding sentences of "The Union of Italy" (Cambridge, 1898) he writes: "The Italy to which Cavour aspired was an enlarged Piedmont, and so far as the differences of nature permitted, he desired to make it a new England. But the migrations of the Government and the weakness of its governors have made it rather an enlarged Naples." In perfect confidence that an enlarged Naples must represent the depth, just as a new England would represent the height, of the possible evolution of Italy, Dr. Stillman concluded his book with a broad hint that United Italy might not last long.

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At the moment when "a new England" was proving, to Italians of discernment, so vain a dream, there arrived in Rome from Pescara, the Abruzzi fishing-port, Gabriele d'Annunzio, born four years too late to have been a subject of the King of Naples. Soon after d'Annunzio, in a neighbouring Abruzzi valley, was born a child of more distinguished and wealthy stock, Benedetto Croce. These two Southerners were to give their names to striking manifestations of vitality and power in the "Latin" race. Croce was to claim for the movement he initiated that (in his own words) "it restored to Italy after two centuries, an active part in European thought, and even, in certain studies, a sort of primacy"; d'Annunzio was to inspire Italians in verse and prose, and by personal example, to exorcise the sense of inferiority by loudly asserting superiority. Throughout his life d'Annunzio sought and gained applause for the thoroughly Italic accomplishments of rich songfulness, nimble

alacrity in striking attitudes, eloquence in monologue, deaf ear for criticism, bravery proportioned to the enthusiasm of spectators and audiences.

By very reason of his tireless changefulness—he was self-declared sensualist, ascetic, heathen, Christian, Conservative, Socialist, anti-militarist, arch-militarist in his time—d'Annunzio presents for the English observer a consistent character of agility, at which the Englishman must humbly marvel. At an age when English boys were still being birched by their headmaster, d'Annunzio entered into Italian life a ready made celebrity; a well-known critic had publicly proclaimed his schoolboy verses to be works of genius: Thereupon he was rumoured to be dead, the literary journalists deplored the loss, and d'Annunzio himself arrived in Rome to reassure and console them. The salons of princesses were thrown open to him, he married a high-born lady and was a father at twenty. Marriage was a starting-point rather than a refuge from passionate adventures. He made his way with hot, pitiless tales of the Abruzzese peasantry and fisherfolk, and with warm, caressing lyrics of the summer nights of Rome. For the Italy that was striving to be a new England, and failing in the colonial as in the economic field, he little cared. Not that he failed to draw English influence into his art and into the model of manhood shown there; but the England he learned to know—an England no doubt well represented in Roman drawing-rooms of the time—was the England that had reacted against what Cavour admired, railways, factories, and a virtuous solvency—it was pre-Raphaelite, æsthetic England.

But, really, d'Annunzio may have said to himself, should Italians learn from English lips that Mona Lisa's smile is more precious than the Rand Mines: that in a world of villains a church-building Malatesta deserves better than a chapel-going labour sweater?

If success in life, as the English Walter Pater says, comes in the multiplicity and subtlety of responses to colour and form, that is a field in which the Italian can hunt success on his own account, and not measure his prowess against that of any alien. Italians created the world of fair forms into which English and German æsthetes painfully climb; the Italian will walk in it and

be at home; and what he has created he will recreate.

Englishmen and Germans of the nineteenth century cultivated the Italian Renaissance as a heritage of unrivalled, perhaps never more to be rivalled, artistic achievement, which under the stimulus of rediscovered antiquity the Italians had brought forth, leaving then the other nations, the French, English, Dutch and Germans to develop the more serious, still growing germs of science and social organization. But an Italian would challenge the claim of other nations to have brought to a still unexhausted maturity the substantial fruits, leaving Italy only the honour of the flower. Italy would claim to be the mistress also of sciences, of technical accomplishment, of the means of power. From an æstheticism worthy of any minor Oscar Wilde—witness the sailing trip with Adolfo de Bosis in a yacht laden with Turkish and Persian carpets, an inlaid table from which to sip coffee, and a blue and white banner in the bows—d'Annunzio emerged to glorify the submarine and the aeroplane, weapons of pride and of prey. The pious moderation of Victorian England he despised and ridiculed.

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D'Annunzio's was not the first to challenge the English model. If in 1860 Cavour desired to create, in the Italian peninsula, a new England, with Turin for Manchester, and Savoy for Hanoverians, other Italian patriots accused him of selling the national soul for a dynastic triumph. Vincenzo Gioberti, author of the "Primacy of Italy" envisaged an Italy federally organized under presidency of the Pope, a nucleus for a wider federation of Christian countries around Rome. Gioberti revised his demands after 1849, and died before 1860, but he had turned the desires of thousands (in a country where readers were not counted in millions) towards an Italy that would not be a new England. Nor did Mazzini set any store by limited liability companies, railway development, or a Constitution of checks and balances. Garibaldi, so far as he had any aims beyond the next adventure, was of Mazzini's mind. Thus when Cavour died, the unification of Italy ensured but uncompleted, his English-minded successors appeared to many ardent patriots as half-way house men, destined to yield when the resolute could again take breath. But romantic enthusiasts, Catholic or humanitarian, offered no serious

plan for replacing the constitutional Parliamentary State. Cavour's friends, gentry of Piedmont, Tuscany and also of Naples, grew old; a party calling itself "the left" took office, with no great change except some financial disorder; a subtle bureaucrat, Agostino Depretis, drew the leaders of both parties into a coalition. The country jogged on, poor, disaffected, above all bored.

But in the year of Queen Victoria's first jubilee—the year also, perhaps, of d'Annunzio's highest fame as the sovereign of a private æsthetic world—Depretis died, and the man who now seized firmly on the power derived from a nerveless assembly was Francesco Crispi, an old Mazzinian. By turns Republican and Monarchist, aristocrat and democrat, enemy and ally of the Vatican, Crispi had never acquiesced in an Italy of minor dimensions and submissive, imitative disposition. In his few years of power he threw out challenges to France, strove to strengthen Italy by an understanding with the Vatican, and failed to conquer Abyssinia. He had a short way with the press and with any political group that withstood him, instituting Special Tribunals in Sicily, dissolving Socialist associations, and making use of "compulsory domicile" orders to keep malcontents away from the great centres. Crispi roused his adversaries to fanatical hatred, was denounced as a crypto-bigamist, fraudulent financier, and (when one of his chief opponents was killed in duel) assassin at one remove. His enemies hounded him out of office after the disaster of Adowa in March, 1896.

From the confusion, riots, state of siege of the turn of the century Italy emerged after the assassination of King Humbert (1900) with a Government under Giuseppe Zanardelli (1901—1903) zealous for economic and social welfare and for the betterment of the Italians in accordance with the doctrines of the sociologists then held in great veneration. To the raillery of the Church against "science" and to the grandiloquent laments of The Crispine imperialists, Zanardelli opposed a display of energetic practical benevolence, starting with a personal tour of distressed areas. The organizers of the working-class movement were with this man of peace and goodwill. And when Giolitti, a second Depretis, student of men's weaknesses and foibles, and of the chinks in their armour, followed upon

Zanardelli, and retained the effective power until the world war, the organized Socialists, and all who were benefiting from a rapid material progress achieved in these years, were with him too.

But against this Government of practical, moderate (it must also be added astute and readily compromising) Progressives, young men in various quarters rose intolerantly. This was not the Italy they wanted. The Catholics were stirring, reproachfully, prodding the Vatican into some sort of a crusade in favour of a less crudely material Paradise than that of the Parliamentary progressives. Echoing Gioberti, Don Romolo Murri, a brilliant priest, preached a prophetic racial mysticism. He left the Church, and for a time entered active politics. Antonio Fogazzaro had a vast circle of readers for the novels in which the hero opted for a Catholicism tempered by psychical research, after inclining towards a revolutionary socialism, but pausing only for a contemptuous moment to consider the middle way of democracy and rationalism. Giovanni Papini inveighed against a cult of human betterment that seemed to have as its chief aim the deferment of death. Modern life is intense, he cried, and needs a toll of death. Italy must be ready to risk a loss of life. Enrico Corradini stumped the cities of Italy with lectures on the need for a spice of audacity, a risk assumed in the cause of national grandeur, to make the life of forty million Italians worth living at all.

Among the Socialists, too, those inheriting Mazzinian traditions mingled now with the alien doctrines of Bakunin and Sorel, rebelled against the leaders who had quietly made the trade unions part of a smoothly running monarchico-constitutional "New England." They too wanted colour and sensation, even at the cost of blood and flame. Before long Giolitti achieved his masterpiece in compromise: to the heated and cheated sensationalists he gave a Colonial War in which some could participate as heroic soldiers, others as heroic revolutionaries derailing trains and inducing the soldiers to break their ranks.

D'Annunzio had entered Parliament half a generation before this Libyan war, just after the fall of Crispi. Starting as a high Conservative, he worked round quickly to Socialism and then, bored with politics, retired to a hunting-lodge in Tuscany. But

already, some years since, he had found occasion to invest with the complex scintillation of his art the warships of Italy—ships on which a renewed Italian genius in construction and engineering conferred even some international dignity. With the Libyan war d'Annunzio stepped forward as the bard of Italian ambitious to dominate the Mediterranean as *Mare Nostrum*; and with the Great War he showed, to the confusion of his detractors, that he was ready himself to fight gallantly by sea and air, in his fifty-fifth year. Then, with his raid on Fiume, he struck from within the first serious and organized blow at the Constitutional Italy fashioned in the image of England. The writer remembers hearing his disciple Marinetti proclaim at a public meeting in Rome some such words as these "There is no King left in Italy except d'Annunzio, no God except d'Annunzio."

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In the obituary notices of the Italian Press it is made plain that d'Annunzio was the national bard of pre-Fascist, not of Fascist Italy. In fact he may be regarded as the Tyrtæus of all those who whether from "the Right" or from "the Left" (he was now with one, now with the other almost to the last) set out to smash up the Italy that was striving to become a new, but minor England. (And here the writer must acknowledge that a modelling after the image of France was also the purpose of some Italian strivings, calling forth in their turn a current of anti-French reaction, now mingling, now quite divergent from the reaction against the imitation of England).

The urge towards a more Italian, a truly Italian Italy has been overwhelming; it has triumphed in its crudest form. Rare Italians—not now in power or favour—have been able to espouse a vigorous, independent patriotism, and yet to feel a greater patriotism towards a Europe in which the English, the Italian, and other national modes of thought must be integrated, or cease to flourish. We must try to understand that the future Italy which will never again be mistakeable for "a new England."

GREY SQUIRREL

BY PHYLLIS KELWAY.

SOMEWHERE, somehow, the grey squirrel has received a liberal education; he is a stout fellow, well equipped to stand up to the Order made against him under the Destructive Imported Animals Act, 1932. His life in future will be more adventurous than of old; he will need to have all his wits about him. As an outlaw he will be more rudely chastised in one part of the country than in another, but, however swiftly the campaign moves (and already thousands of his kind have been brought to book), his end will not be immediate. For this, many of his friends (but not farmers) will be glad; it would be hard luck for any creature to be wiped out without any run for his money, just because a few people in Westminster had discussed him to his disadvantage. Yet apparently the grey American had no case to offer, for he left his case undefended, and put in no appearance when his number was called. I doubt if he ever had an adequate excuse for his behaviour. After all is said and done, he cannot deny that he has a sweet tooth for most fruits; that he enjoys the inner bark of young trees; green, living shoots and buds; ripe seeds and corn. He will eat eggs too, and in doing so has ranged against him those who might otherwise be his friends—the nature lovers and biologists. A friend tells me that on his own land grey squirrels have practically exterminated or driven away such birds as blackcaps and whitethroats. Similar records, valuable when they are authentic, come from various parts of the country. It seems to me, that if I were a Lesser Whitethroat, for instance, sitting upon my loosely woven hammock slung low to ground beneath the bramble stems, and I suddenly saw that rat-like, keen-eyed face at eye level, I should bolt for the sake of my own skin without thought even for my eggs. . . . What with stoats and weasels and cats and

land-rats, our warblers have quite sufficient to strive against without voracious tree-rats into the bargain. The whitethroats may dance in impotent rage and churr their mightiest, but no brave scorn of theirs will stop that grey burglar from forcing an entry. Apart from the actual theft of eggs and young, the psychological effect of the grey squirrel's presence among small birds is undoubtedly bad. No creature can live contentedly where he is afraid.

"A robin redbreast in a cage sets all Heaven in a rage." Well, I have kept both red and grey squirrels in captivity—not in cages exactly, if a cage consists as my pocket dictionary says, of a "box to confine birds"—but certainly in buildings where they did not enjoy their full liberty. My last pairs of red and grey were reared from babies, but I made no attempt to tame them. Their friendliness arose solely from their innate good nature; I left them to please themselves, and if their pleasure lay in making swallow dives into my pockets and searching for way-ward nuts behind my ears, then mine the glory.

I have no word to say in favour of the grey except that he is lovable. His rough, boisterous mannerisms have their appeal for anyone who admires the sight of swift, clean leaps, free from bungling, and bright, undaunted eyes, free from fear. People like him for the confiding lift of his head, his friendly way of eating from the hand, and his nimble erratic jumps over the ground to the nearest tree-trunk; they cannot help pausing to "stand and stare" when he crosses their path, and afterwards they remember the flashing glance of his wide dark eye, and the lofty promotion of his white-tipped tail. Sometimes he lollops over the grass like an easy-minded grey kangaroo; sometimes he creeps forward, belly to ground and tail dropped low, curious and eager, like a peering land-rat. He cannot resist poking at things; he must know exactly what is above and below: but the trouble did not arise over his methods of research, but over his appetite. In the neighbourhood of gardens he raids the fruit beds; he tugs the strings of black currants to see if they are good to eat, and when they come away in his hand, he drops them on the floor as though deliberately to exasperate the gardener. Few fruits are amiss to him; he is terrifyingly omnivorous. In private woodlands, although he does not

necessarily confine himself to private property, he rings young sycamore trees, beech, and guelder roses. He strips what the forestry people call "leaders" of trees of great variety, having a preference for hardwoods.

This selection of hardwoods is important; people have attacked the Forestry Commissioners for taking no action against the grey squirrel, and in reply the Commissioners have retorted that the grey is found in only a few forests, where he is killed in the course of ordinary routine. They state that they are certainly concerned with the status of the grey as a forest pest but that in their opinion he is less important than half a dozen other wild animals. In this half dozen they include the red squirrel, who has caused them sleepless nights on account of the damage he does in pine woods. Doubtless, the shoulders of the Forestry Commissioners are broad and they can stand a good deal. Private owners feel mad when countless greys appear able to take refuge on the Forestry Commission areas; but the fact remains that the grey is not a lover of conifers, and the woods of the Forestry Commissioners consist chiefly of conifers and not hardwoods. With the Prohibition of Importation and Keeping Order, 1937, in force the Forestry Commissioners may have more trouble with the grey squirrel; up to this year he has preferred the more residential districts as breeding grounds, but when the residents turn against him and call him an outlaw, he must perforce prove his adaptability once more and throw himself upon the mercy of the Forest people. He will receive no mercy, poor devil, but that he must learn.

In agricultural districts the grey squirrel joins with the house-sparrow to shell the ripe ears of corn, but he comes into the field earlier in the day than the sparrow and is as fond of the sweet, milky green ears as he is of the golden grain. Some farmers offer a shilling a head for dead grey squirrels, and in that case you may be sure the greys upon his land number no more than a dozen; but others offer twopence, threepence, or sixpence, according to the size of the squirrel army.

The grey squirrel is like many birds; he enjoys being near human beings. He could, if he chose, migrate to the vast unpopulated area of the New Forest; instead, he prefers to

live within sound of the Centre of Bournemouth. Once I had a grey squirrel in a wired-in yard in the garden; he lived with his wife, and every morning we had a conversation about the hardness of nuts and the ripeness of bananas before I went to the office. I went for a holiday of three weeks, leaving a carefully planned menu pinned upon their door. When I returned I found them both thin and limp. They would eat nothing. Their food was untouched. I changed their diet, buying expensive titbits they had not seen before, but they lay in the sun, closing their eyes. Someone said: "They have been lonely without you, I think. No one has played with them."

I gave them forty-eight hours in which to die. They would not eat even peanuts. A grey squirrel who can look a peanut in the face without desire for it is already dead and buried. . . . But I put on my tweed coat again, because they had always liked tweed better than silk, and talked with them. At first they were disinterested; they had scarcely the politeness to raise their heads. I spanked one of them on his off-side; he took my hand lightly in his teeth and glanced up with a "how could you?" look in his eyes. So I spanked them both, and stood beside them in my tweed coat; then I pulled their tails. All squirrels hate having their tails touched. At last one of them took my hand in both his hands, pressing his nails hard in, and held one finger between his yellowed teeth. He appeared less bored; he sat on his haunches, looking pensive. We poked together in the dry leaves in search of a non-existent nut; he was angry when we could not find it, and remonstrated. And deep pockets, he jumped stiffly upon my back. That is the beginning and not the end, after all. We talked and gibbered together; we discussed the probabilities of another John Buchan's hot spell; we argued upon the correct curve of an S tail. For many days they pecked at their food, eating nothing unless coaxed, but we had turned the corner.

All squirrels have a playful side to their nature; they love to romp, be their playmate fellow squirrel or a mere human. Red squirrels are not as trusting because they are not as bold as the greys. The grey will pester you with sharp nips and clutching nails when he has not exactly what he wants, but the red is too shy to make a nuisance of himself. Both my red and grey

squirrels would fall into furious abuse when things had gone wrong with them, fuming and bubbling inside like kettles on the boil. They had both a quaint swaggering manner, but there was always something more elfin-like about the red; the red would look like a storm-tossed auburn beech leaf flapping on a bough, while the grey only succeeded in looking like an incensed stock-broker in bowler hat, whose waistcoat buttons might burst through excess of temper. Squirrels can be very outspoken; they make no attempt to hide their feelings; and if you do not know them well, you wonder how much is blustering wrath and how much the prelude to physical attack. There is none of that dumb animal appeal in squirrels; none of that cow-like stare of chewing-the-cud, or spaniel-like patience of waiting-for-master. They are gay, flighty creatures, sure of life, but in awe of it, triumphant yet polished. The polish is on the red rather than on the grey; maybe this is as well, for if the red had to suffer half the worries and afflictions of the grey, he would succumb in a month. The grey is intelligent and quick to suspect when his skin is in danger, but I am afraid he will take long to learn that an Order has been made against him.

He visited this country by invitation; he will not understand in a minute why or how his invitation has expired. To eat—there's the rub—to eat with a healthy appetite. To be a Rodent and therefore a gnawing mammal; to destroy in eating and gnawing what Man wants for himself; these are his sins. Any one of us, had creation been different, might so easily have blundered into an Order of the same denomination and thus been outlawed. . . .

The grey squirrel has the misfortune to be considerably larger than the red. The red appears bigger than he is when seen leaping from branch to branch, but actually he only measures about sixteen inches from tip of nose to tip of tail, exclusive of the hairs at the tail's tip; and his weight is usually less than a pound. Both red and grey vary in length, but I have kept a male grey who measured one-third more than a female red. Bulky people need not necessarily have larger appetites than thin individuals, but the grey squirrel has an appetite that is approximately twice as big as that of the red.

I have tested this carefully over the period of a year with two greys in one house and two reds in another. In winter the reds retired to bed for two or three days at a time in cold weather, and therefore ate nothing; but the greys, with the exception of several days over a bad snowfall, ate as heartily from October until March as they did in spring and summer. In hot weather, say in July, the reds doubled their daily ration, while the greys ate about the same. The reds will scrutinize with loathing half the meals which are gobbled down with alacrity by the greys.

When I was away from home once, someone gave my reds semolina pudding, an item that was not on the menu. They turned up their noses, and were unsporting enough to spill a few blobs of the stuff upon the floor, for when I returned, the dainty red female flung herself upon my shoulder, saying, "look! he gave us semolina pudding!" On inquiry I discovered worse: they had received chocolates. Now, both red and grey squirrels had been eating a carefully arranged diet, one that I considered well balanced, as the dry mash of poultry might be, and I was somewhat wrath. The greys had stomachs of iron, but the reds had always to be regardful of their meals lest they should shake the stability of their inside arrangements. Whatever food I gave the reds seemed to make no difference to their size. They agreed to grow up from babyhood, but after they were nine months old, they refused to add another millimetre. After a month of wholesome food you may find their bust measurements the same, their hip measurements the same, their waist measurements the same. You may feed them on milk daily, buttered toast, porridge, corn, and honey covered with cream, all of which they will devour to the last crumb; they will lick the platter clean with their elegant pink tongues, but they will increase neither their girth nor stature. The greys seem able to wax fat on an apple a day. Yet every squirrel, even the grey, seems to be of the lean kind. They do not fatten like pigs or sheep; their nervous energy keeps them too busy; I have yet to meet the pig who exhausts his surplus fat on nervous energy. The result of this red and grey food question appears to be that the grey's capital is good, while the frail, fine-boned frame of the

red trembles on the verge of insolvency. In an illness the grey would survive, whereas the red might succumb. After prolonged damp weather our indigenous red squirrel is sometimes wiped out from a wood; he catches cold quickly and suffers from lung troubles. From my own experience the grey has fewer disorders than the red, and with less to contend with would always stand a better chance of survival. The experience of others may be different, but I think we should be wary of blaming the grey for the absence of the red from woods where the red should supposedly be; for the disappearance of the red is frequently due to self-banishment, or rather, to the fate that has made him a refined little red gentleman instead of a lusty grey bounder.

Is it fit to trust any wild creature, if we ourselves are capitalists? The fox steals our hens. The mice nibble our wheat; the hawks swoop upon the mice, but the hawks take also our pheasants. The rats devour everything that is ours; the owls pounce upon the rats but the owls—what have they taken too? One man's meat is another man's poison. Squirrels gnaw at our woods; if we value a thousandth part of the woods more than the squirrels, the squirrels must go. We cast forth that which is out of the scale of our reckoning, and that which has weighed down the balance upon the wrong side. The grey squirrel travelled from America years ago, an innocent and important young fellow. He could not suspect the peck of trouble lying in store for him; he could not know that in due course he must be the subject of an inquiry. Dealing with him now, we speak harshly of him, calling him rascal, villain, thief. The Order, from our point of view as capitalists, is right, whether we own a dozen black currant bushes or a thousand acres of beech wood; but do you demand that he should slink away with his tail between his legs? I do not think it matters what you wish; the grey squirrel will sink with his flag flying. He has not changed from the hungry creature of America, the pest who in that country, too, had a price on his head; he has not changed from the voracious, eager-eyed animal let loose in Regent's Park when folk named him "sweet," "charming," "delightful to watch," "a friend of the children." He has not altered. Still, strangely, he has four legs and a tail, two round ears and whiskers, a know-

ing intelligent face, a snow-white chest, and long-fingered hands, clothed in grey gloves.

How we forget!

I hold no brief for the grey squirrel, and if I did, it could make no difference now. He has broken our laws; he must die, but what fun he has given us—in our parks, in our gardens. He has descended from his tree-tops to eat from our hands. Never mind the reason why: friendliness in a wild creature is a touching, charming gift too rare to be ignored. We have paid for his gift with our plums and our pears, our cherries and the fruits we cherish. Many a smallholder has smiled to see the grey thief skipping over the garden fence with a slice of bread-and-butter held in his hand. But with the rate of his increase he has touched our pockets. No animal may touch a man's pocket and live unproved; that is the law of civilization. When we are young we receive our penny a week; we think the pennies will go on for ever, but when we are old we know better. When we are old, other folk dun us for our precious pennies—in the street, in the country, wherever we walk. If our pennies were safe we should ignore the grey squirrel, but they are not.

THE AUSTRALIAN SCENE, 1938

BY L. C. WILCHER.

THIS year the people of New South Wales are celebrating their State's one-hundred-and-fiftieth birthday. Sesquicentenary they call it, perhaps because they feel that the extra two syllables emphasize to the full their superiority over those miserable beings, the Victorians, who three years ago could only manage a mere centenary; or maybe it is because they really like the word. But call it what you will, the fact remains that Australia's oldest city has now a century and a half to its credit; and that, as Mr. Mantalini would have said, is a demm'd long time. Long enough, at all events, to have some sort of song-and-dance about—especially in Australia, where any excuse for a communal jubilation is good enough. Let the moralist condemn the light-heartedness of a people who can celebrate while Spain and China burn, let historians talk gloomily of *panem et circenses* and the decline of a civilization, let old Poison Pen corrode European relations to his heart's content—Sydney will still enjoy itself during the year 1938. Her age is not so immense as to prevent her from gambolling with the best.

It is not, however, the purpose of this article to describe, boost or justify the revels; nor is it my intention to make them an excuse for gloating patriotically over the material progress of my country. It is remarkable enough that a city so prosperous and so magnificent as modern Sydney should stand on ground which in 1788 was a virgin wilderness: but the phenomenon is not unique by any means, nor has it passed unnoticed. Melbourne, Singapore, Chicago, San Francisco, Toronto—or, for that matter, Liverpool and Glasgow—have the same story to tell, and people are past being amused by it. Instead, then, of indulging in an outburst of naïve enthusiasm, let us examine the Australian scene soberly and analytically,

and try to determine what kind of civilization has been built up in this country. It is a hundred and fifty years since the British began their invasion of the Australian continent, and it seems reasonable to suppose that it is now possible to recognize the essential shape and direction of their subsequent development here.

To begin with, Australia's civilization, despite wide variations in climate, is almost completely homogeneous. It is inevitable, of course, that in a country stretching over thirty-two degrees of latitude there should be a few cultural variations. Thus, to take a simple example. The weatherboard house which is such a feature of suburban Melbourne is entirely absent from the hotter streets of Adelaide, where it would be uninhabitable in the summer; while the piles on which most Brisbane houses stand have no place in the domestic architecture of Sydney. Some observers, moreover, profess themselves able to detect differences in accent from State to State, and there are many who are convinced that Sydney is more "americanized" than the other capitals. Regional differences of this kind, however, are few and superficial, and for the most part the observant visitor will remark throughout the continent a uniformity of social habit and mental outlook quite astonishing in so vast a country.

"The housewife, whether her iron-roofed kitchen is situated on the 'pola-front' of southern Victoria or in the steaming coastal plain of Queensland, observes the same hours of labour, cooks the same stews and puddings, and goes shopping in the same fashion of hat." *

Politically a Federation, Australia is culturally a unit. Land at whatever port you like and you are at once in the heart of Australia; you will find in each capital city vested interests and local loyalties sufficiently strong to make political unification impossible, but you will also find the same political, economic and educational machinery, the same gods and the same stock of moral ideas. Nowhere in the world do communities so widely scattered conform so rigidly to type; know one and you know them all.

so that Australia's civilization is essentially urban. Not only do the majority of our people (at the moment about 64 per cent. of them) live in what are officially known as "urban incorporated areas" of 2,000 inhabitants and over, but rather more than half of them (or nearly five-sixths of the total urban population) are concentrated in the six capital cities. It is not surprising, therefore, that, although the country is the basis of Australia's economic prosperity, the cities are the centre of its culture. When Sydney catches a cold, it can be said, all New South Wales sneezes. Weight of numbers, the predominantly urban character of the press, the presence of most of our public men in the capitals—these and countless other factors have given the social structure a distinctly urban flavour. John Citizen, not Farmer Dave, is the characteristic Australian figure, for what John is thinking today Dave, sturdily independent though he is, will be thinking tomorrow. A similar tendency is to be found in most other parts of the modern world, but there is this difference: in most of the "old" countries the persistence of local traditions and local dialects has endowed the provinces with some measure of resistance to urban influence. But in Australia there are no bulwarks. The average farmer in this country seldom regards his land as a place on which to build up a permanent home for himself and his family: his object, usually, is to make money as quickly as he can and retire to the city. The people who teach his children, the papers he reads, the very machinery and technique he uses in his job—these all come from the city, and it is towards the city that his eyes are always turning.

In the face of these facts, then, it would be patently absurd to look for the roots of our national culture either in geography or in the backblocks. Geo-physical factors have determined where the invaders of the continent would settle and have limited the area of invasion, but in general they have not exerted a controlling influence over Australia's development: the backblocks contain the secret of our economic progress, but they have not moulded the national type. One is accordingly tempted to ask whether it is permissible to talk of an *Australian* national culture at all—whether, when all is said and done,

homo Australianus is vastly different from his relative *homo Britannicus*.

One thing is certain: there is a deep-rooted and widely held belief that he is. Take, for instance, the attitude of the average Englishman. During the course of four years in England I never actually met anybody who thought of my compatriots as a race of bullock-drivers and Kangaroo-hunters in red shirts, but I met a great many who clearly thought us an odd lot, a queer alien breed, immensely crude, full of peculiar notions and cursed with even more peculiar voices. In my own case the point was irrevocably driven home by the young man—quite an intelligent young man, who afterwards took a First in Greats—who stopped me one day in the quadrangle of our college and asked me if I was interested in the Oxford Group. Sensing from my somewhat startled demeanour that an explanation was required, he said, "You're an Australian, aren't you?" Upon my admitting the soft impeachment he went on to say, "We came across another Australian recently, a fearful tough. Made things too hot for himself even in Australia; but we cleaned him up. He's still a tough, of course, but quite decent." "Even in Australia" was good, and is still a precious memory, although it did not win a convert to the Group. And in that slip of the tongue was revealed the impression which nine Englishmen out of ten have of their Antipodean cousins—an impression of crude heartiness and unrefinement.

What the Antipodean cousins think of the Englishman is on the whole rather more flattering, but it follows broadly the same lines. A good, if exaggerated, specimen of the Australian outlook is to be found in the writings of that ardent Australian nationalist, Mr. P. R. Stephensen, whose book *The Foundations of Culture in Australia*, published a few years ago, still causes ranklings in the hearts of local Anglophiles. Mr. Stephensen is quite explicit: the English are a charming people, but their's is the charm of decadence. The descendants of "the stay-at-homes, the unadventurous," they have suffered the inevitable fate of a people who live by drawing dividends from overseas—they have lost their punch. "Bread and circuses—the dole and Wembley Stadium, the dole and Harringay Park dog-track, the dole and the Coronation procession—are we to be blind to

history's parallels?"* For Mr. Stephensen, then, the writing is on the wall; the Empire is falling apart, rotten at the heart, because the English are becoming too nerveless, too effete to hold it together. With this degeneracy he compares the fresh virility of the Australians, still engaged with unimpaired vigour in subduing a continent, with at least a century of development and expansion before them. He has, in short, accepted my Oxford Grouper's recipe, changed the names of its ingredients, and made it into a jorum palatable for home consumption.

This popular distinction between Home and Colonial is too widely accepted to be ignored or brushed aside, and undoubtedly there is something in it, as far as it goes. But how far does it go? Frankly, as I see it, it is just another case of confusion between accidentals and essentials. The most obvious thing about every stranger is his strangeness—his little surface peculiarities, his accent, his intonation, the words he uses—and we are inclined to let our consciousness of these blind us to the things we have in common with him. This error is natural, but it is none the less misleading; and to realize exactly how misleading it can be we have only to revert to Mr. Stephensen for a moment. In his eagerness to prove that the English are decadent he uses evidence which, if valid, would convict the Australians of being degenerate beyond redemption. The dole, Wembley Stadium, the Coronation procession—all have their counterparts in Australia, yet somehow Mr. Stephensen misses the fact. It is fairly obvious why.

Australia's history began in 1788, some years after Watt's invention of the steam-engine and only a short twelve months before the fall of the Bastille—two events which may be taken as symbolizing forces that changed the face of civilization more rapidly and more completely than it had ever been changed before. While Phillip was on his way to Botany Bay the two great streams of tendency—the one economic and the other political—which have shaped the modern world were already at work. The life of our country, in fact, falls entirely within the era of Brave New World, the world of Rousseau and Mazzini, of Watt, Rothschild and Henry Ford; and the most striking feature of this world is the way in which it has become progressively more

* *The Australian Rhodes Review* No. 3, p. 4.

standardized. Over the past hundred and fifty years the non-transferable elements of civilization, to use the phrase by which Keyserling described the habits and institutions peculiar to individual nations, have been fighting an ever-losing battle against the encroachment of institutions which are as transferable as the parts of a Morris car. The encroachment has been greater in some countries than in others, but everywhere it has been marked. To-day Turki peasants are using tractors made in Chicago, Chinese students catchwords made in Moscow, and every country is approximating more and more to a common pattern.

Australia is no exception, in fact, she began to resemble the pattern earlier than most. Actually the new industrialism and political democracy did not reach her until the middle of the nineteenth century, but in the sixty years which intervened between the landing at Botany Bay and their arrival here few or no barriers in the form of local interests and traditions, were built to resist them. It would not be incorrect to say, indeed, that except in one matter nothing which happened in Australia prior to 1850 had any significant effect on her subsequent development. The exception was the foundation of the wool industry and its by-product, a pseudo-aristocracy of large sheep-farmers, which dates back to 1820. The squatter, still a prominent figure in Australian life, had entrenched himself by the forties, and would have resisted the new forces if he could; but they were too strong for him.

The event which marked the turning-point and which, in fact, precipitated the new evolution was the discovery of gold—the most important single event in Australian history. Gold had been found in various parts of the country some time prior to 1850, but the authorities, influenced by a not misplaced fear of the consequences, had successfully kept the finds dark. In 1850, however, suppression was no longer possible. Soon the names Ballarat and Bendigo were on the lips of the world, and the roads north of Melbourne black with hurrying fortune-seekers. So great was the rush that within ten years the population of the country had more than doubled, and in those ten years the whole course of Australian history had been changed. The new arrivals were no listless convicts, no bored warders;

they were a restless, acquisitive breed, the last people on earth to live in Sleepy Hollow under the sway of a conservative ruling caste. Theirs was the spirit of the new age in its most primitive form—predatory, experimental and aggressive—and in their portmanteaux came the new capitalism and the new political creed. Chartist ideas and a get-rich-at-any-price complex—such was their two-fold contribution to their newly adopted land. The older colonial elements strove to curb them, but the struggle was brief; by 1861, the year of the Robertson Land Acts, the new elements had triumphed, and a new Australia had emerged, ardently democratic and eagerly receptive of any novel means of wringing wealth more successfully from the earth. It is significant that “digger,” the name by which the Australian soldier was universally known during the War, and which sums up in itself the Australian genius, belongs to this period. It is also appropriate for the Australians who fought in 1914-18 were essentially the grandchildren of the diggers of 1850.

At this point it would be convenient, I think, to state two general conclusions. The first is that Australia's culture is the product not of geography, but of history. So far from having been determined by the *genius loci*, it is the fruit of an historical accident; it is not indigenous to the soil, but imported. Furthermore, although it has taken firm root in the soil, it has not been notably creative on its own account. Australia's contributions to the Europe from which she has taken so much can be counted on the fingers of one hand; when you have mentioned merino wool, the slump-jump plough, the Victorian ballot and Australian football you have virtually covered them all. In the second place, this culture found little, when it reached Australia, to mellow and refine it. The heritages from a more gracious past which counterbalanced the starker side of industrial England did not exist in this country. When the forces which produced, say, Jarrow reached Australia, they found a *tabula rasa* on which they were able to perpetrate their fell work unimpeded, with the result that they produced a culture which in essence belongs wholly to the modern world.

It must not be supposed, however, that the invaders of Australia were completely dead to the refinements of life, or that they failed even at the outset to make sane provision for

them. The reminiscences of many a pioneer betray a curious heart-ache for the charming things left behind, and the names Keswick, Horsham, Red Hill and Cheltenham, attached to some of the drabdest places in Australia, are proof that the immigrants did not think of the homeland altogether in terms of Manchester and Wigan. Material necessity compelled them to make a landscape of slag-heaps and wire-fences, but they were not content that it always should be so. Every capital city (except, perhaps, Sydney) and most large towns bear traces of intelligent and imaginative town-planning; most farms have their ring of trees and hedges; and everywhere there is ample proof that the gardener has been at work for the best part of a century. Evidence of another kind, but equally convincing, is to be found in the educational sphere. The Kings School, Parramatta, founded in the 'thirties, has already celebrated its centenary; and the celebration, significantly enough, took the form of an exchange of courtesies with its prototype, The King's School, Canterbury. The decade following upon 1847 saw the planting of a whole crop of Public Schools, notably Hutchings School (Launceston), St. Peter's College (Adelaide), and the Melbourne and Sydney Grammar Schools, all of which are still in existence. The same period witnessed the establishment of Universities in Sydney and Melbourne. To-day, incidentally, there are seven Universities in Australia, most of them at least up to the standard of the English provincial universities, two of them catering for nearly four thousand students each; while in Melbourne alone there are six public schools teaching over three thousand boys. These figures should leave no doubt as to the readiness with which Australians have sought and used opportunities for higher education. How well they have used them it is for others to judge.

In this field, even less than in the material sphere, has the Australian struck out on an independent line of his own. In the face of economic difficulties he has occasionally invented something new—e.g., merino wool, Federation wheat and the stump-jump plough; but "culturally" (to use the word in its narrower sense) he has consistently relied on British models. When he makes a garden he plants imported trees—elms and

oaks, pines, poplars and planes—and only rarely, as in Perth, has it occurred to him to make any extensive use of that magnificent ornament, the flowering gum. When he builds a church or hall he seldom gets beyond some form of Gothic—the University buildings at Perth and the public buildings at Canberra being the only two instances of an architecture suited to the environment which, off-hand, I can think of. When he founds a school he instinctively turns to England for guidance, and although only two Australian schools resemble the English Public School in the sense that the majority of their boys are boarders, most of them conform closely to the type in every other respect. As for the universities, their character can be gauged from the fact that four-fifths of the lecturers have had English or Scottish training of one kind or other, and that nine-tenths of the undergraduates hope to get it. Only the other day an undergraduate asked me if he should apply for a Rhodes Scholarship, and seeing that I was registering surprise he said, "Oh, I know I'm not good enough, but the fact is that I would give my soul to get to Oxford." His attitude is not uncommon.

There was a time when this tendency to treat the Motherland as a sort of Mecca met with a certain measure of hostility. In the 'nineties of last century Australian nationalism was something of a cult, and sufficiently strong to be taken seriously. *The Bulletin*, which had its heyday in that decade, used then to preach the doctrine of Australia and an Australian Culture for the Australians, and even went to the length of evolving that queer jargon which it still uses and which was presumably meant to serve as a native substitute for standard English. With the passage of time, however, the isolationist school has lost most of its adherents and much of its ferocity; with the increase of travel and the improvement in communications the gap between Australia and England has narrowed, not widened. Here and there to-day you may still meet people who preach the nationalist creed—who are impatient because we teach English rather than Australian history to our children, because we go on putting up buildings which are inappropriate to the bright sunlight of our land, because our artists and poets are slow to throw off the shackles of their British heritage; but

they are few and far between. It is just possible that such people are right, and that we would be healthier if we were more independent-minded, but most Australians refuse to think so. The most, in fact, that can be said for Australian nationalism in the year 1938 is that it is an interesting but unimportant survival.

Let there be no mistake. I am not suggesting for a moment that Australians as a class are actively conscious of their affinity to the homelander, nor that (except in what is called Society) they are influenced by any loyal desire to be as like them as they can. But whether they see it or not, whether they like it or not, the fact remains that Australia is essentially a British country. Ninety-seven per cent. of its inhabitants had their origin in the British Isles (75 per cent. in England, Scotland and Wales, the rest in Ireland); its legal and political institutions (Federation apart) are British to the core; its machines and its minds, its libraries and its religious sects are part of a British heritage. *Homo Australianus*, in fact, is a provincial *homo Britannicus*—a little cruder, perhaps, but much the same kind of fellow at bottom. There is no apparent reason why he should cease to be so.

* * * *

It remains very briefly to consider the bearing of all this on Australia's political relationship with Great Britain. In this country, as in all others, most people at the present time are casting an uneasy eye over the international scene and wondering what its gloomy appearance portends. The dark outlook is recognized as being of direct interest to Australia, and this because of two possibilities; first, that she might be involved in a war with Italy or Germany or both on Great Britain's account, and secondly that she might be involved in a war with Japan on her own account. The first of these contingencies is thought to be likely, the second remote, but it is agreed that both have to be taken seriously into account. Australia is accordingly following the common example, and is arming herself as fast as is politically and financially possible.

The situation, as far as it affects Anglo-Australian relations, is somewhat complex, but it can be sketched in something like these terms. Australia is a Pacific country, with no direct

interest in European affairs as such, and she is too remote from Europe seriously to suffer the cupidity of any European Power. But she definitely must fear Japan, against whom she could not hope to defend herself without assistance. Assistance can be looked for from Great Britain alone; therefore, Australia must nurse the British connection; and therefore, as a form of national insurance, she must be prepared to fight for Britain in Europe. That is one view, but there is an alternative. Australia as before, is a nation with Pacific rather than European interests. She need not fear a European invasion, *nor* at the moment need she fear Japan, who has already bitten off as much as she can chew. But in the event of Japanese attack, Britain would almost certainly be kept busy by Japan's European allies and be unable to give Australia any effective assistance. Further, Britain's policy appears to be anti-Japanese, and may compromise Australia, who should strive to be friendly with Japan. Therefore the British connection is useless, and therefore Australia should avoid being caught up in Britain's wars.

Such is the logic of this country's external relationships; but if anybody should imagine an Australian statesman sitting in his study, cold-bloodedly weighing these alternatives off against each other, he would be making a profound mistake. Australia's external policy is not going to be determined by the pros and cons of logic; it will be determined, in 19—as in 1914, by sentiment—by the fact that she is bound to Great Britain by a thousand affinities more compelling than all the logic in the world. When in 1914 British civilization entered the lists with German militarism, Australia automatically went to the Motherland's aid—*because it was her civilization which was being attacked*. The decision was that of a statesman, but he was giving effect to the instinct of a people; and it will be the same again. Mr. Lyons has left no doubt as to where he stands—he stands where Fisher stood in 1914. Mr. Curtin, the Labour leader, is more cautious.

“The safety of Australia and the peace of the nation being our fundamental obligation, we insist that the country shall not be committed to warlike activities *outside Australia* without the absolute and established consent of the Australian people.”

In other words, he would leave it to a Referendum. The result of that Referendum, if it should be held, is a foregone conclusion.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

JUST when finishing this article I read the news that Austria virtually ceases to have a separate existence. If it had gone by the will of the Austrian people, no one need regret. But the end has come in the worst possible way, and with it the last remnants of international Law in Europe are swept into the dustbin. Presumably we shall soon see a new exodus of artists, doctors, and thinkers, convicted of having Jewish blood. The case for unrestricted Jewish immigration to Palestine is formidably strengthened.

Elsewhere events go on in their unpleasing way. Japan continues to demonstrate friendly intentions to China by killing off such Chinese as misunderstand those intentions. Perhaps the most notable fact has been an official pronouncement on the Chinese side that matters must not be considered desperate until the Chinese losses approach one hundred million. It is admitted that to kill one Japanese three Chinese must be sacrificed; but China, according to the statement, is prepared to go on by the book of arithmetic until the last available Japanese is disposed of, leaving China with a balance of a hundred million or so still on foot. We are surely living in a singular world. But how many years it will take to exhaust the Japanese energy of conquest, or the Chinese stubbornness of resistance, no man can at present compute. If the struggle continues long, the expenditure on armament undertaken by the British people and by the American people, which already assumes astronomical figures, may make it possible for the West to intervene decisively. Unless, indeed, the West finds western objectives on which to consume this accumulated power of destruction.

But the first fact to be recognized is that the rest of the world can expect nothing from the United States. I do not know

why anyone should censure that democracy for its desire to keep out of the insane orgies which are afflicting other continents; and we need not be greatly concerned if American critics express the opinion that Great Britain by letting Mr. Eden go has been disgracefully lacking in loyalty to the League of Nations. Jean Jacques Rousseau would probably have been eloquent in denunciation if the infants which he deposited at the door of the Foundling Hospital were not carefully looked after! European democracy has to shift for itself, and must leave China to expect early assistance only from those two formidable allies Space and Time. If and when the tide seems to turn in favour of these generals, not only Europe but America will rush to the assistance of the winning side. Japan, however victorious, cannot count on such assistance; up to this point, a sense of international morality makes itself felt. China may look for help when it becomes reasonably certain that such help will shorten the conflict, to China's advantage; Japan is unlikely to receive anything more than complimentary addresses from those European Powers which applaud Japan's action.

The problem for the European world is how to check the increasing spread of militarist influence. It is recognized in all quarters that policy directed to this end must be backed by **The Personality** powerful armament. France, already formidably of equipped, continues to increase her defence **Lord Halifax** budget, and Mr. Churchill rightly emphasizes that the security of England is protected by the French army, considerably more than the security of France by the British navy; but the internal distractions of France make it impossible for her to assume the lead in Europe—though a strong sense of her European mission is enabling her to limit the domestic conflicts arising out of a social revolution. The lead rests with England, and Mr. Chamberlain has the gravest responsibility for European policy. There is no use in saying that this is the Foreign Minister's job. If the Prime Minister had a policy, and could not agree with the Foreign Secretary as to methods, plainly the Foreign Secretary had to go. Mr. Chamberlain is much too shrewd not to have realized how serious a shock Mr. Eden's resignation would inflict on his Government; and he was faced at once by protest in the House of Commons from so old

and tried a supporter as Major Hills—to say nothing of denunciatory storms from Labour and the Liberals. To many of us there is about Lord Halifax, whom I remember well as a back-bencher in the House of Commons, much of the quality which all men recognized in Sir Edward Grey. It was the native unassuming authority of a great gentleman; that simplicity which marks the highest type of Englishman. He has not Mr. Eden's intimate knowledge of ramifying attachments, feuds, loyalties and detestations all over Europe; but he has more weight of personality and of achievement. When Mr. Baldwin sent him to India in a critical hour, saying that he parted unwillingly from the presence of his most trusted colleague, Lord Halifax disregarded much expert advice in agreeing to meet Mr. Gandhi; yet from that meeting, so far as an outsider can judge, much good resulted to India; and its effect is far from being exhausted. The frank candour which is characteristic of Lord Halifax is the kind that begets frank dealing. If negotiations have to be conducted with the dictators—and it seems agreed on all sides that there should be a general review of international relations—they are more likely to be fruitful with a change in the personality of the British representative. Allowance has to be made for unreasonable as well as reasonable feeling. Mr. Eden, through no fault of his, found himself committed to an attitude of barren opposition to Italy. It will be easier for *Il Duce*—who like every other dictatorial demagogue has his public to consider—to reach agreement with a man who has not a legend hung about his neck, marking him as anti-Italian. But the dictators will be greatly mistaken if they think Lord Halifax less attached to the essential principles of the League of Nations than Mr. Eden—or than any other Englishman in public life.

Austrian independence has gone. It was not easy for Europe to preserve the separateness of a country a large part of whose citizens desired to be swallowed up. No Government in Austria could have created a national resistance to the demands of an armed Germany. But any act of aggression of Italy against Yugoslavia would infallibly produce war, and war would infallibly spread. This aggression is not likely. Aggression of Germany against

The Ugly Present

Czechoslovakia is less unlikely—and even more certain to extend its consequences. The French have renewed their pledge to Masaryk's country. It is backed by the Franco-Russian entente. That entente remains necessary, so long as France is to be the sole western guarantor of peace in Central Europe. Civilized democracy is forced into alliance with the most odious and the least civilized of the three dictatorships. If Lord Halifax and Mr. Chamberlain could devise some other guarantee, the world would be a happier place.

As things are, nobody can count on Russia for a week. If those enforced confessions mean anything at all, they mean that almost every leading man in the Soviet State, as Stalin has made it, seizes the first chance that offers to conspire for its overthrow. Yet the vast country is full of splendid energies; Arctic explorers adrift for months on their floe and the rescuing party with its ice-breakers and plans have proved that. There may be a shortage of generals in the Russian armies after Stalin's purges, but none of aeroplanes and pilots. Germany is a more vulnerable target for bombers than Russia, and, disgusting though such considerations are, that is at present the main guarantee for the security of Czechoslovak freedom.

One may note the curious fact that of all Germans living the man who commands most sympathy in Great Britain is a former U-boat commander. Condemned or acquitted, on whatever pretext kept in jail, Dr. Niemöller is a figure beside whom Herr Hitler and his pack make a contemptible showing. There is one free spirit in Germany to-day; and some day or other, Germany will awaken to the fact that under the system for which they cheer themselves hoarse, such a spirit is regarded as a public danger. Nations differ in their standard of values; but there is no honest civilized opinion in the European world which does not approve and admire such a man as the Hitler *régime* claps into custody—for his protection.

In Spain General Franco has had a major success on the Teruel front, but has suffered a considerable loss to his naval force. With savagery characteristic of this whole conflict, aeroplanes were summoned by wireless to bomb the sinking vessel and the boat-crews of men trying to rescue the survivors. Among them were some sent out from a British warship; and

at least one British bluejacket was killed in attempting this work of mercy : a very ugly story.

Of all places, India offers a hopeful prospect. Faces have been saved. The provincial governments have been prevented from making a general delivery of political prisoners at one

**Men of
Good Will**

stroke, but they are undertaking a review of the cases individually, which will probably come to the same thing in the end. Quite probably the measure may justify itself. Indians like to recall the Irish example. Undoubtedly many persons were enlarged by the Free State Government who, if they had found a British authority still in possession, would again have set to work shooting policemen; indeed many of those with whom the British Government later knew as very able Irish ministers had been extreme political offenders against British rule. But the Irish analogy suggests also that even a native Indian government, elected by Indian votes, may find that some of those addicted to violent methods of political persuasion will be prone to return to them. Even Mr. de Valera has put a good many Irish Republicans into jail. However, in India, hope for the present and the future lies in Mr. Gandhi, who evidently wants the great experiment in self-government to get a fair trial. His intervention made the face-saving operation possible. Being a man of good-will, he knows when there is good-will in those with whom India has to deal; and only an Indian of immense authority could persuade Indians who have spent their lives in contending against British rule that there is good-will towards India in the British authorities and in the British people.

The same reasoning applies in Ireland; but Ireland's equivalent for Mr. Gandhi is Mr. de Valera, and Mr. de Valera, unlike Mr. Gandhi, is a party leader hampered by party considerations, with his own left-wing to take into account as well as his declared opponents. A good many of the latter would be anyhow not sorry to see him fail—though I should not reckon Mr. Cosgrave in that number. But among the general public there are not a few who on the whole recognize in Mr. de Valera a man of good-will, honestly desirous to improve relations between the two countries. I am not sure, however, that he is

willing, like Mr. Gandhi, to accept something that is on the way to his main objective—which I take to be a prosperous and united Ireland linked to Great Britain by bonds of mutual interest and advantage. At the present moment all that is possible to achieve concerns material prosperity; yet until "Eire," which was the Free State, is prosperous and freed from a war of penalizing tariffs, the chances of union are negligible. In the bargain for material improvement there is not going to be a settlement in which Mr. de Valera gains everything and gives nothing; and there is not a great deal which, politically speaking, he can afford to give. Consequently not very much is to be expected. Yet if a conviction is established that there is good will on both sides, an advance will have been made. There might henceforward be a more reasonable approach to the whole problem—or group of problems—that remain unsolved as between Eire and Great Britain, and between Eire and Northern Ireland.

To begin with, Mr. de Valera should desist from saying that this British Government, or any British Government, could force the people of the Six Counties into a union with the other **Irish History**: six and twenty. Unless they can be attracted into **a Glance** a union by the sense of their own interest, and by **Backward** a national sentiment, they will not come in; and any Government in England which tried to force them would be upset within a month.

But it is not impossible to attract them, on one condition. You must take account of their sentiments and their history. Who are they? They are the strong surviving remnant of the Protestant Irish nation which gained its independence by the Volunteers in 1782, and gained it from England. They were then, it is true, a minority of the people living in Ireland; but they were in their own eyes and the eyes of the world, the Irish nation. They lost their independence, that also is true; their representatives sold it away; but one thing they never lost, the sense that they were Irish. There is no use in talking to them about a "United Eire", but United Ireland even to-day sounds pleasantly in their ears.

Fortunately there exists now what was not available till a few years ago—a competent history of Ireland from the

earliest time to the present. It has been written by Professor Edmund Curtis of Trinity College, Dublin, and is, I am glad to note, already in its third edition. Professor Curtis has two great advantages over his predecessors, and the first of these is that he had predecessors. Even twenty years ago (I speak from experience), attempting a continuous history of Ireland was like trying to make your way through untrodden jungle. Several of us did a preliminary tramping, but none of us brought to the task anything like Professor Curtis's general equipment of knowledge; and none had his second advantage, familiarity with the Irish language and literature. It is to this that he owes his awareness of what Lecky, for instance, never realized—the persistence of the original Gaelic people which till a hundred years ago remained in the main Gaelic-speaking, and was bound together by memories of an old literature, and an old code of law.

Irish history, of which we have written records, goes back say fifteen centuries. The history of the Anglo-Irish people as a separate entity covers roughly one century—the eighteenth—and is, as Mr. Curtis calls it, an episode. But Ireland as a whole has never disowned it. Grattan and Flood rank with O'Connell and Parnell; and no one disputes but that these earlier men were devoted to the cause of Ireland, and thought of themselves first and last as Irishmen—yet both were devoted subjects of the British Crown.

During that century the original Irish nation was reduced to its lowest degradation, trampled into the very dust. To-day throughout twenty-six counties it has come on top. I do not think that more than two or three men have sat in Dáil Éireann whose forbears were in the Dublin parliament of the eighteenth century. But in the northern parliament there is no such breach of continuity. Gaels are there, representing the important Catholic minority in the Six Counties. But in the main, the parliament represents the Anglo-Irish nation, in several instances by individuals whose forefathers were in parliament with Grattan, and probably in nearly all cases by descendants of the Irish Volunteers. Mr. de Valera, and not only Mr. de Valera but the whole political body of the Twenty-six Counties, will

have to alter their attitude to the Anglo-Irish nation if they want an end of partition.

The case is not unique. Here is a letter written to me more than ten years ago by a Finnish student; and a deal of it is only too applicable to Ireland.

"I think we Swedes in Finland are very much in the same position as the Protestants in Ireland; we have done much the same thing for our country as you have done for Ireland, but the new Finnish nationalism won't have anything to do with us any longer and won't recognise us as genuine representatives of our country. They want to develop a new culture in the Finnish language. I am very much in sympathy with any movement of this kind and I came home from England more Finnish and nationalistic-minded than I was before. But when I look for positive evidence of work done by the Genuine Finns for the new culture I find hardly anything of value. . . . Although a Swede myself I regret that as much as the Finns themselves would if they had realised it. . . . There's nothing to prevent the Finns from developing a culture of their own. They have freedom, they have power, they have every outward requisite. Yet they regard it as the most important thing they can think of not to create, but to destroy what there is of Swedish, or Scandinavian culture in the country. . . . An "inferiority complex" is a dangerous thing for a nation to suffer from. It breeds hatred and that is not a favourable soil for a national culture to grow up from."

Those persons who got pleasure out of Latin in their youth will find a happy revival of it if they read *Three Roman Poets* by Mr. F. A. Wright, formerly professor of classics in the University of London. He treats the classic authors as human documents, and is well able to show how the spirit of Plautus or of Ovid can be recaptured in English. With Catullus he is not so successful; but who can render a lyric? and Catullus seems to me the one indisputable lyrical poet in classical Latin. I do not like Professor Wright's version of the complaint "*Miser Catulle desinas ineptire*" and should prefer something like this:

"Poor fool Catullus, cease to rave
And give the dead a decent grave.
You had your day of shine and sun,
The sun is set, and that is done."

Yet that misses the effect of the curious "limping iambic" which Catullus uses here. Mr. Wright's work sets one asking if Latin poetry did not begin to find its true way when it cut adrift from Greek models. Mediæval Latin verse is very lax in scansion and revels voluptuously in the rhyming facilities afforded by genitives and datives plural:

*Urbs Syon aurea, patria debita glorificandis,
Tu bona cordibus illa petentibus intima pandis.*

Classical Rome turned its back on all such resonances and assonances; it hooted Cicero when he wrote *O fortunatam natam me consule Roman*: the rhyme was only an aggravation of the bad taste. Some theorists have held that rhyming came into Latin through the Celtic monks, who knew the trick in their own language; but Mr. Wright shows us that it was in use when Plautus wrote songs, inset among his iambic dialogue, a century and a half before Cicero. And there is a deal more affinity between Plautus and the "wandering scholars" whom Miss Helen Waddell translates, than between him and Virgil, or Horace of the Odes. Yet Abelard and the rest came from all over Europe and were divided by a millenarium from the fathers of Latin literature.

There is in both Plautus and Catullus a simplicity and directness singularly lacking in the complexities of Horace's Odes; Ovid has temperamental affinities with the mediæval singers, but he is tied up tight in the elegiac couplet, with rules imposed that made it wholly unfit for real poetry. Catullus disregarded them, so did Propertius; but Eton and all the schools cling like limpets to the Ovidian discipline.

*Sunt apud infernos tot millia formosarum;
Pulchra sit in superis, si licet, una locis.*

No Eton master would have allowed that lovely couplet to stand—nor for that matter, the immortal lament of Catullus:

Atque, in perpetuum frater, ave atque vale.

One thing above all makes this volume attractive: Latin literature is discussed by a critic as familiar with the moderns as the ancients. Many of the translations owe a great deal to W. S. Gilbert (and how many writers have had so clean a finish with light verse?) Many of the appreciations light up the subject by a comparison with modern French poetry—which for such scholars as Jebb or Tyrrell apparently had no existence. Catullus is better understood when we place him, as Mr. Wright does, beside Musset. Yet, if I may say so, he spoils the illustration by naming in the same sentence Burns and Keats—who except that they were lyric poets, had very little likeness to each other, or to Musset.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

POLITICS: BLOODY AND BLAND

By D. W. BROGAN

THE MORAL BASIS OF POLITICS, by Naomi Mitchison. Constable. 8s. 6d.

WORKERS FRONT, by Fenner Brockway. Secker and Warburg. 3s. 6d.

CONSTRUCTIVE DEMOCRACY, edited by Sir Ernest Simon. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

HUMANITY IN POLITICS, by Arthur Bryant. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

In this grim moment of our and Europe's history, the flood of books on political problems is indicative of a shift in public interest. It is being realized that not all problems are economic or technical, that no scheme of social philosophy, even if based on a sacred scripture, can absolve men from the duty of thinking realistically about the problems of power, of coercion, of justice. It is the chief merit of Mrs. Mitchison's book that she has that problem continually before her mind, and by the sincerity and liveliness of her discussion of it she keeps it alive in the minds of her readers. Like many left-wingers, Mrs. Mitchison is attracted or at least perplexed in mind by the pacifist position as stated by Mr. Aldous Huxley. As dreams of easy "Left" victories, by force or persuasion, have faded, there has been an increased interest in the problem of means and ends, an interest painfully stimulated in the past weeks by the Russian trials. Except that the picture of Russia is still a little gilt, Mrs. Mitchison faces all these problems involved with a winning sincerity, if not always with a commanding clarity or force of argument.

On the question of force, Mrs. Mitchison is far more interested in the

moral justification of its use than in what she, no doubt, considers the merely practical question of its successful use. She might have considered at more length the question of whether the probability that the force used will or will not, in fact, produce the desired "good" result has a bearing on the moral justification of its use. For the examples she gives of force which appeal to her are nearly all examples of forlorn hopes or indeed, of enterprises which had no chance of immediate success. But some of them had a long-run good result in awakening the consciences of the victors or of the neutrals. If Pearse's death watered the Irish Rose Tree; if the blood of Connolly, nursed back to shooting state by a careful British Government, helped to blight the upas tree of Dublin Castle, can we be sure that all martyrdoms will be equally fruitful? Mrs. Mitchison has her own doubts, but she contrasts, naturally and powerfully, the Austrian Socialists, who went down fighting, with the German Socialist and Communist leaders who went down talking. And she is sure that the Spaniards were right to resist the civilizing mission of the Moors brought in to save Christianity.

The lesson for Britain is not quite so clear. Despite its occasional flurries of verbal violence, the British Labour movement is pacific where it is not pacifist. There is no logical reason why a left-winger should be a pacifist, and no true believer in the class-war can be, but the spirit of Lords Arnold and Sanderson is common in the movement, for the same reasons that make it more probable that a vegetarian is Left than

Right in politics. The English Left must either stop talking vaguely of class-war or do some more serious thinking about its implications than it has given many signs of doing.

In France things are different, and it is an imperfect realization of the difference that makes Mr. Fenner Brockway's able tract largely miss fire. He is able to show the inconsistencies of the common front of believers in the sacredness of private property (the Radicals) and the believers in its wickedness or folly (the Socialists and Communists). He shows, what is evident, that you can't both save and destroy private property at the same time, and he argues that in France, as in Spain, the great revolutionary cause of socialism has been sacrificed to other less valuable goods, notably to the necessities of Soviet foreign policy. No one could be less disposed than I am to defend either the intelligence or the candour of the Comintern, but there are in Mr. Brockway's argument gaps which need closing. He assumes, for example, that the French Radicals were forced to make a bargain with the workers' parties on any terms the latter liked to impose, that, in fact, the Radicals brought nothing to the alliance. But the Radicals brought a lot. It is worth remark that Mr. Brockway refers to a "Popular Gathering" being held in Paris "in July, 1935." It was held on July 14th, and if Mr. Brockway does not think that the exact date is important it shows how ill-qualified he is to prescribe for French political troubles. For the real barrier to fascism in France is history.

When we leave these burning revolutionary questions and move to the shady dells and ingle-nooks of Ashridge, we move into another world. It is so reasonable, so kind, so dull. "Constructive Democracy" is largely a mass of platitudes, some worth repeating, some not. The practical arguments of Sir William Beveridge and some very good points made by Sir Arthur Salter and Sir Alfred Zimmern relieve an

almost unbearably gentle and genteel discussion. The same note is struck even more clearly by Mr. Bryant (who was one of the speakers at the conference at Ashridge) when he says, "But clever man who is not also a kind man is like a piece of grit in the machine of state." As far as Mr. Bryant's book has a theme, it appears to be that

So Bismarck is hiding his head at thought of how much he is inferior to Baldwin, and Cavour is wishing that life he had been more like Chamberlain (Neville, not Joseph). But whatever may be the case with foreign politicians, Mr. Bryant is kind. He approves nearly everything in England, weather, cricket, Bolton (seen from distance), and if he disapproves Mr. Herbert's divorce bill, it is in the same gentlemanly way that he approves of Lent. He is fond of what Jest call "composition of place." "Above is the kindly sky of English summer, the air is warm yet temperate, and claret drunk out of doors on a July evening and fresh as mid-Atlantic. In these agreeable conditions, Bryant contemplates the world rather than that

"Paradise of the four seas,
What Heaven planted us to please,
But to exclude the world, did guard,
With watery, it not flaming sword."

There are, of course, snakes in Eden; the monsters who defile the English landscape encouraged, surmises, by Stalin or his agents in Downing Street, while Lord Baldwin was whiling away the time with Mary Webb, and Mr. Chamberlain was fishing. It is all very pleasant, very competent, very bland. Many worse collections of reprinted journalism have been issued, but was it wise of the publishers to remind us that Mr. Bryant succeeded Chesterton as "writer of the weekly 'Note Book' in the *Illustrated London News*?" Mr. Bryant is at home in the seventeenth century, but I, who am not, cannot remember how many Marshalls Louis XIV made to replace Turenne. Was it half a dozen or a dozen?

SHELLEY'S WIFE

RICHARD CHURCH.

MARY SHELLEY. A Biography by R. Glynn Grylls. Oxford University Press. 18s.

It is notorious that the sons and daughters of famous people begin life with a heavy handicap against them. They don't have a clean start. They are like the younger children in poor families who have to wear the abridged garments of the elder ones. Such clothes never fit properly and always cause discomfort and chafing.

Mary Shelley was triply embarrassed. She began with a famous father and a famous mother, and later she married one of the few immortals. The consequence is that, for the outside world at least, her girlhood was a ghostly one, like a candle lit at dawn with the full moon still shining on one side and the rising sun on the other. As for the rest of her life, posterity has been content to interest itself in the six years she spent with Shelley. The remaining twenty-nine have been treated as an epilogue. Indeed, very little has been known about them. The general view has been that she spent her widowhood explaining away the events and ideas which occupied her wifehood. The testimony of some of her contemporaries fostered that view. Her easy-going friend Jane Williams, Thomas Love Peacock who disliked her, Trelawney who loved and abused her; they all three contributed their bit towards this false legend.

For, after all, it was false. Looking at her life with a sort of Johnsonian common-sense, one might say that of course she was a satellite, and that after Shelley's death she quite rightly and naturally sank into privacy, except for

an occasional flash of limelight when her novels (fictional portrait themes of Shelley) were published. But a closer examination, such as Miss Glynn Grylls has given us in this careful and well documented life, shows how full those twenty-nine years were, and how much her history during that period justified the faith that Shelley and Byron had in her capabilities.

No biographer before, not even Mrs. Marshall, has shown this sense of proportion. They have all (including myself in my own little biography of Mary) taken up the Johnsonian attitude. Probably it is right from a historical point of view. But it is not fully sympathetic or sufficiently close to the subject. It brings Shelley too much into the picture. Miss Grylls has not pushed him into the background, or denied him any of his greatness. Nor has she done so with Mary's parents. Indeed, she has gone further; she has even found something good to say of Godwin's second wife, Mrs. Claremont, who has hitherto been regarded as a virago whose obtuse barbarianism drove Mary into a humourless introspectiveness, and her less stable half-sister Fanny to suicide. But, says Miss Grylls, "to be fair to Mrs. Godwin also, with regard to her step-children, she had many cares on her hands which would have made it difficult for a woman of the most sympathetic nature to devote much understanding to them, and it is to her credit that she never neglected their health."

That is the temper in which this book is written. It yields interesting results. It attempts no violent contradiction of its predecessors. It is

content to amplify them. Thus, for example, we are made to realize *intimately* and not merely in passing, how desolate she was, how lonely in spirit, during the years following the tragedy, in spite of the fact that she kept such a brave face to the world and forced herself to a fully social and intellectual life. She never let grief sap her vitality. Few people indeed saw that grief. They could only suspect it, perhaps, from a certain inscrutability in her character.

With a rare touch of biographical skill Miss Grylls shows her grief, and how much it influenced her. We knew before that it prevented her from marrying again, but we did not know how acutely it touched her daily thought and conduct. Now, with a quotation here, and a piece of exegesis there, Miss Grylls lays bare that emotional reality. She quotes this passage from Mary's Journal, written two years after the poet's death. "I have been gay in company before, but the inspiring sentiment of the heart's peace I have not felt before tonight—and yet my own, never was I so entirely yours—in sorrow and grief I wish sometimes (how vainly) for earthly consolation at a period of pleasing excitement—I cling to your memory alone and you alone receive the overflowings of my heart. Beloved Shelley, Good-night . . ."

And when Jane Williams, an attractive beauty who had stirred Shelley's imagination to much of his best poetry, later recalled that influence and gave it a sexual innuendo in order to gratify, perhaps, the greater erotic needs of her maturer years, we see how terribly it hurt Mary. And that hurt was not to her jealous vanity. It went deeper. It disturbed the whole organization of her faith in life, and the principles which she has compromised out of her early philosophic training under her father, her exalted spiritual flights with her husband, and the cruel emotional realities of her return to English middle-class society. Jane, now married to the not very likeable Hoeg, showed tearful repentance, but "Mary did not want

her repentance, she did not want her love again; they were not worth having; but she felt a pang for the affection that she and Shelley had lavished upon any one so worthless. It was ironical that they should be served so ill who tried to love that fellow men so well." That is rather a facile condemnation of Jane. Nobody will ever know the full facts of her friendship with Shelley. Probably its dangers never formalized into fact. But Mary's resentment was human, and not divine. It is easy to be priggish when hurt, and many critics have accused Mary of weakness. She certainly is so, as Miss Grylls there presents her. It is, however, only the darker facet of her fidelity to the man she loved and served so well, and her jealous care for his posthumous reputation and the future self-respect of his son.

There is much in this book to discuss; but I have shown the quality of it; how it reveals so fully the intimacy of Mary's thoughts, moods, weaknesses and power; and most important, how it shows her, alongside the great figures whom she accompanied, yet does not allow her to be overshadowed by them.

GUSTAV STRESEMANN: *Diaries, Letters and Papers*. Edited and Translated by Eric Sutton, Vol. II. Macmillan. 25s. net.

The world hailed the Locarno Settlement as the beginning of the end of the years of that troublous unrest that is war's aftermath and even some years later was still prepared to treat it as the dawn of a new era of peaceful co-operation and European solidarity. To-day with Europe split into opposing political camps and rent with ideological schism, there is a tendency to consider that feeling of relief and hope as psycho-pathological and reflecting little credit on the intelligence of those who signed the Pact. Yet Locarno was a great event, and the critical observer even to-day can rightly say it was a turning point in the history of Europe, a triumph of political commonsense and practical idealism, and not less a triumph because it was as much a hope

as an achievement. Because it was a great event the process of its accomplishment is well worth study, for the forces against it were precisely those forces—if less hysterical and less powerful—which to-day work against peace.

Nowhere can that process be better studied than in this volume which is in its greatest part the work of the man to whom in the main Locarno was due. Stresemann's reputation to-day still stands firm with those who know the history of Republican Germany, but even they, when they come to this collection, will find new reason for admiration. Here in detail from day to day are set forth difficulties so manifold that only sheer strength of conviction could have hoped to cope with them. The international difficulties—British timidity, French suspicion, Russian intrigue—are well known for they were public, but as difficulties they were really less than the secret difficulties which Stresemann encountered at home. Here was a Foreign Minister arrived after long wrestling with himself, and by the soundest of political reasonings, at what he believed to be the one solution of the immediate problem. Yet that solution was repudiated by the majority of the Cabinet of which he was a member and of the coalition supporting it, and opposed by what was already described as "Young Germany"—white or red. Its supporters were the Socialist opposition—already "the November traitors,"—pacifists and liberal intellectuals. It could command a majority, but at the risk of wrecking the Government, and so the policy, for Stresemann knew that from the international point of view the solution must be accepted by a Right majority and in the end he only obtained it because the Right itself split. Every possible obstacle was put in his way, every devious means was tried even by his own Party and his own Cabinet colleagues. Time and again calculated public indiscretion or secret intrigue caused a setback. He could depend on nothing but his own faith and his own courage, and it would be unfair

from the despicability of his opponents to minimize the greatness of the internal political victory. Stresemann always overrated the receptiveness to truth of others because his own mind was so receptive and his own thought so capable of growth. It is not unusual for the politician to be a dilettante of things of the intellectual life. Stresemann was no dilettante. He had in him the makings of a critic both of art and of life. The odd literary fragments printed here are invaluable for those who seek to understand him, for they explain so much. He had the artist's mind; his critical sense was keen but it was overborne by sentiment as is seen in the keen zest with which he tackles a minor detection problem in literary criticism, in the almost undergraduate enthusiasm for Goethe, in the romanticism of his recognition of the claims of art on life and of the imagination on conduct. He was by his own choice a politician, for to him politics was destiny. But he brought to politics the artist's enthusiasm and the artist's faith. Perhaps—allowing for all the good will there was—that, after all, was why Locarno was possible.

R.T.C.

A NEW AMERICAN HISTORY, by W. E. Woodward. Faber. 12s. 6d.

When this book appeared in America it was received with that enthusiasm on the one hand and criticism on the other which tends to leave one feeling that reviewers have been expressing simply their own personal reactions, and that on the whole the book stands rather where it did—neither shattered nor established. The more "human" critics applauded, and I think they were right. The more "academic" critics were the carpers, and no doubt they could establish a case too. But I myself would rather stand with the former than the latter. It isn't, and isn't trying to be, an academic history at all, any more, say, than Wells's famous *Outline of History*, which has had plenty of holes picked in it by well-meaning and indeed useful professors, but which stands neverthe-

content to amplify them. Thus, for example, we are made to realize *intimately* and not merely in passing, how desolate she was, how lonely in spirit, during the years following the tragedy, in spite of the fact that she kept such a brave face to the world and forced herself to a fully social and intellectual life. She never let grief sap her vitality. Few people indeed saw that grief. They could only suspect it, perhaps, from a certain inscrutability in her character.

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less as an embodiment of an idea, a first sketch, and a living one too, for something the more professional historians, left to themselves, would never have produced in a thousand years.

I do not wish to suggest that Dr. Woodward is an H. G. Wells, or that his book has the basic novelty of the *Outline*, but he and it at least try to give the whole panorama of American history from Christopher Columbus to the New Deal in portable form (750 well-filled pages) and as a vivid, readable consecutive, rememberable story. It lives. That, I imagine, is for Dr. Woodward the important thing. He is no less aware than any of us that even a single error is a drawback, a failure, but I suspect that if he feels that he has conveyed what seems to him the accurate broad impression of a personality or an event, he is not immensely concerned that every adjective is not capable of documentation, or that he has not argued at length the value of this piece of evidence as opposed to that piece.

Dr. Woodward's volume is attractive and vital, I think, even if not, by a high standard, very profound. He gives us on the whole fairly "straight" history. "The central theme," he says, "is the development of ideas as expressed in personalities and events." For the most part the personalities and events take precedence over the ideas, but he manages to get what seems to me the accurate "feel" of the successive periods, and if he hardly shows us a clear single development behind the whole story (and could anyone?), he does within his periods move easily between general and particular, principle and practice.

My impression is that most English people are astonishingly, not to say horrifyingly, ignorant of even the broad outlines of American history. They are still apt to visualize the Civil War, for example, as a simple struggle on the Slavery issue, and completely miss the point, which Dr. Woodward brings out well, that "the real struggle was between capitalism and the Southern

type of agrarianism; capitalism won, and in winning it changed the whole course of American history." For such people, or for those who, even if better informed, wish for a broad picture of the American past written in easy colloquial—sometimes almost too colloquial!—prose, this book should be a boon.

GEOFFREY WEST.

AIR WAR: ITS TECHNICAL AND SOCIAL ASPECTS, by W. O'D. Pierce. *Watts*. 2s. 6d.

THE CHOSEN INSTRUMENT, by Capt. Norman MacMillan. *John Lane*. 5s.

THE MENACE OF THE CLOUDS, by Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton. *Hodge*. 12s. 6d.

The first of these books is the product of a coolly detached scientific and analytical brain, the second is the product of long practical experience and much meditation by a remarkably forthright thinker and an ardent Imperialist, and the last is the creation of a very rare combination, the welding of wide practical experience with historical research and remarkable imagination by a man who plainly reveals himself as an internationalist in thought. All three come to the same conclusion that it is vital to the continuation of the present world civilization—and incidentally the British Empire—that some immediate steps should be taken to control the Air Menace, man's most dreadful Robot creation. They all make it perfectly obvious that to allow world policies uninterruptedly to follow their present trend is to decree the immolation of all, old, young, middle-aged of all sexes, sailors, soldiers, airmen and civilians without distinction. As would be expected, all three differ in their solution of the problem. The first can only offer better national understanding, the second is mainly concerned with the preservation of the British Empire and the third alone offers a solution of a positive nature.

Mr. Pierce gives us, in language which is plain to all, an extremely

interesting account of the historical technical development of aviation and then pursues his thesis to the point where he says about humanity and the troubled state that it lives in: "their trouble is not insanity, but frustration . . . due to an outworn social organization . . . the only motivating incentive is the pursuit of profits," etc.

Captain MacMillan in masterly fashion analyses the air situations of all the Great Powers and with strategical insight weighs up the new relative position that these Powers consequently bear one to the other. He trenchantly disagrees with accepted Air Fighting Tactics and methods of ground defence. The United Kingdom, he considers too vulnerable to remain the heart of the Empire, and Canada is his substitute. He does not mince his words in exposing our geographical vulnerability in the face of Air Power. Enforcing his arguments and emphasizing its potential peril by stating "that at the end of the Great War the Armistice was signed before a single allied soldier had set foot on German territory", he leaves us no illusions as to what would happen to the British Empire if Great Britain were herself defeated. His remedy is that the whole Empire, if possible in conjunction with the United States, should arm heavily with aircraft and so dominate the sea routes of the world. He would also see us arm ourselves with long-range battleships of the air, purposed to seek out and destroy our aerial foes in areas far distant from the homeland. Captain Macmillan leaves his reader filled with a healthy spirit of aggressive defence.

Air-Commodore Charlton's book is an epic of language and ideas, so startling in style, diction and portrayal as at first to give a hopeful feeling that it is merely written to terrify. This pleasant feeling vanishes all too quickly as the width of his survey, and the power of his analysis and the potency of his facts well in upon the mind. If 'twere not for the twists of humour that lighten his writing it would be a nightmarish book to read.

Most plainly Air-Commodore Charlton shows us how humanity through the centuries strove most seriously—against a much less unpleasant prospect—to achieve international government—and failed. He holds out no hope for the world in general and the British Empire in particular if they fail again. To those who wish to try to live in civilized peace he offers a positive solution. All who wish to do so should read this book.

P. F. M. FELLOWES.

ASSIGNMENT IN UTOPIA, by Eugene Lyons. *Harrap*. 15s.

BRITISH CONSUL, by Ernest Hambloch. *Harrap*. 10s. 6d.

Born on the East side of New York, bred in the ugliness and sweat which are the commonplaces of most New Yorkers, delighting in the Bolshevik revolution and watching at close quarters the remorseless legal procedure which ended with the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti: such were Mr. Eugene Lyons' qualifications for praising the virtues of the Moscow régime. The post of Moscow correspondent for the United Press was offered to Mr. Lyons, and he accepted with alacrity. He was eager, in fact, to accept all that Moscow could give him, the theatre, the ballet, the opera, etc. thus attributing to the revolution many of the inheritances of the Tsarist era.

All would have been well if Mr. Lyons had not stayed in Moscow too long to conceal from himself and his readers the bitter miseries of the Russian people. The most important thing in the world is bread. A whole nation lives perpetually with the spectre of starvation. Everywhere there are incompetence and apathy. Happenings outdistance the imaginative ingenuity of Chekhov. Once, in the fulfilment of journalistic duties, Mr. Lyons tried to follow the lonely course of the Graf Zeppelin as she flew over Soviet Russia on her way to the Far East. Grisha, his secretary, rang up the garrison at Sverdlovsk, where the commander had no idea that a Zeppelin was coming his way. An

hour later Grisha rang again. In a horrified tone he stammered: "The commander said . . . the Zeppelin hasn't come yet . . . but . . . well, he has a battalion in the field waiting for it." But the Chekhov vagaries had a background so filled with misery that Mr. Bernard Shaw did not guess with what resentment the people of Moscow listened to his clowning. He told a Moscow audience that his friends, hearing of a food shortage in Russia, loaded him with tinned foods. "But I threw all their food out of the window in Poland before I reached the Russian frontier." That remark was chiselled into a thousand minds. Mr. Shaw might have waited until he could throw away his food on Soviet soil.

Even the positive achievements of Soviet Russia, Mr. Lyons discovered, amount to very little. They can be summed up in three words: "Stalin and industrialization." The two ideas were blended and became interchangeable. Stalin "came to mean smokestacks, oil derricks, scaffolding, tractors, and each of them came to mean Stalin." The man Stalin who quarrelled with enemies and connived with allies, human and fallible, was swallowed by the idea Stalin, at once fearsome and benevolent. Twelve years after the dethronement of Nicholas the last, Holy Russia had a Little Father once more—too distant for personal love or hate, an invisible force to be flattered and propitiated. Yet "smokestacks, oil derricks, scaffolding, tractors" do not acquire a mystic meaning because they have been transferred to Russia. Indeed, "Russia does not represent a new industrialization so much as an extension of Western industry." What are significant are the new relations between man and machine, relations which have not brought happiness to the Russians.

The testimony of Mr. Lyons is hard to resist. It will anger the doctrinaires. The book is far too long. There was no need to devote a chapter or two on the Sacco and Vanzetti scandal, on which Mr. Lyons had already written a book. And there was no need to describe the

visit to Teheran and the interview with the Shah. But it is unquestionably testimony which neither partisan nor detached student can ignore.

This is true also of *British Consul*, whose author is already well-known for his political study of Brazil. Unlike Mr. Lyons, Mr. Hambloch dives straight into his duties and from the moment that we read of his work in Zürich thirty years ago to the moment that he finishes his accounts of Nazi influence in Brazil, there is scarcely a wasted word or incident. All the events are harmoniously described, and if there is an undue emphasis upon the strange and not altogether attractive personality of a former British Consul-General in Rio de Janeiro it is because the Consul-General was Roger Casement. Roger Casement was homosexual and vain, an Irishman without a trace of humour, disliking the English community in Rio de Janeiro, and in turn disliked. He professed a hatred of England and an admiration for Germany. He was the type of man Germany wanted for her purpose. Vanity led him to the Irish venture and the execution for high treason. He was scarcely worth his spectacular trial.

But the exploitation of Roger Casement's vanity was only one indication of Germany's drive against England. In Zürich and Belgrade, in Rio de Janeiro and Ragusa, in Venice and Basle, Mr. Hambloch had seen the skill with which Germany worked against us. Her weapon was trade, and when Mr. Hambloch first joined the Consular service, trade seemed to be beneath a Consul's notice. Mr. Hambloch understood the meaning of Germany's concern for the Near East. But in the West few were the diplomats who troubled their heads about the affairs of the Balkans. Germany—so the reader of *British Consul* would conclude—is still casting her eyes upon the Balkans and still working against us.

Stalin is the Little Father. Hitler is the Hohenzollern. Each is what his predecessor wanted to be.

J. R. GLORNEY BOLTON

SOUTH LATITUDE, by F. D. Ommanney. Longmans Green. 9s. 6d.

UNDER THE POLE STAR, by A. R. Glen. Methuen. 25s.

Mr. Ommanney has produced a classic book of travel amid the stormy seas, the icebergs and not least the animals of the Antarctic. The author who was formerly a lecturer in zoology at East London College, gave up his job where the "dreadful feeling of inevitability, the circularity of life, was beginning to pall," and became zoologist on the scientific staff of the Marine Biological Station at South Georgia, which even his employers described as "a pretty dirty job." Ommanney continues "I did not care. My first M.B. class could assemble without me. Someone else should instil the dog-fish, the frog and the rabbit."

The author has the zoologist's lack of squeamishness with regard to physical details. We are soon introduced to him accidentally sliding on a whale's

tongue, "a vast slithery cushion," along the deck of the whaling factory ship. He takes up his job in South Georgia and has some very interesting information to give about this most southerly settlement, whose life revolves almost exclusively round the whaling industry. To such an extent is this so that on one occasion a member of the settlement, who was reported missing, was discovered in a drunken slumber in the body cavity of a half-dissected whale.

During his stay there Ommanney took part in some whale hunts, and it is unlikely that his account of the actual chase will ever be surpassed:

"Suddenly the three broad backs burst through the dancing water immediately ahead. . . . The terrible, lonely, and titanic death struggle began. Dark against the lashed smother of foam there wheeled and thrashed now a forked tail, now a pointed head still grinning; . . . Still the Leviathan fought for his life, his harmless, free and joyful life that had suddenly been struck from him. . . . In the distance a solitary iceberg, remote, forlorn and lonely stood off and watched him die."

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Later on he joined the Government Research Ship, *Discovery II*. He was with her when she was trapped in the ice, and also on the occasion of the rescue of Lincoln Ellsworth. Another time, thanks to the vagaries of their motor-boat, a small party were marooned on a barren coast of the South Shetland Islands, and there is a vivid and detailed description of the hours they spent in constant fear that they would never be rescued.

Sea-elephants, seals and penguins all figure prominently in *South Latitude*, and the story of the habits of the last-named in their Antarctic home will make those of us who frequent the Zoo look at them with new and less charmed eyes. In recounting the most vivid, and the most ordinary, incidents of a number of years spent in a part of the world which is inevitably full of adventure, Mr. Ommanney has produced a really great book.

In comparison to *South Latitude*, Mr. A. R. Glen's book, *Under The Pole Star*, would seem to be of the more conventional type, telling as it does of the experiences of an Arctic expedition which took place within the space of little more than a year. (It is interesting to note that both Ommanney's *South Latitude* and Peter Freuchen's *Arctic Adventure*, each a classic in its own way, are based on experiences spread over a large number of years.) Nevertheless, Mr. Glen, in his description of the Oxford University Expedition to North East Land, has sought for originality of treatment with marked success. He, too, tells of the small details which make up the life of an expedition, and enriches his narrative with many effective descriptions.

The part of the book which catches the imagination most is that in which the author describes the life of those members who dwelt actually in the ice-cap of North East Land. One of the main objectives of the Expedition was to investigate the nature of the inland ice-sheet. This produced an almost incredible tale of burrowing into

mysterious caverns of ice, and one of the most dramatic discoveries was a lake, deep down under the ice-cap, which was unfrozen even in the midst of winter.

The Expedition completed some important work, including the thorough mapping of North East Land. Research also was carried out on the ionosphere, the object being the investigation of the various layers, such as the heaviside layer, which reflect wireless waves back to the earth from heights between seventy and six hundred kilometres. This work is of very considerable value to the development of wireless. There were some exciting incidents. For example, two members of the Expedition fell six hundred feet down an almost sheer ice-slope, being carried by their momentum over open crevasses; and on another occasion a sledge journey nearly ended in the middle of the Arctic Ocean owing to a malicious change in the weather.

EDWARD SHACKLETON.

SOVIET UNDERSTANDING, by Richard Terrell. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.
SOVIET TEMPO, by Violet Conolly. *Sheed and Ward*. 7s. 6d.

After twenty years, it seems strange that emotional—or, as they say in the strange jargon of to-day, "ideological"—books about Soviet Russia should still be produced. That they are still produced, Mr. Terrell bears witness. His "Soviet understanding" was ostensibly written first "for a large and growing class of people who feel that in Russia all sorts of important things are going on, yet cannot see where to begin in the search for an adequate understanding"; next, for intending tourists to Russia; thirdly, for people who have been to Russia. It might have been expected from this ambitious statement of aim that he was intending to provide either a simple guide to the Soviet scene or a simple explanation of Soviet economy and polity. In fact, he does neither. Indeed, as he admits, he is not particularly concerned with "facts." Instead, he leads his

reader on a rapid conducted tour of "historical perspectives" in which communism, "non-conformism," and "the religiosity of Oxford and the respectable classes" compete with that inimitable catchword *Weltanschauung* for the cultured—or should it be the "ideological"—attention. Then, he goes on to study a "background in Russia" which seems to be composed from the works of great authorities on everything except Russian history; thence to an explanation of "the Russian Communist perspective" which gives no evidence of any knowledge of the pre-war bickerings between the factions in the Russian Social Democratic Party that culminated in the present Trotskyist-Stalinist feud. So the reader is brought on, through a maze of "ethics in history," the "time-perspectives of the modern capitalist world and of the Soviet Union," and the like, to a final glorious vision of the day when "the motor car will gradually fill the streets of the (Russian) cities and millions of (Russian) families will own cars, just as they do in America." Only hours seem necessary to complete this materialistic conception of Paradise.

Miss Conolly is better, in every way. That might have been expected. She knows Russian, and Mr. Terrell does not. She has lived in Russia for some time, as Mr. Terrell apparently has not. Above all, she is objective (which means not that she is necessarily impartial and unprejudiced, but that she relies on what her senses convey to her about Russia), whereas Mr. Terrell is subjective (which means that his view of Russia is founded more on his brain than on his eyes and ears). Her present book does not pretend to rank with the serious studies of Soviet economic policy that she has written before. It is little more than a record of a journey from London to Moscow and from Moscow through the Black Sea to Greece. But the things seen and the conversations heard on the way were illuminating, and are far more helpful to "Soviet understanding" than Mr. Terrell's ratiocinations.

WILFRID HINDLE.

BURGOS JUSTICE, by Antonio Ruiz Vilaplana. Translated by W. Horsfall Carter. *Constable*. 7s. 6d.

MY HOUSE IN MALAGA, by Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell. *Faber & Faber*. 8s. 6d.

Burgos Justice is the first book to be published in England by a Spaniard with actual experience of conditions in insurgent territory. The author, Señor Vilaplana, had no political affiliations before the war, and held an important post in the judiciary in Burgos from November, 1935, till June, 1937. Then, however, he decided to leave Burgos because, as he says, his feelings as a "liberal-minded human being" were frankly revolted at that régime in which crime and barbarity were predominant.

It is significant that Señor Vilaplana left Burgos after the fall of Bilbao to the Insurgents and Italians, and when the chances of an ultimate rebel victory looked particularly rosy. It is interesting, too, to note that he foresaw that as soon as his book appeared he would be violently attacked by the Salamanca authorities, who had hitherto not said a word against him. The charges against him, repeated by a British Peer in the House of Lords, are given and answered in the introduction to the excellently translated English version of the book.

The most sensational section is the exposure of the violence and disorder of the early days of the rebellion in Burgos. It was Señor Vilaplana's task to examine the bodies of victims left by the roadside and in the fields. More serious, however, is his complaint that the unorganized terror was followed by an even more ruthless oppression of peasants, workers, liberals and intellectuals under pressure from the aristocrats, business men and clerical reactionaries.

He makes it abundantly clear in his analysis of the political situation behind the lines that there is a serious clash of interests within the insurgent ranks. He has no admiration for General

Franco, and he gives an entertaining description of the impression General Franco made on the populace on two occasions when he visited Burgos. General Franco, he says, has betrayed first one group of supporters then another, and finally his country in order to obtain German and Italian aid. Particularly interesting is his remark that General Franco was considering betraying his Fascist allies to obtain British financial support. This was written before Sir Ralph Hodgson was appointed as British Agent to Salamanca and before the Duke of Alba took up his post in London.

The chapter describing place-hunters in Burgos and the conversations between well-to-do refugees from Government territory should enlighten British opinion as to the mentality of some of General Franco's supporters. These conversations, and the extracts from General Queipo de Llano's radio talks, would be amusing if they were not at the same time very sinister.

The evidence of Señor Vilaplana gives of German and Italian intervention is important, and he considers that the extent of German intervention is underestimated abroad.

My House in Málaga is also based on first-hand experience, and it is interesting to compare Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell's account of unrest in Málaga during the early days of the war with Señor Vilaplana's account of conditions in Burgos during the same period.

Sir Peter, who was living quietly in his house in Málaga when the War broke out, admits that there was disorder following air-raids, but gives evidence to prove that this was far less serious than people in England were led to believe.

Sir Peter is, as this book shows, a most tolerant and courageous English gentleman. He took risks to shelter the wealthy Bolín family—who were supporters of General Franco—and later was treated ungratefully by them. The story of his arrest when Málaga fell to the Insurgents and Italians is here told in full for the first time. The

Bolín family, and both the British and Insurgent authorities seem to have played a dubious part in the affair.

Characteristic of Sir Peter's fair-minded attitude to everything is his account of a conversation with an Italian officer who had just entered Málaga with his men. "We had cigarettes and we both kept looking at the sea, now blue with the hills mirrored in it." "Very like my Italy," he said. "And what a pity there should be war in so beautiful a country," I replied. He shook his head sadly. But the other incidents connected with the fall of Málaga that he describes are much less attractive.

The most important aspect of the book, however, is the light Sir Peter throws on the underlying causes of the war, and the understanding he shows of the character and outlook of rich and poor in Spain. "In no country," he writes, "have I seen a greater contrast between the poverty of the poor and the luxury of the rich." This contrast is summed up in the following conversations which he quotes. Doña Maria was telling me . . . "I am sure you will agree with me, Sir Peter, that a Rolls-Royce car is no longer a luxury; it is a necessity." And a young Anarchist peasant said to Sir Peter, "We, if we live after we are able to work, and can't get our children to support us, have to starve or beg or steal. I tell you this time, if we contend all that and become like you in England, we'll kill ourselves. We can't go on as we are".

HELEN F. GRANT.

HALF AN EYE: Sea Stories by James Hanley. *Bodley Head*. 8s. 6d.

The ships in these stories and the men who work them differ from their counterparts in most books about the sea in that their connection with that element does not necessarily separate them from the rest of creation. Mr. Hanley's tramp steamers are not vessels of romance bearing strange cargoes to the far corners of the earth. They are modern floating workshops in which certain ordinary men gain their ordinary livelihoods—that is whenever they can

get a job. The background to his sailors' lives is not blue water and the sunlight of foreign lands, but the sweaty reek of the stokehole, the grey back-streets behind the docks, the doing of "a certain amount of work every eight hours and then giving themselves up to sleep." His men are heroes never, stoics almost always. Of his firemen, "day after day and night after night they would fire down below, they would snore up above, and always they saw the end of the voyage, the crinkle of notes was music in their ears."

Mr. Hanley's seamen are never Titans facing the elements with contempt; they are human beings whose work takes them uncaring over the deep waters of the world: the captain who is afraid of any kind of fuss, any kind of ceremony and most particularly any kind of fog, the fireman who goes to sea with a box of pills for rheumatism in his pocket, the young trimmer who thinks only of coming home again with a new garter for his girl. Mr. Hanley writes of the stokeholes and foc'sles they work and live in, the drab homes they come back to, their respect for their wives, their deep love for their children and their wholehearted contempt, as merchant service men, for the institutions of the Navy.

Some of the tales are perhaps unduly morbid. The number of sailors who commit suicide at sea is probably smaller than a reader of this collection of stories might think. But Mr. Hanley seems happiest, and certainly his descriptive powers are at their best, when he is writing in a minor key. And even behind all this starkness of grey ship and greyer slum there is romance of a sort for those who look long enough, though it be romance not blue and sunlit but seen dimly through the screen of a Liverpool fog. Mr. Hanley's pages do not smell of tar and salt and sailcloth. They smell of coal-dust and hot oil. But it is a good and a stimulating smell all the same.

GORDON WINTER

YOU MAKE YOUR OWN LIFE, by V. S. Pritchett. *Chatto & Windus*. 7s. 6d.

OVER THE FRONTIER, by Stevie Smith. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

THE SONG OF THE WORLD, by Jean Giono. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

SLEEP IN PEACE, by Phyllis Bentley. *Gollancz*. 8s. 6d.

PROMISED LAND, by Cedric Belfrage. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.

Three of Mr. Pritchett's stories are hardly more than visits to the hairdresser's, the hospital and the pub (favourite grounds of the English sketch writer); but how vivid, how dramatic are these anecdotes! Merely as a reporter Mr. Pritchett has an eye and an ear which miss nothing. He knows just how much "situation" is necessary to give these

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visits point. In the hospital waiting room (an X-ray crackles through the doors) sits Beale, ruffled and trembling in a huge dressing-gown, the focus of attention because he has *come on the wrong day*. One feels that there is a Beale in every hospital waiting-room. But one feels this because everything in Mr. Pritchett's description is odd and immediate, like the background of a Clair film. Yes, even this trivial scene has been realized by Mr. Pritchett with comic and *lyrical* attention.

He is, of course, very much more than a reporter. How to keep your characters ordinary while making them interesting—that is the problem of every realistic novelist. The Goncourts set miles between the drab lives they were observing and the style in which they described them; Hemingway, on the other hand, is now almost indistinguishable from the grunTERS he writes about. Mr. Pritchett's method is somewhere between the two: he is neither too remote nor too near. "Sense of Humour," the first story in the book and probably the best he has written, is a brilliant example of how a writer can give style to the most commonplace material without distorting it. A commercial traveller is made to tell the story of his love affair with a barmaid in the first person; no sentence, no reflection, which might not have come from himself, and yet the whole story, consisting mostly of clipped dialogue, is so individual that in fact no one but Mr. Pritchett could have written it. Ordinarity has its aura, might be this writer's motto. He is one of the best story-writers living to-day. He is also, let me emphasize, extremely readable.

Miss Stevie Smith is not; is not, I mean, in the general sense, easy to read. Anyone wanting "just a novel" might conceivably manage Mr. Pritchett, but *Over the Frontier* would floor him on page 1. This is less of a novel than even her first book; personal confession and fantasy float together down the thought-stream in a most un-novel-like way. It is, moreover, less funny than

Novel on Yellow Paper and for that reason less likely to take on with new readers. I have read it twice and I liked it more the second time; the prose has a curious beauty and intensity, sometimes spoilt, and sometimes enhanced, by childish pretence. Pompey Casmilus has a nervous breakdown and goes for six months to a mysterious German *Schloss*. From there she crosses the frontier with a lover into a moonlit wasteland where they ride at night on horseback. An Archbishop, a generalissimo, spies and gunfire complete the picture. As an interlude of nightmare I found it attractive; but I must admit that I prefer Pompey this side the frontier.

Jean Giono's *The Song of the World* is a story of the Basses Alpes in which the trees, mountains and streams are as important as the human characters. This pantheistic novel is written with terrific energy and despite a certain amount of symbolism towards the end remains an exciting story. Everything in it is gigantic from the scenery to a childbirth during a thunderstorm. Antonio, a forester, helps an old friend to look for his son who has disappeared in the mountains; and the search becomes an explorer's epic. The Basses Alpes might be Katchinjunga. M. Giono gluts the senses in his first paragraph, and goes on glutting them, and yet after two hundred and fifty pages we still have appetite for a final swallow.

Sleep in Peace and *Promised Land* are novels without distinction which one reads for the story or the subject matter. The first is about a West Riding cotton mill during the last forty years, the second is a novelized history of real estate in Hollywood. Both are immensely long, well documented and readable. Miss Bentley's is a better story, if one wants emotions, mostly of the family sort, but Mr. Belfrage's is slicker journalism. The recent Hollywood floods, by the way, should add a lurid last chapter to future editions.

G. W. STONIER.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.

"Events are in the saddle, and they are riding mankind." And once again as in 1914, it is that compound of brutish and sentimental elements which we call 'Germany' that is setting the pace. The *Reich*, with its insatiable appetite for power, has yet again thrown down the gauntlet to the civilized world. *Cui bono?* Not, certainly, to the benefit of the German people, whose straitened circumstances can no longer be denied. Nor has the Nazi juggernaut solved any of the State's real problems, as the cogent article on the Nazi mirage, which we publish this month, makes plain. **Jeremiah Warner** is an experienced writer on international questions with special knowledge of Germany.

The name of **C. F. Melville** will be familiar to readers of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*. Since the early post-war years he has followed the process of European disintegration both as diplomatic correspondent for important newspapers and as "good European"—a Catholic and a Liberal. The moral of his obituary notice of Austria is the tremendous responsibility resting on the shoulders of the rulers of the Great Powers—and, be it said, their proven unfitness for it.

Each day that passes makes history, grim and appalling by all traditional standards. It may be fitting therefore to switch on the light of history and examine by it the features of dictatorship. This task is essayed by a distinguished man of letters, **F. L. Lucas**, who is the embodiment of the finest English Liberal tradition. **F. L. Lucas**, writing for the first time in our pages, is a Fellow of King's College,

Cambridge—and also Librarian. His numerous publications include studies of Euripides and various English Victorian poets, and *The Decline and Fall of the Romantic Ideal*. He is also the author of a number of plays, one of which was recently produced in London and evoked considerable interest.

Those of us who look for firm and positive action on the part of the *beati possidentes* to arrest war in Europe do not overlook the parallel situation in the Far East. **Admiral Sir Barry Domville, K.B.E.**, who takes it upon himself to ram home unpleasant hard truths of Japan's mastery of the Pacific, enjoyed a distinguished career, mainly in the Mediterranean station but also on the principal Imperial Defence bodies. From 1932-34 he was President of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich and Vice-Admiral commanding the War College. Among his more recent activities is his presidency of 'The Link,' a society for the promotion of Anglo-German relations—whose path is certainly beset these days with difficulties.

THE FORTNIGHTLY in its own small way contrives to provide a link between English-speaking communities at home and abroad. **L. C. Wilcher**, who aptly defines the conditions and problems of Australia, is a History Lecturer at Trinity College, Carlton, Australia. He was formerly a Rhodes Scholar at Balliol, a contemporary of **L. T. Gelber** whose timely article on Britain and the European Balance we published last month.

Owing to the veiled but none the less effective censorship of our Press,

Anglo-Italian relations are for the moment enveloped in a kind of penumbra. C. J. S. Sprigge, a valued contributor, supplies the necessary historical perspective—the occasion being the death of Italy's foremost literary figure in this century. Before becoming Financial Editor (in London) of the *Manchester Guardian* Cecil Sprigge served his paper as correspondent in Rome for several years and, with occasional opportunities for revisiting Italy and a host of Italian friends, he may be regarded as one of the most authoritative interpreters of that little known country.

K. Walter is a former correspondent of a number of American and English newspapers, who some ten years ago cut loose and, after a period as director of the London Office of the Horace Plunket Foundation (which inspired so much admirable land reform), went to live in Italy. He is that rare phenomenon—a sympathetic critic of Italian Fascism, and his vindication of the nation's planning for "autarchy"

supplies a corrective of our conventional thinking which is much needed.

Home affairs seem very tame in this era of international upheavals. But the careful study of Army conditions by Lt.-Col. Viscount Bridgeman acquires particular interest from the recent notable reforms announced by Mr. Hore-Belisha, the War Minister. Viscount Bridgeman recently retired from the post of G.S.O. II, at the War Office. In 1918 he had obtained valuable administrative experience as Private Secretary to his father, the first Viscount, who was then Parliamentary Secretary to Minister of Labour

Hubert Griffith, whose plays and writings on the theatre have brought him into prominence, has contributed on several occasions to this review. He is on the staff of *The Observer*. Those who set any store by omens may be interested to know that *THE FORTNIGHTLY* of July, 1914, contained an article (by Laurence Irving) on the same theme as is now treated by Hubert Griffith!

THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

There is now a sustained attempt to acclimatize in Great Britain the 'digest' of reading which is such a popular thing on the other side of the Atlantic. Apart from *Parade*, which caters for the "low-brow" and magazine reader proper, the bookstalls now offer in this category *Synopsis*, two numbers of which have appeared up to date and *The World Says*, the first number of which appeared last month. Any venture of this kind which helps to disseminate serious and really valuable articles on public affairs (such as, dare we say it, appear in reviews of the nature of *THE FORTNIGHTLY* or *The Listener*) are sure of our wholehearted support.

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But, apart from the Digests, new magazines and reviews are still springing up like mushrooms. Of University ventures which deserve wider publicity a notable example is *The Democrat* (6d.), edited in Cambridge, of which the third number has recently appeared. The second number, dated December, 1937, contained articles by Sir Arthur Salter, W. B. Curry and Freda Utley. It is pleasantly produced and the articles reveal a catholic range of thought.

* * * * *

The English-Speaking-Union looks forward to August when two British parties will cross the Atlantic to make studies of the New Deal in action. A year ago a party spent twenty-three days visiting interesting New Deal projects, and studying on the spot current American problems. One party this August will make use of the American air lines to cover the entire country in twenty-nine days while the other will be less ambitious travelling by rail and road. Each party will be given opportunities of discussing America's problems with its political, business, labour and other leaders, as well as seeing the key places and projects in the regions visited. Americans will lead each group during its stay in the U.S.A., and will help the members to get the most out of their study of that country's problems. Further information about these trips and application forms can be obtained from the English-Speaking Union, 37, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

* * * * *

Planning ahead these days is a thankless task in any case. But what a teasing problem confronted the International Olympic Committee which has recently met in Cairo to discuss arrangements for the 1940 Olympic Games. A request had been duly tabled in favour of transferring the venue away from Tokyo, and Dr. Wang, the Chinese delegate, was eloquent in that sense. Nevertheless, following assurances from Senator Kano that the Committee in Tokyo was prepared to fulfil its undertakings, the International Committee decided to maintain the present arrangements, and the Games are scheduled for the period, September 21st to October 6th, 1940. Lord Aberdare, Chairman of The Fortnightly Review Limited, flew to Cairo and was present on behalf of the British Athletic bodies concerned.

A correspondent begs our aid to further her endeavours to get a sufficient number of captions added to the present-day talking films to enable deaf people to enjoy once again this form of entertainment. As is pointed out, the "pictures" were once upon a time the ideal recreation for the deaf as they were able to enjoy the entertainment provided as much as anyone. It does not appear likely at first sight that the film industry would be willing to consider any suggestion of this sort, yet the proportion of deaf or partially deaf people is very high and it might well be an advantage to everyone if some provision were made. After all, in spite of "talkies" no one seems to mind the few sub-titles appearing on Continental films shown in London. Certain films might be selected for treatment and a sufficient number of captions added to ensure that the story was intelligible to everyone.

* * * * *

Grim documents about the Spanish War are not uncommon, and the latest booklet to be thrust into our hands. *Foreign Journalists Under Franco's Terror*, by "A Journalist," is a very comprehensive survey for 2d. Considerable pains have been taken to gather together the experiences of the journalists working in Franco's Spain and very unpleasant reading some of it makes. Nevertheless, it cannot be said to throw much fresh light on what is already too well known.

* * * * *

The New Forest Association was founded nearly seventy years ago with the laudable object of "the preservation of the general picturesque aspect of the Forest and the old woods and the protection of the rights and privileges of the Commoners and of the Public in the enjoyment of the Forest." The Annual Report and Statement of Accounts for 1937, which has just reached us, shows how very keen is the support given to the Association and the fact that over £91:10:0 was subscribed last year by annual members at half-a-crown a time is an indication that many people are interested in its objects. No doubt the Hon. Secretary, Captain Cecil Sutton, The Estate Offices, Brockenhurst, Hampshire, would like to see that figure reach £100. If our mathematics are correct he needs sixty-eight additional subscribers.

* * * * *

The Countess of Oxford and Asquith appeals for assistance for St. Peter's Kitchens, 5, Garrick Street, W.C.2, where she and Mrs. Scott-Dorrien work giving five hundred men and women from all parts of the country free meals every night. Clothes as well as jobs are found for them. St. Peter's Kitchens need funds. Cheques should be sent to Mrs. Scott-Dorrien, 3, George Street, Hanover Square, W.1.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

MAY, 1938

THE NATIONAL EMERGENCY

BY VIGILANS

ACCORDING to tradition, the British people keep their heads and carry on coolly in the gravest emergency provided their leaders tell them the truth of what they have to face. Unless there is some such virtue in our democratic system, in days of danger it can have little to set against the swift and undisputed decisions of the dictatorships, and the training of their whole peoples to strict and unquestioning obedience. But is the British people being told the truth? Have the majority any real conception of the danger which confronts them and for which the enormous rearmament effort is required? Instead of facing a known and recognized danger, are they not being allowed still to cherish hopes of being able to buy off the danger with relatively insignificant concessions or, if that fails, of "muddling through as usual"? To put it even more bluntly, are the general public being trusted with as clear a picture of the situation, if not with as many details, as must have been supplied by the Government to the employers and trades union representatives in order to secure their thorough co-operation in the new armaments programme? The Prime Minister said a little time ago that he feared lest loud speech might precipitate the threatening avalanche. But if the desired national effort is to be aroused without dangerously plain speech, there will be needed such a living appeal to the people as probably only two men on the Government benches in the Commons are capable of supplying—and neither of them is in the Cabinet.

It was doubtless not expected that any considerable section of the population would study the Anglo-Italian agreement closely at the time of publication, so that its principal characteristic, length without depth, may have escaped general notice. Yet even the Government's most obedient admirers

can hardly have persuaded themselves that a treaty so lacking in precision, and so well calculated to enhance Signor Mussolini's prestige at the expense of that of Great Britain, would have passed the scrutiny of our still highly-skilled diplomatic service, if the British Government had felt themselves to be negotiating on a plane of equality. It may be true that it was better in the circumstances to make some treaty than to make none, even though in so doing we negotiated on Signor Mussolini's terms and on his chosen ground. At all events many people accept the Government's view that the fact of the agreement is more important than its terms. But do they understand why?

It will be necessary to make plain a good deal of the harsh truth and in the process to destroy a number of popular illusions. Here are some of the illusions :

1.—There is no danger of a European war in the near future. The Prime Minister said so at Birmingham on April 8th.

2.—Even if war does come sooner or later, the Government have broken the axis and made the inner Mediterranean safe.

3.—Franco master of all Spain means the end of danger from the war spreading. He will have to come to London for money for reconstruction, and we shall be able to make good terms with him. Our old ally, Portugal, will help.

4.—Much of the armaments programme is only intended to be in full production about two years hence when ordinary trade and ordinary employment might be bad—just as the next General Election is due.

5.—As for Hitler, he has only joined up with the *Reich* what was really German land inhabited by Germans. We have nothing to be afraid of in such a policy.

6.—Britain and the Empire have no need to engage in a jealous struggle for existence. We can afford to take things more philosophically than we have done in the past, even if we do not always play a leading rôle nowadays.

In his anxiety to avoid precipitating the avalanche, the Prime Minister has indeed managed to suggest to many people that the avalanche is not pending at all. He said on April 8th : " People are apt to think that with all this talk of recruiting and arming and air-raid precautions, the Government must be expecting that a war is going to come upon us very soon. If such an idea has occurred to you get it out of your mind. The exact contrary is the case." By themselves, those words might be taken to condemn the whole armament-programme as futile waste, without any justification whatever in the international situation of Britain. However, Mr. Chamberlain also added " We are convinced that one of the ways to ensure peace

is to make ourselves ready for war. Remember that there are many interested people who are watching very closely what is going on in this country. You must look upon these preparations not merely as a precaution against war but as one of the most effective deterrents." That addition does contain an implied warning, but it is not likely that either Mr. Chamberlain or Lord Halifax talked in such a round-about way to the trade union leaders. They must at least have explained to them that the declared policy of Germany must inevitably precipitate war at an early date unless either we can check it or we are prepared indefinitely to yield to it. The only means of checking it is by a colossal and very rapid arms-production in this country.

It is wrong to assume that the agreement with Italy makes the Mediterranean route safe. Italian action in Spain has been the smoke-screen for complete German penetration of the peninsula, including Portugal. The withdrawal of Italian troops on the conditions agreed is now of no importance, since their job is finished. German control in Spain means ability, if the Nazi régime demands, to use the Atlantic ports, including the Spanish islands, as bases for attack on all British trade-routes not only through the Mediterranean but also to South America and round the Cape. Also, German control of Spanish mines means that in case of war France would not have the important output of Spanish iron-ore at her disposal, as she had from 1914 to 1918. It is not true that General Franco will have to come hat in hand to the City of London for a Reconstruction Loan in return for a political understanding. That is as much a legend as the same story regarding Italy and Abyssinia. As for Portugal, the " oldest ally " theory is exploded. Her people may be as friendly as ever, but her Government have seen Britain steadily recede before the dictators and have drawn their own conclusions, as our delegates have undoubtedly discovered.

It is not true that we can afford to sit back and watch with good-humoured indifference the ambitious efforts of other countries and other political systems. For the highly industrialized and overcrowded population of this country, accustomed to a very varied habit of life, there is no choice between world-influence through world-empire and ruin. Ruin does not mean merely " Little-Englandism." It means

unemployment for half our industrial population or more. The danger that confronts us is greater than any we have faced since Napoleon's day, but it is also other than any we have ever known. Germany, thanks to our reluctance until now to face facts, is swiftly manœuvring us into a position where, though every instinct of self-preservation should make us fight, in fact we may soon be unable to do so with a prospect of winning. To pay blackmail indefinitely is then the only alternative. "We expect to inherit the hoarded gold-millions of England" was the reported observation of an Italian writer not many weeks ago. Whether or no the Italian said it, many a German certainly thinks it.

However, the Prime Minister's own words lend no support to the theory that we can indefinitely buy off the real danger. He may hope to delay its approach while he mobilizes against it the whole of Great Britain's enormous resources. It is probably true that neither Signor Mussolini nor Herr Hitler believes that even together they could win against those resources if we were able and had time to employ them. It may also possibly be true that not even Germany would take the risk if that mobilization were proceeding with the speed that would be possible to a dictatorial régime. Therefore, in any case, the Government clearly need the maximum national effort in the shortest possible time, while on their own admission they are trying hurriedly to supplement it from the armaments industries of the United States and Canada.

But for the home effort they need not only to make the reality of danger clear but also to add the warmth of a generous resolve to the instinct of self-preservation. They have sacrificed abroad, and especially in the United States, whatever was left to this country of chivalrous reputation and both at home and abroad they have managed to incur for themselves, however unfairly, the suspicion of a cold-blooded and purely selfish cynicism. That is a worse handicap in the race against time and circumstance than any trades-union restrictions.

There may yet be time to recover some of that moral prestige and consequent power of persuasion if the right men are allowed to set about it in the right way. Of course, there is a risk in plain speech, but those who object to "trusting the public" or

that account should ask themselves whether the present methods are not even more dangerous, since they encourage the suspicion that under the guise of a democracy we are really being rapidly converted into our own brand of authoritarian State. The danger is greater and more immediate than all but a small proportion of the population realizes, and therefore so also is our need. On that point, above all, the leaders of the people must not, dare not admit of any further illusions.

THE GERMAN CHALLENGE

BY SIR MALCOLM ROBERTSON

DURING a recent debate in the House of Lords the doubt was expressed whether one in a million of the British people had any idea where Czechoslovakia was. If I had had the advantage of the speaker's company at one of the thirty or so different non-political meetings which I have addressed on foreign affairs in divers parts of England and Wales during the last six or seven months, I think, perhaps, that he might have changed his opinion—which was obviously based on insufficient acquaintance with the alertness of his fellow-countrymen in these matters. The real fact is that at no time in our history have the British people been better informed as to foreign affairs and seldom have they taken a greater interest in them. It has been apparent to me for some time past, from questions which have been asked me not only in London and its suburbs but in Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Hull, Cardiff, Oxford, Bristol and other places, that, with some notable exceptions, the British people are beginning to be fully alive to the German menace in Central and South-Eastern Europe, and what it means to the security of the British Empire. The interest of the majority, undoubtedly, is centred upon the League of Nations, and they would be ready to support a strong policy under the Covenant. The hungry sheep look up—and are fed with platitudes about 'seeking friendly discussion and creating a new atmosphere of good will.' This vivid and intelligent interest among men and women of every rank and position remains one of the not very many encouraging aspects of the international situation.

Much of what I propose to say here has, I know, already been said. Let me nevertheless engage upon the grim task of dotting the i's and crossing the t's.

There is an important and influential group in London which

appears to hold that by giving back to Germany her former colonies and by some vague policy of "appeasement" we should be able to placate her. I can only imagine that they have sufficient intimacy with Germany and her policy to support their views. In so far as I am concerned, I may perhaps be forgiven if I prefer to rely upon Herr Hitler himself as well as upon my own forty years' knowledge of the German people and of the doctrines that have been fed to them. In his book *Mein Kampf*, only about one third of which has been translated into English and that inadequately, and which is still the Bible of the German people, the text-book for every German school and the wedding present for every German bridal couple—a book the policy of which Herr Hitler is gradually carrying out page by page, almost paragraph by paragraph and line by line, without anything but verbal opposition from the Government of this and other democratic countries—he writes: (I translate from the Third Edition).

P. 735. "We must again devote ourselves to representing the highest point of view of every foreign policy, that is to say, to bringing the land into its proper proportion to the number of the population."

P. 741. "As our forefathers did not receive the land on which we live today as a gift from Heaven but had to conquer it by staking their lives, so in the future no act of Grace by any people can assign to us the land and so Life for our people, but only the force of a victorious sword. However, much we may all recognize to-day the necessity for a reckoning with France, this would, in a wider sense, be ineffective if it remained the only goal of our foreign policy. It can only have sense if it acts as cover for an enlargement of the living room of our people in *Europe* (the italics are mine). It is not to colonial acquisition that we must look for a solution of this question, but exclusively to the acquisition of territory for settlement which will increase the Area of the Motherland."

P. 742. "We finally part with the colonial and trade policy of the period before the war and pass over to the land policy of the future."

P. 754. This quotation is taken from what Herr Hitler calls his Political Testament: "Take every care that the strength of our people has its foundations *not in colonies* (the italics are mine) but in the land of its home in Europe. Do not look upon the Reich as secure if it cannot give for centuries to come its own piece of land and soil to every branch of our people. Never forget that the holiest right on this earth is the right to land for one's own cultivation and that the holiest sacrifice is the blood that one spills for this land."

From the above quotations, and there are very many others which one might mention, it will be seen that Herr Hitler's definite and determined policy is the acquisition of land in Europe by a victorious sword. The whole argument of his book

is that he must first unite all Germans and then conquer land for them in Eastern Europe. Before he can do this, however, he says that he must deal finally and conclusively with France, the country which he looks upon as the arch and inveterate enemy of the German people.

What, then, can have made him change his mind in regard to the colonies, as he appears to have done? Why does he now put their return in the forefront of his programme when dealing with us and demand it as a right? That it is partly a question of prestige, I do not doubt. But the obvious answer is that—as everyone who has been familiar with German policy ever since the foundation of the Empire in 1871 at least, is fully aware—that policy is guided almost exclusively by strategic considerations. In these modern days the former German colonies would form very useful air and submarine bases on the lines of our communications, not only with the Empire but with the countries of South America who supply us with so considerable a proportion of our needs in the way of food. No one except a German who is notoriously one of the most gullible and most ignorant of all the more or less civilized peoples of Europe, could take the proposition seriously that Germany needs the colonies for the supply of raw materials or as land for settlement for her surplus population. Has not Herr Hitler himself written: “The German has not the slightest notion how a people must be misled if the support of the masses is sought”? I understand it to be true that before the War there were not more than 20,000 Germans in all the German colonies put together, including soldiers and officials. I believe it also to be true that German imports from and exports to her colonies did not exceed .5% of her total imports and exports. These figures might conceivably be increased in modern times by an energetic policy, but surely not sufficiently to make any considerable difference in the German economy—which is admittedly based solely on preparation for war. The answer to those who think that Germany might be placated by giving her back her former colonies is that that is in the highest degree improbable, to put it very mildly. I would prefer to give an emphatic negative.

As the translations from Herr Hitler's book which I have

given above indicate quite clearly, then, German policy is the acquisition of land in Europe for the German plough. Now there are large numbers of people in this country who cannot see any objection to this, who feel that Germany was unfairly treated by the Treaty of Versailles, and that her domination of Central and South Eastern Europe could not conceivably be a major interest to us if indeed an interest at all. Frankly such a point of view is wholly incomprehensible to me.

In the first place, when considering the alleged “injustice of the Treaty of Versailles,” it is perhaps not wholly unfair to remind my fellow-countrymen that it was in fact Germany who invaded Belgium without any provocation at all, it was Germany who first bombarded London and other open towns from the air, it was Germany who first used poison gas, it was Germany who made the first ruthless use of submarines, it was Germany who deliberately pursued a policy of “frightfulness” throughout the war. From the fear of a repetition of many of these things we are shuddering to-day. Germany, assisted by her Italian friends with whom we are negotiating yet again some kind of “gentlemen's agreement,” is still practising “frightfulness” on the Spanish people, just to get her hand in again. We try to forget all these things, for it is the British nature to forget and forgive. I do not object to the forgiving, but I gravely fear the forgetting.

Secondly, the Treaty of Versailles and the action of the Allies in the following years, may have been unwise, indeed in my judgment they were so in very many respects; but, if it comes to injustice, I would commend, quite apart from the considerations mentioned above and which influenced statesmen and peoples at the time, a careful study of the Treaties of Brest Litovsk and Bucharest which Germany dictated to her defeated foes; those treaties showed to some extent the measure of her ambitions in Europe and they should, if she had any sense of shame at all, estop Germany from ever raising the question of “dictation” or “injustice.” “Might is right,” as has been abundantly made clear to the nations of the world for the past seventy years, is the gospel that the German Government and people have adopted and the only one that they understand. What adequate reason have they to complain if, during a few

short years, it was enforced against them? In any case we are now back again to those dreadful days before the war when Europe awoke almost every morning deafened by the crash of the German mailed fist and blinded by the glitter of her shining armour.

But, in the third place, and this is the most vital consideration of all, German domination of Central and South-Eastern Europe which is well on the way to becoming an accomplished fact, means the hegemony of Europe established by probably the strongest single military Power that the world has seen since the days of Napoleon, a hegemony which in our own interests we have fought several wars to prevent. There were three main bastions in the line of the German advance not only through South-East Europe to the Mediterranean, but on through Asia Minor to Baghdad and the Persian Gulf. These bastions were Austria, Czechoslovakia, and the Little Entente consisting of Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia. Of these bastions Austria has fallen, and a glance at the map will show that Bohemia at least is now nearly surrounded by Germany. The Sudeten Deutsch, thanks, perhaps, to the unwise policy of the Czechoslovakian Government, added to the recent German *coup de main* in Austria, are now alleged to be veering towards Nazi-ism and union with Germany. Apart from the purely military situation, it must be borne in mind that economically Germany can now exercise very strong pressure indeed on Czechoslovakia. As regards the other two Members of the Little Entente, I would earnestly commend to all those who are now so eagerly studying foreign affairs, Dr. Gerhard Schacher's book *Germany pushes South-East* which shows the strong political and economic strangle-hold on these two countries which she has already obtained and is almost daily increasing, the Government of Greece being already pro-German, as is well known. It would indeed appear that Germany is now already almost in a position to control Central and South-Eastern Europe without the firing of a gun.

Such a domination which means the supply of food stuffs, ores of all kinds and Rumanian oil, all outside the range of the guns of the British fleet, would obviously bring Germany down to the shores of the Eastern Mediterranean and also open her land-line

to the Persian Gulf which was one of the main objectives of the policy of the Emperor William II. and the German General Staff, and remains the temporary goal of "Pan-Germanism," temporary because the ultimate announced goal is world-domination by the German race for the good of the world. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that such an overpowering position held by what, as I have said, must be looked upon as the most formidable military Power of to-day, would vitally affect British interests and indeed threaten the very existence of the British Empire.

Let us now look at the Western end of the Mediterranean and the situation in Spain. While I fully admit that the unhappy Civil War in Spain should be no concern of this or of any other country's, the actual facts of the position do not, unfortunately allow of such a detached attitude. I personally do not for one moment believe that either Germany or Italy were seriously concerned as to whether alleged Bolshevism or Fascism won the victory in Spain. I do not believe that the Spaniards themselves would ever adopt either Bolshevism or Fascism except as a result of pressure from outside, and then only temporarily. I suggest that the German main objective was to acquire the ore mines around Bilbao and Málaga and in Spanish Morocco, and an important jumping-off ground for air attacks on France. Incidentally, intervention in Spain provided a useful opportunity for them to try out their tanks, aeroplanes and high explosive bombs. Italy regarded her intervention as a useful opportunity to establish her strategic position in the Mediterranean, notably by occupation of the Balearic Islands. Now from my knowledge of the Spaniards I do not think that either General Franco or any other Spaniard would ever contemplate the actual cession of Spanish territory either on the mainland or in Morocco or the Spanish Islands to any foreign Power, whosoever it might be or whatever the obligations incurred as a result of warlike assistance. I do suggest, however, that if General Franco who has so many sympathizers and adherents in this country, wins the Civil War, as now seems highly probable, it will be a very long time before he can do without German and Italian material assistance. In these circumstances an Alliance with Germany and Italy or with one of them is surely not outside the bounds of possibility.

Now there are many people in this country who have failed to realize the importance to us of the Portuguese Alliance. They regard with complete contempt any assistance that might be given to us by the Portuguese Army and Navy. In this they may possibly be right. But have they ever considered what our position would be if the Portuguese Coast in Europe, the Portuguese Colonies in Africa, the Cape Verde Islands and Madeira were closed to us and available for the enemy? Those who have studied the naval history of the last war would be able, I trust, to convince such people that the Portuguese Alliance is of extreme value to us. If that be so, it may be deduced how great would be the danger to us, should the Coasts of Spain, the Balearic Islands, Northern Morocco, and the Canary Islands, be in enemy hands. The future of Spanish policy is, to my mind, a matter almost of life and death for the British Empire, and still more so if, as I have indicated above, Germany succeeds in dominating Central and South-Eastern Europe and establishing her position in the Eastern Mediterranean.

It is perhaps worthy of remark that the moment that the Anglo-Italian negotiations were about to begin, Herr Hitler struck and struck hard by occupying Austria and, therefore, by bringing Germany on to the Brenner Pass. It is hardly too much to say that Herr Hitler now has his friend Signor Mussolini by the throat. There can be little doubt that the *Duce* who is a very intelligent man fully realizes this most unpleasant fact. Will the German occupation of Austria, then, bring about a weakening of the Rome/Berlin Axis? That, to my mind, entirely depends upon the military, naval and air strength of this country and of France, as it also depends in a large degree on the possibility of reviving the League of Nations. Unfortunately, our Prime Minister and a number of his supporters have torpedoed the League. It is somewhat difficult for the ordinary man to understand exactly what Mr. Chamberlain has meant by his recent utterances. On the one hand he seems to say that he no longer believes in collective security, but on the other hand he is apparently ready to fulfil our obligations under the League of Nations Covenant. I suggest that, just as at the time of the Abyssinian crisis it was our military, air and even naval weakness which failed to rally the nations in full support of the Covenant

and the Sanctions provided for by Article XVI, so to-day the equivocal attitude of the British Government is forcing the smaller nations on the fringe of Germany to take stock of their position and to feel that, as they cannot rely on the intervention of the British Empire either in its own interests which, as I have pointed out, are vital, or in defence of the Covenant to which it is so solemnly pledged, they had better speedily make friends as best they may with their powerful neighbour.

As regards these smaller nations—there is a tendency among unthinking people in this country to decry their importance and the value of the assistance that they might be able to give if they were actively on our side in the event of a major conflict. To take the economic side alone, can it be seriously argued that any nation or even group of powerful nations such as Germany, Italy and Japan, could hold out for long against a complete economic boycott by fifty other nations great and small the ports of which would, for example, be completely closed to their shipping and to their trade? On the purely military side, let those who regard with contempt the possible assistance that these nations might render to the common cause of freedom and democracy, pause to consider the considerable military might of the Little Entente. I suggest that Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia between them, are powerful enough in a military sense at least to check a German advance, provided that they could be assured of speedy assistance from the West. This assistance could and should be guaranteed to them by the League of Nations Covenant, and this is what I mean by collective security which, as I understand, our Prime Minister no longer believes in. It has been and still is being alleged that in the event of a war we should have to bear the brunt of the fighting and the financial burden. There can be little doubt that France and ourselves would have to make the greatest actual contribution in the military, naval and air sense as well as in the economic. On the other hand, relatively, the independence of the smaller nations and the danger to them proceeding from an invasion by the totalitarian States, is of every bit as great importance to them as a similar danger is to us. Strange though it may seem, the life even of a beggar in the street is of no less importance to himself than the life of any duke or millionaire is to himself.

I still believe and am wholly unrepentant in believing, that this great Empire of ours could even yet rally the vast majority of the nations of the world round the League of Nations Covenant, more especially now when our rearmament is proceeding. Members of His Majesty's Government and their supporters declare that they are averse from dividing Europe into camps. They appear to lose sight of the undoubted fact that Europe is already divided into two camps, the one fully armed, united, truculent and aggressive, the other semi-armed, disunited, yearning for peace almost at any price, and shivering with fear. In short, I regard our desertion of the League, for that is what in point of fact it amounts to, as a major disaster which has struck terror into the hearts of the smaller nations who might be valuable allies in the event of a war.

The Anglo-Italian draft agreement merely lights up the chasm of humiliation into which our military weakness has driven us. It is common ground that Italy deliberately violated the Covenant of the League of Nations and that she has conquered and annexed the territory of one of its Members. The British Empire is now compelled to acknowledge and give its blessing to this act of violence in spite of its pledged word under the Covenant. As we have allowed Germany, almost Austria, and dominate Eastern and South-Eastern Europe only twenty years after her defeat in war, it may be and probably is necessary for us to endeavour to patch up some kind of friendship with Italy. But surely, if our negotiations succeed, and involve the recognition of the Italian conquest of Abyssinia, this can only be but a temporary solution of some of our difficulties and not one of which we and the British Empire have any cause to be proud, or from which we can derive any permanent satisfaction or feeling of security.

THE ITALIAN CHALLENGE

BY GEORGE MARTELLI

BY the time these lines appear the agreement with Italy will have been concluded, if not signed and sealed. It will have marked a stage, an important stage, in Anglo-Italian relations; the end of a chapter, but not the end of the story. The story is only just beginning.

It is doubtful whether more than a small minority in either country realizes what has been happening in the last three years. I say "either country" deliberately, because the majority of Italians themselves are as yet scarcely aware of the direction in which they are going. They know that their Government has been at loggerheads with England, but they have been taught that that was the fault of the League of Nations and Mr. Eden. They have only a vague idea of the profounder causes of the quarrel. As for the British public, they are aware that Mussolini has been making himself a nuisance. They have been told by a section of the Press, and by various speakers in Parliament, that the Italian intervention in Spain is a threat to the British Empire. But there is little sign of their taking this warning very seriously. Spain is far away, and the Near East, where the threat is a good deal greater, still further.

It takes a long time to awaken the inhabitants of these islands to a danger, and the Italian challenge to Britain is comparatively recent. That is to say it has only recently made itself heard. It may be said to have become news for the first time during the summer of 1935, when hints began to be dropped at the Foreign Office that an Italian conquest of Abyssinia would not look too good to Egypt. It was news again when reinforcements were sent to Libya, and when the Mediterranean Fleet 'did a bolt' from Malta to Alexandria. With the collapse of sanctions it ceased to be topical, but came up again with the Gentleman's Agreement of January last year and was nearly always good for

half a column throughout the spring and summer of 1937. Since the autumn it has held the front page continuously, and on one occasion at least, namely the resignation of the Foreign Secretary, provided a first-rate sensation.

All who desire peace must hope that with the signing of the Rome agreement Anglo-Italian relations will cease to be a "story." Many people sincerely believe that such will be the case. Among them are those who have always considered an Anglo-Italian clash as unthinkable, and who attribute the recent misunderstandings exclusively to the attitude of Britain during the Abyssinian crisis. They are the people who tell you in all good faith that Italy has not, and never had, any ambitions incompatible with the interests of the British Empire; and that any action of hers which might be regarded as anti-British, such as the construction of new bases in the Mediterranean or the campaign of propaganda in the Near East, were in reality purely defensive measures, inspired by a fear that Britain was seeking revenge for the failure of sanctions.

To argue thus is to start the story of 1935, when, as I have already remarked, the Italian challenge was first heard in this country. But that does not mean it had not been sounded before. It was sounded as long ago as 1926, when Mussolini paid his first visit to Tripoli. "We are a Mediterranean people, and our destiny has been and always will be on the sea." "We are thirsty for the power, for the riches and the prosperity so long denied us. . . . Our colonial aspirations do not constitute a menace to anyone." And again in 1927:

The precise, fundamental and paramount duty of Fascist Italy is that of putting in a state of preparedness all her armed forces on land, on sea and in the air. We must be in a position, at a certain moment, to mobilize five million men, and we must be in a position to arm them. Our Navy must be reinforced and our Air Force—in which I have more and more faith—must be so numerous and so powerful that the roar of its engines should drown any other noise in the Peninsula and the span of its wings should hide the sun from our country. We shall be in a position then—between 1935 and 1940—when we shall find ourselves at a point which I should call a crucial point in European history; we shall be in a position to make our voices felt and to see, at last, our rights recognized.

Was this a challenge, a threat? Perhaps not directly, but it showed that Mussolini was already thinking in terms of expansion, with a European war as an additional possibility.

It is true that in the same breath he gave an explicit assurance that his colonial aspirations did not threaten anyone. By choosing Abyssinia to expand in, where the interests of the other Powers were comparatively unimportant, he might be considered to have respected this assurance. But was Abyssinia ever intended to be the final act in the creation of the Italian Empire? One would not like to deny it categorically. Governments, even dictatorial, seldom look further ahead than a stage. It would probably be untrue to say that in 1926 or 1927 Mussolini was planning an attack on the British Empire. Or even in 1934, when preparations for the conquest of Ethiopia were already fully matured. What can be affirmed is that the expansionist ideas with which he was toying at the earlier date, and which had become a cut-and-dried policy by the latter, were fated to bring Italy into collision with Great Britain. It is not the conscious designs of nations that are the greatest danger to others, but the current which carries them, often unconsciously, to an unknown destiny.

The threat which the rise of a new military and, above all, naval and aerial Power must always constitute to a world-wide Empire such as the British was latent before the conquest of Abyssinia. It was contained in the existence of Fascism, an ideological form which is based on belief in and glorification of the struggle for power. It was contained in the secret ambition of Mussolini to revive the glory of Rome and build a neo-Roman Empire on the shores of the Mediterranean. The effect of the events of 1935-1936 was to make the threat patent. It opened the eyes not only of the world but of the Italian people themselves. They had often been told by Mussolini they were a first-rate Power, but they never really believed it till then. After Abyssinia they did believe it. And they believed it, not because they had inflicted defeat on a semi-armed, semi-savage African nation; but because they had dared the invincible British lion and got away with it. What is more—they had dared him, if not in his own lair, on ground where he was accustomed to play the Monarch.

Hear the opinion of Pietro Silva, the Italian historian, expressed in the new edition of his book *Il Mediterraneo*.

"The fact that Italy was able to resist the pressure of British sea power, and to pursue her objective with complete success, in spite of the obstacles placed in her path, signifies that in the life and politics of the Mediterranean a new Power has definitely arisen and established itself, and that England can no longer exercise the undisputed dominion of the Latin sea, and play the rôle of arbiter, as in the past. . . . Future historians will mark with the events of the autumn of 1935 the opening of a new phase in the story of the Mediterranean, in the same way that present historians regard as the opening of a new phase the British occupation of Gibraltar and Minorca at the beginning of the eighteenth century."

The book should be read and studied by anyone who aspires to comprehend the present mentality of Fascism. The reference to Gibraltar and Minorca is particularly illuminating. Gibraltar was captured for England in 1704 and Minorca, then the finest natural base in the Mediterranean, in 1708. It was the beginning of British ascendancy in the middle sea. The average life of such ascendancy is between two and three hundred years. Great Britain has enjoyed it, with interruptions, for two hundred and thirty. Italians who read history feel that their turn, if it has not come, is approaching.

It is easy enough for Signor Mussolini to persuade himself, and his people, that the preparations of Italy in the Mediterranean are defensive. The memory of sanctions is the memory of a siege, with the other nations as aggressors and Italy with her back to the wall. She can never forget the threat to close the Suez Canal, a threat which must always hang over her head as long as the Canal is the only road from Italy to Italian East Africa. The permanent neutrality of the Canal and freedom of passage through it may well be assured by the international convention of 1885, and reaffirmed in the Anglo-Italian agreement of 1938. But would any Power in the position of Italy, with such a vital interest in keeping the passage open, put its trust in such assurances? Would England? Obviously not, since from the opening of the Canal its control has always remained in British hands. In any case, even if reliance could be placed on conventions in time of war—and there is no war in history to justify such confidence—nothing is easier than an accident. The ship loaded with concrete which sinks athwart the passage is such a simple and effective expedient that one wonders it has not happened already.

So it comes to this, that Italy cannot feel secure about her

Empire as long as the Suez Canal is controlled by another Power and there is no alternative route connecting the peninsula with East Africa. The only such alternative is a corridor linking Abyssinia and Libya and traversing the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. In either case the obstacle is Great Britain. For while British troops guard the Canal, they also assure, by virtue of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty, the territorial integrity and political independence of Egypt, and the Anglo-Egyptian condominium in the Sudan. And even if it were practicable to cede a corridor the British Army in Egypt would still be on its flank. There is, in fact, no real security for the Italian Empire, other than that which rests on the good will of Britain, except in an Italian occupation of Egypt.

But Italy has other reasons besides strategical for coveting Egypt. The richest of all the north African countries, and one of the richest countries in the world, the prize which dazzled the greatest of the Roman captains, it is the obvious goal of a neo-Roman imperialism. Its capture would round off the Italian possessions in Africa and fulfil the dream of the earliest Italian colonists to use Abyssinia as a back door to the Mediterranean. Italian territory would extend solidly from Mogadishu to Tripoli, from the shores of the Red Sea to the eastern fringe of the Sahara. Egypt, moreover, as Napoleon realized, is the key to the Orient. It unlocks the door to Palestine, Iraq and Arabia. It is the natural point of departure for the Near and Middle East, indispensable to any Power aspiring to influence in those countries.

Egypt would be tempting to an expansionist nation in any circumstances. How much more tempting when, as at present, it is practically defenceless. The British garrison numbers between 10,000 and 15,000 troops, some of whom may often be required elsewhere, for instance in Palestine. There is also a respectable air force. These will be replaced eventually—and a very distant eventuality it is—by 20,000 Egyptian soldiers and an appropriate air arm, the nucleus of which is now being trained by a British military mission. Opposed to these defences the Italians claim to have massed on the Libyan frontier at least two Army Corps totalling 60,000 men, with tanks, mobile artillery and a very numerous air force. Although the claim was

believed by many people in Cairo when I was there in February to be bluff, there is no question that the Libyan garrison hopelessly outnumbers that of Egypt. Also it can be reinforced from Italy in forty-eight hours, while a British transport takes anything up to a fortnight to reach Alexandria from England. The best hope, in fact, of saving Egypt in the event of an Italian attack from Libya would lie in an Indian Expeditionary force landing in Kenya. This would keep the Italian Army in Abyssinia occupied and perhaps hold up an invasion of the Sudan, though it could scarcely prevent Marshal Balbo from reaching Cairo.

In the last resort, however, the fate of Egypt, and for that matter of all the countries surrounding the eastern basin of the Mediterranean, depends upon sea power: in which, of course, is now included the power of the air arm to damage the enemy's fleet and sea communications. Signor Mussolini has said, and the Italian General Staff have grasped, that the future of Italy is on the water, in the sense that without the command of its sea routes she cannot hope to realize her dream of converting the Mediterranean into a Roman lake. It was sea power, and sea power alone, which gave Britain her commanding position. The efforts made by Italy to counter-balance this naval preponderance are the surest guide to her ultimate intentions, just as the naval race with Germany before the Great War showed where the danger to Britain lay.

Her efforts have been assisted by the supreme advantage of a central geographical position. It is not even necessary to look at a map, you need only to remember the shape of Europe and Africa, to appreciate the ease with which a country situated as is Italy could close the Mediterranean to enemy ships. It is so obvious that the British Government long since devised a plan for diverting traffic round the Cape in the event of a war with Italy. A similar view is taken by the French General Staff. With Italian submarines based on Sardinia and the Balearics the Algiers-Marseilles route would be much too dangerous, so a scheme has been worked out for bringing the African reinforcements from Casablanca, on the Western coast of Morocco, across the Atlantic to France.

Of the geographical advantage Italy has made the best with

her system of up-to-date aero-naval bases. These are so devised and distributed as to create a series of barriers ready to be drawn across the Mediterranean corridor. The most important is the line which extends Southward from Spezzia, through Calgiari in Sardinia and Sicily to Tripoli. Its most recent addition is the fortified island of Pantellaria, half-way across the hundred-mile strait separating Tunis from Marsala. By closing this passage, which she could do easily merely by mining it, Italy would as effectively render the Mediterranean impassable as if she commanded the Straits of Gibraltar or Suez. For greater safety, however, she has envisaged another barrage, which would run from Leros and Rhodes in the Dodecanese to Tobruk, on the coast of Cirenaica. Tobruk is the best natural harbour in Libya and it is now being developed intensively as a naval and air base, and also as the landing place for reinforcements on the Egyptian frontier. The Dodecanese bases can also threaten Turkey and the passage to and from the Dardanelles. Their importance for Italian strategy has increased since the Montreux Conference gave Turkey the right to re-fortify the narrows and Russia to send her Black Sea squadron through them. In the event of Britain's ever deciding to build a base at Cyprus we should undoubtedly see an increase of activity in the nearby Italian islands. In fact I was told in Cyprus this was the only reason which had made our Admiralty hesitate.

All these bases, however, have not been designed merely to harry British commerce. The damage they could do to trade would be slight, since only a small proportion of British imports derive from the Mediterranean, and those which are normally carried through it could be diverted to the longer route without enormous inconvenience. The Italian navy and air force has a far more vital function than interrupting British communications. They have to keep their own communications open. As Mussolini has rightly said, while for Britain the Mediterranean is only a road (*via*) and a short cut at that, for Italy it is life itself. In the first place, eighty per cent. of Italy's imports come across its waters and, in spite of feverish attempts to achieve autarchy she can never hope to be wholly independent of this seaborne trade. Secondly, the Italian colony in Libya

and the Italian Empire in East Africa are only accessible by sea. And thirdly, the unimpeded passage of the Mediterranean is the primary and essential condition of any further expansion in Africa or the Near East. From all of which it can clearly be seen that the needs of defence and offence are identical and inseparable, and that the indispensable minimum required for Italian security is also very near the maximum necessary for successful aggression. Once Italy is in a position to make her own possessions safe, she is also in the position to make others' untenable.

To attain that position she must be able at least to hold her own with any force liable to oppose her. In the eastern Mediterranean there is only one such force, and that is the British Navy and its available air strength. To create a situation in which this opponent could first be held in check and eventually prevented from doing any harm whatsoever has been the chief aim of Italian strategy for the last several years. The weakness of Britain in the Mediterranean, as everybody realizes, is its distance from England and consequent dependence on a few widely scattered and vulnerable bases. History shows—the loss of Minorca is the best example—that British influence in the middle sea rose or fell according to the ability of the Fleet to find suitable harbours in which to rest and refit. And suitable landing-places, we should add to-day, for its aeroplanes to come down on. An enemy which could deprive us of the use of Gibraltar, Malta, Alexandria and Port Said, would be in a fair way to driving us out of the Mediterranean. How are those places looking to-day?

In Spain and Spanish Morocco, since the Italian intervention, new guns are known to have been erected, which, if they do not actually threaten Gibraltar, threaten the straits through which British vessels must pass to reach it. The Spanish Nationalists are believed to have their eyes on the Rock, and it would surprise no one if a claim to it were made after their victory. East of Gib. there is nothing nearer than Malta, a thousand miles further on. The inhabitants of this Crown Colony are still recovering from the fright which they suffered in the autumn of 1935, when the Mediterranean Fleet, fearing an attack by Italian bombers (which can reach it from Sicily and Tripoli in 20 minutes and

40 respectively) scuttled out of harbour and left the island defenceless. It is still defenceless, relatively, in spite of the anti-aircraft batteries and the new aerodromes installed recently. Supposing the most important naval base of Italy was in Jersey, and we happened to possess Brest. Should we feel any doubt about our capacity to destroy it, or at any rate render it untenable by an Italian battle squadron? I can scarcely think so.

With Malta untenable the Fleet would presumably retire on Egypt, as it did at the time of the war scare three years ago. Here it would be at the mercy, not so much of the Italian air force, although Tobruk and Rhodes are only a few hours away, as of an invasion of Egypt from Libya. Driven from Alexandria and Port Said, the next move would be to Haifa, where as yet only a beginning has been made with a naval base, and ships of deep draught have to lie in the open bay of Acre. But Palestine is only a step, to be exact a night's journey, from Egypt, so a prolonged sojourn there by the British Fleet would probably be inadvisable. We would, of course, hope to find allies, such as Greece and Turkey, who at the height of the Abyssinian crisis, it will be remembered, offered us their harbours. But such assistance is not to be counted on in war, especially if there is a likelihood, as there certainly would be in the Mediterranean, of its initial stage going against Britain. The small nations, like God, are on the side of the big battalions. In this respect the efforts exerted by Italian diplomacy to break up the front created by the mutual assistance pacts of September, 1935, are significant—though they may not have been wholly successful.

The interests which oppose the strategy of Britain and Italy in the Mediterranean find a counterpart in the Red Sea. For Italy the Red Sea is primarily a prolongation of the life-line connecting the mother country with the Empire. Her object is to keep it open for Italian transports, which includes preventing an enemy from establishing a blockade at the southern entrance to the Suez Canal. (As an alternative to controlling or "accidentally" blocking the Canal—blockade off Suez is, of course, the obvious tactics). With this object in view she has recently taken steps designed to impede a British naval concentration in the Red Sea. At Assab, near the southernmost

limit of Eritrea, the foundations have been laid of what it officially announced in Rome as the "greatest naval base in the Empire." She has also fortified the neighbouring island of Dumeirah, ceded by M. Laval as part of the Rome agreement of January, 1935. Through her friendship with the Imam of Yemen she hopes to counter-balance the British possession of Aden and the friendships existing between Britain and Saudi Arabia. The island of Sheik Said, at present under the nominal sovereignty of the Yemen, is another point on which Italian strategists have their eyes, as it commands the bottle neck of the Bab-el-Mandeb.

Enough has been said to show to what extent Italian strategy is dominated by the presumption of a hostile Britain, and *vice versa*. Italian political activity during the last three years would seem to start from the same premise. Space forbids me from discussing this aspect of the problem, but it is sufficient to mention the anti-British propaganda in Egypt, and Palestine; the encouragement given to the Pan-Arab and Pan-Islamic movements, with the obvious purpose of embarrassing the British and French Governments and weakening their position strategically in Africa and the Near East; the activities of Italian agents in Arabia; and finally the fascistization of the big Italian communities in Egypt and Tunisia.

I have indicated the difficulty of deciding where the legitimate desire of Italy to secure her Empire and her communication becomes a danger to other Powers, and it is just possible that all her preparations are inspired uniquely by fear. In this case the agreement with England may produce a complete change. But until the change has happened one is justified in being sceptical of its permanence.

SAHIBS AT SEA: *The Nemesis of Baldwinism*

By R. H. S. CROSSMAN

WHEN the historian of the future seeks to analyse the breakdown of the Versailles peace-system, he will be struck by two things, first that the three Powers which broke it down in the Pacific, in the Mediterranean and in Central Europe were bankrupt States which could not face a war, and secondly that Great Britain, whose interests were jeopardized in all three spheres, looked on with a resigned fatalism while her security was undermined. Perhaps our future historian will be able to see more clearly than we can the reasons for this strange paradox, but, however much his researches into our secret documents disclose, I fancy there will always remain a sense of sheer bewilderment at the paralysis which overtook British statesmanship between 1931 and 1938. However many reasons we find, nothing will completely explain the fact that a great Imperial nation permitted the map of the world to be rolled up by three braggart militarist *régimes*, none of which could, in the early years of the process, face even a short war with any chance of success.

There will, of course, be theorists ready to account for it in terms of the inevitable process of economic development or the inevitable process of racial decay. Nazi and Marxist pseudo-science have already pronounced their diagnoses. But in this particular problem they are both singularly unconvincing. There is no evidence either that British monopoly capitalism will benefit by Fascist leadership in Europe, or that the British people have been suddenly smitten with a virus of Jewish degeneracy. Perhaps the objective student would be wise to neglect such large generalizations, and study the psychology of Great Britain, and in particular of our ruling class. This at least may offer a partial explanation.

In the first place, it should be made clear that the attempt

to throw the blame on "public opinion" is both cowardly and unconvincing. In so far as the nation has been permitted to know the truth (and we have generally only been let into the secret when it was too late to do more than protest) it has reacted with courage and determination. Public opinion has been divided, and, as usual, the majority in all strata of the population have been ignorant and unmoved. But from 1931 on there has always been a vast reserve of enlightened idealism to which any Government with a progressive policy could appeal with confidence. A Government prepared to save Abyssinia or Austria or Spain could have aroused a passion of loyalty unknown since 1914. To talk of "pacifism" as hamstringing our foreign policy is ridiculous: the contrary is true. We have been suffering from a leadership so pusillanimous that it has permitted the idealism of the people to turn to pacifism in sheer desperation. It is the failure of leadership which we must analyse, not the failure of the people themselves.

When we turn to this aspect, we find that one immediate cause of this failure is the character of the National Government itself. Foreign policy is often conditioned by internal factors, and the foreign policy of the National Government is no exception. Brought into being to face a domestic crisis, it owed its victories both in 1931 and in 1935 to a mass of non-Conservative voters. These voters had to be considered, and the Peace Ballot showed that they would not swallow a normal Conservative foreign policy; the Government, on the other hand, was too divided to conduct foreign affairs on a strict L.N.U. line. As a result this country floundered into a policy which was loyal neither to imperial interests according to the Conservative tradition, nor to the League interests according to the L.N.U. ideals. Attempting to reconcile two opposing philosophies, it fell into a "pacifism" which destroyed both. A compromise which may have been desirable in home affairs was fatal in relation to foreign affairs. And it was continued year after year for purely electoral reasons, until, the League having been destroyed, it was virtually impossible to return to the old-fashioned Conservative policy which Mr. Chamberlain desires.

But the exigencies of electoral tactics, even when they are admitted with such disarming frankness as Earl Baldwin

allowed himself, will not wholly explain the readiness of the National Government to jeopardize our national interests in the name of peace. The politician is not such a rogue as he is painted, and it is unbelievable that Sir Samuel Hoare and Mr. Anthony Eden were solely moved by such domestic considerations. They must have had some beliefs about international relations which deluded them into their tragic surrender. What those beliefs were it is the object of this essay to discover. I believe they can best be summarized in one phrase, the application of "Baldwinism" to world affairs.

Earl Baldwin is perhaps the most important and the most tragic figure of post-war politics. More deeply than any statesman since Disraeli he has permeated his party with his own peculiar personality. Under his influence in home affairs that party ceased to be a fighting party, determined to support business interests against the demands of organized Labour, and became a vehicle of compromise and reconciliation. Earl Baldwin was never a real Conservative. Moved by deep and simple instincts of peace and harmony, distrustful of first principles, detesting conflict, he was the incarnation of that vast mass of non-party unpolitical voters who decide British elections. They trusted him, precisely because he had no clear principles or policy, because he, like them, believed that most people were fundamentally decent, that sudden change was abhorrent, and that revolution was always Red. The close collaboration between him and Ramsay MacDonald was profoundly natural because both men had a passionate belief in the inevitability of progress, the avoidability of revolution, and the danger of "theory." While they were both electoral assets, they were both to undermine the fighting traditions of the parties which they served. Labour experienced the effects in 1931 on the home front. Conservatism is feeling it to-day in foreign affairs.

There is no doubt that such men are an essential part of the British tradition. The finest heritage of our democracy is its non-political character, its noblest quality, that it is based upon the moral sense of a nation which by refusing to think in terms of class-war, produces an atmosphere in which the conflict of classes can be softened into the ways of peaceful

change. One of the virtues of British political life is its ability to break the serried ranks of party and class and to produce a leadership *more humane than the interests they represent*. There is no doubt that Earl Baldwin contributed more than any living man to this process.

This humanizing of political life has two dangers. In domestic affairs, it may degenerate into a protection of the vested interests of both rich and poor, and the gradual obliteration of that social dynamic without which democracy lapses into a subservience to the *status quo*. If democrats should sometimes sacrifice principle to humanity, they should also be filled with a savage indignation at injustice, graft and oppression. Mere kindness can temper conflict, but it can also kill progress. But it is in its transference to foreign affairs that its full dangers become apparent. Consider for instance Mr. Baldwin's famous speech on peace in industry :

"Suspicion which has prevented stability in Europe is the one poison that is preventing stability at home, and we offer the country to-day, this : we at any rate are not going to fire the first shot. We stand for peace. We stand for the removal of suspicion in the country. We want to create an atmosphere, a new atmosphere for a new age, in which the people can come together. We abandon what we have laid our hands to. We know we may be called cowards for doing it. We know we may be told that we have gone back on our principles. But we believe we know what at this moment the country wants, and we believe it is for us in our strength to do what no other party can do at this moment and to say that we at any rate stand for peace."

"We may be called cowards for doing it. We know we may be told that we have gone back on our principles." Long before the conquest of Abyssinia, or non-intervention in Spain, Mr. Baldwin was using language and expressing sentiments of a very similar nature in his conduct of domestic affairs. Transfer this speech into the international sphere, and you have the policy of the National Government. A will to peace may have been justifiable for the victors of the General Strike, especially when we remember that this speech was delivered in a debate on the Trades Dispute Act ; mercy to the smashed Trades Unions, even when it is phrased in such sentimental terms, has a certain magnanimity. But this magnanimity seems a trifle strained when we hear the self-same language used to the dictators busily engaged in smashing the democracies. For the last five years Baldwinesque pacifism, which melted the hearts of

British working men—once they had been broken in the Strike—has been employed to melt the hearts of brutal conquerors who have never known defeat. Captivated by its domestic success in charming away the dangers of Communism by appeals for peace in industry, Conservatism has tried to achieve peace with the dictators by the self-same means.

No one can deny the success of Baldwinism in home affairs, nor its appeal to the mass of the electorate, which is still suspicious of party politics. A leader who, denouncing parties and clear-cut principles, relied on his sense of decency to solve all problems was bound to be popular, so long as there were no problems to solve which needed principles and hard thinking. England got through the slump (and the abdication) under Baldwin's leadership. The Government confined itself to the job of "restoring confidence," and did it extremely well. For the best way to restore confidence is to *do* nothing and say soothing things.

But alas! elsewhere in Europe the slump was surmounted by very different methods. In Germany Hitler had come to power, in Italy Mussolini was preparing to invade Abyssinia. In both these cases the slump had loosed a new force not concerned to "restore" confidence but to break the domination of the creditor nations. Fascist imperialism is the organized resistance of desperate peoples to that *status quo* which Baldwinism was so successfully maintaining in England.

Unfortunately for Mr. Chamberlain, Mussolini is not another Walter Citrine, nor did Lord Halifax find in Berlin a Mahatma with whom he could converse in terms of philosophical religion. The kindly disposition, the humanity and courtesy of British statesmanship, strike no chord in the hearts of the Fascist dictators. Unlike the British working man and the Indian mystic, they are fanatical revolutionaries, and regard such appeals as examples of the perfidious and hypocritical statesmanship for which this country is renowned.

The "Fascist" dictators belong to a species of which British statesmen have small experience and no understanding. Our ruling class has been brought up either to administer justice to "lesser breeds without the law," or to compromise with the demands of a labour movement which is humane and contented

and as respectful of tradition as the bluest reactionary. With a deep certainty of racial superiority, it has in its colonial policy mixed condescension with the use of iron force. It has identified government with administration, and opposition with Red revolution. The Englishman in India is a member of a ruling class as divinely appointed as Hitler's Aryan race to crush the Bolshies. It is chiefly in home affairs that that ruling class has developed the Baldwinian method. Here, unlike the Prussian bureaucracy, it has not imposed order on the subject masses, but educated the British worker to collaborate in the maintenance of order, and the suppression of Red revolution. The ruler of the Punjab when he retires to local politics at home ceases to be a divine administrator and must bow—often unsuccessfully—to a tradition of concession and muddle-through. In one thing only he finds a link between England and India, in the common horror of Red revolution.

What attitude, however, should Britain adopt to people who are neither "lesser breeds" under our Imperial care nor British voters imbued with the spirit of pacific compromise? Our treatment of Southern Ireland indicated long ago how lamentably British statesmanship had failed to see that these two categories did not include the whole world. By alternating imperial administration and kindly compromise we landed ourselves in Civil War. Failing to see that Irish leaders were neither Indian agitators nor British Labour leaders, we created the Irish problem. In precisely the same way we have created the Fascist menace. Here, too, we have wobbled between the belief that Hitler and Mussolini were just contemptible agitators, and the belief that they were gentlemen like ourselves. In fact they are neither, and to treat them as though they were both at once does not mend matters.

The Fascist dictators are anti-communist revolutionaries. Feeling neither respect nor solidarity with 'the powers that be,' they preach an imperialism which is creating, as our own Tudor adventures created, a new tradition contemptuous of its older rivals. They cannot be coddled into confidence, nor can they be humbled by the lordly reproofs of "the old gang." They just are not sensible business men, indeed their power over the masses is largely due to their intolerance of "capitalist"

morality and "capitalist" business methods. They represent the revolutionary dynamic of the middle classes and in particular of the youth which was being strangled by the polite hegemony of the Versailles Powers.

This revolutionary force of Fascism is as unintelligible to British as it was to German business men. The ruling classes in both countries assume that revolution can only be Red, and have thus identified it with Communism—which ceased to be a revolutionary force some fifteen years ago. German conservatives assumed that, because Hitler was anti-Communist, he must be willing to be their henchman. They could not grasp that he was using the Communist myth in order to persuade them to allow him to capture power. Thus Conservative and Communist agreed in describing Hitler as a pawn of heavy industry, a nickname which he delighted to adopt since it enabled him to crush democracy, which was always his real foe, without any resistance from either the Conservative or the Communist side.

The lesson of Hitler and Mussolini's rise to power is writ clear for all to read: the methods they used internally are now being used by them in foreign affairs. Nothing is changed. Once again they woo those who profit by the *status quo*, once again they offer them their defence against the Red Peril, and once again they use them for the destruction, not of Communism, but of that freedom which is the only defence of England and France against Fascist imperialism. But apparently the lesson is never learnt. Mr. Chamberlain speaking on the 24th of March, said:

"His Majesty's Government place full reliance upon the intention of the Italian Government to make good their assurances. They believe that, with the spirit of mutual confidence, in which both Governments are addressing themselves to the task, it will be possible through these conversations to reach complete agreement."

"The spirit of mutual confidence"! How often was the phrase used by Hugenberg and Schleicher and Von Papen in those far-off days when German Conservatism believed that it could tame Hitler and bring him into line? There is something ludicrous in the air of cultured kindness with which the British Government pays what blackmail extorts and honestly believes that it is negotiating a deal. Imagine a nice, elderly

gentleman who finds that a pair of sharpers has been taken into the business and is quietly blackmailing his partners. The elderly gentleman for a long time refuses to recognize their existence. "After all," he says, "that simply doesn't happen here." Then he begins to get really scared, and gradually, as the sharpers show signs of turning their attention to him, he begins to see some good in them. 'What they are asking is not blackmail, but the very legitimate demands of ill-used gentlemen. They are young vital fellows and will grow up decent if you give them a chance, and they assure me that my partners really are abominably corrupt.' He begins to realize that he needs protection from his old friends and that these two young men are really justified in pressing them for money. And finally, he finds himself vigorously denying that they are blackmailers at all, and shrugs his shoulders sadly as his partners commit suicide *seriatim*.

Is that a fantastic analogy? I believe that the historian of the future will perceive more clearly than we can to-day the astonishing failure of British statesmanship to face up to the revolutionary dynamic of Fascism. Blinded by their Red prejudice, they fail to see the Brown peril, and assume that, since the Fascists are not Communists, their demands must be legitimate and can be settled by conference. Our post-War security depended on the active independence of those peoples, including the Germans, who had been freed by Versailles. In the Mediterranean, as ever, it was bound up with the independence and friendliness of Spain. "Baldwinism" has permitted those peoples to be enslaved, and is now cooing sweet nothings to their tyrants in the futile belief that he who wears a collar must either be a gentleman or wish to rise to that superior station. Like all true tragedies, ours has its comic side. Shall we really face defeat, because our rulers failed to perceive that revolutionary shirts are of more than one colour?

BRITISH BROADCASTING AND ITS RÔLE

BY EDWARD LIVEING

A BROADCASTING system, such as the British which operates a monopoly of the "air," inevitably faces the most critical scrutiny from all sides. In the political sphere it is liable to accusations, often quite irrational and based on the slenderest evidence, of being "rightist" or "leftist" in its news bulletins and talks. Steering clear so far as possible, as it has done at certain periods, of controversial issues in wireless debates and discussions, it has been attacked contrariwise in Parliament and elsewhere for timidity. Indeed, there are very few programmes or talks which will not provoke controversy in some section or other of a listening public which, if four listeners are rated to every licence, is nearly 35,000,000 strong. A programme about hunting brings down coals of fire from societies concerned with the protection of animals; a talk on wine results in a clamour on the part of teetotalers; the innocent broadcasting of a dance tune such as "eat more fruit" evokes accusations from sections of the food-purveying trades interested in selling other commodities.

Moreover, the B.B.C. has to maintain a dual rôle, which imposes inevitable compromises upon it. Its primary duties are to its vast listening public; yet it cannot, as a public body possessing the privilege of a monopoly, fail to neglect the claims upon it of national and local organizations of many different types. From the financial and programme angles, its problems in its contact with the world of art and entertainment are particularly difficult. These are especially apparent, for instance, in the sphere of music, where it has come in some degree to assume the position of a patron, as well as that of a purveyor of programme material for its listeners. It is doubtful if many of our best orchestral and choral societies in London and the provinces would have survived the years of depression

round about 1931 except for considerable fees from the B.B.C. It is true that these subsidies have been given in return for broadcasting facilities. It is equally true, however, that so many orchestral resources are not vital to the B.B.C. or its ordinary listeners. Often during the winter season there is a plethora of concerts on which the programme-builders have to draw, with the danger of overloading wave-lengths with symphonic music, to the detriment of other features, or of uneconomic duplication of programmes.

How far in such circumstances can the claims of patronage take precedence of the claims of the listener? Compromises have to be arranged. The fact remains that the B.B.C. helps to support societies (among others) such as the Royal Philharmonic, the Hallé, the Reid Symphony Orchestra, the Choral & Orchestral Union of Glasgow, the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, the Northern Philharmonic Orchestra, the City of Birmingham Orchestra, and the Belfast Philharmonic Society. It lends support to the best of our choral societies and co-operates with the leading British musical festivals. It has rescued the London Promenade Concerts from extinction and has promoted a London Music Festival. But, moreover, it gives permanent annual employment in its Symphony Orchestra, and its other orchestras in London and the regions, to about 400 musicians. The B.B.C. could, in fact provide with its own orchestras practically the whole of the symphonic music needed in its programmes if all the other orchestral organizations in the country went out of existence tomorrow. Here, then, is a specific case where the B.B.C. may have slightly favoured the claims of patronage. It has pursued a more than justifiable course as a public body. Whether the course taken has been in the best interests of the main bulk of listeners is another question. Yet, by and large, and taking the point of view that, unless the musical profession is supported and encouraged by a powerful national body such as this, it will deteriorate, and the future supply of musicians will be endangered, it is a course which can even be justified at the listening end. For the standard of cinema orchestras, dance bands, and variety performances would be eventually affected if the country's higher-class

orchestral players, constituting in themselves a body of professional tradition and teaching, were to die out.

Many of the earlier controversies and suspicions have faded away. In its religious activities, the B.B.C. is now generally accepted as a helpmate rather than an enemy. Local educational authorities, who in the early days regarded the school broadcasts either as valueless or as unnecessarily interfering with schools' curricula, look upon them now as a useful supplement, with the result that at the end of 1937 nearly 7,800 British schools had been installed with listening sets. The entertainment and gramophone industries have not suffered, as they expected, from the incursions of this new rival. And, in general, the newspaper industry is more, rather than less, prosperous.

The listening public itself has changed almost beyond recognition since the days of 1922. It has passed from the stage of home-made sets, when wireless was an amusing novelty, through the phase of super-intense listening and unconstructive criticism, to a more intelligent, restrained and selective use of the widely varying fare provided.

In general, the B.B.C. has more than weathered the storms of the past years. It has reached port as an accepted British institution. The advantages of monopoly, so far as this country is concerned, have been proved to outweigh the advantages of disseminated effort. The British programme service may lack some of the quick tempo, the *joie de vivre* and spontaneous gusto of American broadcasting. In this, however, it probably expresses our national temperament more faithfully than its critics. The spur of competition behind the American system finds its counterpart in the British in the spur of public scrutiny. Most important, too, is the fact that the British listener can receive programmes absolutely free of advertisement interest, and entirely uncoloured by the prejudices and propaganda of rival newspaper owners and ideological institutions. In the British system there has been a continuity of control, leadership and tradition, and thus a steady development of a set policy and programme technique. In the matter of programme technique, especially, the B.B.C. has led the field in the evolution of what might be described as essentially

radiogenic art-forms—radio drama, feature programmes and recorded events.

At the end of 1937 the record of progress was sufficiently impressive. The number of wireless licences stood at 8,479,600—a figure slightly surpassed in the aggregate by Germany alone with a population exceeding ours by 20 millions. The Empire service had completed its fifth year of operation and was transmitting at the rate of about eighteen hours a day, three new transmitters having recently been installed at Daventry. With the separation during the year of the regional services for Wales and the West of England and the establishment of new transmitters in North Wales and the North East of England, there were few districts in the whole country where listeners could not receive two alternative B.B.C. programmes at full strength on the simplest of sets. And the London television service, operating from Alexandra Palace, remained, at the end of the year, the only public service of television in the world to reach viewers in their own homes.

We in this country can, therefore, take a justifiable pride in the evolution of our broadcasting system and its achievements. But it is as well to remember that every stage in the development of this new world-force of wireless telephony is not unlike the drawing back of

“Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in færy lands forlorn.”

There are, in fact, some extremely serious problems facing the B.B.C., as also the broadcasting organizations of other countries, at the present moment. These problems include financial, technical and international questions.

The B.B.C.'s annual report issued in February, and a supplementary estimate presented to Parliament on February 23rd providing for additional income for broadcasting in the year ending March 31st, 1938, may have come in the nature of a shock to members of the public who regard the B.B.C. as a wealthy undertaking. At first sight it might be thought that its licence income in 1937, £2,875,044, was a substantial enough figure. Added to this was a net revenue from its publications amounting to £480,527, and a small sum of £503 accruing from interest on bank deposit and current accounts.

So that in all it had £3,356,074 with which to maintain and develop its service in 1937.

But to imagine that this sum, large enough as it may seem on paper, is sufficient to give the B.B.C. even a small margin of financial safety, is to ignore present and future realities. In the first place, the corporation was never endowed with capital at the outset of its existence. Reserves have had to be built up out of current revenue from year to year, and have been heavily taxed with the rapid growth of the service. In addition to its “home” service, the B.B.C. has created a service for listeners throughout the Empire, with a special department to this end, a permanent orchestra and six transmitters. During the past two years it has established more than the beginnings of a Television service. And more recently still it has been called upon to provide services in foreign languages.

“To meet these commitments, either entered into or looming in the near future,” as the B.B.C.'s official journal, *The Listener* has pointed out, “the B.B.C. has no reserve funds, those set aside for depreciation having had to be used for the acquisition of new assets. Of its income for 1937, over 51 per cent., or £1,729,615 was expended on programmes—an increase of nearly £400,000, a considerable part of which was due to increased rates payable to the Performing Right Society. Nearly 18 per cent. of the remainder, or approximately £600,000, was spent on engineering. The balance of net revenue, after these and other necessary expenses had been met, was only £150,295. This, together with unappropriated net revenue brought forward from 1936, allowed for the transference to Capital Account of only £200,000—an appropriation insufficient even to cover the year's expenditure. No reserve funds were available, at the end of 1937, for new capital expenditure, or even for replacements.”

A quotation from the new annual report is equally significant: “It has been impossible hitherto to build up any reserve funds in liquid form. It is essential to do so while income is still increasing; otherwise the Corporation will be forced ultimately to divert to capital purposes substantial sums required for expenditure on programmes, etc., thus lowering the standard of service.”

In the light of these statements, it should cause no surprise that the supplementary estimate has provided for a further £360,000 in the year ending March 31st, of which the major portion, £310,000, has been ear-marked for Television and Foreign Language Broadcasts. Indeed, the question which anyone, who has been as closely associated with the development and administration of broadcasting as the present writer, cannot fail to ask himself is "Will the B.B.C. be able to carry on its present activities and added burdens after this year unless the total revenue from listeners' licences is more than absorbed?"

To answer this question a brief survey of some of the major issues involved is necessary.

The origins of the "Empire" service go back to 1926 when it attempted to interest the Government in the possibilities of short-wave broadcasting. Permission was obtained to undertake experiments from Chelmsford, which showed what might be done with proper apparatus. No financial support was forthcoming from the British authorities, or from any of the Dominions or Colonies. The Colonial Office Conference of 1930 enthusiastically approved the idea of an Empire Service put before it by the B.B.C. But the Colonies never saw their way to voting any funds. It was left to the B.B.C., seeing the serious issues involved in the use of short-waves for long-distance broadcasting by other European countries, to start a service in December, 1932, out of its own income—in other words a service financed from the licence revenue of the home country. The B.B.C. was amply justified, from an imperial point of view, in the light of subsequent events. The lack of financial support by the Dominions and Colonies is, in the writer's opinion, regrettable, and the fact remains that even to-day the British listener continues to foot the bill of what is an invaluable service on the grounds of a cultural "link-up" of the whole British Empire. No official figures are available of the costs of Empire Broadcasting. In any case they would be difficult to assess, because a considerable proportion of them would be covered in the B.B.C.'s "overhead expenses," and much of the service consists of an "overflow" of the home programmes.

But, apart altogether from the annual programme and engineering costs, the capital expenditure since 1932 at

Daventry with its present six transmitters could not, one imagines, be far short of £500,000.

Here, surely, is a matter that gives food for thought. It is, no doubt, an excellent thing that this linking-up of imperial interests through the air should have been left in the hands of an agency thoroughly competent to deal with it technically and with programme experience rather than to a Government department. But it is one of the typical characteristics of the British method of "muddling along" that, while various European States are heavily subsidizing short-wave broadcasting to overseas listeners, not a single Government in the Empire has helped to finance a scheme so vitally important to collective imperial interests.

On the question of foreign language broadcasts, there is considerable misunderstanding. This is not surprising, for the subject is complicated by a somewhat bewildering array of national, linguistic and technical factors. For some long time past certain countries have been broadcasting in more than one language owing to the mixed linguistic composition of their own populations. In more recent years advantage has been taken of the short-wave-length channels, with their particular facilities for long-distance communications, to transmit programmes from the countries of origin to their nationals abroad, and in some cases nationals who no longer speak the parent language. Only in one or two isolated services has malevolent propaganda against other countries been transmitted. The main bulk of short-wave broadcasting by European countries consists either of projecting a picture of the life and culture of the home-country through normal programmes, talks and news bulletins, or of more direct, but not necessarily malevolent, propaganda. It is, of course, difficult to draw the line between where propaganda begins and ends. But there is a world of difference between the English programmes of the B.B.C.'s Empire service, and those, for instance, of certain countries which have been recently aiming their short-wave broadcasts in languages not their own at the South American continent.

Challenges of this kind have now had to be taken up by this country, since British interests, commercial and otherwise, ran

the danger of being undermined. As announced in the House of Commons on November 1st, 1937, the B.B.C. has undertaken to provide a service of broadcasts in Spanish and Portuguese to listeners in South and Central America, and another in Arabic to the Near East. The broadcasts in Arabic were started in January, and arrangements have since materialized for those in Spanish and Portuguese. It may seem a regrettable fact that we have had to resort to these methods. But it can at least be said that the policy behind the British language broadcasts is to give the truth, and truth for a comparatively prosperous and happy community such as ours is not too hard to give. A fact that is more disturbing is that a new department to cover these activities has had to be created and that two additional short-wave transmitters are necessary—costs which again will come out of the British listeners' licence money, even though they will be defrayed by some of the 25 per cent. hitherto withheld by the Treasury.

There is not space here to deal fully with the complicated situation now arising from the rapidly increasing use of the short wave-lengths, with which broadcasting in foreign languages is inevitably bound up. Though specific short-wave bands were allotted for broadcasting by the Washington Radio Conference in 1927, there has been no international restriction of the number of stations or wave-lengths used, provided they are within these bands. The position is becoming rapidly chaotic as more and more short-wave stations are put into operation by additional countries. One can only hope that some satisfactory solution of this "air-warfare" will result from the International Telecommunications Conference, held in Cairo during February of this year.

* * * *

The B.B.C.'s television station at Alexandra Palace was opened in November, 1936. Eighteen months of day-to-day service have given this country a lead unchallenged by any other country in the world. Much valuable experience has been gained. But those most closely associated with the service would be the first to agree that horizons ahead are immense, vague and unchartable.

This combination of visual and audible broadcasting completely revolutionizes process and practice. A new field of science has had to be investigated; a new art is materializing and maturing. The change-over is fraught with every conceivable problem—psychological, technical, financial and artistic. For a number of years we shall have to undergo the experience of moving from an accepted state of affairs to one totally different. At the receiving end itself a listening public will gradually have to wean itself into a viewing public. The present cost of television sets is prohibitive for most classes, though manufacturers estimate the number sold somewhere round about 5,000—a fairly high figure in view of current prices and the fact that the service is localized so far to one area only. Moreover, the public will have to accustom itself to very different habits of receiving programmes. The same amount of concentration is needed for televieing as for watching a play or a film. In particular, the listener who has become accustomed to using his wireless as a pleasant background to reading a book or playing a game of bridge will find it difficult, but none the less necessary, to drop this habit.

To anyone such as the writer, who has paid several visits to the station at Alexandra Palace since the early days after its opening, the progress made in technical methods and programme production has been quite astonishing. After the early period of experimentation with more than one type of transmission there has been concentration on one set of standards only, at the recommendation of the Television Advisory Committee. For these "London Television Standards" announced by the Postmaster-General on February 5th, 1937, Marconi—E.M.I. apparatus is used and, from what the writer has seen of recent television, it gives remarkably faithful picture-reproduction of studio programmes, news-films, and outside broadcasts. Great advances have been made recently, and from the time of the successful televising of the Coronation, in this last type of programme-activity, especially.

But many obstacles stand in the way of rapid development. Plant and apparatus are costly. The more complicated programme technique, as compared with the ordinary radio play, for instance, is easily apparent to anyone who has watched

plays being produced in television studios. Indeed, the production of a play for television is not unlike the shooting of a film; the paraphernalia are very similar; the effort involved on the part of actors, producer, camera and sound specialists more severe, since there can be no retaking of scenes once rehearsals are over and the studio is "on the air." Again, the purchase and operating costs of the new mobile transmitting units used for outside broadcasts are serious factors in the development of this side of the service. Short-wave television transmitters have at present an effective range not exceeding much more than thirty miles. It may be that this range will be extended as the result of research. But large extensions of effective radius cannot be expected to be made in the early future. This fact leads to a conclusion that, when a wider distribution of the service is undertaken, a greater number of stations will be needed than those at present used for sound broadcasting. Moreover, the linking-up of these stations for simultaneous broadcasting—and this would appear vital in the light of production costs—will entail the use of special cables costly to lay and instal. A rough estimate would be £1,000 a mile, so that rental charges by the Post Office to the B.B.C. cannot fail to be high.

In general, the evolution of television opens up the most fascinating new possibilities of bringing the world into the receiver's home. But we shall only be deceiving ourselves if we imagine that this new medium can be exploited rapidly, with all the technical, financial and artistic difficulties involved.

For some years we must expect sound broadcasting to continue as the normal service while television grows slowly to maturity alongside it. This fact compels attention to the quotation from the B.B.C.'s annual report given earlier in this article. If the B.B.C.'s existing services are to be maintained, qualitatively and quantitatively, in addition to the new burdens which it is now shouldering, it would seem that not only the whole of the income from listeners' licences will have to be drawn upon (income is nearing the saturation point), but that additional financial support will have to be found. In the writer's opinion there are several possible sources:

- (a) The release of the B.B.C. from Income Tax. It is noteworthy that provision for this in the revenue account for 1937 is £174,000.
- (b) The provision of a special grant to the B.B.C. for the Empire Service. It would be inequitable that such a grant should come from the Home Government only. It would at any rate seem worth while that some exploration should be set on foot between the Home Government and the Governments of the Dominions and Colonies with a view to a partial defrayal of the costs of what is an invaluable service to all concerned.
- (c) Provision of extra revenue from the taxation of British advertisers' money at present leaving this country in payment for "sponsored" programmes transmitted through continental stations. A trade paper recently estimated this at £1,000,000 yearly.

One thing is certain. It would be a national misfortune if either the B.B.C.'s existing services were impaired or the British listener was required to pay a higher licence fee.

Ariel's blithe spirit cannot completely escape its earthly bonds; wings flutter in the air, and flight is burdened by considerations of hard cash and the friction of mankind's relationships.

THE SITE VALUE SCANDAL

BY RICHARD ACLAND, M.P.

TO-DAY, everyone outside the Cabinet is talking about carefully prepared schemes of public works to be put in hand as soon as the slump appears. But is it really worth while to launch into a large-scale public works programme until we have first solved the far more important site-value problem?

Since the war we have spent probably hundreds of millions of pounds on new arterial roads. We paid full value for the land taken over. We knew that our expenditure must inevitably and automatically send up the value of the adjoining land from £300 to perhaps as much as £1,500 per acre; and yet, with our eyes wide open, we have allowed these values to fall into the hands of the landowners who sold their sites to speculative builders who turned our by-passes into ribbon-developed death traps. On the figure quoted above, and assuming the increase in value extends to an average depth of 150 yards from the road, we have deliberately thrown away £120,000 per mile of by-pass. And this is only one aspect of the site value scandal.

It is tempting to wish that we could go back to the year 1900 and follow the example of Stockholm and Copenhagen by buying up at almost negligible cost vast areas now covered by extending suburbs. But it is too late now. The opportunity has gone for ever. Indeed, in so far as we have allowed land to be bought and sold on the understanding that a certain site value is attached to it, we cannot now confiscate their property from those who have legitimately bought on the faith of that understanding.

But we can say, "thus far and no further." While we cannot prevent an owner from enjoying, if he can realize it, the site value which may now be attached to his land, surely, in principle,

we have the right to say that "as from the appointed day," any increased site value shall become the property of the State.

If, then, we hope to reserve to the State any site value created after the appointed day we must make a valuation of the land upon the appointed day. It is upon this rock of valuation, with its attendant shoal of official valuers, that previous schemes have been partly wrecked.

The simple way out of the difficulty would seem to be to allow the owner to value his own land, subject to two safeguards. In order that he should not value his land too low, the State should reserve the right to purchase the land at his valuation. That he should not value too high, there should be imposed upon it a small, but sensible, rate or tax.

All the powers of vested interest and of land speculation will cry out against these two safeguards, but against such outcry these answers may be given. If a man claims that he possesses an asset which has some presumably realizable value, is there any reason why he should not make some contribution to the national or local exchequer based upon the capital value of the asset that he claims to possess? If a man fairly and openly values his land at a certain figure, can he reasonably make out any claim to be compensated on any higher value when his land is required for purposes of state?

Upon the general principle, a large number of adjustments would no doubt have to be made. There would be objection against imposing burdens on agricultural land, and to meet it, an agricultural value would have to be fixed, either nationally or locally, and land would be exempted from the tax or rate to the extent of this value. Further it would seem to be necessary to allow owners to alter the declared value of their land either upwards or downwards by, say, 5% in any year. Any owner who could show that the State had done some positive act, such as the erection of an incinerator next door, which reduced the value of his land, must be allowed to reduce his declared value by a reasonable amount, and to receive appropriate compensation. And any owner who can show that he himself has done something, such as the building of a private road, to increase the value of his land, must be allowed to increase appropriately his declared valuation.

But, when all the adjustments had been made, if the general principle remained intact, national and local authorities would find themselves possessed of a liberty to work out their own destinies in a coherent way which is certainly denied to them at the present time.

No longer would they find that all the available land jumped up in price against them with the announcement of a new housing drive. No longer would they find that all their improvements and developments of 1930 served no other purpose than to push up the price of the land they required for their developments of 1940 or 1945. These are not imaginary or negligible evils. I have met a man whom I believed to be a stalwart and typical member of the "old school tie" brigade who had worked in the land acquisition department of one of the home counties. "Six months in that office," he said, "would make any man a socialist."

Local and national authorities would find that they had a completely new power of planning development. It is rather pathetic that the Government, through its mastery of the art of seeming to do everything when in fact it is doing nothing, has persuaded thousands of our people that something really effective in the way of planning has been done. It is true that something has been done. But the total effect of the Ribbon Development Act is to compel the owner to put in a service road parallel to the by-pass, and to deprive him of 70 yards of his depth. The most important power conferred by the Town and Country Planning Act would seem to be the power—subject to the owners' claim to compensation—to restrict his building, in the most beautiful sites, to one house per ten acres. One house per ten acres means houses on an average slightly over 200 yards apart, a density fully capable of destroying the average beauty spot.

Under the policy here suggested, the planning authority, without cost, is put into an infinitely stronger position. Upon the appointed day the Chairman will find himself in possession of a complete site value map of his area, and he will know that, whatever he may do, and whenever he may require the land, the price he will have to pay will be in accordance with his map, subject to such 5% annual variations as the owners may choose to make.

He can now build his by-pass or his housing scheme knowing what price he will have to pay for the land. Within a few years he ought to be in a position to knock a shilling or so off the rents of his new council houses by getting his land cheaper. When he builds his new roads, he can acquire at reasonable prices sufficient land adjoining to enable him to plan his lay-out on a scale which will not destroy the transport value of the new roads he has made.

But that is not all. In the first years, the new policy will not have any very striking effects upon the destruction of beauty by speculative builders. This habit of builders could only be stopped if the nation were prepared to buy up the whole of its beauty forthwith—a desirable, but a too expensive policy. Under the policy here proposed no new restriction will be imposed upon owners who choose to develop their property up to their declared valuation. Yes, up to the declared valuation, but not beyond it. For all sales of land will have to be registered, and in each case an appropriate amount will have to be recorded as due to site value. Once the owner has sold sites to the total value of his original declaration (plus such 5% increases as he may have made), it is clear that he will have received in fact all the site value which was attached to his land on the appointed day—and it should be a matter of principle that all site value created thereafter shall belong to the state. Therefore once the owner has "used up" his declared site value, he can be prevented from destroying beauty spots, or from turning main roads into death-traps, or he can be allowed to develop his land upon such terms as to payment of site value to the State as may seem reasonable.

The connection between site value policy and the proposal to deal with a slump by means of public works should now be clear, and it is immensely important. The drawback to any scheme of public works is its cost. In times of incipient slump, revenue is contracting in any event, and if it should be that the next slump appears as soon as we cease to borrow for increased armaments, there will be a loud outcry against further borrowing for public works programmes.

That part of the cost of almost any public works proposal which goes in the cost of land would be sensibly reduced under a sound site value policy. But this is only the beginning of the

matter. There are almost no public works which can be imagined, be they the laying out of a park, the provision of new electrical or water supply, the building of roads or bridges or underground railways, or the cutting of wide thoroughfares through slum areas, which do not in some way increase the value of adjoining land. If it becomes possible to bring into the national or local exchequer the values thus created, then the State finds itself possessed of an asset realizable either immediately or in the future, whose value can be set against the cost of the scheme. In some cases the cost of the scheme will be thereby reduced. But in others, a scheme which is to-day held up on account of cost will be turned into a profitable investment. Thus the State has to hand a new power of control over booms and slumps.

Consider, for example, the Charing Cross bridge scheme in relation to its effects upon site values of land within half a mile of its southern end. It is said, and it is probably true, that if the State could have received one half of the increased site value of the land within a quarter of a mile of the route of the Morden Tube, the State could have built that railway and run it free for all time with money in pocket. There must be to-day other directions in which London could build new railways so as to give employment to thousands of men without cost if only the resulting site values could be preserved for the County Council.

The problem becomes even more important in its relation to the impending fall in the population. Our whole system of private enterprise has been built up upon the basis of an expanding population. Now we must face a decline. It is likely to prove harder and harder to keep our machine running if we have to depend on the expenditure of individuals directed to the satisfaction of their own individual wants. To secure full employment we shall be compelled to spend more and more on the fulfilment of corporate wants. If, by some miracle, we are saved from war, if we can hope that at some not too distant time we shall cease to squander our wealth on the means of destruction, we ought to contemplate, by the turn of the present century, a population living in towns of which we shall no longer be ashamed.

We ought to think in terms of universally decent housing

conditions. There should be wide, straight, safe, uncrowded thoroughfares. Residential, shopping and industrial areas should be separated. Parks, playing fields, swimming baths, recreation centres, should be within easy reach of all. Rapid transport should take the townsman direct to the country. All these things ought to be within the bounds of possibility, but only if the State can make itself the master of the land values that it will create.

Twice the progressive parties have attempted, in a rather half-hearted way, to tackle the site-value problem, and twice they have failed. They have created the impression that the whole subject has been shelved, and fanatical single-taxers have persuaded many to treat the subject as a joke. This is a great pity, for there is probably no subject to which the progressive parties might now more profitably set their hands.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT TURNS BLACK

BY WILLARD PRICE

THE successes of Japan, Italy and Germany under army rule have fired the imagination of Siam. By "Siam"

I mean, of course, the ruling group of Siam, not the people. The people are not Siam, politically speaking. For the people have no political consciousness. There is no such thing as public opinion. The Siamese smile and say, "You are probably right." They are tolerant, easy-going, good-natured.

"The cream of the Far East" they have been called by Francis B. Sayres, their former legal adviser. "They have the best manners in the world," says another American, the present financial adviser. Thanks to prolific King Chulalongkorn and the able co-operation of his many wives, one meets Princes at every social gathering—but I was frequently puzzled to guess whether a courtly gentleman speaking to me in perfect English was a Prince or not. For they all act like princes. A charming and gracious people. And with superb artistic talent, as evidenced in their marvellous *wats* or temples.

But not ready for democracy.

In 1932, Siam thought her salvation lay in democracy. So she demoted her king and called upon her people to govern themselves. But democracy is not something that can spring adult from the head of Jove. It must grow up from puling infancy, slowly and painfully. Siam cannot wait. Therefore she has now adopted the ready remedy of the totalitarian Powers—army rule.

More than half the population cannot read. Newspapers have only a trifling circulation outside of Bangkok. Indeed they would be old long before they got to out-of-town subscribers, for there are but two trains a week. The Government uses radio—but few listen. They would rather tune in to Singapore music than Bangkok propaganda. Besides, receiving sets are

few, because of the expense—all are imported, and the cheapest costs about £5.

The Siamese move about very little, hence local interests predominate. They never did understand the constitution that Luang Pradit gave them in place of their king. The constitution in book form, laid across the top of a vase in order to give it elevation, was sent out to the provinces and was bowed to and fêted by the populace. But when it was all over the authorities discovered to their chagrin that many of the people had misunderstood. They had been told that this was their ruler—and vaguely supposed that the jar contained a sort of genii of their king and that the book was merely something to hold him in!

Thus, democracy has remained but a word in Siam. In the meantime, political fashion has changed. The world mode has turned from democracy to a new kind of autocracy. Now, the Siamese understand autocracy. Their kings were absolute rulers—and good ones. Siam has been fortunate in her kings. The day of absolute monarchy can hardly come back, but there seems to be excellent opportunity for an army dictatorship resting upon public reverence for a semi-sacred monarch, as in Japan. So the child-king is being educated in Switzerland to occupy a rôle new to royalty in Siam, a rôle more of priest than of king. This appears to be no dark scheme of a military clique, but a sincere programme, whether mistaken or no, of men sharply conscious of the four-fold danger threatening Siam. Siam is the only independent nation in the Far East, except Japan. How long will she remain independent? She is not content to leave the answer to this question to Britain, France, Japan and China.

Of the four nations which may mould Siam's future the weakest is perhaps the strongest. The defeated and disorganized Chinese are wielding great power in Siam today. Because they are disorganized in their own land, they are flooding into Siam. Siam tries to limit their number by imposing a truly stupendous head tax, one hundred tikals (about £9), the savings of a Chinese lifetime. But they come in larger numbers than ever; a thousand or fifteen hundred on every ship. Their number has increased six times since 1919. There are now 1,500,000 Chinese in Siam. Chinese born in Siam are Siamese by nationality—but

Chinese by nature. They are frugal and industrious, get the business of the country into their hands, send back their profits to their ancestral village in China or into China's war chests. They are law-abiding. There is nothing against them. Yet the Siamese fear them most—because of their absorptive power.

Siam has a culture which she does not care to see sucked up into the Chinese blotter that has already extracted the juice from so many cultures. The Siamese, in the words of scholarly Prince Bidylankara, are "the elder brothers of the Chinese." They are the ancient Thai people who existed in China before there evolved in the Yellow River valley the people who were to be called Chinese. The latter spread south, threatening to engulf the Thai, who, however, refused them and their new-fangled ways and retired in good order farther south into what is now Siam.

There they permitted Buddhist monks to teach them the culture of India, and combined it happily with their own. They have good reason to be proud of their way of life, of their ability to idle in the arms of Nature without being spoiled by her, of their myriad superb "prangs" or temple towers of inlaid porcelain unequalled anywhere else in the world, of their art and literature, of their unique independence and capacity for ingratiating greedy Powers. They look at the unhappy lot of China, and are apprehensive about the future of a Chinese Siam.

Their second fear is of Japan. Not for the moment, since Japan is fully occupied in China. But they know Japan's capacity for long-term plans. And they cannot fail to note the multiplication of Japanese goodwill missions to Siam. On my ship to Siam was a goodwill delegation of Buddhist priests. They were met at Bangkok by venerable figures in yellow robes—but the Japanese priests were dressed in business suits, thus stressing the modernity of their country, and their leader, who looked more like a politician than a priest, was attired in morning suit and white-edged waistcoat. Japan, in reporting such missions, invariably emphasizes Siamese cordiality. The impression is given that the two free countries of Asia have locked hands. It is not quite so. "Japan courts Siam," the editor of *The Siam Chronicle*, Phya Prijanusasana, told me.

"Siam, being polite, allows herself to be courted. But she makes no advances in return."

It is Siamese policy to be friendly with everyone; an excellent policy for a weak nation under the shadow of strong Powers. Japan, unused to friendliness, may misinterpret this attitude. It is true that Siam has warships built in Japan—but only because she can obtain them more cheaply there. She is not unwilling for the impression to get abroad that there is a Japanese-Siamese *rapprochement*—for that may spur Great Britain and France to act more handsomely toward her. But when it comes down to something more realistic than after-dinner speeches, Siam holds aloof. A few months ago large Japanese interests which have cotton plantations in Brazil sought to lease land in northern Siam for a great cotton-raising demonstration. They would supply seeds and instructions to Siamese farmers, lend them money, and buy all the cotton they produced. It would be of inestimable value to Siam to learn how to grow good cotton. And she could learn it from the Japanese. Yet she refused—because the proposition was not Siamese. She feared the entering wedge. The proposed financing of farmers might lead to a duplication of the present unfortunate rice situation: Chinese rice millers advance money to farmers who are then bound to sell their rice to them at the price they set—and when too much in debt lose their farms to the millers, thereafter working on the same land as serfs for the Chinese. But Siamese bondage to the Chinese is economic only; that to the Japanese might become political as well.

Despite Chinese snipping of the ears of dealers who handle Japanese goods, imports from Japan steadily increase. They were 16 per cent. of Siam's imports in 1934, 26 per cent. in 1937. Imports from the United Kingdom have declined to less than half of this figure. Imports from the United States are 3.73 per cent. On Bangkok's main street a Japanese store and a store selling American goods stand side by side. The first is under-cutting the second twenty-five per cent. on canned goods—and the Japanese proprietor says he could easily make it forty per cent. and still show a profit. Japanese could clean out the grocery and provision business of Bangkok if they wished—they are not doing so now because of the feeling that would develop.

Nothing but a miracle will prevent most of the foreign business of Siam from passing into Japanese hands.

Thoughtful Siamese are also wondering how Japanese control of China will affect Siam. The internal commercial enterprise of Bangkok is conducted mainly by Chinese. The Chinese claim, with some reason, that they made Bangkok. If Japan becomes suzerain of China, she may logically "protect" those of Chinese nationality in Bangkok—which practically means that she would "protect" Bangkok.

Then there is the perennial fear of Britain and France, Siam's elbowing neighbours on the west and east. Present relations with Britain are happy, those with France almost so. But Siam has no illusions that the world programmes of Great Powers will always be conducted with her welfare in mind. Small nations remain independent only so long as their independence is of advantage to the great.

Such are the fears of Siam. They have naturally induced a strong anti-foreign complex. At one time there were foreign advisers in almost every branch of the government. Most of them have been sent home. Many had well earned their passage home by their contemptuous attitude toward the Siamese. While Siam paid her foreign teachers and counsellors often at the rate of £120 a month, a princely salary in this poor land, they sneered at Siam. It was not the Chinese or Japanese but the white men, who offended most in this regard. Therefore she can hardly suppress satisfaction upon seeing Japan putting the white man in his place. The satisfaction is only marred by the question as to who will put Japan in her place.

Siam doubts that the four dangers, Chinese, Japanese, British and French, can be met by democracy. That has come to seem milk diet. True, it gradually builds up the general health. But for immediate strength, the world has come to rely upon the neat whiskey of military dictatorship. Siam, always an apt pupil, has therefore, as I have said, turned the government over to the soldiers.

All Ministers of the Cabinet with the exception of three are army or navy officers. The three hold their posts because they keep step with the military. The strongest of the three is Luang Pradit, Foreign Minister, Paris-trained, champion of

democracy, framer of the constitution. He is now completely outnumbered by German-trained officers. The military, while retaining these few civilians on the Cabinet because of their popularity with the people, are in complete actual control, and could form a thorough-going military dictatorship at any time.

They get all they want without resorting to this extreme. Last year 22 per cent. of Siamese expenditure was for army and navy; this year, 28 per cent.; next year, certainly more. For it is the opinion of the informed that Siam's totalitarian trend is only beginning.

The army has its irredentist map—a map showing the regions outside of Siam which ought to be reclaimed for the Siamese state. It is perhaps not commonly known that while there are about 14,000,000 people in Siam speaking the Siamese language, there are another 14,000,000 outside of Siam who speak essentially the same language. For the Thai people are found not only in Siam but in Tonkin, Hainan, Yunnan, the Shan States of Burma, and even as far away as Szechuen. Except for those in Siam, all are under alien rule. Is it the mission of the Thai of Siam some day to liberate their brothers from foreign yokes and, round the nucleus of free Siam, make a great free Thai nation in Asia? More practical than this soldier's dream are the other reasons for a military Siam.

So Siam joins the blacks. She can neither be blamed nor commended—she is merely moving with the world mode, as a small nation must. But the fact that the world is turning black at such a rate should dishearten no believer in democracy. Black rule is inter-regnum rule—it waits upon the time when people are ready to govern themselves. And when that time comes, great examples will be needed. Therefore it is vital to the future that the great democracies should stand fast in their faith, that there may be solid ground for the new world order when the black current has run its course.

Not that the new order will necessarily be what we have known as democracy. It will learn from communism, totalitarianism and many-isms yet to be devised—but its foundation must be power in the hands of the people, and the people made fit to wield the power.

"UNTO THE THRONE OF THE HEAVENLY GRACE."

By LORD GORELL

I.

Youth trod the earth : fresh-garlanded mid-May
Smiled, soft-eyed, on the morning. To the room
Where, pale-cheeked as her gown, the young girl lay,
Upon the heavy tides of hawthorn bloom
Through opened windows came cascade of notes
From countless feathered throats,
Hymning the gladness of the long, warm days,
Nature's untutored rivals to the sound
Of village church-bells pealing round on round
To call the countryside to prayer and praise.

II.

Like a bent lily lightening after rain,
The young girl lay and listened ; and her look,
Throughout the winter overweighed with pain,
A sudden quietude of beauty took.
Her mother, entering, asked her all her need
That loving care could feed ;
But none, she answered, had she save to share,
From her frail body's prisonment set free
And lifted on her spirit's harmony,
The holy hour of blended praise and prayer.

"UNTO THE THRONE OF THE HEAVENLY GRACE"

III.

Half dreaming then, the church-bells' peal she heard
Give place to single tolling, the lych-gate
Click restlessly, the pathway's gravel stirred
By boots of lusty farm-lads dallying late ;
She heard their clatter and the maidens' chaff,
Reluctance and a laugh ;
She heard the squire announce the day's good-will
And to a pleasant murmur pass along :
Then the clock struck—except the endless song
Of the airy kingdom, all her world went still.

IV.

It seemed she slept, and yet in sleep was borne
Within the church ; she saw the people there,
She shared the rustle of that Sunday morn,
She watched them rise in song, kneel down in prayer,
Adjust their hassocks, heard the parson say
A mumbled, " Let us pray,"
On which deep silence fell—all suddenly awoke
Within the heart of her tranquillity
A host of wandering voices, like a sea
Roused by the wind, and thus and thus they spoke :—

V.

" It's quite the fiftieth time she's worn that hat . . .
" Give him another chance, the sot ? No, sir ! . . .
" P'raps I was wrong to speak to him like that . . .
" The vixen ! After all I've done for her . . .
" Next year, in place of bulbs, I'll plant that bed . . .
" Oh, Milly, turn your head ! . . .
" I haven't asked too much, and I won't yield . . .
" And some do say he slept with her that night . . .
" I'll not go on like this ; it isn't right . . .
" I wonder whether if I bought that field . . ."

"UNTO THE THRONE OF THE HEAVENLY GRACE"

VI.

Then a child's murmur through the huddled air
To the still listener peacefully was given ;
Skywards it rose alone, a simple prayer
Of ancient words :—" Our Father, which is in Heaven. . ."
And, rising, blended its simplicities
With birds among the trees.
It faltered, ceased, and then began to flow
The little river of a vain regret :—
" I wish I hadn't spent that penny yet,
" I wish I hadn't banged my Teddy so."

VII.

The single cloud, that in the southern sky,
A sail-set galleon, floated, crossed the sun,
Its brightness dimmed, repented, and sailed by.
The farmers, glancing window-wards each one,
Weighed crops and stock and hoped that they would *gain*
A gift of gentle rain ;
Thus through the sermon their accounts they kept—
All out from church, exchanging gossip, passed,
The congregation, choir, and parson last :
Their world engulfed them, and the young girl slept.

REFLECTIONS ON FRANCE

BY GEORGE SOLOVEYITCHIK

ENCOURAGING though the first steps of the new French " Government of National Defence " have been, their importance must not be overrated. The complexity of the problems demanding immediate solution is overwhelming. France needs the restoration of social peace and economic equilibrium, the consolidation and expansion of her diplomatic activity, but, above all, the preservation and further strengthening of national defence. All these problems demand first of all the restoration of confidence at home and abroad. Moreover, they are so closely interwoven that it is difficult to see at which particular point the initial steps have to be taken and, indeed, complex though they are, they must be viewed as merely the different facets of one very much larger problem : the safeguarding of France.

How is it that things should have come to such a pass, and that a people as intelligent and practical as the French should have allowed conditions in their country to deteriorate to the present dangerous low level ? To those who feel as I do—alas, we are not very numerous in this country—recent developments in France have been something of a nightmare.

A huge deficit, accumulated not by one, but by every successive Government, no matter whether it belonged to the Right or the Left. A poor state of industrial production, the French index number at the end of 1937 being only 71 as compared with 100 in Italy, Holland and Belgium, 119 in Germany, 125 in Great Britain and 145 in Sweden, the 1929 index being taken as 100. A drop of some 25 milliards in the gold reserve that fell from the huge figure of 81 milliard francs in 1935 to 56 milliards in 1938.

The rising cost of living and consequent social unrest, accentuated by political strife between Capital and Labour ; " a psychosis of hatred," as M. Albert Sarraut put it, animating

the whole French nation and showing no signs of subsiding. All this—while the international position of Europe, and more especially the strategic position of France, is becoming more and more dangerous in almost daily progression. And, in a crisis like this, the chosen leaders of France are spending their time and energies in splitting hairs about empty formulas, manoeuvring for position, accusing each other of all the worst possible indignities, evading responsibilities and trying to put them on their "opposite numbers" both individually and collectively. Between the repertoire of demonology of the Right and of the Left in this distressing spectacle there is not much to choose; both sides use their respective bogies *ad nauseam* and without the slightest regard for any ascertainable facts or figures.

Oh! I know, I know! when things become really desperate the French always pull themselves together, and national union is created automatically. In that respect they are like the British, who also have a morbid preference for only acting at the very last moment and allowing things to reach a pretty desperate pass before they take any action. But it is permissible to ask whether that point has not been reached a long time ago and whether the French are not unduly delaying the moment when they will unite—or the British the moment when they will choose to wake up from their lethargic sleep.

Blum's reforms were necessary and much overdue; but that does not mean that they could be rushed through without any regard for the country's economic conditions or the unavoidable political consequences. Instead of telling the nation that social reforms require a special effort and have to be paid for, the *Front Populaire* Government preferred to create a fiction by persuading their followers that what was pleasant was also useful, and that the panacea for the country's economic ills was to work a little less and to take a little more. Devaluation also failed to achieve its object because it was done in a clumsy way and at the wrong moment. The havoc that ensued only contributed to the existing difficulties, and reluctance to face realities—on both sides of the barricade—only sharpened the conflict.

As a result of it all France has been paralysed politically

and economically, and has been incapable of exercising her influence in the world. This has encouraged her enemies and disappointed her friends. Everybody knows that the paroxysm is only a temporary one, yet time presses in the countries of Central and Eastern Europe, and they cannot wait. If they wish to save what can be saved they must seek immediate adjustments. I for one am convinced that what Hitler really wants is the isolation of France, and so far "the abdication" by France of her responsibilities not only towards third parties but chiefly towards herself has immeasurably facilitated that objective. But what of England? it may be asked. The truth of the matter is that something other than friendship binds this country to France. Whether our isolationists like it or not, the fate of the two countries is indivisible.

But, to be honest, there is not much love lost between the French and the British. While the majority in either country is profoundly indifferent to the difficulties of the other, there are a certain number of people in both to whom such difficulties give genuine malicious pleasure. The Channel seems to be the widest ocean that ever separated two nations. Ignorance and pre-conceived ideas appear to be so firmly rooted on both sides that it is well-nigh hopeless to get either nation to see the other in a more dispassionate, and therefore fairer light.

The French know little or nothing about this country. It is only in recent years that England has been "discovered" by some of their writers. As often as not, however, the information contained even in the ablest books is inaccurate, *e.g.*, Paul Morand's *London* in which all the generalizations are brilliant and most of the names, facts and dates are wrong. The same writer was recently referring in the *Figaro* to a mysterious paper called *Le TIMES du Dimanche*. I have a cutting from *Paris-Soir* telling its unsuspecting readers a few months ago that "Sir Austen Chamberlain, the British Prime Minister, is fishing salmon in Scotland"—and the late Sir Austen was France's best friend in this country! I could quote many similar beauties of literature and journalism.

There are, of course, some well-informed and scholarly Frenchmen who know this country; but you can count them on your fingers. "The average Englishman"—if there is such

a thing—views the people of France much in the same way as the provincial Frenchman views the Parisian. To him every man there is venal and a libertine, every woman a harlot. Their one desire is to “rook you”, and therefore no amount of suspicion is ever too much.

You can argue till you are blue in the face that the French live—not on their wits, but by solid hard work; that their notions of family life are sane and often far more human than in this country; that the honour of French women stands as high as that of any other nationality, indeed that a French “jeune fille” is brought up far more strictly than English girls and that the very idea of young French womanhood enjoying the freedom so firmly established here would give people in France a profound shock. None of these arguments will ever sound convincing to those whose attitude has been so brilliantly satirized—and summed up—in Noel Coward’s little ditty “There’s always something fishy about the French”.

A great deal of the blame for this entirely distorted view belongs to the French themselves. Through their exclusiveness directed not only against “the foreigner” but also against each other—they make it hard for visitors from other countries to appraise their sterling qualities at their true value.

The Frenchmen whom a British tourist deals with are hotel and shop-keepers, pleasure merchants and menials—in other words those who sell him their services and only value his patronage inasmuch as he is a source of revenue to them. How many French people have ever asked a foreigner to their house or shown him any other sign of personal interest and hospitality? I am not talking of a certain cosmopolitan society you meet in the bars of luxury hotels, which is thoroughly unrepresentative, or of the few individual exceptions that constitute the proverbial confirmation of the rule. But the fact remains that most Englishmen who go to France have practically no real French contacts. They go there to enjoy and divert themselves, to purchase from willing sellers the pleasures that a restrictive legislation, a poor climate and their own repressions prevent them from obtaining at home. And the French do nothing to inculcate into such visitors feelings of respect and admiration of, or interest in, their country. Sometimes the very reverse is the

case. The foreigner who reads a French political newspaper must get the impression that all the public men of that country are crooks, sexual perverts, congenital imbeciles or traitors to their fatherland. I confess that as a friend and admirer of France I not only feel outraged but deeply humiliated when I pick up one of these unsavoury publications and see the torrent of malodorous abuse the French are pouring over one another in such reckless fashion. How can they expect any one outside their own country to respect them when day in, day out, they offer this revolting spectacle of mutual mud-flinging?

I am neither a puritan nor a hypocrite: criticism, argument, even invective, appeal to me, and are to my mind essential for the preservation of an independent public opinion. But the gutter jargon of an ever increasing number of French papers and weeklies is the most striking proof into what perversion of freedom the so-called “freedom of the press” can degenerate.

A friend of mine who came to live in Paris just over thirty years ago once told me how the first thing he saw as he came out of the station was a troupe of sandwichmen carrying large posters, “*Clemenceau est un pédéraste*”—“the tiger” had just formed his first Government. Since then one has been able to read in the *Action Française* or various other papers similar accusations about other leading statesmen, or else that they are flagellants, whoremongers, thieves and rascals. I do not believe a word of it, but even if it were true—which, of course, it is not—do the “patriotic” Frenchmen who write that sort of thing about the leaders of their nation—for the whole world to read—really think they are doing their country a service?

The French are supposed to be a logical people—why, goodness only knows. There does not appear much logic in the above, yet the example can be multiplied almost *ad infinitum*.

Take, for instance the “proletariat” represented by the parties of the Left. They endured all the hardships and social injustices imposed on them by the Governments of the Right without as much as moving a little finger in protest. Yet no sooner did their own representatives assume office than they began to render their life impossible by a series of strikes that were as unwarranted as they were unwise, and which could not fail to achieve the paradoxical result of the chances of a Left

by not paying his taxes in full he was actually performing a public duty. Had he paid up all that was demanded of him every time a new tax was imposed, he said, he would have had nothing left out of which to pay the next tax invariably imposed by every new Government. The tax-dodger, M. Dorin explained amongst uproarious applause and loud laughter, was one of the principal pillars of the State and deserved the Government's thanks for his action.

This question of taxation brings me to one of the vital problems with which every French Government has been faced since times immemorial, and never more so than at the present moment.

Paying taxes is no favourite pastime of any nation, but the French easily take the first place among those who will not pay up. As a witty financial journalist was recently remarking in Paris: "A Frenchman who makes an honest tax return and pays up promptly is not merely considered by his fellow citizens as a *poire*, i.e., a fool, but he actually feels that something derogatory to his dignity has happened. He feels like a *cocu*, like a man who has been deceived by his wife, whose name is France." And Mr. Winston Churchill was quite right when he observed that the difference between a Briton and a Frenchman is that whereas the Briton is willing to assume any financial burden demanded by the Government but will only reluctantly be a soldier, the Frenchman is prepared to do all the necessary service the State demands of him but is reluctant to pay taxes.

Income Tax in France is collected almost entirely in the big cities and industrial districts; hundreds of the small towns contribute very little, and in the villages direct taxation almost entirely stops. In 1937, for instance, the tax on agricultural profits amounted to the ridiculous sum of 20 million francs; yet out of France's 42 million inhabitants, 8 million live on the land. About half of these are independent peasants, but out of these 4 millions scarcely one hundred thousand paid the tax at all.

Successive Governments have gradually adapted their finance to this "passive resistance," and like most agricultural States France now collects the greater part of her revenue through indirect taxation. Scarcely ten per cent. of it is represented by

direct taxes, which are contributed mainly by the salaried middle classes—the rich people being past masters at tax evasion. But the remaining 90 per cent. of the State's expenses have to be squeezed out of the people through indirect taxes and loans—a most dangerous and unhealthy procedure. The result has been a complete unbalancing of national income and national expenditure, and the prosperity of the country has been greatly impaired. This is but one of the many aspects of the financial "cancer" from which France has been suffering for so many years and which must be grappled with.

* * *

The new Prime Minister, who seems to have entirely outlived the odium he incurred during the Stavisky riots, is reported to be a man of energy and resource. He deserves the support not only of his own countrymen but of all those who have the cause of peace and democracy at heart. To the British, more than any other nation, a strong, united and vigorous France is an absolute necessity. Even those who think that "there is always something fishy about the French" should at last wake up and realize that they cannot afford to be indifferent to the fate of these people. And I need hardly say that those of us who see in France the greatest glory of civilization, who love her despite all her funny and exasperating little tricks, the recovery and consolidation of that country is a matter of the deepest personal concern—our most ardent and cherished wish.

"*Faire que la France puisse vivre, c'est encore le meilleur moyen de servir l'humanité et la paix*" wrote the *Temps* a few weeks ago. Frenchmen and Englishmen alike should do well to ponder over this and act accordingly.

THE NEW REGIME IN RUMANIA

BY DIPLOMATICUS

THE coffee-house wit said it could not last. The Liberal politician said it could not last, and was uncertain though hopeful of what would succeed it. The Iron Guard doctor said it could not last, and was sure what would succeed it. The National Peasant leader said it should not last, and knew what ought to succeed it. The General said it might not last, and it was rather a nuisance to the War Office, though it was convenient in removing the risk of someone jockeying him out of his work. His subordinate, being a member of the Iron Guard, said nothing. The Jew hoped it would not last, was afraid it might not, and was more afraid of what might succeed it. Big Business was sure it would last.

That, for anyone having a slight acquaintance with Rumania, sketches roughly the country's reactions to its new *régime* proclaimed in February. A reader having no knowledge of the country should remember that two large categories of Rumanians are not represented in the paragraph above: the civil servants and the peasants. Of them it is necessary only to say that the former are very numerous, very poor, hold much coveted jobs and are Rumanians, not Jews; the latter are as a whole very ignorant and to a large extent cut off from information and prevented from exercising the common sense and sound political instinct with which they are credited.

In spite of this body of opposition, or rather of disapproval, the Rumanian *régime* shows signs of lasting. It has survived the quasi-dismissal of an important member of its Government, several petty but somewhat heated squabbles among other members thereof, a considerable reconstruction of personnel and a long step forward on the path to effective dictatorship—the dissolution of political parties.* It still has neither a party

* More recently still, a sudden but perhaps not quite a wholehearted attempt to suppress entirely the Fascist Iron Guard's activities.

to support it nor a clearly-defined programme with which to attract a party. In external relations it has as its new Minister for Foreign Affairs a reputed friend of Herr Hitler's—who has begun his ministry with friendly declarations to Soviet Russia. It is all rather confusing.

"Moth-ball beards" is a rendering of a phrase current in Bucharest to describe the Ministers without portfolio who were the kernel of the first Government of the new *régime*. For purposes of concentrating loyalties, former Prime Ministers of various complexions were induced to give the *régime* their support and their counsel. They were most of them old, some of them bearded, and one or two of them proper "dug-outs." Of the "moth-ball beards" the most prominent, apart from the Patriarch Miron Christea, who has the finest beard of them all, were M. Vaida, the dissident National Peasant, now leader of his own group, and Marshal Averescu. Vaida, because he is a dynamic person in spite of his age; and Marshal Averescu because, having been made a member of the Cabinet, he attended no meetings of the Cabinet, retired to his own house and was liberal with remarks criticizing the theory and the practice of the authoritarian *régime* of which he was the Minister.

Apart from the "moth-ball beards" proper, the most important persons of this first Government were without doubt M. Tatarescu and General Antonescu. The first was important because he was the active representative of the Liberal party, was in himself a very experienced politician and was at once a member of the inner Cabinet of Prime Ministers and Minister of Foreign Affairs; he was in fact popularly considered to be the real Prime Minister, and had the reputation of being what is generally known as a "Yes-man" to King Carol. He was, however, not on very good terms with the party of which he was a member. General Antonescu was important because he was an excellent soldier with a strong sense of duty. He was the more important because this sense of duty has impelled him to accept office directly under the King with whom he had quarrelled violently some time ago, and by whom, on the instigation, it is said, of Madame Lupescu, he was removed from his position of Chief of the General Staff. General Antonescu must have

swallowed his resentment, at any rate he put his resources at the disposal of the Minister of the Interior.*

This Government had two principal tasks : to keep at bay the democratic party of National Peasants of Maniu (the biggest party in the country, reckoned by popular support), and to take the wind out of the sails of the Fascist Iron Guard. With the former, the King, for personal reasons, would have no truck, nor would the opposition of the other parties have been inconsiderable. The latter was feared by Rumania's business world for its "Communist" doctrines and by Rumania's associates for its pan-Axis leanings. The first task the Government achieved by mere suppression, allowing the imprisonment of some leaders, the watching of all, and forbidding all meetings, even tea parties, except by special license of the police. The second was accomplished in the first place by the constitution of the Government itself, since the Patriarch was not only a friend of Zelea Codreanu, the Captain of the Iron Guard, but was also quoted by the Iron Guard propaganda as embodying one of the ideals for which that movement was striving. In the second place the influence of the Vaida party was important in this respect, since their nationalism and anti-semitism, though as moderate as these things can be, might bid fair to serve as a substitute for the nationalism and anti-semitism of the Iron Guard itself. Moreover, M. Vaida had on occasion proclaimed himself almost the protector of Zelea Codreanu.

In this task the *régime* had soon some promising achievements to show. In the first place Codreanu announced the dissolution of his Party, the All-For-The-Fatherland Party : but, be it noted, he did not dissolve the real Iron Guard, which continued to function as a more or less secret society. Secondly, the *régime* succeeded in putting in its new and hastily drafted Constitution a clause disqualifying from ever becoming Ministers of the Rumanian Crown persons whose family have been Rumanian citizens for less than three generations (Zelea Codreanu's father became a Rumanian citizen in 1906). Exception is made for such persons as have already been

* However, the rumour of his banishment at the time of King Carol's action against the Iron Guard seemed to point to his being suspect - almost as suspect as the rest of the officers, who are riddled with Iron Guard doctrine.

Ministers : this, an example of how the new Constitution seems to be drafted to fit individual cases, permits of the participation of Transylvanians (such as Vaida and Maniu himself) but at the same time creates difficulties for the National Peasant Party, since the Party has a large following in Transylvania and now finds its young leaders of that province prevented, short of a modification of the Constitution, from becoming Ministers. Thirdly, the *régime* carried through, and is still carrying through, the Goga project of a census of the Jewish population, with the object of expelling those Jews who could not show proofs of their citizenship before 1918, or had no proper credentials as duly admitted immigrants. The measure has undergone several modifications, but still serves as proof of the good nationalist tendency of the *régime*, and is undoubtedly being played up as a prophylactic for Iron Guardism. Various other measures against Jewish interests, especially in the legal profession serve the same purpose. The large Jewish commercial and financial interests are unaffected, however. And, finally, in foreign politics one of the first acts of the new *régime* was to send the present Foreign Minister, then Under-Secretary of State, to Ankara to join with the Balkan Entente in making a modified gesture towards the Rome-Berlin Axis by recognizing the Italian Empire in Abyssinia and by sending representatives to General Franco's Government in Spain.

In the face of this the Iron Guard, or rather Codreanu, bided his time, confident of his strength and well knowing that he could keep the pot of agitation and apprehension boiling by saying nothing and allowing the stories of threats and counter-threats of heads rolling in the dust to circulate through the capital and the country. Later he announced his definite opposition less to the *régime* than to the person of Vaida, whom he attacked bitterly as having betrayed the country and above all the country's youth. Thereby he denounced Vaida's pretensions to become protector and substitute for him. For its part the National Peasant Party, having ordered the abstention of its adherents at the rather farcical plebiscite in February, was reduced to circulating, more or less secretly, dignified protests at the anti-constitutional acts performed and to trying

to keep some sort of party organization alive and evident to the mass of the country.

* * * * *

Now the situation has changed. In the first place the composition of the Government has altered in an interesting fashion. Then, the Opposition has made a slight though significant move. Since the Opposition, short of a revolution, is powerless to modify policy, the changes in the Government are the more interesting.

That a change was coming, the capital knew some time ago. People, especially business circles, were extremely nervous of what the change would bring, and rumours flew round the coffee houses and streets and even the ministries. One moment it was Goga's friends again, the next Vaida, as Prime Minister, the next even Maniu's, and at one moment Codreanu's. It was known that the Liberal Party, or what was left of it, under the leadership of Dinu Bratianu, one of that very important family who have virtually governed Rumania for the better part of the last sixty years, had gone so far in their opposition as to decide to withdraw all their representatives from the Government: a thing easier said than done.

There was general relief, at least in business circles, when the change was eventually made known. The "moth-ball beads" and General Antonescu with them, had in the main been formed into an advisory Crown Council: the actual conduct of affairs had been put into the hands of a selection of people who together made up what is generally called a Government of experts: that is, a Government of second-class politicians, reinforced by a certain proportion of technical and academic personalities.

The two most interesting appointments are those of Mihail Ralea to Minister of Labour, and Petrescu-Comnen as Minister of Foreign Affairs. Ralea was Professor at the University of Jassy, and had a reputation as a sociologist. More important, he was until the day before his appointment Editor of the Bucharest Newspaper *Dreptatea*, which even under the new régime was the organ of the National Peasant Party. It suffered under the censorship, which is unequally exercised, but, under Ralea's direction, made a vigorous stand against Goga's policies, and was notoriously favourable to the French association,

the policy of Titulescu and of course the views of the National Peasant leader Maniu. Ralea and his Under-Secretary, Andrei, in fact, were considered to belong rather to the left wing of the Peasant Party. It might be taken as earnest of the régime's wish to placate the mass of the peasant population that such personages should have been induced to serve on it. The exact motives inspiring their consent, and the significance of this defection from the antagonistic attitude of Maniu, can only be guessed at present. Ghelmegeanu, also a former and dissident member of the National Peasant Party, is now Minister of Transport.

Petrescu-Comnen also comes to the direction of the country's foreign relations as an expert: he is a diplomat, and an able one, by profession, his last post having been that of Minister in Berlin. His activities have already been mentioned in this article: to that mention it should be added that soon after his appointment he gave some very soothing declarations to the international press. They were rather too soothing on all sides to carry much conviction, consisting principally of assurances that the former policy of Rumania (which one?) would be continued. It would be useless to pretend, however, that the personality of Comnen can decide the foreign policy of Rumania: the sympathies and the interests of the King are the only really deciding factor.

One other figure of the present administration requires some mention. It is that of M. Nae Ionescu as Under-Secretary of State in the *Kultusministerium*. Not a very important post, but an appointment in strong contrast to those outstanding ones already mentioned. M. Nae Ionescu is held to be an advocate of the German cause: he was connected with I. G. Farben for some time, he was an early theoretician of the Iron Guard, and he was one of those people arrested after the murder of the Prime Minister Duca. He owns a newspaper which bears every symptom of his sympathies for Germany and Fascism in general, though not for the Iron Guard. His present connection with that organization is not very clear, since his paper was something of a supporter of the Goga régime—and Goga compromised himself in the eyes of the Iron Guard by

allowing two of its members to be shot in the weeks before the elections which were never held.

In the face of this assembly of talents the Opposition, such as it is, is in a peculiar position. It consists of several opposed elements: the Fascist, the democratic, the indignant Liberals, and the remnants of the (Young Liberal) Constitutional Front of George Bratianu,* elements have had a consultation: M. Maniu for the democratic National Peasants, M. Codreanu for the Iron Guard, and M. George Bratianu. Moreover there has been discussed the possibility of a joint memorandum in protest against the dissolution of the political parties.

There can be no doubt that the *régime* has the Opposition in check, simply by the fact that it has the police and the military at its command. On the face of it, there can be little ground for any joint action on the part of that opposition: it is not easy for a democratic constitutional party like that of M. Maniu, with its traditional tendency to a pro-French and British policy, to join forces with a revolutionary anti-constitutional party like that of M. Codreanu which has declared that its first action when in power would be to adhere to the Rome-Berlin axis. Yet such are the convolutions of Rumanian political life that the two have been associated already in one respect—in their election compact, which was a non-aggression pact.

The foregoing are the elements of Rumanian political life which have to be taken into consideration under the present circumstances. There are, however, some fundamental problems of the country which go beyond the activities of the former political parties and the personnel of the Government.

The foremost problem is that of the administration. The curse of all Rumanian governments has been corruption. Only one Government, that of M. Maniu, held out any hope of effecting an improvement in this respect, and that Government had not time to carry through its intentions. The King's Government has announced its intention, which would be welcomed all over the country, of taking the strongest steps against this evil—and has started off by the discovery of a smuggling scandal of first-class importance. It has announced, moreover, a new administrative scheme, dividing up the country into seven administrative

* Before the arrest of M. Codreanu.

districts, instead of into the old provinces—though this scheme may be suspected of having the object of breaking up provincial loyalties rather than of having any real significance as a constructive measure. It attempts to produce the impression that the permanency of officials can be more or less assured under the dictatorship, in contrast to the constant and disturbing changes wrought by political party after party finding niches for its *protégés*. It is absolutely necessary for the *régime* to achieve something in this respect in order to combat the propaganda of the Iron Guard.

Secondly, it is clear that the *régime*, to obtain any support in the country, must make a show of tackling the problem of the Jews. Anti-semitism is rampant. The various agitations have even made the peasant anti-semitic. The Government know very well that it is impossible to effect the expulsion of a large proportion of the Jews in Rumania, and hope with a long-term policy of restrictions on Jewish activity and a few resounding expulsions now and again to give enough evidence of their good will in this respect.

Thirdly, there is the economic question. The King has taken over, promising *monts et merveilles*, at none too favourable a moment. He has not the advantage of having assumed power, as did Hitler in Germany, at the end of an economic depression, and at the beginning of a boom period. The country badly needs capital: but its administration up to now has not given much inducement to foreign investors to bring their money to Rumania. German and Italian interests, backed by the political pressure of their countries, have established themselves, and are conducting a considerable amount of propaganda. British interests are limited almost to the oil companies. The country is immensely rich in natural resources, but transport facilities are deplorable.

It is difficult to see what large-scale economic programme the King can propose and carry through. His associations with business circles are well-known, and he has not behind him the driving force of a supporting party such as is enjoyed by other dictatorships. Whether the lack of such a programme and of its achievement will cause in the long run significant dissatisfaction in the country remains to be seen.

THE MODERNS—*A Story.*

BY FRED A. C. BOND

MISS Christopher manœuvred her neat posterior between the easel bearing the wood-cut of the sea horses and the pyramid of wooden blocks on which the statuettes from Austria were displayed, and stepped carefully out of the half-dressed window. Miss Brewster, watching her, found herself wishing, not for the first time, that her junior would knock something over as she performed this delicate operation; but she never did. Miss Brewster reflected that, in spite of her high school education, Miss Christopher was under-sized—which disproved a statement she had read somewhere to the effect that the educated classes were, on an average, an inch and a half taller than the uneducated.

How extraordinary it seemed, she thought, as she watched Miss Christopher bending over a portfolio of etchings, presumably looking for something to "balance" the sea horses on the other easel, at present empty, that Mr. Swann should entrust the window dressing to Miss Christopher who had only worked at Cullens for a year, whereas she had been there for nine years, seven years longer than Mr. Swann himself. She was never given a chance to show what she could do nowadays. When old Mr. Ambrose Cullen was manager, things were different.

Miss Christopher brushed the hair back from her forehead with a languid air. She had a smear of dirt on her left cheek, but Miss Brewster did not tell her about it. If Mr. Swann were to come into the front shop now, he wouldn't think there was much of Botticelli about Miss Christopher.

Mr. Swann used to refer to Miss Christopher as "my find." He had found her (behind the counter of a circulating library) at the expense of poor Miss Miggs, who had worked with Miss Brewster from the latter's first days at the shop. Old Mr. Ambrose used to call them "my girls," although Miss Miggs

was fifty when she was given the sack, and Miss Brewster wouldn't see forty again. Mr. Swann had said he couldn't run an art shop with a staff that knew nothing about art, and as Miss Miggs's ignorance had been even deeper than Miss Brewster's she had been the one to go.

But what, Miss Brewster asked herself, did Miss Christopher know about art? Wearing an "arty" smock instead of the neat black dress which Mr. Ambrose had enjoined his girls to wear, didn't make you know about art, nor standing with your head on one side and your eyes screwed up when you looked at a picture—no, nor looking like a Botticelli either.

Miss Brewster remembered the day when Mr. Swann had told her that he had engaged Miss Christopher in Miss Miggs's place. "She'll give the place a lift up," he had said. "Just the girl for us—pure Botticelli."

Miss Brewster knew, of course, that Botticelli was a foreign painter. She thought they had had one or two sacred subjects by him in stock in Mr. Ambrose's time, but she wasn't sure: they might have been Raphaels. Then, shortly after Miss Christopher's arrival, Mr. Swann had ordered a picture by Botticelli for stock—only you didn't call them pictures now, as you did in Mr. Ambrose's time, you called them prints, or etchings, or woodcuts—and Miss Brewster had looked in embarrassed astonishment at the Birth of Venus.

Pure Botticelli! Well, she would never have thought that Mr. Swann, who always behaved like a gentleman, when all was said and done, would have likened a girl to that bold hussy. And to give Miss Christopher her due, she wasn't a bit like the Venus. And the customers wouldn't like the picture either, she knew that. This wasn't London, it was Norchester, "'twixt Trent and Tweed," where ideas were different.

The trouble with Mr. Swann, Miss Brewster considered, was that he persisted in regarding Cullens as an art shop pure and simple, whereas it was Art and Fancy. He was letting the Fancy down, he didn't care about it. The present owner, the son of the Frederic Cullen (Mr. Ambrose's cousin) who had founded the business, didn't care about it either, it seemed. He had given Mr. Swann a free hand and the place had assumed a different aspect. It wasn't homely any more.

Mr. Swann had cleared away the counter, with the nice little ledge beneath it where Miss Miggs and she used to keep their knitting, and the comfortable little rail for their feet. They used to have such chats, sitting there at the back end of the afternoon, with Mr. Ambrose away in the office, checking the ledgers with old Walter. Of course, Walter was a bit slow, but Mr. Swann needn't have sacked him. He hadn't got another job yet.

When Miss Brewster thought of losing her job, she felt something that was rather like a clockwork mouse running up her spine and a sensation in her throat of nausea that reminded her of the time she had tried to eat an oyster. If you lost your job after you had turned forty, well, one might almost say thirty, nowadays, you never got another. For over twenty years, Miss Brewster had risen at half past six, descended to the basement kitchen to mash a cup of tea for her mother, had dressed and "done" her room in time to join the family for breakfast at a quarter to eight. Then she had taken the short cut over the allotments, past the gas works to the cross roads by the Fox and Hounds, where she caught the car for the city. She asked nothing better than to continue to carry out this routine for another twenty years; it was necessary to her existence as the rising and setting of the sun. But the light of the sun might be cut off from her as it had been cut off from Miss Miggs and Walter. When she realized this, she felt that she must, at all costs, accommodate herself to the new régime at Cullens, she must admire the things that Mr. Swann admired—the bare space where the old, homely counter had stood, the new, light grey paint in place of the old chocolate colour that had been so serviceable, the easels with their etchings, the new-fangled display blocks, as unfriendly and angular as the strange, elongated statues that stood on them.

But in Miss Brewster's heart there was always a nostalgia for the old, warm intimacy of the shop, before Fancy had been ousted by Art. Little china cats and dogs, as lifelike as anything, embossed leather blotters and note books, ever so artistic, whatever Mr. Swann might say, brass toasting-forks and door knockers, just the thing for a Christmas present, and pokerwork mottoes, with far more sense in them than the broadsheets now

hanging on the walls. And the postcards! Every sort of postcard they had had—members of the royal family, beautiful children, dogs, flower studies, everything! It was different now.

Miss Christopher closed the portfolio and looked vaguely round the shop.

"There's nothing here that strikes just the right note," she said, "I'll have to go down to the cellar and bring up some of the Moderns."

Miss Brewster did not appear to hear her. Great, lazy thing, Miss Christopher thought, standing there with a duster in her hands, doing nothing. It was wrong, completely wrong, that she should have this tiring window dressing business on her hands, with no one to help her. Why couldn't Miss Brewster occasionally lend a hand? Though to be sure, she had no more idea of what a modern window should look like than a cat. She'd be in her element dressing the window of one of those little drapers' shops in the suburbs; ribbons and gloves and underwear all jostling each other, all plainly priced—"latest fashion," "very smart," "this style 11½d."

"Couldn't you arrange the postcards? I shan't be finished by dinner time at this rate."

"What postcards?"

Be patient with Miss Brewster, Mr. Swann had said, she's not as young as she was, and she's apt to be a little dense at times, but she has a heart of gold. But really—"What postcards?"

Miss Christopher indicated the slotted board on which they usually arranged the postcards for window display, then indicated the racks containing the supplies of cards, and disappeared in search of the Moderns.

Yes, things had indeed come to a pretty pass, when Miss Brewster was given orders by Miss Christopher. Asking her to arrange the postcards, indeed! Yet she couldn't deny that she had nothing else to do. Trade was slack—and no wonder. Who wanted to buy postcards such as these, for instance? Slowly, distastefully, and with difficulty, for the postcards seldom fitted the slots in the display board that were intended to hold them, Miss Brewster began to arrange the cards.

Photographs of Chinese vases, of Greek statuary, reproductions of pictures done by children in a Viennese school who couldn't draw, poor things: the idea of charging threepence for pictures like you'd see drawn in chalk on the fence by the allotments!

Mr. Swann, as delicate, black and white and *démodé* as a Beardsley drawing, came from the office beyond the shop and approached Miss Brewster with an air suggesting that he was enacting the adjective "sprightly." In his own mind, the adjective that he was enacting was "encouraging." Without perpetual encouragement, Miss Brewster was heavy on the hand as a drowned cat, of which animal she frequently reminded him. I'm too, too soft-hearted, he thought: if I were a *bonâ fide* business man, I should have sacked her long ago, but an artist is never wholly a business man, thank God.

"Helping with the window, I see; good, good—the team spirit, that's the thing—."

Miss Brewster began to explain about the postcards being the wrong size for the slots, but Mr. Swann, appearing not to hear, went out of the shop and stood on the pavement, critically surveying the window, with the narrowed eyes and sideways-slanting head that so irritated Miss Brewster when adopted by Miss Christopher. With Mr. Swann it was different. Customers liked it; some of them, at least. Callow young women from the suburbs with a guinea to spend on a wedding present stared open-mouthed at Mr. Swann, placing first one Modern and then another on the easel, stepping back, clasping his hands in unfeigned ecstasy: "Can't you *feel* the prickliness of the sunflowers—symbolic of the prickliness of Van Gogh's life, don't you think? And the perpetual flux of this Manet, the perfect embodiment of water . . ."

And the young woman, who had come into town with the intention of getting a nice picture like that beautiful one called "Wedded" which hung in Auntie's drawing-room, would return, bewildered, to the suburbs, with a Manet or a Cezanne under her arm.

The Moderns were the objects of Mr. Swann's especial veneration, and Miss Christopher shared his devotion. Now, as Mr. Swann came in from the street and met Miss Christopher returning from the cellar with half a dozen reproductions of the

work of the French Impressionists, the two enthusiasts applied themselves with animation to the task of finishing the dressing of the window. Miss Christopher's Botticellian languor had vanished, though whether by virtue of the proximity of Mr. Swann or of Degas and Cezanne, Miss Brewster could not say. She was bewildered and resentful at the prominence which was now continually given to the Moderns. The very name, the Moderns, seemed to imply her own superannuation. Mr. Ambrose used to say she had an eye for colour; he used to compliment her on her taste, on her love for dainty things. But there were no dainty things, nowadays, to love. How crude, how coarse, how meaningless were these daubs, these cornfields, these cypress trees, these sailing boats, over which Mr. Swann and Miss Christopher languished so lovingly. As to those dreadful, half-naked women by that man whose name began with G—not Van Gogh, another, even madder—well, Mr. Swann was beginning to see that Norchester would not stand for them.

Mr. Swann called to her to come and admire the completed window. He told her an anecdote about Cezanne (these little bits of information are useful, Miss Brewster, they interest the customers). Yes, he was kind and considerate, Mr. Swann, always trying to make her feel that she was one of them, that the staff at Cullens was, as he sometimes said, one united family. But if it was a family, she reflected, it consisted, like most families, of two generations: the rising generation, the moderns, and herself, the old generation, with her heart in the past.

The doorbell pinged, and a customer came into the shop, an elderly lady, somewhat dowdy and deprecating, the type of customer who was usually relegated to Miss Brewster. She wanted a birthday card, a birthday card with "nice words." Miss Brewster reflected with satisfaction that, thanks to her own enterprise, Cullens was able at the moment to offer a choice, albeit a small one, of cards with "nice words." A traveller carrying cards of this type had called recently when Mr. Swann was on holiday, and she had placed a small order. Mr. Swann and Miss Christopher jeered at "nice words." Their idea of a birthday card was a woodcut of an oast-house, or perhaps a cider press, with nothing but the curtest, most formal greeting

printed on it. But Miss Brewster well knew that the class of customer who sends birthday cards is not the class that appreciates woodcuts.

Miss Brewster was happy serving the old lady, who had come out without her glasses and required to have the greetings on the cards read aloud to her. While Miss Brewster was so occupied the shop bell pinged again and another customer came in. Just the type for Miss Christopher, Miss Brewster thought, and noticed how eagerly her colleague went forward to greet the tall, bearded young man in the shaggy tweeds. He seemed to be asking for reproductions of work by modern artists : a bit of luck, with the window newly dressed with Moderns.

Miss Brewster finished serving the old lady and glanced across at Miss Christopher to see if she was succeeding in making a sale. But something seemed to have gone wrong. The sliding back of the window was open : Miss Christopher had apparently been displaying the Moderns to this promising-looking customer. And he was saying :

"Moderns! You call these old dug-outs Moderns! D'you know when Cezanne died, my dear? Fifty years ago! About as modern as your great-grandfather. No, don't show me any more, I pray you. Haven't you a recent Nash, for instance, or a Picasso or an Armstrong, or something by one of the younger members of the London Group?"

If Miss Christopher resembled the Botticelli Venus at this moment, it was in her need for an attendant nymph to bring her the grateful shelter of a cloak. She looked round wildly, seeking cover for her bewildered embarrassment, and gulping out : "I'd better fetch the Manager," she hurried past Miss Brewster to Mr. Swann's office.

Miss Brewster watched her go. The whole shop swam for her in a hazy splendour of illumination. She was vindicated : Mr. Ambrose's old shop with the lithographs and the poker-work mottoes was vindicated—it was no more out of date than Mr. Swann's shop with the woodcuts and the Van Goghs and Cezannes. They were all, the Moderns of to-day and the Moderns of yesterday, sliding together to relentless oblivion. She need never feel inferior again.

AIR ROUTES OF TODAY AND TOMORROW

By C. J. GALPIN

THE shores of the air lie at the gate of every city. Nature has made every town and village an air-side town. If we cannot as yet make full use of Nature's bounty, the fault is not in her but in ourselves. The task of 'civil aviation' is to find the means whereby this natural and universal condition may be turned to the best advantage of mankind.

When you fly over the foothills of a range of mountains, you can see very clearly from the contours of the ground why it is that the river takes the course it has, why villages and farms have been built where they are, how they shelter themselves from the weather, how they cluster round the cross-roads and near the water-way.

On such a bird's-eye view of the world, our first impression would be that for some time two main reservoirs of intense technical activity have been boiling and bubbling away, one in Western Europe and the other in the middle part of North America. These reservoirs have generated smaller cauldrons of the same kind of activity elsewhere, for example, in Australia, in Japan, and in Russia. Furthermore, they have from their own energy thrown out long tentacles across the countries, each in their own half of the globe up till now, but there are signs that they are reaching out towards one another across the two intervening oceans.

The first and most interesting of these tentacles is the long line running out of the South of Europe across the Mediterranean to the sands of Iraq and Persia, across the plains of India, and thence dividing, partly across the Dutch East Indies to Australia and New Zealand and partly to Indo-China and Hong Kong. This line is composed of three national elements, British, Dutch and French. Each was concerned with the problem of imperial communication. The Dutch needed a link with their colony

in the East Indies, and the French with theirs in Indo-China. We found it essential to the maintenance of our imperial structure that rapid communication should be provided between our interests in Egypt, Palestine, Iraq, India, Burma, Malaya, Hong Kong, Australia and New Zealand.

The strands composing this thread do not cling together at all points along the line. For example, the Dutch and the French strands pass along the Persian coast, whereas the British strand takes the opposite shore in Arabia. Similarly in India and Australia, preparations are being made for part of the British strand to divide and pass along a water route as distinct from a land one. None of the strands pass in the most direct way to the East—that is through Turkey.

The reasons for these divergencies are two-fold. In the case of Turkey, political resistance has prevented any of the three strands from gaining admission to the country. In the case of Persia, the same factor caused one of them to choose a less embarrassing route. The divergencies in India and Australia are technical, namely, because the British service is equipped as to a large part with flying boats instead of landplanes. For, whereas the nations may desire landplanes to link up their cities, the overriding need of the unified system which is called the Empire Air Mail Scheme is for a homogeneous form of equipment, which for reasons of economy and with an eye to future developments has been made aquatic.

Alexandria forms a convenient nodal point from which the British line can spring either eastward to Asia, as we have just been considering it, or southward down the line of British Protectorates and Mandated Territories to the Union of South Africa. This line has an important branch from Khartoum westwards across mid-Africa to Nigeria and the Gold Coast. The main route is followed by no other line except the Italian which joins it in Egypt and leaves it in the Sudan to turn off into Abyssinia.

On this line, as in the preceding case, we observe a deviation of route—and for the same technical reason—which has constrained the aircraft of the Empire Air Mail Scheme to diverge at Kisumu and make for the coast, which they follow down to Durban, whereas the landplanes proper to the countries

concerned and serving their local needs, take the central route which leads from Kisumu overland to Johannesburg and Capetown.

The second line from Europe to Africa is composed of French and Belgian strands which emerging from Europe at Marseilles pass together down through Algeria, strike boldly across the Sahara Desert and (with a French offshoot to the West Coast) link the countries of their origin with the French and Belgian Congos. Here the Belgian strand terminates while the French goes on to Madagascar. The colonial implication of this line is as clear as in the previous cases.

From these three main arteries of traffic spring, as one might expect, capillary systems to meet more local needs, such as the system in South Africa and the East African territories, the system in India and the systems in Australia and in China.

The fourth line from Europe, made up of French and German strands, emerges from the Spanish Peninsula and passing down the West Coast of Africa, crosses the South Atlantic to Brazil where the French strand continues in conjunction with local lines and a line from the United States down to the Argentine. This line is not at present used by passengers across the ocean, but for mails alone. The French strand follows the coast of French Algeria, the German uses Las Palmas in the Canary Islands, which belong to Spain.

The fifth line, which runs from West to East across Russia, has not developed in quite the same way as the others, partly for reasons connected with Russia's economic development and partly by reason of the relative lack of remuneration at present along the route as compared with those passing through more active and diversified countries. It is clear that the country which lies between this route and the route passing through India and Burma, that is to say, the regions of Turkestan, Sinkiang and Tibet, with the great mountain formations which radiate west, north-east and south-east from the Pamirs, form natural barriers which greatly hinder the establishment of any central traffic route from west to east, following, say, a line drawn direct from England to Japan. Traffic must pass either north or south of these regions, which offer no hospitality to aviation and little to commerce, and, although it would be unwise

to prognosticate too closely, the advantages from the economic aspect appear to lie with the routes that run down the south coast of Europe and Asia rather than with the northern route. The latter, however, has the great asset of political unity.

The centre of activity is the United States. Founded in an industrial atmosphere charged with initiative and enterprise and well furnished with financial support, America first provided itself with internal services on which its early experiments in operation were made. The combination of so many countries into a single federal unit enabled experiments in long-range operation to be initiated and carried out with far greater ease than in the complicated political tangle of Europe, and United States lines reached down into South America partly through the internal technical impetus of the country and partly as couriers of its political and commercial friendships.

In the North, satisfactory relations with Canada enabled lines to be driven through to Alaska when the need arose. In Canada itself the demand for internal lines was stimulated by the intense activity across the border.

As soon as technical progress permitted, the only American company which had specialized in long flights overseas (Pan American Airways) interested itself in connecting this system with the European system to the East, and with the United States' territory of the Philippines which faced the rich markets of Asia.

It was inevitable that the two great reservoirs of activity should proceed to join, and the first junctions were not made direct, but indirectly through South America on one side and Hong Kong on the other. The airship alone among the technical equipment at our disposal proved itself capable of traversing long distances with comfort and safety, but this is bound to be treated as an exceptional activity at the present time, until we see how the technical future of the airship is going to work out, bearing in mind the great handicap to which it is now subject in the endeavour to avoid the risks involved by the use of inflammable gas. But, apart from this, the two centres are reaching out towards one another. The establishment of the air route across the Atlantic, the bridge which is to link the most active civilizations the world has yet seen, is in hand.

Let us examine the routes across the Atlantic in more detail. The shortest way across the sea is the direct route between Ireland and Newfoundland, and that is a natural fact which no amount of special pleading will overcome. So long as the burden of extra fuel entails the displacement of a corresponding amount of commercial load, this direct route will attract more traffic than any other. Its disadvantages are mainly meteorological; and that is not in allusion to the prevalence of fog in Newfoundland, which has been greatly exaggerated in popular conception, but to the general weather prevailing over the ocean. It is part of the problem, however, so to equip pilots and navigators with meteorological information and with the means of locating their position with accuracy from time to time, that they have ample margins of fuel and resources of information to enable them to avoid the worst of the weather on the way across; and in view of the success achieved this year he would be a bold man who would say that reliability on this route, almost up to the standard of the railway, is an impracticable ideal. It will be recollected that within the last generation the steamship at vast expenditure of skill and money has succeeded in only adding some twenty knots to its speed. The journey from London to New York is scheduled to take three hours under the five days by the Queen Mary, and it is at best questionable whether any great improvement is to be expected on this figure. The air service running even at present speeds would take less than one and a half days, and it is only at the beginning of development.

Further South in the centre of the Atlantic is another route running *via* the Azores and Bermuda. The Azores are rocky islands springing sheer from a great depth, and the provision of sheltered water for the alighting and taking-off of flying boats is a matter of great difficulty and expense. The French are reported to be examining the project of a land aerodrome which may prove the solution of the problem.

In the South Atlantic the routes from the Western point of Africa—Bathurst in the Gambia, or Dakar in French Senegal—across to Natal in Brazil have been used by French and German lines for some years, but only for the carriage of mails. A British thread is now being laid across this route, the first steps

in which has been the recently completed survey of the facilities between this country and Bathurst.

On the other side of the world, the Pacific Ocean, there are at present two main routes. The first runs from San Francisco to Honolulu and thence westward over the little islands under the sovereignty of the United States to Manila and Hong Kong. This service is one of the greatest achievements in long distance operation, involving as it does the single hop of 2,400 miles from the American coast to Honolulu.

From Honolulu as a junction United States enterprise has turned south-west to New Zealand, and it will not be long before this activity provokes its response. Discussions are already on foot between the British Governments concerned, with a view to co-operation in the successful exploitation of this route.

The interesting point about the Pacific route to New Zealand has been the sudden emergence of certain hitherto unwanted little islands into value and prominence. These islets, which are in effect little more than lagoons surrounded by a ring of coral, on which the sparse earth has accumulated, giving rise to low forms of vegetation, form admirable sheltered alighting places for flying boats. In some cases the lagoons are many miles in diameter, marshy in parts but in others sufficiently deep for navigation. Submerged coral heads have to be dynamited away, but after a cleaning-up process (which may of course prove expensive) a South Sea coral island can become a very satisfactory and hospitable airport.

This brief survey completes the world air routes as they stand to-day. Let us now refer to a few which are appearing over the horizon.

First, there is the interesting project of a North-about Pacific route from Canada across to Russia by way of Alaska and Siberia. It is in fact already complete except for two short links.

Then there is the ambitious project of linking Russia direct with Canada and the United States across the Polar regions. As we know, two successful flights have been carried out by Russian airmen, one of which secured the world's long distance record by the journey from Moscow to California (San Jacinto) a distance of approximately 6,300 miles. Disaster overcame the

third flight—for what reason we are unable to tell, but it is interesting to observe that Russian energy has not been diverted by this set-back.

Thirdly, there is the project of a route from Australia to Africa, passing through the Keeling Islands and the Seychelles, and joining up at Mombasa with the routes running north and west. This suggestion, which is actively sponsored in Australia, interesting as it is, appears somewhat premature at present, since there would hardly be sufficient traffic to justify a route so unremunerative along its course, while, at the same time, the established European route is running round the Northern shores of the Indian Ocean in competition with it. This would appear to be a useful secondary route which may develop as traffic grows.

South America might at some future date be linked with Asia by the route passing across the middle of Africa, from the West Coast Colonies to Khartoum, and thence via Aden to the Sultanate of Muscat and so to India.

We have seen the main trunk routes which have so far grown up, and short of some political catastrophe the chief centres of technical activity may be expected to remain much as they are now, that is to say, in Western Europe and the centre of America. On that foundation the routes at present laid down may be said to traverse the earth in the most practical way.

The development of the Trans-Atlantic route, however, has compelled us to study the means of achieving a long distance journey without intermediate landing. A great deal has been accomplished in this connection, in bringing nearer to perfection the wireless and meteorological services upon which air navigation depends. It would be reasonable to expect that the results of successfully bridging 2,000 miles of ocean in this particular instance will be capable of application elsewhere. It is, therefore, not too wild a dream to suppose that upon the present system of routes which form what we may call the "ordinary" service, there might be superimposed an "express" service, operating (say) at 300 m.p.h.—for the speed of yesterday's fighter is that of to-day's freighter—employing its aircraft economically over single distances of 1,700 to 2,500 miles. It would then be practicable to lay out an express system of long

hops in a kind of world network, binding the whole of the traffic system together, by great junction alighting places specially designed for the purposes of long distance aircraft.

The advantages conferred by such a system may be summarized as limiting travel to about one day from England to South Africa, two days to Australia, twelve hours from London to New York, eight hours across the American Continent, less than twenty-four hours from England to South America. From the big junctions radiate slower services, which are more economically run in small hops, so that no place would be more distant from a junction than 1,000 or 1,200 miles, say eight or ten hours flying.

What routes are likely to survive of those at present in existence or contemplation? There is already almost completed a mid-world route which might form the main *autobahn* or chief trunk route of the future. This, starting from our own country, runs to Canada and the United States, across the Continent to Honolulu, from thence to Hong Kong, across Indo-China to India, and back to Europe either through Persia and Turkey, or through Egypt and across the Mediterranean.

From this route radiate the great arterial services from Burma to Australia, from Egypt to South Africa, from Europe and North America to South America, and from Hong Kong upward to China and Japan. Parallel to this one might envisage a secondary route from Europe across Russia, joining with Canada and thus back through Newfoundland to Great Britain.

We have passed out of the era of individual flight into the era of what may properly be styled "traffic." It is like passing from the time of the village carrier to the time of motor bus services. Regularity of air lines tends already to part company with the regularity of steamship services and to approximate to that of trains. The system of routes which I have tried to picture is partially filled in and remains to be completed by the corporate activity of mankind.

What we have now to consider comes nearer home. No one who views the prospect of a world-wide system of air routes with enthusiasm can keep from feeling that an essential condition of its realization is a larger measure of co-operation between people who are now competing. There are many tendencies

at the present time in aviation which lead to the hope that greater co-operation will become possible. Those who have studied the history of the steamship and railway services will admit, I think, that the policy of individualism and isolation was one that brought bitter lessons. It would be a mistake not to learn from that experience, and we are bound to confess that unregulated competition will in the end lead us nowhere. It is true that he who lays down the ground organization necessary for a world route must allow others to use it at a rental which will never repay him his capital, but the policy of throwing open facilities for the use of others reaps reciprocal benefits, and the time may soon come when the principle of freedom of the air will be found worth while not only politically but also commercially. In a form of transport so essentially and naturally international as aviation, international advantages must eventually persist over those which are purely national; and while I would not advocate the ideal of a world-wide, regimented uniformity, we would all welcome the advent of an active and vigorous corporate system, the qualities of which were rivalry without enmity, and combination without complacency.

It is impossible to conclude without asking what part our own country should play in such a future. Those who study present activities in the United States see a great new effort to press American services and ideas forward in all parts of the world.

There is the very interesting report of the United States Maritime Commission, published on 13th November, 1937, in which the Commission set out very clearly their conclusion that air travel is so serious a competitor to travel by liners of the highly expensive super class (such as the *Queen Mary* and the *Normandie*) that it is questionable whether, from the standpoint of public money, the former are not the better bargain. The Commission have not been content only to take aircraft as they exist to-day, but have had the vision also to refer their calculations to those types of machine which they feel they may reasonably expect to see within a few years' time; that is to say, they have taken a flying boat weighing about 100,000 lbs. and carrying 40 passengers for distances comparable with the Atlantic crossing, but they have also considered a flying boat

weighing 250,000 lbs. carrying 150 passengers for a like distance, which, in the opinion of their experts, is well within the bounds of possibility.

Then we should consider the specification for an aircraft which Pan-American Airways have sent out to a number of the best manufacturers of aircraft in the States.

The machine must carry 100 passengers with a crew of 16, and considerable quantities of mail, baggage and freight, over a range of 5,000 miles at a cruising speed of 200 miles an hour. The passengers must have comfortable accommodation, including dressing and dining rooms. It is to be counted an advantage if the aircraft is capable of operating at altitudes of about 20,000 feet without discomfort to the passengers, that is to say, that the hull must be airtight and the interior air pressure artificially maintained in the rarefied atmosphere of high altitudes.

Our rivalry with America need not be other than friendly; indeed both sides of the Atlantic are fully co-operating in a common endeavour to bridge the ocean, on lines which were laid down at the conference between the United Kingdom, Canada, Ireland and the United States at Washington in 1935 and strengthened by the recent conference of the same States at Dublin in March 1938. The British Government has, moreover, announced its intention of pursuing a long-range programme of development of aircraft for the future and of doubling the subsidy available for the exploitation of routes. With these encouraging signs we must press forward in our efforts. Our country is called upon to make its fair contribution, having regard to its wealth and its traditions, to the peace and welfare of the world by means of civil aviation, to take a leading and not a following place in international air traffic. It is a great thing to defend Peace, but better still to enrich her as well. We have between us the skill, the power, the resources and the genius to do both, if we will.

(This article is taken from a paper read by Mr. Galpin before the Royal Society of Arts on February 2nd, 1938.)

INN SIGNS

BY GERALD MILLAR

THE inn sign is sharing in the renaissance of the inn. Anyone who travels by road will see a host of new signs, not only painted sheets or boards, but signs in cut-out metal and carved wood, in wrought iron and stone and concrete and glass. There is a return to the individual sign, patent to the house on which it hangs, and a flight from the unlovely and often downright hideous trade mark. Since between ninety-five and a hundred per cent. of inns are said to belong to brewers, the brewers are the main authors of this fashion. They are, it is true, reviving a kindly and deeply traditional custom; but they and the bankers deserve well of the public, for in an age of subtraction they are adding to our amenities.

The inn is a landmark, from the Elephant and Castle or the Angel at Islington to the humbler "pub." Yet where is the elephant with a tower strapped to his back, and why does no haloed angel lift a fiery sword, neon-lit, over Islington? Look at a London bus map and count the stops that are the names of public houses. They are legion. Their signs are being gradually restored to them. If you are told to get off at the Cherry Tree, you will not expect to find a tree that grew its last cherry a century ago. But you are entitled to a good sign—what better than a cherry tree?—rather than to a board bearing the words: "The Cherry Tree: Messrs. Somebody's Sparkling Ales and Stouts." Country inns are part of everyday speech and direction: "I ran out of petrol just opposite The Fighting Cocks," "the floods are out beyond the Black Horse," "hounds are meeting at the Plough corner." A sign may epitomize home to the absent mind. A sergeant of the Suffolks was heard in the War exhorting one of his men to greater care: "keep yaour head down. Don't, you 'ont never see Martlesham Lion ne more."

The inn sign, to borrow the motto of the manufacturer of a celebrated motor car, is as old as the industry and as modern as the hour. Its modernity remains strictly traditional; though a surrealist be commissioned to paint *The Two Brewers*, he will be forced to conform to a design which is to be seen in the ruins of Pompeii. The inn sign cried its object before men could read. Now it perpetuates the local sense which fast travel is destroying. Its subjects may be national and easily interpreted or parochial and known only to the local antiquarians. Who else would know that *The Blue Cap* in Cheshire perpetuated a famous foxhound's memory or that an *All Angels* at the edge of what was once a heath that fringed London denoted that here the traveller called on all angels to protect him from the lurking highwayman? There is much guessing, particularly at corruptions. Many signs are wholly lost in conjecture. The *Bull and Mouth* is said originally to have been Boulogne Mouth, the *St. Peter's Finger*, St. Peter *ad Vincula*, the *Goat and Compasses*, God Encompasseth Us, the *Cat and Fiddle*, Le Chat Fidèle (perhaps a heraldic emblem like innumerable others that have no present significance) or possibly *Caton fidèle* (a Protestant of Mary Tudor's reign) and so *ad infinitum*. Many signs are known to date from the days of chivalry, others commemorate the monasteries that delegated the service of hospitality to the inn, the arms of a great family, royal manors or forests. Others are homelier. In all there is a peculiar simplicity. It persists. Only an inn sign could, without offence, describe King George V. as *The Ordinary Fellow*. Here is a headache for the antiquarian of the future who may have no access to the Archbishop of Canterbury's sermon, in which he described the King talking of his Jubilee. King George was overwhelmed with the warmth of his reception: "After all, I am only an ordinary fellow."

You may be sure that nine people out of ten who say or write anything learned about inn signs are quoting or paraphrasing an extract from *The History of Signboards* by Jacob Larwood and John Camden Hotten. Theirs is the appropriate classic, like Britten on clocks and watches or Robinson on gardening or Mrs. Beeton on cookery. Alas! their book after a dozen editions went out of print some forty years ago. It would be a

pious act to revive it. Messrs. Larwood and Hotten divided signs into groups, and one could not do better than imitate them. There is the royal group. Henry VIII. is a favourite—there is an admirable modern example at Hever Castle in Kent. It is after Holbein, and the burly figure (both back and front) is on framed glass. Elizabeth is to the fore. King Charles I. is to be seen, after van Dyck and surrounded by eight bells, in the King's Road, Chelsea. Charles II. provided the Royal Oak with many variations. Perhaps the crown may be superimposed on the tree; in a more modern version you may see Charles plain, his smile among the leaves as cynical as the Cheshire Cat's. The Georges, particularly Farmer George, figure freely. William IV. had a nautical jollity that became a sign. A mere King's Head gives scope for any monarch, real or mythical. Then there are Crowns innumerable (with Sceptre, Mitre, Anchor, Harp and so on). Above all there are the Arms and the emblems which the kings and queens adopted. The Green Man may be their or a great noble's verdurer (though he may also be an itinerant seller of herbs). The heraldic group is enormous. It may be purely armorial or may represent a family crest. The Bear and Ragged Staff was the Nevill crest; they may be together or separate. Red Lions, Greyhounds, Talbots (spotted dogs), Harts, Unicorns, Pelicans, Swans, Eagles, Dragons, Griffins, Bulls—these and many others were armorial emblems. Many represent the emblems of cities or guilds or crafts. Ecclesiastical or biblical: Cross Keys, Crosses, Angels, Trips to Jerusalem, Three Kings, Adams and Eves. The Virgin is said to have abounded, but to have been suppressed at the Reformation.

Animals and monsters; birds and flowers; fishes and insects; dignities, trades and professions; the house and the table; dress; historic and commemorative; geography and topography; humorous and comic; puns and rebuses; these are other groups which Messrs. Larwood and Hotten made. Yet even they were driven in the end to a "miscellaneous" group. Country sports and pastimes, the animals of the poor man's chase (hares, not rabbits), flowers and trees, the implements of agriculture, are perhaps the most familiar, lend themselves best to design, and are most easily loved. The great men who have

been admitted to this most exclusive Valhalla are curiously assorted. From the remote past Robin Hood wins, and sometimes Little John and Friar Tuck bear him company. Sailors are characteristically popular, notably Rodney and Benbow, as well as the greatest of them all. At Brancaster Staithe on the north Norfolk coast road you will see The Hero, but since it is a plain lettered board you will need to know that Nelson was born a mile or two inland. Wellington's nose, the bridge almost at right angles to his face, notably represents the army. He may be just The Duke. But why does the Marquis of Granby, a good but hardly great general of the eighteenth century, figure so freely? In 1864, it seems, he had eighteen signs in London alone. General Elliott of Gibraltar fame (with a varying number of I's and t's) must have caught the public imagination. Mr. Robert Graves evidently wondered why:

The potman cannot well recall,
The ostler never knew,
Whether his day was Malplaquet,
The Boyne or Waterloo, . . .
And paint shall keep his buttons bright
Though all the world's forgot
Whether he died for England's pride
By battle, or by pot.

Englishmen love a sporting eccentric, and at Atcham in Shropshire poor Squire Mytton, that mighty hunter and lover of horses who set fire to himself to cure the hiccups, is admirably commemorated. On one side of his sign (a modern one) he is discovering a mermaid in his tankard; on the other side the mermaid is taking a look at Mytton in her mirror. For later celebrities opportunity became more meagre and perhaps the native wealth of invention began to run dry. One thinks of countless ugly boxes of brick, many of them Railway Inns (or Taverns or Hotels). Lord Beaconsfield scored one board to himself and a Primrose in his honour. Mr. Gladstone failed. Of the great men of the War only Lord Haig appears. You will find him at Hounslow and perhaps you will recognize him more quickly there than on horseback in Whitehall.

There should be a group for what one might call "conceits," most characteristic of all and dearest to the genius. Such a conceit is the Five Alls, of which there is a modern edition at Chippenham in Wiltshire. Five figures stand side by side in

niches: originally they were a parson (I Pray for All), a lawyer (I Plead for All), a farmer (I Maintain All), King George III. (I Fight for All), and the devil (I Take All). A soldier may take the place of George the Third and a banker (I Pay for All) that of Beelzebub who has since been squeezed out. A more celebrated conceit is The Man Loaded With Mischief ("drawn by Experience, engraved by Sorrow"). The design is broadly the same in all three existing examples. A man groans under the weight of a woman who brandishes a glass labelled Gin and wears an air of mastery. A magpie is perched upon his right shoulder, an ape upon his left. Round his neck hangs a chain and a padlock marked Wedlock. Two cats quarrel to the left rear; to the right a pawnbroker's shop is doing brisk business. And what a multitude of others there are, what a rich vein of the purest fun: *The Man in the Moon*, *The Cat and Custard Pot*, *The Shoulder of Mutton with Cucumbers*, *The Blackamoor's Head and Woolpack*, *The Rat's Castle*, *The Gate Hangs High*, *The Dusty Miller*, *The Experienced Fowler*, *The Intrepid Fox*, *The Roaring Donkey*, *The Ass in the Band-box*, *The Bull and Bedpost*, *The Live and Let Live*, *The Dewdrop Inn*, *The Ox and Compasses*, *The Sun in Splendour*, *The Case is Altered*, *The World Turned Upside Down*. What rivalry to Lear's Nonsense Rhymes and Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. And what opportunities for the artist!

Thanks to the Exhibition of Inn Signs which was held at the Building Centre in London during November of 1936, public interest and criticism have latterly been sharpened. This was the second show of its kind. The first was held in 1762 and Hogarth helped to make it a success. But the first exhibition came into rivalry with a more serious one of easel pictures, and there was an orgy of pamphleteering and back-chat in scurrilously precise language. The 1936 Exhibition suffered no such disadvantage. It was a pity that the Committee had months rather than years in which to scour the country, for there were disappointingly few "old masters," though the names of Hogarth, Old Crome and Morland appeared, perhaps a little tentatively, in the catalogue. But weather pays no more respect to a Hogarth or Stubbs than to the local sign-painter, and if Crome did paint the Man Loaded with Mischief later hands

must have serially touched him up. A David Cox which originally hung outside a Welsh inn had been irremovably enshrined inside. But owners were generous and old signs, if not "masters," were plentiful; some of the ancient City signs were lent, notably an enchanting Goose and Gridiron in carved wood and wrought iron; there were pictures and engravings of some of the heroic signs of the past, such as the fabulous arch which spanned the road opposite the great inn at Seole in Norfolk; there were photographs of the hounds that still hunt the fox (into a kennel) over the Cambridge road at Barley in Hertfordshire and of the exquisite carved and painted heraldic sign (the base of an oriel window) of the Swan Inn at Clare in Suffolk. There was enough to tickle the antiquarian sense. The old and the new were kept apart. It was a toss-up whether signs which were accustomed to hang in lonely emphasis would "mix." Happily, an illustrious poster artist spent an entire fortnight hanging the show and the result was incredibly successful. The fundamental humour and gusto of the inn sign were multiplied into a kind of nursery rhyme for grown-ups. Something of the English genius, something from Chaucer and *The Beggar's Opera* and Dickens and the ballads and the broad-sheets, something spontaneously and gloriously low-brow, came startlingly to life.

The most accomplished painter of easel pictures may be an inferior inn sign artist. The wheel has come full circle. Early signs were painted because people could not read. The modern sign must attract people who haven't time to read, who pass it at thirty miles an hour if it be in a "built-up area" or faster if not. Design is all-important. It must be well-balanced and sturdy, a firmly defined and happy arrangement of coloured shapes. Perspectives and light and shade, unless indicated in the most poster-like way, are best avoided. There is no room for subtlety. That is why heraldry, properly treated, is bound to succeed. It has a stark simplicity and the decorative value of an Italian primitive. The older the arms the simpler, for one at least of their first purposes was that a man might quickly recognize his friends or enemies in battle. Yet heraldry needs skill and a sense of decoration, particularly when intricacy is unavoidable. Mr. Ralph Ellis' *Richmond Arms* at Chichester,

and Mr. E. M. Dinkel's *Brocket Arms* near Welwyn, are notably successful examples; both are beautifully balanced and both glow with colour. Many heraldic signs of thirty or forty years ago are flat and lifeless. You have only to compare a Victorian royal coat of arms with one of the time of Charles II. or Queen Anne to see how drab and formalized it had become. A quickened sense of design has improved heraldry and the new inn signs reflect the change. Lettering is vastly important. Again, the simpler the better—no mock Gothic or "twiddly-bits."

Many artists of note are engaged on inn-signs. Mr. Ralph Ellis is a "whole time" painter of them. Forty-five signs and twenty-three sketch-designs of his were exhibited in London. Their range was impressive: Mr. Ellis appears to be equally at home with heraldic, antiquarian, realistic, decorative and even modernistic work. Some of his work may be seen in and around London, but most is in Sussex, which he has peopled with first-rate signs. Mr. E. M. Dinkel's signs, whether heraldic or decorative, have great distinction; they are mostly to be found in West Suffolk and Carlisle. Mr. Cosmo Clark, Mr. H. R. Hosking, Mr. Cecil King, Mr. Keith Henderson, Mr. Eric Newton and the late Mr. George Sheringham have painted admirable signs. A new series by Miss Herry Perry is now dotted over East London. Miss Gertrude Hermes' carving in low relief on the sign bracket of the Myllet Arms at Perivale, and Mr. Eric Kennington's sculptured signs at the Comet at Hatfield and the Nag's Head at Bishop's Stortford, are examples of modernistic success. But a name is not everything; a great deal of almost anonymous work of the highest standard is being done. A Norwich brewer's surveyor and a local artist have between them designed and executed signs of the highest merit. This is by no means the only example of a happy marriage of local talent. One of the most striking signs in the Exhibition, a pair of crossed keys in wrought iron gilded and acetelyne-welded, was made by a Dorchester blacksmith. A firm in Thanet gives all its work out to local students. Most inn signs are painted boards or more often weathered copper sheets painted in oils, varnished and sometimes protected by glazed and specially ventilated frames. But there is a great range of three-dimensional

exceptions. Supports are important, and wrought or bent iron is as highly regarded as ever. Wrought iron is extremely expensive and modern work is not so elaborate as the architectural smithcraft of the middle of the eighteenth century, of which the sign of the Three Swans at Market Harborough is a noble example. But there are some fine modern essays in wrought iron in and around Brighton. We shall never aspire to the lace-like delicacy of the work in the Tyrol, where whole scenes are depicted in gilded and painted metal. The projection of the Tyrolese signs is enormous and English by-laws frown somewhat forbiddingly on projection.

A word on atrocities. They need not be named; as Mr. Wodehouse would say, they rear their ugly heads. An unworthy practice is to hang lesser and usually undistinguished signs from the main sign or its supports. Trade marks need not qualify for the Chamber of Horrors: one owner at least has turned his mark into a thing of beauty. He made a rebus of his name and the result, in a small glazed plaque to the design of Mr. G. Kruger Gray, is a positive amenity to his part of East Anglia. The public has a grateful eye for such things, and other owners might profitably follow suit, notably a Midland brewer who brews celebrated beer and whose name needs no rebus for a plaque. Various owners cleverly indicate by uniformity of shape and style that the inn sign is theirs. A London brewer frames his boards uniformly with a chequered design which without detracting from the sign shows with sufficient emphasis that it belongs to him. *Ars est celare artem* is a good motto for trade marks.

Other charming embellishments should be commended: weather-vanes, window-boxes, ale-garlands. But let the sign come first. There is now a register of artists and designers at the Building Centre in New Bond Street. It was put there for owners to choose from, but everybody can see it. There is much lively work in it. The ancient craft is flourishing again. The more recruits, the more supporters the better.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THE Berlin-Rome Axis has resisted a considerable strain. What exactly might have happened if Dr. Schnuschnigg had secured time to hold his plebiscite and had then made even a show of resistance, we cannot tell. But Germany **The Shadow** moved with such speed and efficiency that inside **of German** of twenty-four hours the *Pickelhauben* were on **Might** the Brenner, receiving effusive greetings from Italian troops—who had seen them there before. How glad they were to see them again may be judged from a remarkable article in *Time & Tide* by that very clever observer, Mme. Odette Keun, who reports of a visit to Italy, where she found people choking with rage against the way in which they had been duped and bamboozled. However, it is not probable that Herr Hitler will place great reliance on Italian support for the future; the Berlin-Rome axis has served his main purpose, and the northern end of it has indisputably got the better of the southern. If I have been rightly informed, when Signor Mussolini, as the well-established *Duce*, first met Herr Hitler, then only the incipient *Führer*, his reaction was one of sheer contemptuous aversion. Now the less civilized dictator has worsted the more civilized, for when the moment comes to play decisive cards, he has a tremendous thing in his hand. He has the military prestige acquired by Germany in the World War. Hitler's *Reich* has not fired a shot in battle, Mussolini's Italy has conducted a difficult campaign with unlooked-for success; yet Italian troops would not think themselves able to face German troops on a footing of equality. Nor perhaps would any soldiers in Europe; German discipline is so complete, German efficiency so thorough. There was probably no time in the war when the wire before the German trenches was not twice as strong as that in face of it—whether English or French

manned the trenches. Men and officers in the German force worked harder and more continuously in creating mechanical obstacles; they were at least as skilful in the use of all weapons and at least as well led. Nobody doubts that the same would be true again. Only this has to be remembered, that so perfect an engine may break down suddenly and completely, as it did in the last war, on its first serious experience of defeat. The less disciplined, less compacted national forces, stood a great deal more hammering.

Experience shows that when war breaks out between any two nations in Europe it spreads; and we may fairly assume that Czechoslovakia Herr Hitler will not go where war is certain—as and it would be in Czechoslovakia. But since he has Poland now got control of Vienna, all Czechoslovakia's outlets to the sea must pass through either German or Polish territory. This gives a formidable prospect of economic pressure, because, unfortunately, Prague's relations with Poland are no better than with Germany. There is a trouble here much graver than that of the Sudeten Germans. Poles complain that in 1920 when Bolshevik Russia had almost overrun their country, the Czechs entered, occupied and held the district of Teschen, with its population of about 200,000 Poles. They complain further that no provision of separate schools is made for these people, no means to preserve their language and Polish spirit. If that be so, it is in marked contrast to the treatment which the Sudeten Germans receive, for they have their own university and a full system of secondary and higher education through German, and Germans receive a stipulated proportion of public employment. It is, of course, possible that the Czech Government may have decided to deal in one way with one element so large that its demands must be treated with consideration, while their intention was to absorb and assimilate the smaller, more manageable group.

None of us can be indifferent to these matters; the independence of Czechoslovakia is a vital concern to civilized Europe—as is the independence and integrity of Poland. A better understanding with Poland would be of more value to Czechoslovakia than the compact with Russia, for it would ensure an outlet to the sea; on the other hand, if that outlet

were freely utilized, Czechoslovakia would have an interest only second to Poland's in preserving the Polish corridor—which is not threatened, perhaps, to-day, but must be in danger unless both German policy and German nature undergo a complete transformation. All this will be apparent to any thinking man in Poland or in Czechoslovakia; but nations, like individuals, are more influenced by their angers than by their interests. Dr. Hodza has promised an early and drastic review of the needs and desires felt by the minorities in the oddly-composed State which he and Dr. Benesh seek to bring into a harmonious fusion. No minority is more important politically than the Polish subjects of that State—whatever their numbers. We are all painfully conscious of the dangers threatening Europe because of open sores in this region: Teschen is one sore spot. And Dr. Hodza, if he can do anything to heal it, will deserve well of the world.

Meantime Poland has dealt somewhat drastically but effectively with another. For nearly a generation every road leading into Lithuania had been blocked, in resentment over Vilna, which the Poles held by much the same title as on their showing the Czechs hold Teschen. If it be true that Vilna, in Lithuanian territory, was Polish, just as Dantzig, in Polish territory, was German, then the facts explain themselves; and there is at least hope that some of the old friendliness may in time revive; for against Russian domination, Poles supported Lithuanians, Lithuanians supported Poles; the two stood together, and Polish culture was welcome in Lithuania and widespread. Probably to-day the fury of nationalism in language repels it. But if roads are now open that were formerly closed, commerce flowing where commerce was violently cut off, between peoples who live next door—it is hard to doubt that the effect will be healing.

The lesser States of the Eastern Baltic coast lie between two dangers—Germany and Russia. These dangers are also deeply felt by Poland. Czechoslovakia, it appears, regards only the one as a menace. The root difficulty of the whole position is probably that Poland considers it necessary that Czechoslovakia should make a choice. 'If you are friends with Russia, if you depend on Russia for assistance, you can be no friends of ours'

is probably their attitude. One must only hope that Mr. Chamberlain, whose speech has been well received in Czechoslovakia, may be able to impress on the States in that unquiet region the desirability of settling disputes among themselves, while there is so much explosive material in their neighbourhood.

Modern resources enabled all Europe to listen while Herr Goering strained his lungs for two hours to an audience that

Bulls roared back whenever he gave them the chance.
and It was impossible not to be reminded of a bull
Lambs in his fenced field, pawing, snorting and bellowing.

About the same time the Italian dictator gave a fine display of sabre-rattling and told his army that they were not for show; that their value was to be proved in a field worthy of it. It is reassuring to remember that in the months of June and July, 1914, there were no such bellowings; things happened very quietly, before the catastrophe. Still, when a bull makes these demonstrations, it is well to look to the fences. The German has showed himself a good judge of gaps that may be forced. But there remains to be reckoned with the German tendency for complete misjudgment, such as was shown over Belgium. They are capable of thinking that Mr. Chamberlain is a man in whom there is no core of resistance; and a good deal of contemporary English comment is likely to mislead them.

I have seen it said by one commentator that Mr. Chamberlain showed himself lacking in power to speak to the nation as Lord Baldwin used to do; that he lacked the large dignity, and lowered his tone by making party points. That is true. But I remember how movingly and convincingly Lord Baldwin spoke just before the nation was amazed at the surrender over Abyssinia. Mr. Chamberlain has given the impression of a man chiefly anxious to say no more than he can make good—but not of a man who will spend 1,500 million pounds for nothing. Yet neither he nor any politician can propose, what is the logical completion to such an outlay—a period of universal military service. Every free country in Europe accepts this as the price of its freedom, and by doing so they protect the British, who will not undertake that duty till war comes. It is to be hoped, again, that Mr. Chamberlain is taking measures to ensure that

in such a case national decision would be prompt, and the means to act upon it planned in advance.

The Spanish danger increases as the war eats into Catalonia, for there must be many awkward incidents on the French frontier; and any clash between General Franco's troops or aeroplanes and French authorities will make new dissension in Paris. It is well to recall that M. Blum originated the policy of non-intervention; while Mr. Eden at the Foreign Office always insisted on the view that when Spain's civil war was over, the nations who had kept aloof from the struggle were more likely to be popular with Spaniards than those who kept out. No one doubts that the Germans will have secured valuable economic connections; but if we admit the German need for raw materials, this is not a thing to cry out against. The strategic menace to English power can only develop if territory is ceded, or if Spain is left absolutely under control of a Power hostile to England. Those who know Spain best seem to hold that neither Franco nor any other Spaniard dare cede territory, even if it should be his wish, and the other chance is contrary to Mr. Eden's forecast—which, of course, may be wrong. But those who are most alarmed concerning Mr. Chamberlain's direction blame him chiefly for parting with Mr. Eden. The real question is how far he has diverged from the line which Mr. Eden would have followed.

Simpler people may be contented to see any sign of an approaching end to this butchery, no matter to which side the victory goes. Yet we have all heard so much disagreeable about both sides that it is not possible to feel cheerful about the triumph of either.

There is, however, one theatre of war where an honest looker-on may take comfort, and that is China. On the day when

A these lines are written, news comes of a very grave
Remarkable reverse to the Japanese forces in Shantung; and
Chinaman it is only the culmination to a series of actions—
bearing out fully what was reported and predicted lately by a remarkable Chinese ecclesiastic, the Catholic bishop of Nanking. This gentleman, after he had experienced in his diocesan city the full savagery of bombardment, was sent to report on the situation at the Vatican, and from there he set out to inform

whatever European centres he could reach. Many connections commended a visit to Ireland, where his personality impressed itself powerfully on all who met him; a big frank upstanding man, Manchurian born, but educated among Southerners at Shanghai. What he had to say came to this—that the war had created a new China. It had given unity of purpose to that enormous mass of humanity which was already united by a very ancient culture. It had stirred the whole people, who hate war, but have decided that the only choice lies between war and slavery. Resources in men are endless, the Government can choose where to levy their recruits; and they levy only that what they can train. But three millions are kept under training, and ten thousand officers. Armament they can get because they can pay cash for it; no country supplies so much of it as Germany. The man at the head of this national resistance, Chiang-Kai-Sek, we were told, had proved himself both as statesman and as soldier; he had been through so many dangers that other generals thought his life must be under special protection. According to the bishop, the moment when he really came into full command of China was before the war when a mutinous general by treachery made him prisoner—as had happened so often before in Chinese history. But this time the stronger will and the prestige of authority asserted itself; treachery dared not go through with its work; the unity of command was recognized. That, possibly, is why the Japanese struck when they did; they thought they could break up this unity by violence before the mould was set. If the bishop is right, they have consolidated it; and events seem to bear out his forecast.

It is said indeed that the Chinese temperament is over-sanguine. That may be why this obviously very able man counts it not possible, not probable, but certain, that Japan will be defeated. Significantly enough, in that branch of war where individual prowess can still become manifest by single combat, the Chinese feel themselves the masters. They may be outnumbered and outclassed in machines but they reckon their pilots to be cooler and abler than the Japanese; and whoever spent their days of assault in Nanking had ample chance to observe.

I could not but notice that the man who was talking to me would have seemed noticeably big and athletic in any group,

say of University oarsmen; but his hands were small and dexterous, as some artist's might be. That makes a formidable combination for conflict in which delicate machinery has to be handled with swift precision. Hitler and Mussolini have undoubtedly developed the will to war among Germans and Italians; but if Chiang-Kai-Sek has accomplished this among the Chinese, his achievement has a very different importance from theirs.

In Ireland Mr. de Valera has provided us with a Senate, designed to be "vocational." At the head of the "cultural panel" was returned with a triumphant **Some Irish Personalities** ascendancy of votes a well-known trainer at the Curragh. It sounds odd; but Senator Parkinson was a senator before, and is a very shrewd judge of men as well as of horses; and horse-breeding is probably the thing of all others in which Ireland excels. But there were a good many candidates who did not get even one vote that I should have liked to see on the Senate—notably Mr. Wylie, distinguished as a singularly efficient judge in the Law Courts, who is also one of the highest authorities on horses and horsemanship. Mr. de Valera had the opportunity to redress the mistakes of vote, for eleven seats in sixty were filled by the President's nomination after the voting was over; and he put in Sir John Keane, an ex-Unionist and soldier of distinction who has never ceased to occupy himself with Irish affairs. But apart from this, his choice fell on veterans of the language movement and the republican movement. Douglas Hyde, father of the Gaelic League, is brought back into public life; so is George Moore's brother, Colonel Maurice Moore, an old Connaught Ranger, and author of one of the best books of its kind, "Memoirs of an Irish Gentleman," the biography of his father George Henry Moore, a singular combination of student, steeplechaser rider, landlord, nationalist, politician, and advocate of physical force.

There is ebb and flow in literary repute, and a period of obscurity always follows after a popular author's death. The question then is, whether there can be a come-back. **Literary Reputations** Jane Austen's fame which was late in spreading has maintained itself I think with less fluctuation than any other of its rivals; she has the reward of delicate,

finished, unhurried art. Scott, the great forerunner, suffers from a lack of these virtues, as has been most admirably shown in a penetrating essay by Lord David Cecil, which does not fail to recognize that when Scott is at his best, he is better than almost anybody. The Brontës, Jane Austen's contemporaries, have always had partisans; the violent fire in those repressed and half-starved natures has never ceased to be felt. Dickens, while he lived, was too much alive ever to go dead. One cannot say that of Thackeray. "Vanity Fair" is certainly among the world's greatest novels, and "Esmond" in a different manner can defy time; but who would say as much now of "Pendennis" or "The Newcomes"? Trollope is a good instance of the return to favour; he remains just as reliable and as English as the well-roasted leg of mutton.

But George Eliot who in her day ranked with the great ones of the mid-Victorian age—what has become of her? Asking myself if she was not due for a return to vogue, I took up *Middlemarch*, which according to my recollection showed her at her best. It was a sad disappointment; and yet how much talent was there! How much keen satiric observation, and power to bring her personages livingly on the scene! Unhappily, that applies only to the secondary characters, who cannot be fully presented; they appear only as "humours" in the Elizabethan sense, showing off the same qualities in scene after scene, like persons repeatedly met in some drawing-room; while those about whose fortunes the complicated story develops, Dorothea Brooke herself, the central figure, Lydgate the doctor, and Fred Viney, might as well be cut out in cardboard. As to Mr. Casaubon, the elderly scholar whom Dorothea first marries, he is only remembered because he was taken to be a caricature of Mark Pattison, the Rector of Lincoln; and the sketch has no substance of knowledge behind it. But Mr. Brooke, Dorothea's fussy uncle, the country squire with no country aptitudes, but a country position to keep up, is a live portrait. His pretensions to culture, his incoherent discourse about all the things in literature and art that he had "gone pretty far into," make the light side of a good satirical study. The darker shows a bad landlord, mean about money, and not even man enough to

stand up to a drunken tenant who abuses him. The best things in the book, however, are two studies of women, Celia Brooke, Dorothea's sister, shrewd in a bird-witted way—Miss Austen could not have done her better—and Lydgate's wife Rosamond, who is relentlessly drawn; pretty and placid, imperturbably selfish, a most respectable and decorative millstone about her man's neck. There is a range of observation here outside Jane Austen's compass—just as there is in the powerful picture of grasping relatives about a miser's death-bed. But all these excellences are smothered in floods of moralizing comment—which could indeed be matched in Thackeray; but even in his moralizing Thackeray had a lighter touch than George Eliot, who is, personally, one of the least attractive among moralizing authors. Trollope's excursions in this kind have no distinction; but one cannot help liking Trollope; and it is very hard indeed, in reading George Eliot, to keep from saying, 'This woman is a prig'.

An author's personality does not admit of precise literary valuation; it is a sort of ultimate fact, like the colour of his eyes; but nothing affects one's enjoyment more. Many cannot read "Tristram Shandy" because they cannot stand Sterne; the same is true about Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy." On the other hand books that have no very clear literary merit may be delightful because of the writer who is felt as a companion. I have just been reading one that is a good case in point—a story of adventurous life far north in Canada, told by the young Norwegian who lived it. Mr. Helge Ingstad grew bored with being a barrister and set out to try a complete change of life as a trapper and hunter in Canada. He spent three complete changes of the seasons there, first with one white companion, and next with a tribe of Indians, sharing their existence from month to month, until it became clear to him that he was expected to marry a daughter of the tribe if he stayed longer. The third year, from summer through the winter, he was alone with his team of dogs, settled happily by a lake in a valley where the reindeer and the wolves were daily and nightly about his quarters.

His jumping-off place was Edmonton, where he and his

comrade bought their outfit. Train first, then paddle stream took them to Fitzgerald, on the Great Slave River, and they had to earn enough money to complete their outfit by work at a sawmill while waiting for the ice to melt. Then they shoved off into the Great Salt Lake, east of which lay forest, and beyond the forest, the bare tundra. In the forest if game could not be met you might starve; in the tundra, you might not even find wood for a fire. I do not know when I have read anything more agreeable than this explorer's account of the animals that he watched—the vast herds of cariboo whose migrations govern the movements of Indian life—but also moose, bears, beavers (an enchanting description), wolves, known familiarly, but above all his dogs. The pleasantest part of all is the last, when he was settled where game was so plenty that he could treat creatures about his camping ground as fellow citizens, and sacrosanct. What he has to say of the Indians is probably not new, but it is detailed and intimate observation of a vanishing race, that still lived as it had lived for all time, that still knew the use of bow and arrow and could chip a flint arrow-head, but had over it the shadow of certain extinction. For when Mr. Ingstad went back for the third time to sell his furs at the Hudson Bay Company stores in Fort Resolution, there was a passage available by aeroplane to Edmonton; and he and others took it. "The waste land of the North will be conquered from the air," he says, for the hunt is now after yellow metal; and people talk of "plane" as naturally as they used to talk of "dogs." This book *Mes Chasses dans la Toundra Canadienne* should be translated into English. Two ladies had done the French rendering which I read: one of these, Madame Chevalley, assisted her husband in preparing the Oxford French Dictionary and evidently acquired in the process a vocabulary of singular richness and sap. It will tax the best English translator to turn out another version of equal spirit and merit.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE WORKLESS

By HUGH MASSINGHAM

MEN WITHOUT WORK—A Report made to the Pilgrim Trust. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

BRITISH UNEMPLOYMENT POLICY, by Ronald C. Davison. Longmans Green 7s. 6d.

Men Without Work is the first painstaking analysis of the human effects of unemployment since Mr. Bakke published his study in 1933. Mr. Bakke's book was based on what he saw while living for a year as a member of a working-class family in a typical area, and plainly could not pretend to be exhaustive, valuable as his analysis was. The present work is far more detailed and deals with what the authors call the "long unemployed"—men who have been continuously out of work for more than a year. Their investigation has been in six towns, which they claim are representative of England and Wales—Deptford, Leicester, Liverpool, Blackburn, Crook, and the Rhondda. It is a pity that they did not include Tyneside, which is a shipbuilding area and where men have been out of work ever since the depression began after the War. The choice otherwise is excellent, for in each town there is a problem peculiar to the locality. The book brings out the differences very clearly—the difference between the

Rhondda, where the men have developed a unique self-pity, and Crook another depressed area, where the people still retain a feeling of independence and a determination not to give way to unemployment. The self-deception that one finds in the Rhondda area is extraordinary. When I was there, man after man would tell me that he had no desire to work "because, you see, I lead a fuller life now than ever I did before." One man actually said that he thought it would be "wrong" to work again on the ground that he might be putting somebody else out of employment—an obvious piece of blarney.

There is also another attitude that is not peculiar to the Rhondda but is probably more widespread there than anywhere else. You find an alarming feeling that it is the duty of the State to maintain the unemployed but no sense of any duty in return. The authors rightly emphasize the serious danger of such an attitude—not least from the administrative point of view.

At first sight the plight of the men in Crook and the Rhondda might seem to be infinitely worse than that of those in the more prosperous Deptford, where at least there is a good prospect of work. But there is a sense in which this is not so. In the Rhondda a man who has been long out of work has at least a feeling of being in communion

Yet you still find men of influence and position in this country who declare that we must "join hands with Germany . . . if not in complete co-operation, at least in friendly understanding." As well offer cats' meat to a tiger!

Here is Lord Londonderry emitting this moonbeam of the larger lunacy. Of course he has no experience of living in Nazi Germany, no means of knowing the gangsters who now have the power. A visit to Goering and a talk with Hitler (and, needless to say, he does not know the language)—that is the sum-total of his first-hand knowledge. Actually, to be fair to the noble marquess, his little *plaidoyer* is less compact of sentimental slush than one might have expected. In a postscript he describes Hitler's *coup* in Austria as a "dangerous action . . . hardly distinguishable from war itself" and suggests that any such *mainmise* on Czechoslovakia must be met with force.

One begins to see what lies behind the adherence of some of our patrician elements to the 'conciliate Germany' school. Lord Londonderry, for instance, readily concedes that Germany is the storm-centre—though how it has all happened he doesn't quite understand, except, of course, that it is France's fault (that characteristic British sentiment which Noël Coward has hit off in his 'There's always something fishy about the French'). It is in order to ensure, as he hopes, that the storm shall pass by this bright little, tight little island that he recommends a kind of Anglo-German condominium—German hegemony in Europe in return for the continued predominance of Britain as a world Power. Along with this short-sighted, old-fashioned patriotism goes a highly developed property-sense which makes Lord Londonderry and his like hyper-conscious of Bolshevism—and only too delighted to use this pet smoke-screen of the Nazis. "The anti-Communist platform," he says, "was—and still is—invaluable." Apart from betraying a hankering after a Four-Power Pact which would obviously be a kind of

Holy Alliance against Russia—the secret aim of our witless pro-Germans—he comes out with the ineffable remark in reference to Spain that Great Britain has been "throwing in its weight under non-intervention on the side of the Reds." If he can believe that, he can believe anything!

Major-General Temperley, too, who has trodden the weary years of the Disarmament Conference, sees Germany as the heart of the problem. That Conference, he considers, was doomed from the beginning, it should have been an assembly of plenipotentiaries to try and settle all issues arising out of the Peace Treaties. He pleads even now for a 'settlement' with the *Reich*. But he has no great illusions. His record of the period when he was chief Military Adviser to H.M.G. at Geneva is full and balanced—without contributing anything new or sensational. What is novel—and important—is the author's vivid awareness of the tremendous strain now put upon the traditional machinery of government in a democratic country like ours: "we are reaching the dangerous position," he says, "when the men who have to make a decision no longer have the time to consider the issues involved." And unfortunately they haven't all the somnambulistic faculty which these days seems so effective!

General Temperley is quite prepared, in the interests of a quiet life, to give back to Germany her colonies. Lord Londonderry hates the idea of it, but would give the suggestion favourable consideration. Mr. Hugh Sellon, a young Conservative lecturer, sees in some such instalment of conciliation Europe's one salvation. Specifically he rejects the policy of the Grand Alliance, sponsored by Mr. Churchill, on the ground that it would make peaceful revision in Central and Eastern Europe impossible. It is to be feared that Mr. Sellon, who has otherwise written an admirable 'academic' book, is unconscious of the living dynamics of the present international situation. His interpretation of British policy

in regard to Europe is eminently sound—in theory—but his plea for toleration has been completely outdistanced by events. Indeed, the forces now released on the Continent are such that a detached and impartial survey of this kind now reads as—in the Italian phrase—*roba del altro mondo*.

Still, anyone wishing to appreciate the values of what is known as European civilization before the twilight descends upon us could not do better than gaze at the panorama spread before him by Mr. Sellon. Because the author has the rare faculty of entering into the life and spiritual experience of the principal nations—France, Italy, Germany—the book is incomparably superior to any other as a mirror of the mind and mood of post-War Europe. (Only in reference to Spain does the author nod—from too close an association with interested 'Catholic' propagandists or shocked English gentlemen with no knowledge of the background of the present Spanish strife.)

A chapter on the League is replete with good sense. And it is a treat to have—from a Conservative—the recognition that there is no way out of the League dilemma except by abandoning the conception of the sovereign State. Finally, Mr. Sellon rings the bell when he warns us that, while the way forward must be along the lines of regional operation of Covenant principles—specifically federal union of Europe—we shall not make much progress towards that new and necessary polity until there exists a spiritual lodestar as potent as Christianity once was and as is the nationalist frenzy of to-day.

MOZART, by W. J. Turner.
Gollancz. 16s.

The creative artist in W. J. Turner discerns in Mozart the man that which is lost to other critics behind Mozart the musician. Perhaps I can best illustrate Mr. Turner's advantage by quoting what he says, incidentally, about Giotto:—

"Giotto is a primitive Italian painter who painted his pictures before artists properly understood the 'laws of perspective'; but Giotto is nevertheless one of the greatest of all painters, and the knowledge of the laws of perspective is not worth a damn to a painter and has nothing to do with the creative art of painting. It is a subject for lectures on painting, not for painters."

No academician can be expected to agree with this, much less to allow that herein lies the reason why Mr. Turner has the pull over him when it comes to writing an interpretative study. Being himself an artist, he is not so much concerned with academics (i.e., "the laws of perspective") as with experience (i.e., "the creative art of painting," or music, or whatever). And this is just what makes his writings upon music so provocative that, wherever musicians are gathered together, the mere mention of his name is enough to set them at one another's throats.

It is futile to complain, therefore, that the present book is deficient in musical examples or does not give sufficient

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JOHN MURRAY

space to analyses of Mozart's music. Its importance consists primarily in its fresh and unhindered interpretation of the man. This has been achieved with a thoroughness unequalled in the English literature upon the subject. The manifold letters that were written either by Mozart himself or by his father have been translated anew by Mr. Turner, whilst the comprehensive foreign bibliography at the end of the book shows with what thoroughness he has studied original sources.

"I am not careless," wrote the young composer in one of those sane, self-understanding letters to his father at the time when the latter, lagging behind the development of his son, could see cause for nothing but despair in the way things were going: "I am only prepared for everything and so can wait with patience and endure all—provided my honour and good name of Mozart do not suffer. . . . Whatever happens it is all right if only one is healthy; for happiness consists—entirely in the imagination." And there, rightly understood, we have the Mozart that finally emerges from Mr. Turner's pages: a man of good sense, serious, yet fond of fun, religious, compassionate, yet ruthless whenever the truth of the imagination (Blake's Holy Ghost) was at stake—in short "a wholly superior man." Genius is neither wholly heaven-sent inspiration nor only infinite capacity for taking pains; and Mr. Turner does well, in studying the life of this man of "truly Shakespearean nature" to stress the fact that Mozart's genius was accompanied by an enormous physical vitality. Even so, this physical vitality was not enough to bear the strain of so vast an output achieved in circumstances of almost continual poverty: Mozart died at the age of thirty-five (as Barrault's 1905 diagnosis, unearthed by Mr. Turner and printed at the end of his book, persuades us) of Bright's Disease—"and if one considers his extreme weakness when he felt the first attacks of this malady one can readily understand that the disease only took six months to exterminate

a man who, throughout his life, had been obliged to fight . . . in order to have bread to eat."

As was to be expected of a critic of so unimpaired a mind, Mr. Turner also has some original comments to make upon the music itself. Of these the most deserving attention, perhaps, are his contention that *Idomeneo*, contrary to accepted notions, "is a work written in a white heat of artistic passion and belongs to the class of works which a great genius can only create in the first flowering of his maturity before too much and too long endured bitter experience has cast a shadow upon the bloom of his imagination," and his well-substantiated claim that *Così fan Tutte*, so far from being the artificial comedy it is usually presented as being, is a "tragi-comedy" that "neither idealizes nor sentimentalizes nor falsifies the reality and the depth of human feelings—especially in the sex-relationship between normal young men and women."

C. HENRY WARREN.

FLYING FOX AND DRIFTING SAND.

The Adventures of a Biologist in Australia. By Francis Ratcliffe. Many Illustrations. *Chatto and Windus*. 16s.

It used to be said that a politician who was a wit might fill the House of Commons, but never would be taken seriously. I seem to have noticed that biological memoirs and reports receive attention almost in a proportion inverse to the literary skill with which they have been written. Mr. Francis Ratcliffe was a pupil of Dr. Julian Huxley at Oxford and devoted himself to economic biology. He has spent two successive periods in Australia studying two problems of major economic importance and has now given an account of the scenery, people, animals and plants which formed the setting of his problems so vivid and engaging that the solid value of his work may be overlooked.

The first problem, over which he spent two years, was the flying fox or fruit-bat, of which there are four species, all intruders from the tropics,

and natural inhabitants of the jungle where their food consists of wild fruits. He believes, as a result of his investigations, that they have changed their habits in two respects. They have learned to feed on the honied inflorescences of eucalyptus, indeed to prefer that food to wild or cultivated fruits. They have also learned seasonal migration, and reach far from the lush tropical jungles of coastal Queensland into the arid interior, and south even to the confines of Victoria, returning in winter. Under these conditions they have flourished exceedingly, and now exist in incredible numbers, far beyond the possibility of exterminating them. Fortunately for fruit-growers, however, the fruit-bats prefer flowers to fruit, and in the case of fruit, prefer it when it is over-ripe, whereas the growers pluck and market it before it is quite ripe. Moreover, Mr. Ratcliffe thinks that the pest will gradually diminish with the destruction of the eucalyptus trees.

The second problem was to report on erosion and soil-drift in the more arid parts of South Australia. Fortunately his conclusions have been extracted from his charming narrative, and set forth in pessimistic gravity in an "epilogue." The greater part of the sheep-country affected by erosion once carried a dominant saltbush vegetation, but this has disappeared because it has been eaten out by stock during the recurring times of drought to which Australia seems doomed. Rabbits did not actually destroy the saltbush, but drove the stock on it, by themselves eating off the shorter-lived vegetation. The winds in time of drought and afterwards blow the surface soil away, replacing it by sand, so that the areas have been changed to an extent which makes impossible the re-establishment of the permanent vegetation even were the time given it to recuperate. The only possible chance for the pastoral country would be for the stock to be in equilibrium with the vegetation, that is to say, it must permit complete recovery of the plants which are periodically overgrazed. Deterioration,

erosion and drift will increase with each recurring drought, unless such an equilibrium exists. Since writing his original report, Mr. Ratcliffe has given a careful re-consideration to the subject, and reluctantly has come to the conclusion that the fodder reserve of the semi-desert country is nowhere sufficient to stand up to the strain placed on it by pastoral settlement. The head of stock must be reduced to a level far below the present numbers.

P. CHALMERS MITCHELL.

FOUNDATIONS OF AUSTRALIA, by Dr. O'Brien. *Sheed & Ward*. 12s. 6d.

PHILLIP OF AUSTRALIA, by the Misses Barnard and Eldershaw. *Harrap*. 15s.

A Harrovian recently told me that he had been taught to exclude Australia from his studies with the phrase, "Happy is the land that has no history." Since then his work has led him to learn much about the Empire, Australia this time included. He is still dumb-founded by the Nelson-like attitude of his late instructor.

If historians turn a blind eye to the squalor and misery of Australia's early years, it is not surprising that the public remain blandly unaware of them. There is a vague recollection that Australia was (and maybe is) disreputable. Convicts, bushrangers, and tough "Diggers" these epitomize the popular conception of the Antipodes, as it is still called with aloof courtesy.

Dr. O'Brien, and the Misses Barnard and Eldershaw who for literary purposes become one flesh, have rendered a public service by exposing to later generations the drab story of Australia's foundation, and by allowing those who will to infer the great achievement that has created the modern Commonwealth from such unpromising origins.

Dr. O'Brien's *Foundations of Australia* is a scientific study of British criminal law and practice. The bulk of his book is concerned with the system of transportation, which was revived by Government to deal with overcrowding in prisons, ashore and afloat, after the North American

plantations were no longer available for criminals. The Australian system differed from the American because Government was unable to hand over convicts in New South Wales to owners of plantations, and so be free of further responsibility. The penal settlement at Port Jackson remained perforce a charge upon the Treasury, and a recurrent burden to Secretaries of State. It became even more a nightmare problem of government to those who were called upon to administer it.

Dr. O'Brien traces the development of this system from its murky beginnings in the prison hulks on the Thames and the packed jails of Ireland with a detachment that the Misses Barnard and Eldershaw do not pretend to affect. His story emerges clearly from a choking mass of materials, and preserves throughout a serene and judicious balance. His writing combines a tolerant wisdom with historical scrupulousness.

Misses Barnard and Eldershaw approach their task from a different angle. Their book has primarily a topical appeal. Its title *Phillip of Australia*, and its date of publication, 1938, are determined by the 150th anniversary of Australia's foundation, which is still being celebrated down south. In addition to this, it is essentially a tribute to Phillip himself, and has a personal note not to be found in Dr. O'Brien's book.

It is no discredit to the two ladies to notice at once how faithfully they have followed the tradition of the late Professor Wood to whom their book is dedicated. No one has exceeded the devotion and generous enthusiasm of Wood in rehabilitating the half-forgotten figures of Australia's first years; and, perhaps, few have been more trenchant in condemning the tainted and inhuman methods of colonization under which Phillip and his successors had to struggle.

Misses Barnard and Eldershaw have not fully succeeded in blending their emotions with their high conception of historical responsibility. Their best

writing is when their emotions have free play. The returning onset of scholarly gravity makes them inclined to be stilted; and their tireless documentation becomes an annoyance to the reader, who would like at least half the copious quotations back in the Mitchell Library.

Nevertheless, the two books score from their differences of treatment. Dr. O'Brien's narrative is necessarily less vivid than that of the ladies, and the refreshment of personal detail is not to be despised. In this sense the two books are complementary. Those who are interested in Australia will read both; and those whose time and inclination will only extend to one will find the essentials of the story in either. It is to be hoped in any case that they will want to read more about an Empire which so often seems to be kept, however won, in absence of mind.

W. F. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS.

CHINA AND JAPAN. Information Department Papers, No. 21. (The Royal Institute of International Affairs). 2s. 6d.

JAPAN OVER ASIA, by William Henry Chamberlin. Duckworth. 15s.

THE UNCENSORED FAR EAST, by H. Hessel Tiltman. Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.

The small book by the Far Eastern experts of Chatham House is certainly one of the best accounts of the eternal Sino-Japanese conflict that has been written for a long time. Even though the authors do not pretend to give any "local colour" to their dispassionate description, and in spite of the large part that history plays in it, the 130 pages of this paper make absorbing reading, and it is surprising how much information they contain without being crammed. Both sides get a full and fair representation of their respective cases. Domestic developments in China as well as in Japan stand very much in the foreground and great importance is justly given to the economic factors involved. The Western stake in the Far East is dealt with in a few instructive pages on the international status of Shanghai, and five short appendices

dealing with the historical development of Japan's demands on China serve to show the continuity with which they have been presented ever since the famous "Twenty-one Demands" were served on China, during the time of Western preoccupation in the World War. The great usefulness of these topical publications of the Royal Institute of International Affairs might still be enhanced by a short descriptive bibliography on the subjects with which they are dealing.

Japan Over Asia is as dispassionate an account as *China and Japan*; well-written, comprehensive, and documented by many interesting quotations from Japanese sources. The author has travelled in all parts of the Far East and lived in Japan for several years. His sense of humour, a quality often lacking in the Japanese, adds much to the value of the book. In summing up his able survey, Mr. Chamberlin asks the crucial question "how strong is Japan?" to which an answer cannot be expected to be given in a short formula, but in the following sentences he makes what, after almost nine months of war, seems to be proving a prophetic statement:

"If Japan can crush effective Chinese resistance within six months the military and political side of its venture will have succeeded, although the very broad question of whether Japan will have the surplus resources for effective economic exploitation will remain to be answered. On the other hand, if China after a year still has forces in the field, perhaps armed from Russia, Japan's ultimate victory is likely to prove a Pyrrhic one."

The Uncensored Far East is different from either of the two other books, as the title implies. In many points it supplements them, but the reader who does not know much of China and Japan will have difficulty in judging the actual importance of certain quaint and thrilling aspects of Far Eastern life which, on account of the eminently readable stories they provide, are presented by Mr. Tiltman as fundamentals rather than as the characteristic incidentals they actually are. It was only recently that a Japanese lady

travelling in Europe gave an account of Western Life just as quaint, and just as interesting in its subjectiveness because it also tended to ignore the fact that the "two worlds" have so very much in common as far as fundamentals go, in spite of spectacular outward differences. Yet in some instances, as in his description of the Japanese Army, Mr. Tiltman himself recognizes the great extent of ordinaryness which is to be found behind a façade so scurrilous and bewildering. Minor inaccuracies apart, the book is useful, and it is certainly interesting, especially where it supplies first-hand information.

GUNTHER STEIN.

THE WORLD OF ACTION, by Valentine Williams. Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

AS MUCH AS I DARE, by Faith Compton Mackenzie. Collins. 12s. 6d.

LET ME TELL YOU, by Leslie Halward. Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.

Taken together these three autobiographies have very little in common, although their very differences in style and composition make them interesting when read quickly one after the other. All, however, are good, and if Mr. Williams has the meatiest pie to offer, there is a satisfying if lighter meal to be enjoyed in the other two.

Mr. Williams was a Reuter man, by tradition, a Northcliffe man, by choice, then a soldier and now a novelist, so it is small wonder that he has much to tell and that he tells it well. The early days of Reuter's, of which Mr. Williams' father was Chief Editor at the close of the last century, are among the first memories of Mr. Williams, and it was natural that after perfecting his French and German he should join the same firm. But Mr. Williams' adventures really begin when at the "ripe age of twenty-one I felt equal to tackling anything, even the not unformidable task of representing Reuter's in Berlin in one of the worst

periods of Anglo-German relations." This was in 1904, but by 1909 Mr. Williams was ready for a change and when Northcliffe offered him the post of *Daily Mail* correspondent in Paris, he accepted.

All his life Mr. Williams has managed to be on the spot when history was being written. He has met nearly everyone of importance, whose personality, for good or ill, has impressed itself upon the world. His early experiences in Germany are intensely interesting, and his eager following of events leading up to the 1914 war present a vivid picture which is no less real because he does not follow too closely chronological order. With Northcliffe he was intimately connected with the effort of the Press to publish first-hand war news to which Kitchener was so stubbornly opposed, but he was in the Irish Guards when a shell, and not an enemy one, blew him skyhigh so that he "went up an experienced newspaper man, and came down a budding novelist." In a period of convalescence he wrote, "The Man with the Clubfoot". But it is impossible to do justice to this book in a review of any length. It is called *The World of Action*, and every page of the 470 justifies its name.

What Mrs. Compton Mackenzie has not dared to tell us about are the years since the War. She ends her story in 1916 with the death of her father, Edward Stone, to whose memory this book may well be said to be the tribute of a devoted daughter. Loving them as she does, Mrs. Mackenzie has drawn us three fine portraits in this book of her father, a famous master at Eton and then the founder of Stonehouse, Christopher Stone, her brother, whose voice, and through his voice, his personality, is known to millions, and Compton Mackenzie, her husband. Husband and wife met but never spoke at a kindergarten school many years before they were properly introduced in Christopher Stone's room at Christ Church. Even then the meeting was not entirely a success, for Christopher's sister had toothache and Monty

Mackenzie, lionized at the time as the Magdalen poet, knew the remedy for that. "Give your sister a glass of port, Christof. Port. That's what she should have. The best thing for toothache."

But schooldays at Eton and Stonehouse, where Faith and Christopher fought over a dead seagull (Christopher won by a bite but the seagull was confiscated) are not the only pages of delight in this lovable book. Faith was to stagger her family by a determination to go on the stage and soon she was crossing the Atlantic with a company of Charles Hawtreys. Then came marriage, quietly, almost secretly to Monty Mackenzie, an impeccable writer, in hopes if not in fact. Fate had Martin Secker in store for the Mackenzies, and Secker decided to start publishing with *The Passionate Elopement*. Fame came and with it money, but in the best sense it made little difference to the Mackenzies, who in spite of illness had always known the secret of happiness.

Mr. Halward has experienced three passions in his short life, boxing, gramophone records and writing. For twenty-two years he read nothing which he was not forced to read at school, and he had taken not the slightest interest in literature. "My earlier ambition to become a world-famous boxer is easily understood. I admired boxers. But I did not admire authors. To me they were vaguely unpleasant people—flat-chested, long-haired, pimply, and bespectacled—not at all like the magnificent specimens who fought for the honour and prestige of their country." Yet by his writing Mr. Hawtreys, son of a Birmingham pork butcher, and himself a toolmaker, albeit not a very good one, and then a plasterer, has achieved by the methods of try, try again, a well defined place among the modern short story writers. His style is concise and in his stories very vivid. It is certain that his autobiography will encourage many readers to take a keen interest in his work. Whether he has done well, now that a little fortune

has come his way to leave his old haunts and the scenes of his early inspiration for a dream cottage in the Malvern Hills will remain to be seen, but nobody reading this book, can wish him or Gwen anything but the best of luck. Gwen and he started courting years ago, and when he first kissed her "at the bottom of their entry," there was little prospect of marriage. But it was Gwen who bought him his typewriter from her savings and who accompanied him to London for his first interview with the publishers who were to bring out his collected stories, "To Tea on Sunday."

JOHN ARMITAGE.

MADAME CURIE, by Eve Curie. Translated by Vincent Sheean. Heinemann. 18s.

HEREDITY AND POLITICS, by J. B. S. Haldane, F.R.S. Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.

The life of Marie Curie by her daughter is a model biography, thorough, balanced and well written; and the hand of the translator is never obtrusive. It is the story of man at his noblest, for as a "man of science" Madame Curie is perfect in her integrity and devotion to her life's work. All the more so because, for all her endowment of brains and imagination, she remained a very normal woman, devoted to family, faithful to husband and good mother to her children.

Consider the merest outline of her achievement. Born in Poland under the tyranny of Russia, deprived of educational advantages, one of five children of an over-worked schoolmaster and a consumptive mother, she slaved as a governess, helping to support her beloved sister Bronya in Paris until able to follow her there to take her degree at the Sorbonne. In Paris she starved and shivered in a garret, until prevailed upon by a brilliant young French scientist, Pierre Curie, to join forces with him in marriage. Happy periods of relaxation were seized to ramble the countryside on bicycles: otherwise their days were spent in arduous research with the minimum equipment in a ramshackle shed. Here

they jointly pursued the investigation of radioactivity; and the woman made a revolutionary discovery:

"By the force of her own intuition the physicist had shown to herself that wonderful substance must exist. She decreed its existence. But its incognito still had to be broken. Now she would have to verify hypothesis by experiment, isolate the material and see it. She must be able to announce with certainty: It is there."

The search involved the analysis of pitch-blende, product of mines in Bohemia, and they must have huge quantities, because only minute traces of the hypothetical new mineral could be expected to result. The Curies had neither money nor premises at their command. The solution of this problem, says Marie's daughter, "was simple enough, but somebody had to think of it." They would secure some tons of the residue left after the extraction of the uranium salts, and of this "worthless" product the Austrian Government were kind enough to dump a load at their door on payment of the transport charges. By treating this waste on the floor of their shed the Curies found what they were looking for.

What is truly astonishing in this surprising story is the indifference, the total lack of support, on the part of Pierre Curie's compatriots. Encouragement came from Switzerland, from England and from Sweden. The Academy admitted Pierre with reluctance; he would have preferred a laboratory to any honours the world could give him. "Nothing less than the Davy Medal and the Nobel Prize were required before the University of Paris bothered to create a chair in physics for Pierre Curie. The two scientists were saddened by this", and no wonder.

The rest of the story is one of world recognition and success voluntarily relinquished—they both agreed in refusing to benefit from the commercial exploitation of their discoveries, which they declined to protect by patent—continued labours in the cause of science and humanity, a continuous fight against Pierre's ill-health, his

pitifully tragic death by street accident, and the work carried on unremittingly by the lonely widow.

"Motionless in appearance, matter contained . . . life and death. . . . Philosophers had to begin their philosophy all over again and physicists their physics."

The last and most moving miracle was that radium could do something for the happiness of human beings." Could Marie Curie have a more fitting epitaph than these words of her all-comprehending daughter Eve?

Professor Haldane's thesis—or one aspect of it—is that peculiar perversion exhibited by modern Germany in its attitude to race and heredity. His method is strictly scientific, so much so that a good deal of his demonstration is beyond the grasp of the layman; but sufficient remains (thanks to his beautiful clarity of style and sense of irony) to reward the general reader. "The stringent measures which have been taken in Germany," says the Preface, "both for the expulsion of Jews from many walks of life, and for the compulsory sterilization of many Germans are said to be based on biological facts." Much depends on the use to which the facts are put, once they are established.

Professor Haldane demonstrates that: "Sterilization of all schizophrenics in Germany is not likely to reduce the numbers in the next generation by more than 3 per cent. Thus to prevent the birth of one child destined to schizophrenia in the next generation we must sterilize about sixteen schizophrenics and prevent the birth of ten normal children"—a strange way of securing the increased population which Hitler desires.

GARFIELD HOWE.

HELEN'S TOWER, by Harold Nicolson. Constable. 15s.

This volume, we have been told, is a new kind of autobiography. Actually it is a new kind of biography. It is an extremely good biography of Lord Dufferin of Ava, as seen through the four eyes of his nephew, Mr. Harold Nicolson. Two of the eyes see the

uncle from the perspective of childhood, two from the perspective of middle age—a method which throws out considerable beams of light. But the honours between biography and autobiography are not evenly distributed. I do not say that we see too much of Lord Dufferin, but we certainly see too little of Mr. Nicolson. For instance, I was still wondering at the end of the book whether the author is English or Irish (not that there is a trace of Irishness in his prose save a desire, not wholly unrewarded, to write decently), and the reader feels that he might have done more than speak of "my brothers"—they cannot be so uninteresting as to deserve complete anonymity. However, it is clever of Mr. Nicolson to have been so sparing on the autobiographical side, since what he gives us makes us want more. For he knows what he felt like as a child, to an almost alarming degree. The reality of a child's fear of the dark can seldom have been portrayed better, while there is something desperately good about a passage like this—"My mother was trying to find the place in the book where she had stopped reading aloud to me on the previous evening. She found it. 'Here it is!' she said, and then she put on her reading-aloud voice and began: 'The three elder ones that afternoon had arranged a pleasant picnic behind the old mill. Bessie, for she was growing quite a big girl, was allowed to carry the smaller basket. When they reached the mill . . .'"

A book which is also literature contains memorable passages—a definition no longer of the slightest interest to the library public. Helen's Tower answers this standard: especially on three occasions—the description of Miss Plimsoll, his governess, taking tea; the description of Lord Dufferin's private station-waiting-room; and the description of Lord Gifford's adoration of Dufferin's mother. Such passages are not only in the tradition of skilful writing, they are fused with that quality of imagination which permits an author not merely to speak to the mind but to penetrate to the heart.

If the reader remembers with most pleasure the little glimpses which the author gives us of Gladstone or Napoleon or Kitty O'Shea or Whitaker Wright, the fact remains that the biography of Lord Dufferin is excellent. The difficulty is to get near the man—in spite of his magnificent eye and head. We are separated from him by his eighteen imperial, diplomatic, and political distinctions and his twelve academic ones. Under this weight it is hard to humanize him. Born with a silver spoon in his mouth and moving all the time through courts, palaces, banquets, and endless drawing-rooms, he is certainly at a disadvantage for getting his talents recognized. It would have been impossible for his nephew to have brought him down to earth at all, had it not been for the central romance of his life—his mother. When we close the book it is not his triumphs that we remember, nor the dark sorrows of his weakness; not his imperial ascendancy nor his earthquake of disaster—but his love for her whose memory is still kept sacred in that strange monument called Helen's Tower in the old garden home. Mr. Nicolson has made it clear that the love between this mother and this son was an idyll, and that it belongs to all humanity. We do not question the truth of the widower's words—"Thus went out of the world one of the sweetest, most beautiful, most accomplished, wittiest, most loving and lovable human beings that ever walked upon the earth."

JOHN STEWART COLLIS.

A SHIP OF THE LINE, by C. S. Forester. Michael Joseph. 7s. 6d.

THE MOUNTAIN SPEAKS, by Marjorie Scott Johnston. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

THE PRODIGAL PARENTS, by Sinclair Lewis. Cape. 7s. 6d.

THE RAINS CAME, by Louis Bromfield. Cassell. 8s. 6d.

One common defect of modern novel-writing that Mr. Forester seems never likely to fall into is that of endowing his characters with unlimited spare time

in which to work out the intrigue of his plots. He is emphatically a novelist of action, and his characters are shown carrying on their normal daily avocations. Perhaps even more emphatically he may be described as the best recorder in modern fiction of the ideal of Service; and it is largely because this ideal, except in the advertisements, is an unfashionable one, that Mr. Forester is not more widely acknowledged as the first-class craftsman he undoubtedly is.

In his latest book, *A Ship of the Line*, that able and conscientious seaman, Horatio Hornblower, now promoted Captain, makes a welcome reappearance. He still suffers from a chronic inability to value his powers at their full worth; and the official discouragements and rebuffs that he receives do nothing to cure his self-distrust. Taciturn and gruff when action threatens, like many fine campaigners we have known, the gallant Captain shows his delightful human self when the nervous tension is ended and the storm bursts. Through it all it is his duty as a sailor that is the first thing, and he is as hard on every member of his crew as upon himself.

To those familiar with Mr. Forester's work it will be unnecessary to add that the cutting-out expeditions, shore-going raids, and every relevant detail of the daily life of a 74-gun ship in the year 1810 are as vividly and accurately described as if the author had himself withstood a broadside of grape and canister. Captain Hornblower is left with the prospect of languishing in a French prison; may we hope that Mr. Forester will soon provide us with another instalment of his adventures?

In *The Mountain Speaks* Miss Scott Johnston takes her readers at once into pleasantly unfamiliar surroundings—one of those lesser valleys of the Valaisan Alps that most of us know merely as dark V-shaped gaps in the mountain wall south of the Rhône. Like all true lovers of the heights, she appreciates to the full the austere curative value of the lonely and lovely places to all sufferers from the diseases

of civilisation. Her story is seasoned, perhaps a little obtrusively here and there, with the philosophy of the mountains. But we owe her our thanks for using a quiet sense of humour in dealing with the cardinal incident of her plot, a misunderstanding caused by a total absence of humour. This was a difficult and dangerous task, but she carries it off triumphantly. The trouble is seen not so much through the eyes of the principals as through those of more or less interested spectators: Uncle Prujean, the embodiment of the spirit of the valley; Sholto Fraser, the successful and disillusioned painter; and the meanly vicious Victoria. For such as Victoria even the Zillon valley can do nothing, but to Sholto it brings back much of the zest of life. And a flash of grim tragedy, calling for the best of help from everyone, reveals sterling qualities even in Mr. Simpson, the button-maker, whose soul, we had thought, was given over entirely to buttons. This is a thoughtful and hopeful book, and the occasional folk-

tales, grim or fairylike, are a pleasant decoration.

The Prodigal Parents is a grimly humorous moral tract against the danger of having too little to do, and if it is true that the children of most successful Americans grow up like Sara and Howard Cornplow, the state of affairs there is pretty desperate. The title is really a misleading one: there is very little prodigal about Fred Cornplow except his amazing generosity to his unlicked cubs, and it would be unfair to regard his grand attempt at escape as anything more than a well-earned holiday. Presented as he is with Mr. Lewis's practised skill, it is difficult not to like Mr. Cornplow, Sr.; but he is just as much wrapped up in sales-talk and motor-trailers as Mr. Simpson was in buttons. The unrelieved hideousness of every background and the shallowness of every philosophy in provincial America are revealed in all their nudity by Mr. Lewis's practised pen. The *Daisy Dell* Cabins are surely unrivalled even in the modern English landscape.

In Mr. Bromfield's work, a dozen or so stories are loosely woven into a congruous unity, with the spirit of India in the monsoon all-pervasive. Mr. Bromfield's India is not the India of tradition, but something at once better and worse, and certainly more real. We feel that the great and good Maharaja really *has* succeeded in bringing some concrete and lasting benefits to Ranchipur, which flood and earthquake cannot destroy; and better still, that he has assembled a group of men and women, both Indian and European, whose principal aim is to see that the good work goes on. Here, as elsewhere, the safety of the State is in the hands of a few, and those who hamper them are fools rather than knaves. And the author makes us realize the practicability of a State in which Raschid, the proud and energetic Muslim, and Mr. Jobnekar, the Untouchable, can in their several ways be equally useful members of the community.

L. RUSSELL MUIRHEAD.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.

The state of national emergency continues—though most Englishmen's senses continue to be dulled through a liberal application of chloroform by Government spokesmen and a commercialized Press. It is our business in *THE FORTNIGHTLY* to look the realities in the face which the daily newspaper prefers to gloss over. We are glad, therefore, to publish the timely and vigorous warning of *Vigilans* whose main indictment of the ruling oligarchy is their refusal to be frank—with themselves or with the public. This contribution takes the place of the editorial lamentation with which the last two numbers of this review have opened.

It is imperative indeed that the dangers ahead should be clearly envisaged: on the one hand, the remorseless challenge of a Germany avid as ever for power and flushed with the wine of success, on the other hand an expansionist Italy condemned by her vassal condition in regard to Central and South-Eastern Europe to play for ever higher stakes in the Mediterranean basin.

The Right Hon. Sir Malcolm Robertson P.C., G.C.M.G., K.B.E., speaks with authority on Germany's ambitions, which he learnt to know at close quarters in a long Foreign Office career. Entering the service in 1898 he rose to the rank of Ambassador (following a period as Minister Plenipotentiary) at Buenos Aires (1927-29). Prior to that he had been in charge of the Inter-Allied Rhineland High Commission and subsequently H.M. Agent and Consul-

General at Tangier at a critical period. Since his retirement in 1930 he has turned an exceptionally active mind to business—he is the full-time working Chairman of Spillers' Ltd—and a variety of useful minor services to the State. He is, for instance, this year's President of the Modern Language Association. Of late he has been much in demand as an expositor of the problems of international affairs and has been very struck by the extent and quality of the public interest.

George Martelli was, until the paper's untimely end, the Diplomatic Correspondent of the *Morning Post*. His book on "Italy Against the World," published last year, was everywhere hailed as a careful and objective study of the issues hinging upon Signor Mussolini's Abyssinian adventure. A recent tour of the Eastern and Southern Mediterranean shores has given him a close-up view of the forces all the time impelling two nations which would fain be friendly into a power-conflict.

That the ruling elements of this country should have been so long blind to the impulsion of German and Italian policies is the amazing thing. **R. H. S. Crossman**, in his article "Sahibs at Sea" provides the best explanation we have yet seen. Born into the governing class himself, a Wykehamist and Fellow and Philosophy Tutor of his college (New College), Dick Crossman has made a name for himself at a comparatively early age. He has a rare knowledge of Germany and a fluent pen. As a Labour Party candidate for Parliament he has recently

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preferred to slough his academic skin and to devote his talents to instructing University Extension and W.E.A. classes in political thought and current affairs. He has also shown himself a broadcaster of no mean ability.

"British broadcasting has expanded about as much as it can do without further priming of the pump." **Edward Liveing**, who reaches this conclusion, has been associated with this new medium for some thirteen years, having joined the B.B.C. in 1924. For a number of years he was North Regional Director, until he resigned from that post last year. Before entering the service of the B.B.C. he was editor of *Discovery*. He wrote one of the earliest war-books—*Attack*—which will be remembered after many of the more lurid and sensational have been forgotten.

We are fortunate in drawing likewise upon the best expert guidance in the article we publish on Air Routes of To-day and To-morrow. **C. J. Galpin** (who, like Edward Liveing was at St. John's College, Oxford) has been Deputy-Director of Civil Aviation since 1931. His special field is overseas civil aviation, and he is well prepared for the task by previous experience as Chief Auditor to the R.A.F. in Palestine and then in Egypt.

Richard Acland, M.P., has come to the front very quickly as a fearless and

outspoken progressive politician. Liberal member for Barnstaple since 1935 (after standing twice unsuccessfully) he has done more than any other serving politician to promote the idea of a coalition of progressives to oust the present reactionary Government. His little book "Only one Battle," published last November, is to be recommended as a trenchant statement of the anti-Government case. After coming down from Oxford he worked for a while with a firm of architects and has retained a special interest in the many problems that have to do with building sites.

George Soloveytchik has some pertinent personal comment on things French; **Willard Price** introduces us to the little-known lore of Siam. Both these authors are old friends. **Diplomaticus**, too, is a valued contributor. The usual story which we publish has this month a savour appropriate to the time of the annual Royal Academy show and finally in one of THE FORTNIGHTLY'S rare excursions into verse, we are privileged to print a poem of **Lord Gorell**. The author will be known to many as editor of *The Cornhill*, and partner in the publishing house of John Murray. Author and critic, poet and cricketer, and a chairman of special commissions much in demand—Lord Gorell has played many parts. From 1928-35 he was Chairman of the Society of Authors and he was last year's Chairman of the Royal Aero Club.

THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

Mr. Arthur Greenwood in the House of Commons on Monday, April 4th, when moving "That, as the foreign policy of His Majesty's Government cannot arrest the dangerous drift towards war and is inconsistent with their election pledges, this House is of opinion that the issue should be submitted to the country without delay," spoke as follows with reference to the Editor's article "Crisis", published in our March number, "I commend to the Prime Minister an article in the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. The FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW is not a revolutionary organ. It is not the kind of organ that would write to me and ask me to express my views about international affairs. Here is a short quotation from an article by the editor of that very august paper, entitled "Crisis": Mr. Greenwood then quoted the whole of the second paragraph of our leading article and commented, "Never were truer words written." For this publicity for the views of THE FORTNIGHTLY, our grateful thanks, and may it encourage the Prime Minister and for that matter, Mr. Greenwood, to take out an annual subscription. To blow a fanfare on our own trumpets—there has been plain speaking of a valuable kind in the last few issues of this paper.

* * * * *

Now guess who wrote the following passage and when. "England is behaving ignobly, pitifully, in all this, and I almost blush to be an Englishman at the present moment. We have no statesmen and no policy and we refuse to raise our voices against the dismemberment of a faithful ally. England never abdicated so shamefully her place as a great power and never gave such reason as now to those who accuse her of utter selfishness. We shall suffer for it bitterly one day and in our distress shall look around in vain for a single friend to help us. We think we are secure in our island and so let carnage and violence go on unchecked and allow ourselves to become the byword of Europe as the power that will talk but never fight to prevent wrong. In my humble opinion Mr. . . . , great man as he is, is quite at sea in foreign affairs, and the rest of the Cabinet are narrow-minded respectabilities and peace-at-any-price men." The missing name is 'Gladstone' not 'Chamberlain' and the author Mr. Williams, father of Valentine Williams, not the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY. It was written in a letter on September 10th, 1870, a few days after the proclamation of the French Republic by Mr. Williams from Paris to his mother. The quotation is taken from Mr. Valentine Williams' autobiography, *The World of Action*, reviewed in this number, and Mr. Valentine Williams comments, but not quite in the same sense, on "The continuity of history"!

From the world of action to the world of books. J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., have published as a pamphlet, Mr. A. J. Hoppé's talk on *Everyman's Library*, which was delivered at the L.C.C. Barrett Street Trade Schools on January 24, in the series of Talks on Bookselling sponsored by the London Branch of the Associated Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland. The "inside" story of *Everyman's* is a romance, for J. M. Dent knew that to succeed he must start in a really large and comprehensive way. "I thought if I could plan a series, dividing it into sections like History, Fiction, Biography, etc., and carefully make a scheme of non-copyright books, and then see whether I could add to it by translations of classics and foreign literature, should be able to grasp something of the proportions of such an undertaking, and judge if it were possible with my limited capital to begin it with hopes of success." As everyman knows, the Library has been kept magnificently up to date, and it is small wonder that some of the figures are staggering. We can quote two of them. "The total sales of the Library to date are just about 30,000,000, representing a sale of roughly 1,000,000 volumes a year since publication. The average sale per volume since publication is over 30,000."

* * * * *

The North-East Development Board, which has recently been holding a display at the Charing Cross, London Underground station, was formed in December, 1934, for the purpose of stimulating and reviving industrial activity in the Area which it serves. This area covers the counties of Northumberland, Durham, and the North Riding of Yorkshire, and contains a population of 2,711,900. The activities of the Board have been widespread and have included a publicity campaign designed to make more widely known the opportunities and facilities for industrial development within the Area. It attempts, also, to encourage the expansion of industries already established in the North-East and to attract new ones. The Board is composed of representatives of many interests, including local Authorities, Members of Parliament, Public Utility services and Industries.

* * * * *

"Perilous Europe" is the title of a series of six public lectures to be held at Morley College, 61, Westminster Bridge Road, during the summer term. The lectures will be given by Dr. Karl Polanyi, and the final one will be entitled "What Can Britain Do?" The lectures will be on Tuesdays at 8 p.m., beginning on May 3. Further details and course tickets (price 2/6) may be obtained on application to the Secretary of the College.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

JUNE, 1938

STRATEGY AND COMMITMENTS

BY LIDDELL HART

CZECHOSLOVAKIA and Spain—at the present time a large part of the debates in Parliament and of conversation among the public revolves between these two poles of Europe. Discussion tends to be focussed on the political and the ethical aspects. These deserve all the attention they receive; but it is unwise to allow them to obscure others which are relevant to the question of what line policy should pursue. There are two angles from which I may perhaps be able to contribute something to its clarification—the strategical and the historical angles. The advantage of approaching present problems from these directions is that they are not so befogged by personal sentiments and interests.

While policy should maintain firm control of strategy it is dependent on a sound strategic foundation—as dependent in times of stress as any mountain climber on his foothold. One false step may be disastrous. It is thus of vital importance for a nation that in all considerations of policy there should be the clearest possible view of the strategic conditions which may affect its issue. The more that we are driven, in the face of changed conditions, to modify our reliance on the original ideals and promises embodied in the League of Nations Covenant, the more essential it becomes to keep a clear view of strategic conditions, unobscured by sympathies or prejudices.

What are the vital conditions of our situation? Every country depends for its existence on food; this country depends mainly on food that comes from overseas. Thus, as long as this unfortunate condition persists, through lack of home resources, the maintenance of the sea-routes takes precedence even of security against air attack on our cities. The preservation of the Empire depends still more, if that be possible, on the maintenance of the sea-routes which link it with this country. These are

reasons why under modern conditions of war, where the range of sustained interference with sea-traffic has been greatly increased, our security is interlinked with that of France, because of geographical contiguity alone. Here our policy is bound up with that of France, whether we like it or not; her risks are our risks, and are only qualified insofar as we can persuade her to limit her risks by modifications of policy.

Almost as important is the position, and disposition, of the Iberian peninsula. Hence we must ask, and face, the question—what would be the strategic effect upon our chances of success in a war, if Spain were in alliance with our opponents. It is clear, in the first place, that Gibraltar would be untenable as a naval base. The anchorage there is narrow, as the sea-floor shelves sharply, and could not be used by our ships if it was under fire from hostile guns on the Spanish shore. A few mobile batteries, suddenly brought there, would suffice to make it unusable. We should then be left with no secure naval base of our own between this country and Alexandria, over 3,000 miles distant. In comparison with this fact it is a secondary question whether our ships would be able to pass through the Straits of Gibraltar into, and out of, the Mediterranean. None the less the mere possibility that air and naval bases on the eastern seaboard of Spain and in the Balearic Isles might be available for our opponents' use seriously complicates the problem of maintaining our traffic through, or even our forces in, the Mediterranean. It is at least an equal danger to the communications between France and her African colonies. Nor does the risk end there. The alternative route to the East round the Cape, and even the sea-approaches to this country, would be jeopardized if hostile submarine and aircraft were able to operate from the north-western and south-western coasts of Spain. And this threat would be extended by an enemy's use of the Canary Isles. Thus, from a strategical point of view the political outcome of the present struggle is not, and cannot, be a matter of indifference to us. A friendly Spain is desirable, a neutral Spain vital.

The results of foreign intervention in Spain are thus of prime concern to us. Military analysis of the course of the civil war there clearly establishes the dominating effect of foreign intervention upon the military balance. In the first phase the

assistance given by Italy and Germany, slight as it was quantitatively, proved an indispensable factor in enabling General Franco to bring essential reinforcements across from Africa and to consolidate his position in Spain. In the second phase the frustration of his then rapid progress against the Government's untrained and ill-armed levies might hardly have been possible but for the timely arrival not merely of a considerable body of genuine foreign volunteers but the still more valuable equipment, especially aircraft, which the Russian Government sent. The dissolution of the deadlock in the spring of 1937 was manifestly due to the much larger supplies of men and material sent by the Italian and German Governments. And General Franco's continued progress during the past year can be traced to the maintenance and increase of this assistance. The inevitable consequence has been his increasing dependence on the countries providing it. If that should lead to him becoming their tool, and Spain's air and sea bases becoming available to them in any conflict where we were engaged on the opposite side, the whole structure of our Imperial Defence might be undermined.

Our strategic survey of the situation thus reaches a point where it is advisable to check the political direction by taking an historical bearing. The hope is cherished in this country that if the present struggle should end in favour of General Franco's forces the victors will repudiate the claims of those Powers which have helped them, and that their needs of financial assistance for reconstruction will lead them back into our arms. Is there adequate justification for this hope? Here past experience may usefully be consulted. History shows that we ourselves have often profited in the past by a long lease of grateful remembrance for our aid to rebellions. It also reminds us that our unsympathetic attitude to the Young Turks in the years preceding 1914 allowed Germany to win their favour, if not their affection, and had issue in Turkey's participation against us in the last war. And this is the most significant because many of the Young Turk leaders, in their struggle against the Sultan's autocracy, instinctively leaned towards Great Britain, while being apprehensive of Germany.

When we turn to recent Spanish history we find, unfortunately, that the classes who have supported General Franco's revolt showed themselves in the main strongly pro-German during the last war. A study of the files of *The Times* provides ample evidence to this effect. As early as September 24, 1914, it recorded that, in contrast to the Republican press, "the Carlist and Catholic press naturally inclines to the German interest as representing the principle of autocracy in a death-struggle with Liberalism." A year later it noted that many Spanish Liberals, and "all the Republicans" were sympathetic to the Allies, whereas the organs of the Army were "manifestly pro-German" and the reactionary parties "make common cause with our enemies." In October, 1916, a long analysis of the situation in Spain, signed by Mr. John Walter, remarked that the press had become "a particularly effective instrument in German hands." It stated that the papers representing "the Church, Carlism, and the forces of reaction" had willingly accepted German patronage, and were "growing in violence and resources," while even those of the moderate Liberal-Conservatives were tending to be drawn "into the Germanophil current." The Radical press, however, was "frankly in favour of England and France." In general, he noted, "the strongest sympathizers with the Allies are to be found among advanced Liberals, Republicans and Socialists." In the autumn of 1917, so crucial for the Allies, *The Times* noted the abundance of small papers, some entirely in German hands, and others under high ecclesiastical patronage, "which all alike traduce England and the English with an unanimity and a persistent animosity which betray a remarkable unity of purpose and control."

To an historically-minded onlooker it would seem stretching hope to the verge of credulity to expect that, after all the help these parties have received from Germany in the present war, they will ungratefully reverse their attitude. The constant care of the British Government to avoid showing sympathy for the Republican Government has not availed to prevent repeated accusations that it is "in the service of the Reds." As long ago as April, 1937, General Queipo de Llano disclosed his thought in a broadcast, wherein he declared: "Our victory will definitely establish Britain's downfall." While he is more

indiscreet than others, there has been a good deal of positive evidence, and still more negative evidence, which is disturbing to those who would like to think that this attitude is unrepresentative. Moreover, a strategic appreciation of the problem of consolidating success in a civil war strongly suggests that, apart from any ties of sympathy and gratitude, General Franco, if he should win, will still need German arms and organization to maintain his hold. If the technique of holding down a country, once domination has been established, is much more highly developed nowadays than ever before, and more effective, it depends, nevertheless, on specialized men and material. And it would seem unlikely that General Franco can provide the type required from Spanish resources. Even if he did no more than borrow foreign advisers, history reminds us of the great influence which a German military mission exerted, in circumstances less favourable to its aims, in bringing Turkey into the war against us in 1914. It would be folly, too, to ignore the implications of some of the points in the Falangist programme which General Franco has adopted—"We have a will to Empire." "Our armed forces must be adequate to assure to Spain . . . that world leadership which is her due. A military view of life shall shape Spanish existence." "Our State will be a totalitarian instrument." "Every man will receive a pre-military education" To sum up, the hope that a Francoist Spain will not become a strategic lever in the hands of his present helpers rests on a rather slender possibility, while the graveness of the danger if it does is a certainty.

Turning next to the problem of Czecho-Slovakia, and of our policy in regard to the threat to her integrity, I propose to take an historical bearing first, and then a strategical.

The question of defining our attitude beforehand to any aggression against Czechoslovakia raises the question of what effect a clear declaration on our part might have had in averting a war in July, 1914. This question has prompted a re-examination of the documents of the origins of the war.

It is apparent from the nature of the long-established German war plan, with its deliberate violation of Belgium's neutrality, that the General Staff accepted the possibility of Great Britain's intervention, and that, taking account only of the immediate

military risks, they were not deterred by the prospect. There is evidence that Graf Schlieffen, who originally conceived the plan, allowed for a British expeditionary force of 100,000 "operating in conjunction with the French." On the other hand, during the days when the plan was about to be put into execution, Schlieffen's successor, Moltke, believed that the British would remain neutral. That belief proceeded from the similar conviction which was common to the Kaiser, the Chancellor and the Foreign Minister. Their tendency to believe that Britain would stand aside was strengthened by the tone of the British press, especially the organs supporting the Government, as well as by reports from Germans in London. Ballin made one such report from his impressions when dining with Grey and Haldane on July 23rd. Lichnowsky, the ambassador, drew a similar conclusion from his interview with Grey on July 24th, although he qualified it by a warning next day of the dangers of rejecting Grey's proposal for mediation. On the 26th Prince Henry of Prussia reported that in his interview with the King the latter had said "we shall try all we can to keep out of this, and shall remain neutral." Prince Henry added that he himself was "convinced that England will remain neutral"—for a time at any rate. This report, although only evidence of Prince Henry's impression, seems to have had a marked effect on the Kaiser. On the 27th the Austrian Government had a telegram from their ambassador in Berlin which conveyed the German Government's desire to keep Britain dangling on "the wire" but no hint of any serious desire to restrain Austria's action against Serbia. Next morning the Austrian Emperor signed the declaration of war against Serbia. The German Government's first cautionary message was sent to Vienna that day—too late.

On the 29th, Lichnowsky reported a conversation with Grey in which the latter had said that if Germany and France were not involved, Britain would not intervene; but had added the warning that "if the issue did become such that we thought British interests required us to intervene, we must intervene at once . . ." If the warning was still somewhat vague, it sufficed to raise the first doubts of Britain's neutrality. The Kaiser burst into violent denunciation of Grey as a "mean

deceiver" and of the King as having perpetrated "the grossest deceit." The practical effect, however, was that the Chancellor sent a series of telegrams to Vienna exhorting the Austrians to moderate their attitude to Grey's proposals for mediation, lest they drag Germany into war at a disadvantage. Later in the day he saw the British Ambassador and tried to bargain for an assurance of Britain's neutrality in case of war between Germany and France. Grey emphatically refused to give any such assurances, but could not give any definite intimation that Britain would support France—so divided was opinion in the Cabinet. Events were now moving too fast in the East to save the peace, but the deterrent effect of the prospect of Britain's intervention is shown in the Kaiser's reluctance to sign the order for general mobilization on August 1st and the delay he imposed on the German Army's advance across the frontiers of Luxembourg and France, of which Moltke has recorded: "It was a great shock to me, as though something had struck at my heart."

While no verdict can be passed with certainty, the general trend of the evidence offers a strong probability that a clear statement of Britain's intentions, had it been possible, would have prevented the war—by prompting the German Government to restrain the Austrian in time. That view is expressed in Admiral von Tirpitz's memories—"Grey would have been able to preserve peace if he had made Bethmann understand in time what England's attitude would be in the event of the conflict between Austria and Serbia spreading. Grey's silence strengthened the Berlin war party in their attitude." More significant, because they were written before instead of after the event, are the words of the message sent to Vienna by the Austrian ambassador on July 27th conveying to the German Government's view that—"It is of the utmost importance that England, at the present moment, should not make common cause with Russia and France."

The general impression left by the evidence is that the Germans were predominantly concerned to prevent our immediate participation in a war against them, while prepared to see us drawn into the conflict later. By then they counted on gaining so deep a lodgment in Belgium and Northern France as to give them not only a decisive advantage against the

French but a position that would nullify our power to intervene effectively.

This conclusion has a bearing on the present-day strategic problem. In any future struggle, the first days of war are likely to have increased importance—because of the acceleration of action that is provided by air power and mechanization, and demanded, on the attacker's side, by the difficulty of overcoming modern defence once this has been adequately manned and consolidated. Now we have to face the fact that France is pledged to aid Czechoslovakia if she suffers aggression. So long as that pledge stands, it implies that, even though we avoid giving any similar political pledge, a strategical pledge has been given on our behalf—however little our Government and public may like the thought. For in a practical sense, as already emphasized, our security is bound up with that of France. It may be argued that we can dissociate ourselves from any offensive operations on which France may embark in aid of the Czechs, and only intervene later to prevent France suffering invasion in retaliation. The practical answer is that the first few days of the air struggle may be crucial—for the vitally important balance of air strength on which our own security as well as that of France would depend. It would be an appalling hazard to take the risk of holding our hand—or, rather, our air force—during the days when the air force of France may be crippled and its war industries wrecked.

Could we induce the French to modify their promised support to Czechoslovakia, and, even if we could, would it be wise? I shall only attempt to deal with this question from the strategical angle. Apart from any other claims, this pledge is justified from a military point of view by France's strategic need for a distraction in the East to Germany's power of concentration in the West. Strategically, too, it is easy to discern the cause of Germany's eagerness to procure the detachment of Czechoslovakia from Russian support as a preliminary to the dissolution of the Franco-Soviet Pact. The strain of a two-front war, and the way it can jeopardize the strategic position, have been deeply impressed on the German mind by the experience of 1914-1918. Even if France and Russia still contemplated mutual support, in case of threat to either, not only would the

disappearance of Czechoslovakia's forces remove a considerable weight from their side of the scales, but Russia, especially, would forfeit the chance of using what could be an advanced air base of great potential value in developing pressure on Germany's sensitive spots, and thereby relieving pressure on France.

The political advantages, to all, of a peaceful solution of the Sudeten Deutsch problem in Czechoslovakia are obvious. A settlement that met Germany's wishes, and really satisfied her underlying desires so far as to ensure peace—not only for the moment—would lift an immense load off the minds of the statesmen and peoples of Europe. But it would be wise to take due account of the strategic effects if any such settlement proved only a temporary satisfaction, and Germany were to feel a renewed urge to expand at the expense of her neighbours. With the loss of Czechoslovakia's forces and forward position the chances for combined resistance to a threatening advance elsewhere would be considerably reduced, and thereby the check on an aggressive policy would be proportionately weakened. It is also wise to realize that the further Germany's extension eastwards was carried the more it would strengthen her capacity for sustaining a long war, and thereby diminish present causes for hesitation. Conversely, the more that Spain should come under German influence, the more would this weaken, by back-pressure, the front that the Western Powers could form against aggression. It would be folly to buy momentary relief from the danger of war at the price of ultimate downfall. A settlement that spelt the exclusion of Russia's forces from the balance, while establishing Germany's domination of Czechoslovakia, would be a very bad bargain, strategically, for the ultimate settlement of Europe. More attractive in appearance, is the prospect of a mutually guaranteed neutralization of Czechoslovakia. But even this proposal requires the more careful attention to its terms, and their strategic effects—all the more because of its obvious attractions. History warns us that nothing has proved more upsetting to peace-seeking calculations than the temptation of buying peace.

DANUBIA WITHOUT AUSTRIA

BY GRAHAM HUTTON

"A. E.I.O.U.—*Austria erit in orbe ultima*—" Austria will remain to the end of the earth. That was the confident device of the Habsburg Empire. It suffered a shock when Napoleon ended the Holy Roman Empire. It suffered a worse shock a century later when the Empire of the Habsburgs disintegrated, as had long been foretold and foreseen, under the stress of defeat in war. But *an* Austria remained—a rump-Austria; the Austria which Ignaz Seipel hoped and prayed would resurrect as the cultural and Catholic nucleus of the Succession States. Now Austria has disappeared. Even the name has been wiped out by a Prussian occupation. Instead, re-appears the Ostmark—the Eastern March—of Charlemagne's creation more than a millennium ago. The Third Reich of the Nazis has made its first, and peaceable, conquest of territory that was never German in Bismarck's sense of the word. The question on everyone's lips in Central Europe is: who is next on the list?

More than a frontier was altered when the Reichswehr rolled into Austria. Germany was on the Brenner Pass in less than twelve hours; all round Bohemia and Moravia in less than a day; and on the borders of Hungary, Yugoslavia and South and East Switzerland at the same time. It is, indeed, a new Central Europe. There is grave internal trouble in Czechoslovakia; the prospect of domestic dissension in Hungary; and a delicate internal balance in Rumanian politics. In Yugoslavia, the Government is wondering which way to turn, towards the Rome-Berlin axis, towards Great Germany, or towards a possible London—Paris—Rome axis. In Bulgaria, there has been an *impasse* in domestic politics since the last elections. All these countries now find their foreign trade bound up, to a large percentage of its total, with that of Great Germany. Even

Italy herself now finds that over a fifth of her foreign trade is with Great Germany. The Rome Protocols of 1934, which linked Hungary, Austria and Italy together, have been distorted by the elimination of independent Austria. Therewith, Hungarian trade with Italy has been rendered more difficult, since Austria used to take less of Hungary's cereals and Italy more, Hungary being recouped from Vienna; and now Hungary is pushed further into the rigid trading system of Germany—up to 44% of her exports went to Germany-Austria last year. Czech industries find their traditional links with their Austrian counterparts interrupted in favour of Germany. Yugoslavia is driven more into the German system; and Rumania, too. Bulgaria depends as to one half of her exports on Great Germany. And, finally, Vienna—the great commercial administrative, and transit centre of all Danubia—gives Great Germany control over trade routes and freight rates. Even the internationalized Danube traffic, mostly in a Western direction, now falls mainly within Germany's ambit; and already, a year ago, she denounced the international clauses of her post-war agreements over traffic on German rivers.

These economic revolutions might be critical enough on their own. But the elimination of an independent Austria aggravates the tension long growing inside each Central European and Balkan country over domestic and foreign policies. In the first place, the current problems of Czechoslovakia have been greatly intensified.

For three years past the Czechoslovak State has been threatened by both internal and external dangers. Internally, the Government of M. Hodža, a coalition led by the Agrarians, has veered between the Right and the Left, between a reconciliation with Germany on the one hand and, on the other, a maintenance of the Czech-Russian and Czech-French Pacts, the Little Entente treaties, etcetera. As the minority problem of the Sudeten German Party is also the central problem in internal politics, M. Hodža's dilemma has been whether to try to make a coalition with Herr Henlein's Party, or whether to assert the State's authority in the German areas and wait for the creation of a European incident. The right-wing Czech Agrarians have long been of the former opinion. They have never liked

the old left-wing Parties of Masaryk and Benes. Like Herren von Papen and Hugenberg in Berlin in early 1933, they think that the only way to deal with an extremist movement is to invite it into collaboration. On the other hand, the majority of Czechs in the country think with the Liberal Parties: namely, that if there is to be a dust-up in any case, it is absurd to play the part of a von Papen, a Seyss-Inquart, or a Hindenburg; one must take a stand on the independent right of Czechoslovaks—as long as an independent Czechoslovakia exists—to devise their own domestic and foreign policies in accordance with the will of a majority of the people. If Europe, if the Western Powers, want to see the Czechoslovak democracy wiped off the map after Spain and Austria, well, let it happen: that is what the majority of Czechs think. But, they add, it will not help the Western Powers—except to gain a few more months or weeks of respite before an inevitable show-down of forces occurs between the fundamentally irreconcilable aims and methods of an ever-expanding Great Germany and of the Western democracies. The Czechs are sober and cool. They can lose the game from within their own frontiers, if their country is forced to become what certain British journals have been pleased to call “a neutral State”—*scilicet*: a vassal of Great Germany. But they know what such euphemisms conceal. After all, the *defenestratio* which unleashed the Thirty Years War took place in Prague; and since 1648 the Czechs know what “a neutral State” means.

The danger for Czechoslovakia is that, abandoned by France (because of British pressure under the new Anglo-French alliance) and not daring to invoke Russian aid for fear of Germany, the State will be put in cold storage by a combined Nazi-Sudeten “cold Putsch.” Paralysis of State authority will spread from the German areas; the Sudeten minority will, in fact, decree what the Government shall or shall not do; and then the State can be split up between Poles, Germans, and Magyars. As the Czech mayor of a small Czech town in Bohemia said to the writer a few weeks ago: “Of war I am not afraid. But much more of this peace will drive me crazy”. The technique of the Trojan wooden horse has been so well learned and so successfully applied by the Nazis in the Saar, Danzig, and Austria, that it is

already on the verge of bringing off another “peaceful” coup in Czechoslovakia.

In Hungary the outlook immediately after the seizure of Austria was grim. M. Darányi's Cabinet was weak; sympathy with Italy and Germany was strong, as Magyars thought these two partners of the Axis the best agents for treaty-revision; and in any case Hungary had now a frontier with Germany that was quite indefensible. Nearly half her foreign trade, a trade wholly in agricultural products, was bound up with Great Germany; and her agriculture depended on exports. There were over a million landless peasants and their dependents—about a ninth of the total population. Finally, in the last eighteen months a strong right-wing organization led by an ex-officer of the General Staff, Major Szálasi, and by various other discontented elements in the political *coulisses* had been built up under the symbol of the “arrow-cross.” This anti-democratic movement had its adherents in the Army and public offices; and its loud denunciations of the Darányi Cabinet's ineffectiveness carried some weight. Since last summer, the downturn in the world level of prices had caused fresh economic difficulties for Hungary's export trade; and bad tempers were brewing. Accordingly, after the elimination of Austria, the pressure of Great Germany on Budapest was made evident at once.

For two months the Cabinet of M. Darányi, largely owing to the personality of the Prime Minister, havered. Torn between fear of Germany and anxiety over Hungary's fate at Germany's hands, the Cabinet became paralysed. It did not assert the authority of the State as against Major Szálasi, his followers, and other “arrow-cross” leaders. But it did bring in a promised anti-Semitic Bill: a not very severely anti-Semitic Bill, by comparison with German precedent, but severe enough to drive Hungary's Jewish commercial leaders into a panic. Business came to a halt. Dr. Imrédy, President of the National Bank, who had only joined the Cabinet a few months earlier in order to execute his Five Years Plan for the expenditure of 1,000,000,000 pengö on public works from loan and capital levy, found that his difficulties in securing co-operation from the business class were being enhanced. A loud clamour arose on all sides that M. Darányi should forthwith proceed to grasp

nettles. In the second week of May, the leading Senators and statesmen of post-war Hungary called on the Prime Minister and voiced their grave misgivings over the conduct of affairs. And at the end of the week, on Friday, May 13th, M. Darányi resigned in favour of Dr. Imrédy.

The new Prime Minister has had to introduce two men into his Cabinet whose general outlook is certainly far from being identical with that of their chief. General Racz, the new Defence Minister in place of the former liberal-minded General Roeder, is widely credited with being a firm friend of Germany and even, reports say, of being sympathetic to the "arrow-cross" movement in domestic affairs. M. Sztranyavszky, the new Minister of Agriculture, formerly Speaker of the Lower House, is a man of the people; but, like many such, a man of strong Right-wing tendencies. But Dr. Imrédy himself, M. Kánya who remains Foreign Minister, and M. Keresztes-Fischer, the new Minister of the Interior, are a triumvirate in whose hands lies the possibility of firm action both in domestic and foreign affairs. An anti-German policy is unthinkable for Hungary. But Magyars are proud and spirited; they love their independence; and Dr. Imrédy's abundant ability in the spheres of economics, finance, and public affairs will ensure to his country and people at least the greatest possibility of freedom of action, at home and abroad, during the next critical months.

Hungary's dangerous geographical position, as well as her small population and lack of modern armaments, impose limits on her freedom of action in foreign policy. The recent exacerbation of anti-Czech feeling in Hungary has its dangers; especially if a conflict embracing Czechoslovakia were to break out farther West; but the Little Entente treaties, which specifically envisage warlike action by Hungary as a *casus belli*, were reaffirmed at Sinaia at the beginning of May, and if a fatal spark caused a conflagration throughout Central and South-Eastern Europe, the possibility that Russia might enter Rumania to shield the oil-wells there must not be overlooked. Thus, the question of the direction of Germany's new *Drang nach Süd-osten* becomes important.

It is reported that, in Rome, Herr Hitler agreed to leave Yugoslavia within the Italian sphere of influence, but that

Signor Mussolini agreed to leave Hungary and Czechoslovakia to Germany. If this be true, the Duce has certainly been forced to give hostages to fortune. Perhaps the new Italo-German frontiers and the high-sounding Brenner vow of Herr Hitler carried the day. But certain facts remain: *e.g.*, if Herr Hitler keeps his word about Yugoslavia he still remains less than 50 miles from Trieste. The Brenner vow may be kept, but Fiume and Venice are vulnerable, from Carinthia; more than 21% of Italy's entire foreign trade is now bound up with Great Germany; and, finally, once Germany walks through Hungary or Slovakia to Rumania, Bulgaria and Greece, the command of the Adriatic will be the reversion, not of the Duce but of the *Führer*. Consequently, the positions of Rumania and Yugoslavia become decisively important in this scheme of things.

After the Nazi revolt against Dollfuss in 1934, crushed mainly by the Duce's movements of Italian troops and aircraft, the Duce himself began to flirt with the idea of strengthening the resistance of Austria and Hungary to German pressure—they had been linked to Italy by the Rome Protocols of 1934—in a wider system of economic and political scope. Pourparlers with M. Hodza about his "Danubian Plan" were begun in Vienna; relations between Hungary and Yugoslavia were improved; the Prime Minister of Yugoslavia, M. Stoyadinovitch, was cast by Signor Mussolini for the rôle of honest broker between Prague and Budapest; and an Austrian-Italian-Yugoslav-Hungarian-Czech *bloc* was envisaged, which could be both economically, politically, and militarily strong enough to constitute an impassable bastion in Central Europe against Germany. These efforts failed because Signor Mussolini was pushed by Herr Hitler into Abyssinia, North Africa, Spain, to such an extent that, by the beginning of 1937, the Duce was far more dependent on the Rome-Berlin axis than the *Führer*. Thus, since then, the *Führer* has been able to do what he liked in Central Europe by warning Signor Mussolini of the drastic consequences which would befall if Italy obstructed.

To-day, after the destruction of Austria, Italy's prospects throughout South-Eastern Europe, Eastern Mediterranean and the Middle East look grim beside those of Germany. To Rumania and Yugoslavia, therefore—the outer rim of Italy's

former bastion—falls the duty of warding-off the German advance. How do they stand?

Until the beginning of March, it was generally thought that Rumania must already be written off as in the Nazis' camp. This impression was the outcome of the King's appointment of the late M. Goga as Prime Minister (with no popular support) in January. The Fascist Iron Guard of M. Codreanu had been twice told to dissolve since one of its members murdered a Rumanian Prime Minister, M. Duca, in 1934. Twice it had nominally done so; and twice M. Codreanu and his friends had resurrected it with renewed forces—the last time under the name "All for the Fatherland." Before the elections last January it had made a surprising rally; and the dis-idents of all parties looked upon it as a kind of Cave of Adullam. The forty-five days of M. Goga's rule, in which he ran the gamut of anti-Semitism and authoritarianism, caused so violent a reaction among the sturdy and long-suffering Rumanian peasantry and workers that King Carol and his personal advisers became scared. M. Goga was summarily dismissed, and an attempt was made to form an all-party Cabinet under the Patriarch, M. Miron-Christea. This, too, only lasted a time; for the older parties carried on their intrigues. The King received news of subversive activities in the Army on the part of the Iron Guard. He acted in two short, sharp successive blows. First, in March, he abolished the Constitution and replaced it with a kind of royal dictatorship, exercised through a Coalition Cabinet and new Privy Council drawn mainly from men of his own generation. Secondly, at Easter, he used the military to arrest the ringleaders of the Iron Guard *en masse*. They were rounded up all over the country. Documents showed the most compromising of foreign relations.

Thus, for the time being at least, King Carol and his personal friends are supreme; and their sudden assumption of power has been mainly popular. But what can they do if the economic and political pressure from Germany increases? On the one side they have to conserve a third of Rumania's foreign trade, now bound up with Great Germany. They have to watch internal Hungarian developments like a cat a mouse. And, on the other hand, they have to remember that, if Germany really went ahead

peacefully or by war in their direction, the Russians might be over the Bessarabian border like a shot, making for the Rumanian oilfields in order to forestall the Germans. The Rumanians, like their allies to the north, the Poles, do not want either the Germans or the Russians to make their own country into a battle-field, as it was in the last war. So the Rumanians are tempted to contract-out of the Little Entente and join forces with their neighbours the Poles in an effort to make a *cordon sanitaire* right through Europe, from north to south, between Russia and Germany. The elimination of Austria and the threats to Czechoslovakia (from extremist Hungarians as much as from Germans) have forced Rumanians to this conclusion; but if a conflict became widespread in the Danubian plain—*e.g.*, involving Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Germany—the Rumanians realize that it will be virtually impossible for them to keep the Russians away from Slovakia (even if only by air) and at the same time to hold the Hungarians in check from the erstwhile Hungarian province of Transylvania, without becoming involved in war themselves. Still to-day it is hard to decide whether the Rumanians, as a people, would not, in such circumstances, voluntarily link up with the Russians, who are at least related to many of their own citizens in northern and eastern Rumania.

Much the same considerations sway the Yugoslav statesmen; only in this case Yugoslavia already has a new common frontier with Germany, and the two Powers between which Yugoslavs find themselves are the Germans and the Italians. They are like the Poles and Rumanians in this regard: a small, spirited, independent people left with unenviable choices. Yugoslavia is near enough to Italy to be able to go with Italy into a combination of Western Powers embracing Italy. But it is dubious if Italy can even go thus far since Austria disappeared. Thus, Yugoslavia watches Hungary with one eye and Germany with the other; consults with Rumania and Czechoslovakia in the Little Entente; speaks fairly with France; and waits for signs of weakening in the Rome-Berlin axis—which now crosses Yugoslav territory.

Three things greatly perturb all Central and South-Eastern European States now that Austria has gone. First, the

incalculable indifference of the British Government to the fate of half the Continent ; secondly, the enormous economic control of these States by Great Germany, achieved in four years ; and lastly, if they are to be completely abandoned by Britain and her servant, France, the prospect of grave domestic disruptions in these Central and South-East European States, as their *régimes* come to be altered at the command of the Nazis. There is something of cosmic tragedy, something fatal in the Greek sense, about the deep misgivings and premonitions now surging in the hearts and minds of Czech, Slovak, Magyar, Croat, Serb, Slovene, and Ruman. To them, Austria was not very important, economically or politically. It is not so long ago that they feared her eagles. But now that she has been swept from existence, a new and terribly incalculable chapter in their history of struggle and internecine conflict opens before them. Small wonder if the hesitancy and double-mindedness that have for so long characterized British foreign policy have now communicated themselves to that congeries of would-be independent States, Danubia without Austria.

THE GERMAN RACE-IMPULSE

BY ERNEST HAMBLOCH

THE *Drang nach Osten* is not a political aim. It is something far deeper than any conception of national boundaries. It can hardly be considered as a national ideal either, for its appeal to the man-in-the-street in Germany is not an immediate one. It is an impulse of race, for *Drang* is literally a " throng " ; and in its application to political aims the " urge to the East " is significant because of its underlying racial impulsion. All German talk of political encirclement by hostile nations—talk as common to-day as it was just before the 1914 War—is simply an expression of irritation at being surrounded by a ' madding crowd ' of inferior races. The feeling is quite sincere, because it is instinctive ; but it is not necessarily rational on that account. Indeed the difficulty of dealing politically with the aspirations and ambitions of the German people resides precisely in the fact that there is no rational basis on which discussion can profitably take place. No German leader has ever said or will ever say what it is that Germany wants in order to be politically satisfied, for no German knows. To the German, polity as the civil order of organized States is an alien conception. Voluntary discipline as the basis of domestic stability, and mutual concession as the means of international peace have no meaning for him.

In international relations the German has never felt himself to be tied by any of the rules of the political game. International law is for him an interesting abstraction or, according to circumstances, a useful convenience which it may suit him to invoke in his favour. What he will never admit is that it lays down any rule of conduct which he ought to obey, or that it constitutes any code of ethics to which he must in honour conform. It is not merely that Law must give place to Power—

Macht geht über Recht—but that “German truth,” “German honour,” and “German faith” are for him conceptions apart. They are things peculiar to his race. They are sacred—things so holy that those virtues cease to have any meaning for him if they are profaned by participation in them of the rest of mankind: they must be appropriated to the German *Gesinnung* if their virtue is to remain. Thus Germanized, they take on a religious symbolism, as of something which has occult power to deify the Race. Shared with others they become defeasible.

The anti-Semitic extravagances of the Germany of to-day have as one of their root-causes the fact that the Jews consider themselves The Chosen People. That is worse than the sin against the Holy Ghost, for, though the German does not consciously aspire to that theological distinction, he is sub-consciously quite convinced that he belongs to a Predestined Race. That is what makes international relations with Germany so difficult. It is fruitless to attempt political discussion with a predestinarian to whom all things are lawful provided they are expedient. Thus when Hitler referred to the annexation of Austria as “the return” of Austria to Germany he was talking political nonsense, since Austria never formed part of political Germany. But he was talking “German sense”, for Teutons were being brought within the Germanic fold under one German shepherd. Unfortunately for the peace of the world the idea of *Grossdeutschland* is no idyllic conception of peaceful contentment under a pastoral *Führer*. That would imply some sense of national boundaries on more or less rational political and geographical bases. But that sense does not exist in the German conception of things as they ought to be. Of all peoples of Western Europe the Germans are unique in never having shared in the sentiment of political nationality which emerged after the Napoleonic wars. Throughout the whole of the troubled period of international congresses and national revolts which then followed, from 1815 to 1830, the Germans remained essentially feudal. The eventual founding of the German Empire in 1870 was merely a stuccoed façade which did nothing to change the fundamentally feudal outlook of the German people in their domestic relations. It was indeed because of their failure to establish any basis of national unity

in 1848 that Bismarck made his famous remark about the necessity of “solving problems by blood and iron.” Thereafter he proceeded to put his theory into practice by making a feudal war against Germanic Austria in 1866 and a war of rapine against France in 1870. Even so, he left the problem unsolved; for the answer to the question “What is the German’s Fatherland?” is still that contained in the celebrated poem of Ernst Arndt in 1810: it is ‘everywhere where there is a German.’

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The Treaty of Verdun of 843 A.D. gave birth eventually to France, Germany and Italy as national political entities. Italy’s political growth was, it is true, particularly slow; but her case was a special one and her failure until 1870 to evolve a unified nationality was as much due to a combination of tragic outside circumstances as to any defects of national character. French and Germans, however, set out from the same starting-point of the Frankish Empire, and their development might well have proceeded on more or less parallel lines. Indeed, as a homogeneous race, the Germans started with certain advantages. A century after the Verdun treaty the French had already begun to develop national ideas. Yet after a lapse of nearly eleven centuries the Germans have not evolved anything better than mystic conceptions about the race superiority of the Germans. Although far less touched by Roman civilization than the peoples west of the Rhine, they might have been welded into a sturdy and prosperous nation like the French, but for one illusion. In 962 A.D. Otto I. of Saxony was crowned emperor by the Pope, and ever afterwards the Germans intuitively hugged the medieval dream of a World Empire which should surpass even that of Charlemagne—and dreams know no frontiers.

The German “squeeze-out” east and south-east was always a national bent, for it was based on an instinctive offensive-defensive attitude towards the barbaric hordes of the East. Yet Germany remained an isolationist *pur sang*. The history of Europe might have been pleasantly different, had the Germans ever considered themselves as the Eastern outpost of Western civilization. Expansion westwards presented certain well-defined difficulties, military and political, but especially social.

From the social point of view Germany may hope to bolster up feudalism in Spain in 1938, but she could never hope to re-introduce feudalism into France *manu militari*. Von Moltke indeed proposed trying to annihilate France in 1875, but Bismarck feared complications with England, in spite of certain sympathies which have never failed to characterize the ruling classes of this country since the day when England became a fief of Hanover. In 1914 the immediate military objective of Germany was to neutralize France by lightning victories before England had made up her mind whether she preferred to act as a Great Power or a German feudal benefice: but the prime political-cum-military objective was Eastward Ho to Salonika and beyond.

The underlying principle involved in the *Drang nach Osten* is a clash of races between Teuton and Slav. That is instinctive. Herr Hitler's utterances never fail to correspond to something instinctive in the German people. That is why their appeal is irrational but profound. When he defined Austria as the *Ostmark* of the German race, his appeal was atavistic rather than historical, though visions of Charlemagne and of the Holy Roman Empire now obsess him, as is plain from his new awakening to the intervention of Divine Providence on his behalf. His *Ostmark* definition was not political, but racial, for by implication it extended to the Habsburg Austria, which included Bohemia, Moravia, the Tyrol and Galicia, and stretched out its tentacles over the whole Balkan Peninsula. The German's Fatherland must stretch beyond Austria and the Danube, for "*sein Vaterland muss grösser sein!*"—a correct interpretation of which is that German patriotism is not love of country but love of more country!

"The rare moment has arrived," said Dr. Goebbels in April of this year, "when the world is going to be divided up anew." How does Europe stand in face of that almost instinctive conception? It is unfortunately true that the Germans always think they are oppressed unless they are free to oppress. That is a serf reaction. Serfdom in Germany lasted down to the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the natural reaction was that thereafter no German ever fought for equality—the essence of the Rights of Man—but for superiority, the only logical

conception of the Rights of a Superior Race. There is indeed nothing new in the Nazi conception of race. Gobineau was the high priest of Aryanism for the men of Bismarck's generation, and the German intelligentsia of Kaiser Wilhelm II.'s day shared the septentriomania of Houston Chamberlain. Germany was incapable of pulling herself together by a national political effort after 1919, as France did after 1871, because Germans had never acquired any real sense of political nationality. That idea, under whatever *régime*, presupposes ideas of equality, enjoyed or attainable, both within and beyond the borders of the nation. But no such common ideal suffices to bind the German people together. There must be a military ideal of a people in arms. As Prince von Bülow wrote in 1914, "the German Empire can live only if it is and remains a Military State."

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The Western conception of civilization is diametrically opposed to that of the German. For the Western nations the constant political problem is to secure relative stability in Europe by equipoise of power. Peace can, they feel, be obtained over relatively long periods, provided there is equilibrium between the three great component races of the Continent: Latin, Teuton and Slav. Germany tilted that equilibrium to her advantage in 1870. In 1914 she thought she was sufficiently strong to upset it altogether and leave her in the position of dictator of Europe's destiny. She left England out of account, which was literally an error in the fourth dimension. She did so, because she was implementing what is called *Realpolitik*, a policy which Mr. Chamberlain apparently adopted for this country when he referred to the 'real thing' as the true conception of British political ideals. But *Realpolitik* is essentially unreal because it neglects ideals. It is the absence of any real political sense at all, as the Germans have proved again and again. Between 1870 and 1914, for instance, it had become an article of German faith that German aims could be secured by a military gamble at the chosen moment. Hitler's mysticism of to-day is even more dangerous for the equilibrium of Europe. It is a gamble on the threat of war, with monster military parades as the long suit. The game has become more dangerous, because so far Hitler has won it every time he has

played it. That means he will go on. He has no fears of making any mistakes in the fourth dimension, because England has had no measurable international policy for many years.

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The clash of Latin, Teuton and Slav aspirations is deeper and more constant than mere political jealousy or economic rivalry. The dislikes and mistrusts are instinctive, transcending temporary forms of government in any country, for changes of *régime* hardly do more than introduce modulations in the foreign policy of a country, without in any way changing the tune. In the case of Teuton and Latin, for instance, the Rome-Berlin axis is about as inspiring to the average Italian as a proposition of Euclid, and in his heart of hearts every Italian wonders if the Brenner Pass is not really Italy's *Pons Asinorum*. As for the Germans they regard the axis with as little enthusiasm as a young man envisages a marriage of convenience.

The international outlook of a nation is not determined by the foreign policy of foreign ministers or even by dictators. Statesmen are merely transmission lines for conveying permanent currents of feeling: but the motive power is generated by the overwhelming dynamism of a national urge. The permanent policy of a country depends on the character of the people, and in the long run the foreign policy of a country cannot be other than an expression of deep-rooted national aspirations. Changes of *régime* are mere phases of a people's dynamism, and, however forceful their methods, *régimes* can do little to modify the character and temperament of a people. The Italian under Mussolini is not more hardworking, more frugal and more prone to theatricalism than he always was; nor is he less subtle or less artistic. A Russian is not less of a Tartar because Stalin has succeeded the Czar as the Little Father, nor is he less unaccountable to Western minds than he always has been. The German character was a curious medley of mysticism and brutality under Lohengrin-Hohenzollerns. It is not less so under a *Führer* who hovers between the pagan rôle of a sword-forging Siegfried and the mystic impersonation of a "pure fool" Parsifal.

If the motives which set the nations of the world at cross-purposes were merely political, then the spate of international

congresses held between 1815 and 1822 to regulate political differences would not have been followed by forty years of revolts and revolutions all over Europe. If the world's problems were only economic, then the interminable series of world conferences held since 1919 would not have ended in wars, rumours of war and a return to the Dark Ages. It has become politically fashionable to say that nations are not divided by ideologies. But that is merely begging the question, for it is precisely fundamental differences in conceptions of polity which create the abyss of international misunderstanding. It is possible to bridge the abyss in some cases. That should be the task of true statesmanship. But in the German case the abyss is well-nigh unbridgeable. A war which Germany wins would only aggravate the problem. A war which Germany loses would do nothing to settle it, unless, as was not the case in 1918, the German people is convinced that it has suffered a crushing military defeat.

The differences of outlook separating the German people from other nations are profoundly complicated by the fact that German conceptions have got no further than those obtaining during the First Period of Ethnology. For the German, non-Teutons have always been barbarians, mere gibberers, as were the peoples of the New World to the first discoverers. It required a Papal Bull to give to the native inhabitants of the New World the status of rational beings. It would take something more drastic to convince a German that other races can be equal to the Teuton. And under the Nazi *régime* at any rate no German *Führer* is likely to go to Canossa. It remains to be seen whether—after compounding a fascist felony in two continents—England's rôle is now to be that of an accessory after the crime in the inevitable consequences of the German *Drang nach Osten*.

The position of Teutons and Slavs in Europe is a special one. They are still engaged in emergence from nebulous conceptions of what the individual is in relation to the State. They are companions, though rivals, treading the same road, the goal of which is unknown to either, for they are both mystics. The rivalry between them is not any difference of opinion as to what is the ideal form of political governance. It is an

instinctive and mutual mistrust of race. Nothing can remove that mistrust, for the two races have no common meeting-ground, either politically or intellectually, such as Western nations have. The Slav does not aspire to any Latin form of civilization. The Roman conception of orderly government as the condition of peaceful progress under the law is quite alien to his temperament. He is passive on that point, and it does not bother him. But the German is worried about it. He feels himself in a situation of pathetic isolation because, unlike the Slav, he at least had part in Western civilization and might have been a good *civis* of the world. The reaction to that feeling is arrogance and hysteria, the escapist attitude so typically personified in Hitler's attitudes and words. From 1870 to 1914 the German isolation—complex found vent in rampant militarism and in proclaiming that *Kultur* was superior to Latin civilization, though even to-day the Teuton still sub-consciously uses the latter as his point of departure in the comparison.

The Slav is quite willing to come to terms with Western Powers without understanding anything about their modes of thought or wanting to. The German case is different. For at least three generations the German has been taught to consider that for him to recognize affinity with Western civilization was to demean himself. In their mystic appreciation of the "Twilight of the Gods" it is Western civilization that Germans see toppling to its doom. They are to-day more than ever convinced that it would be unworthy of a 'virile race' to claim affinity with the 'effete democracies' or with Western ideals. In German legend and folk lore what is Western is *Welsch*, and for a German that is synonymous with 'false.' The German feels that the Slavs and all the other races of *Mittleuropa* are a danger to German existence, besides being sub-humans. They are barbarians and ruffians and must be conquered. The German views himself with some complacency as a highly intelligent ruffian, whose rough German ethics and brutal methods are but the virile expression of a superior race. In everything he does he feels justified in claiming to be a law unto himself. He has not to reconcile his conduct with the dictates of any civilized usage, and the validity of international law is for him sheer nonsense outside the doors of a library.

The British position in this conflict of races is a peculiar one. No nation owes more to its bed-rock of Roman culture or walks closer in the shadow of Latin civilization. On the other hand the Briton is not a Latin, either in thought or temperament. Equally he is not a Teuton, either in his mental processes or his conceptions of life. But he does resemble the Teuton in temperament. That is why the German reaches out despairing arms, clamouring that the Briton shall come within the Teuton fold. But in spite of all temptation the Briton remains just himself, thus disappointing both Teuton and Latin. He never disappoints the Slav, for the Slav never expects anything from him.

The Latins regard the British somewhat differently. To them the Briton is quite inexplicable because, though his mental processes are so near theirs, they are quite individual. Again the Briton's intellectual reactions to social and political problems are nearly, but by no means quite similar to theirs. Temperamentally the Briton is, in Latin eyes, so peculiarly aloof that he appears not merely insular, but other-world. In eventual conclusions, however, about the relations between the individual and the State, international law and social order the British focus, though different from the Latin view, strikes the same angle, so that the Latin, always on tenterhooks about the "British decision," is resigned to being kept in doubt until the eleventh hour. For all practical purposes that decision in the end coincides with the Latin one on all fundamental questions of principle; but, like the gunner in Kipling's story, the political Briton is always temporizing till the sights come on.

Germans have fine achievements to their credit in the realms of science, art and literature, but on the political side they are atrophied. Germany's philosophy has thus petered out in mere metaphysics; her patriotism has been drilled into militarism; and her lyrical poetry has degenerated into hysterical paganism. Germans have been trained in everything—except political thought which alone can co-ordinate national attributes. Essentially gregarious, the German is myopic. He cannot see clearly beyond the confines of tribal frontiers. When he tries to look at the world outside he is blinded. He has no political outlook, for that implies international collaboration and mutual

concession. He has merely a *Weltanschauung*, a kind of terrestrial star-gazing, which sounds so big and is really so small. He thus places himself between the two alternatives of World Domination or Downfall. And, having done so, he then alleges that that is where the jealousies of other folk have put him. It is a grim prospect, but Germans have a legendary liking for things grim. Faced by those sole alternatives of World Domination or Downfall the German naturally prefers the former, and the achievement of that alternative, as silly as it is terrible, then constitutes for him the "mighty problem of the age" for which he sees no other solution than the Bismarckian one of nearly a century ago: blood and iron.

The *Drang nach Osten* is the most important, because it is the most instinctive, development of that philosophy of predestined expansionism. It is bound up with the *furor teutonicus* which, as Herr Hitler reminded his hearers at Graz at the beginning of April, "nothing can resist." It is a philosophy fraught with immediate tragedy for the non-German peoples of Central Europe. It will inevitably be the tragedy of Western civilization, unless the European democracies are prepared to face the problem now. There are many ways of tackling it. 'Talking pretty' to dictators is not one of them.

IS THERE A BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AXIS?

By J. R. GLODNEY BOLTON

ON August 13, 1930, some ninety or a hundred thousand people left Montreal by way of the St. Lawrence bridge for the inaccessible airport of St. Hubert's. The R.100, first British airship to fly to Canada, was about to begin her return transatlantic trip. A roar of cheering assailed her as she left the mooring-mast. She circled above Mount Royal, and the air jazzed with sirens and hooters. A later salvo of sirens and hooters marked the salutations of Three Rivers. At midnight a cascade of French and English voices echoed from the Heights of Abraham: a tribute from the unconquered dominion of New France. But dawn broke upon harsh crags and shapeless rocks. A lighthouse, the crumbled remains of a fisherman's cottage, a tramp forging her way towards Belle Isle fractured the solitude. The land is frigid with solitude. Beyond the crests of Labrador and Newfoundland a listless procession of icebergs glides southwards.

At a third dawn the airship was sailing majestically up the Bristol Channel. Her passengers saw the spire of St. Mary's Redcliffe, the stone residences of Cirencester, Blenheim, Stowe. Her shadow brushed the England of the eighteenth century. There were decorous greetings from families and retainers who stood on well-mown lawns. Ninety or a hundred thousand Montrealers might bid the airship farewell at St. Hubert's. Ninety or a hundred people watched her arrival at Cardington. English newspapers were not unduly impressed by a flight which narrowed the long distance between the Mother Country and her greatest Dominion. There was a test match on.

A year later, nothing, it seemed, would save the expensive industry of airship-building, except the financial co-operation of Canada. And there were signs that Canada was not unwilling to assist. Already she had spent some three hundred thousand

pounds upon the airport of St. Hubert's. She erected the slender and exceedingly costly mooring-mast. The cheering Montrealers seemed to represent the voice of Canada. But the politicians had kept the R.100 waiting, week after week, in her hangar at Cardington while they fought a critical and epoch-making general election. The granaries of the West were filled with grain which no country could afford to buy. The workers of the industrial East were thrown into unemployment, and the farmers of the West were starving. The prestige of the Liberal Government was broken. Mr. R. B. Bennett, idol of Calgary, attributed more than half the country's misfortunes to Mr. Mackenzie King's eagerness to be a good internationalist. The United States, he told the industrial East, planted the seeds of industrial greatness during the Napoleonic Wars, and now, in a new era of depression, Canada should plant the seeds of her own industrial greatness. She should lean neither upon Great Britain nor upon the United States. The industrial East should work in complete harmony with the agricultural West. The Dominion was, as far as possible, to be self-contained. With the slogan of "Canada First" Mr. Bennett inflicted a heavy defeat upon the Liberals. "Canada first" was not the battle-cry of an Empire-conscious country. Meanwhile, over here, the Labour Government had given place to a National dispensation. The R.100, proud pioneer airship, was sold for scrap, and the 1931 crisis showed that the temper of "Imperial" Britain was still insular.

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"We must think imperially, or perish." In the summer of 1932 there went to Canada not an airship, but a delegation composed of some of the leading members of the new National Government. There went also delegates from the other Dominions and the High Commissioner for India. Between the fall of the Socialist Government in Great Britain and the Imperial excursion to Canada, there occurred the epoch-making Japanese intrusion into Manchuria. It was epoch-making because it showed conclusively that henceforward the dangers to Imperial security might be as great in the Far East as in Europe and the Mediterranean. A new sea-power was actively pursuing an aggressive policy. The change between a pre-war

epoch when naval rivals, all of them European, could be denied access to the overseas world and the new epoch in which two great naval Powers, operating outside Europe, "lie strategically on flank and rear of British trade routes and empire" has been well and forcibly illustrated in a paper by Professor H. N. Fieldhouse, published in the May-June issue of the *Journal of the Royal Institute of International Affairs*.

"It is too much to hope that in any future European struggle Britain will be able to reckon on the friendship of both the great extra-European naval Powers, and it is only too likely that she will be faced with the hostility of one and be the object of, shall we say, the benevolent distrust of the other. The hostility of either or both Japan and the United States would paralyse historic British strategy, for it would make it impossible for Britain to bring the whole pressure of her naval power to bear upon her European enemy."

In the summer of 1932, however, the delegates from Great Britain and the Dominions were not thinking primarily of the problems of Imperial defence or strategy, for public opinion—in advance of which it is scarcely possible for a statesman to move—was obsessed with the immediate problems of a terrible economic depression. The delegates reached a country ready for desperate remedies. Wheat could not command a price. Farmers were trekking to overburdened towns. Canada, when she looked southwards, saw only a dejected Republic. The remittances which used to flow from the three million Canadians resident in the United States ceased abruptly. So also did the flow of capital. The Ottawa Conference acquired, throughout the North American Continent, an enormous importance. In the vestibule of the Château Laurier the bust of Sir Wilfred Laurier gazed upon the most cosmopolitan crowd assembled in North America since the Washington Naval Conference. It gazed also upon the huge globe, liberally splashed with red, which stood at the entrance to the Château.

Disraeli had declared that Ottawa would one day become the capital of the British Empire. But Ottawa lacks the atmosphere of a capital. It lacks even the atmosphere of French-speaking Montreal. A provincial setting emphasized the differences within the cosmopolitan crowd. They did not look as though they were members of one family. Mr. de Valera, returned at last to power, had sent Mr. Sean O'Kelly, who did not intend to be accommodating. Australian and New Zealand delegates

were busily attributing their unbalanced trade returns to Great Britain's departure from the Gold Standard. The chief delegate for South Africa, a country necessarily sensitive to the fortunes of gold, was Mr. W. Havenga, who, as a lad of fourteen, defended his father's homestead against British fire. He brought bitter memories of boyhood life in a concentration camp. Canada herself was a hostess without friendliness, for she was complaining loudly that a recent commercial treaty between Great Britain and the Argentine dethroned the Calgary dynasty of cattle kings; and Calgary once marked the centre of Mr. Bennett's political support.

The depression deepened, and the men from the West decided to translate their despair into action. Dominion status or no Dominion status, they would march upon Ottawa and reach the capital before the British statesmen went home. Their near approach caused consternation in Ottawa. A crowd gathered round the huge globe splashed with red. What did the British statesmen think? What did Mr. Baldwin think? The homely Englishman—inheritor of Disraeli's party leadership—lit his pipe, lounged on the grass and watched a cricket-match. The problem was one for Mr. Bennett to solve.

As soon as the marchers reached the suburbs, Mr. Bennett called out the mounted police. The action was neither heroic nor spectacular. From that moment the Canadian Prime Minister ceased to be the country's leader. Alberta forsook him for the desperate eccentricities of social credit. The Dominion was ready to return to the well-worn international co-operation of Mr. Mackenzie King who, like his predecessors, maintained an equipoise between the interests of the United States and the interests of Great Britain, between the pull of geography and the pull of sentiment. There could be no long-sustained policy of "Canada first" for a country whose commodities far outstrip her home markets. In a chastened mood, therefore, she concluded her agreements with the Mother Country, with the other Dominions, and with India. She gave to Australia and New Zealand more than they had anticipated. Great Britain had just drawn the curtain across her former idol, Free Trade. In the stress of crisis few of her leading men observed that each overture to the Empire meant a fatal

restriction upon Europe. Ottawa hastened Herr Hitler's advent to power. Ottawa hurried on Signor Mussolini's plans for an Ethiopian conquest. Canada had tried to live without the United States and Great Britain; and Great Britain was trying to live without Europe. Great Britain has repented. So has Australia. The arrival of her trade delegates in London at the end of April, 1938, was an admission that she wished to make drastic changes in her Ottawa agreements. Australia knows that the markets comprised by the British Commonwealth are not sufficient for her wares.

At the moment, moreover, Australia is deeply perplexed by the problems of British foreign policy. She spends more for each head of her population on armaments and defence than any of the other Dominions. She has in Mr. Stanley Bruce a High Commissioner who is in every way qualified to assume the duties of a Minister for Imperial Defence. But Imperial Defence depends as much upon policy as upon strategy. Just as a successful Ottawa policy in economics was conditioned by the will to live within a self-contained Commonwealth, so an invincible programme for Imperial Defence is conditioned by a common direction in foreign affairs. No one who has followed the activities of the Dominions since the Ottawa Conference can seriously maintain that such a common direction exists. Geography, indeed, is once more in conflict with sentiment. For while Australia, New Zealand and South Africa recognize the paramount importance of keeping open the Imperial route through the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, Canada is fortified behind a wealthy neighbour anxious to impose the Monroe doctrine upon the entire North American Continent. Whenever President Roosevelt makes one of his spectacular visits to Montreal or Quebec he hopes to strengthen the chances that, in the event of the Greater War—whether fought in Europe or the Pacific, the foreign policy of Canada will harmonize with the foreign policy of the United States. When an Englishman looks at the map of the world, he readily admits the importance of maintaining the Imperial route through the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. When a Canadian looks at the map he decides that Ottawa—or, rather, some city like Winnipeg or Regina—is in fact the centre of the British Commonwealth;

that the future rests with the country which has both an Atlantic and a Pacific sea-board; that, whether or not the Mediterranean has become a closed Italian Lake, a Commonwealth whose chief communications radiate from Canada could after all, survive the shock of Mediterranean defeat. And there is the strongest temptation to forget that in the end these communications would radiate not from Canada, but from the United States. Such an attitude naturally fosters complacency, for Canada can survive, whether or not Germany establishes her supremacy in Europe and Italy is mistress both of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. For the other Dominions there cannot be the same complacency. There cannot be complacency at all.

These distinguishing reactions to the World Crisis have been strikingly illustrated in Geneva. Canada regards herself as a good and conscientious member of the League of Nations. She sends a full delegation to Geneva. Membership enhances her international status. She flaunts a privilege in which her powerful neighbour does not partake. Yet, for all the show and faithful obligations, Canadian statesmen do not make the decisive speeches. Ostentation goes hand in hand with circumspection. Mr. Mackenzie King says nothing which might cause offence at the White House. Contrast his speech at the 1936 Assembly, when Italy was demanding the expulsion of the Ethiopian delegates, with the speech delivered by Mr. W. J. Jordan, the New Zealand delegate. For while Mr. Mackenzie King committed himself to nothing, Mr. Jordan stood boldly for collective security. Mr. Jordan had already matched his words with action, for in the committee appointed to consider the Ethiopian claims to continued membership of the League, he cut through all the subtleties and uncertainties of Mr. Eden and M. Delbos. Italy was the aggressor, he argued, and to eject the Ethiopian delegates was to condone the victimization of their country. So the Ethiopian delegates sat undisturbed throughout the Assembly. They dared not speak. But Count Ciano's baggage remained in Rome unpacked.

Mr. Jordan, representative of a Socialist Government in New Zealand, did not want the aggressors to have their way. Nor did Australia nor South Africa. Nor did Congress India. But

no harsh words of regret enlivened the speech of the Aga Khan, for he belonged to a delegation whose orders, in the last resort, came from Whitehall. The Indian delegation is, unofficially, the second delegation from Great Britain. India's membership of the League of Nations is a sham, and until she has a Foreign Minister responsible to her own Legislature it will remain so. Mr. Jordan's idealistic attitude was, of course, prompted by his country's geographical position. A New Zealander or an Australian looks at a map of the World very differently from the Englishman or the Canadian. For the New Zealander and the Australian the Red Sea looms larger than the Mediterranean, for the sufficient reason that it is nearer his own country. It is his gateway to the West. He saw at once the evil potentialities of the Ethiopian campaign. For if the Ethiopian conquest led to the Italian East Empire, Libya could lead to Egypt and the Suez Canal. Italian patronage of Islam might succeed in separating the Hejaz from Nejd and so convert the Red Sea into a closed Italian Lake. When this happens it scarcely matters whether Gibraltar, Malta and Cyprus are still British possessions, held in bondage, perhaps, against the wishes of their inhabitants.

New Zealand, Australia and South Africa saw the Italian menace clearly, and the terms of the recent Anglo-Italian agreement are the measure of their fears. Not only does Great Britain prepare to recognize the new Italian Empire; she is providing ample facilities for Italian residence in the Aden Protectorate. Aden, in other words, is to remain the chief distributing centre for Ethiopian goods. Italian penetration into Aden, however unwelcome, is to prevent the development of a rival port on Italian soil. We have promised with Italy not to intervene separately in the affairs of Sau'di Arabia or to take advantage of any conflict between Sau'di Arabia and the fanatical Yemen. Perhaps—it was worth the risk of serious complications in Spain, and the sacrifice of so much Italian youth for cannon-fodder, to wrest from Great Britain so favourable an agreement in the Red Sea. Perhaps—Great Britain is glad that a successful sanctionist policy did not hurl a defeated Fascist dictator to a Roman mob. Solomon is not Augustus. The Negus may leave the Assembly, but Great Britain has

already arranged that a grateful Pharaoh shall take his place. For the moment the Anglo-Italian agreement has eased an ugly situation. When the agreement, not yet put into operation, is broken, the decks will be cleared to decide which Power is to be supreme in the Red Sea. No wonder Mr. Jordan acted with resolution in Geneva.

But Italy is not the only Power threatening the might and majesty of the British Empire. Opinion in Australia, New Zealand and South Africa is divided over Japan, very much as opinion in Great Britain is divided over Germany. Japan is the potential enemy. Public opinion, nevertheless, wishes to postpone the struggle and to divert Japanese attention from their own quarter of the globe. Left to themselves, Australians and New Zealanders have little doubt that this could be done. But Great Britain is for ever introducing new complications. Relations between London and Tokyo were strained every time an official was wounded or a British ship was sunk. It is not unlikely that Japan will aggravate the residents of Hong Kong before the end of the year, and, if the status of a British Colony is threatened—albeit a Colony founded before Japan or China became, in the modern sense, Great Powers—the dangers of war between Great Britain and Japan will have multiplied. Hong Kong, so the Australian argues, is not worth a World War. He sees, moreover, that the chances of victory are slender. For even with a completed Singapore base the Grand Fleet cannot operate in the Pacific so long as there is the fear of naval action in the North Sea and the Mediterranean.

This explains the paradox in the policy of the Pacific Dominions: the determination to keep the Red Sea and the Mediterranean open and the anxiety to avoid trouble in the Pacific: firmness towards Italy and conciliation towards Japan. It is a policy dictated by Geography.

But India adds a remoter complication. To-day India is Nationalist. To-morrow, when she has forgotten Mahatma Gandhi, she will be Imperialist. Italy was nationalist in the nineteenth Century. To-day she is Imperialist. Expansion is a law of life. Already the seeds of Indian Imperialism are sown. Something deeper than the logic of their transplanted Gladstonian Liberalism made Congressmen oppose the separa-

tion of Burma from India, for India has battered upon Burma. India has a surplus population. Some hundreds of thousands of Indians live in Mauritius, Trinidad, British Guiana and Natal. In each of these countries there are more Indians than there are Englishmen in India. Indians discuss the waste spaces of semi-tropical Northern Australia just as keenly as the people of the Far East. More than once the Government of India has protested against the Union Government's treatment of Indians in South Africa. The nearer Federal India approaches Dominion status, the more vocal will become her resentment against the anti-Asiatic legislation both of the Antipodes and the New World. Her British masters have already taught her how to conduct successful expansionist campaigns from an Indian base. India knows that the white man will never fully colonize Australia. The natural destiny of Australia is to be Eurasian.

So colour assumes an importance which is little understood in Europe. In his *Credo* on British Race Patriotism, Lord Milner argued that India could find no lawful place among the sister Dominions. But without India the British Commonwealth is neither populous nor Asiatic—nor, fundamentally, cosmopolitan. Australia would like to find strength and sustenance nearer than the British Isles. She would like to find it in Canada, who shares her distrust of colour and whose attitude to Japan, like her own, is one of conciliation tempered by profound suspicion. The population of Canada is increasing, whereas the population of Great Britain seems to be doomed to a serious shrinkage. But Canada's chances of becoming the predominant partner in a British Commonwealth do not destroy her geographical dependence upon the United States. One factor alone can successfully overcome geography, and that is race galvanized by religion. Race and religion can make an effective barrier between Northern Ireland and Eire. Race and religion can make the one effective barrier between Canada and the United States, even between the ultramontane of Quebec and the Liberal-minded Catholic of New York, Boston or Philadelphia, who is vaguely apprehensive lest some of his Peter's Pence were loaned for the Ethiopian campaign. The *Canadiens* have repudiated their Mother Country, Republican, anti-clerical,

fundamentally free. Why should they hesitate to repudiate the 'British association when, in the distant future, repudiation may suit their purpose? Lord Milner, when he elaborated his British Race Patriotism, under-rated the *Canadian*, the *Boer*, the Maori and the Celt. Cecil Rhodes placed among his life's aims "the recovery of the United States." Australia, frustrated by the *Canadian*, may yet look for the protection of the American. Thus Washington, and not Ottawa, may yet become in some mysterious way the capital of the British Empire.

In other words, the future of the British Empire is one of far-reaching changes and fundamental uncertainties. For this very reason the Empire is profoundly pacifist. If the Dominions tended to range themselves against Great Britain in the Ethiopian campaign, it was because they did not take sufficiently into account the fact that Nazi Germany was ready to aid the aggressor. They are far removed from the German menace. Locarno had little meaning for them. They are a drag in a bold policy towards Germany and Japan. In a British Commonwealth of Nations Chamberlain cannot play Palmerston.

Herr Hitler learned a valuable lesson when he sent a small handful of troops into the Rhineland, and the mighty Army of Republican France, though concentrated in Lorraine, did not march. That lesson is underlined by the Anglo-Italian agreement, which, so long as it remains in force, allays the suspicions of the British Dominions. The lesson is that Nazi Germany is free to do what she will in Eastern Europe. So long as the future of Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary or Rumania is at stake, the Dominions will not want to come to the assistance of Great Britain, and without the Dominions Great Britain is scarcely a first-class Power. The Dominions invite a second Bismarck—one who has taken Potsdam and Schoenbrunn in his stride—to establish a German ascendancy in Europe which may last for at least a century. Why should they be perturbed? Great Britain and Eire are the only European members of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and they inhabit the island fringe of Europe. Greater Germany—unlike the Empire of Boers, *Canadians* and Englishmen—is founded upon the intelligible principle of racial solidarity.

Unfortunately for Herr Hitler, he has forgotten Bismarck's dislike of colonies. He appears to forget even Bismarck's doctrine of limited aims. The man who has achieved so much without recourse to war ignores the fact that, among the subjects of the British King, there are many who think that the retention of Hong Kong, perhaps, even of Gibraltar, can be more trouble than it is worth—and demands colonies. In so far as they would take time to "Nazify," develop and protect, colonies would be an insurance against an immediate war. But the return of the Colonies would awaken old suspicions throughout the Empire. It would check separatist tendencies. The man who has created Greater Germany may lose everything by seeking the chimerical advantage of a Colonial Empire. Like Louis XIV. and Napoleon, he may see his work undone in his own life-time. Separatism is not sluggishness. Circumspection is not timidity. The soldiers of the Empire will fight again if they are made to believe that their own Dominion is in danger. Goldwin Smith convinced himself that Canadians would never come to the aid of the Mother Country in time of war. Vimy Ridge showed that he was wrong. It is foolish for Englishmen to take for granted the might and majesty of the British Empire. It is just as foolish for the foreigner to assume that the might and majesty of the British Empire no longer exist. And for the aggressor such an assumption is suicidal.

POLITICS AND THE ENGLISH NOVEL

BY V. S. PRITCHETT

THE improper, festive and civilized twenties have gone, and with them has gone the flagellant voice of D. H. Lawrence whose whippings gave them so much stimulus. What would he have said and done if he had lived on into our dour and strident age of faith? It is useless to speculate. Both of the feverish sects which now scream for possession of Europe lay claim to him, and it seems improbable that he would have cared very much for either. Need we care? Must we (as the energetic politicals are always asserting, like the same gramophone record being put on again and again), make a choice? Not as citizens I mean, but as novelists. Have we to write what are called "political" novels?

It will be news, of course, to the great dope public of the best sellers that such a thing as a "political" novel has been at all discussed or written. A couple of decades always pass before the great public becomes aware of what the younger novelists of any period are saying. And, indeed, there is something grim for the library reader in the reflection that any novelist ever "says" anything; that pill has got to be well sugared if they are going to take it. Yet when I think of the changes, good and bad, that are coming over the English novel, I am reminded of that vast output of philanthropical and missionary fiction of the last century and I can foresee an orgy of fundamentally similar propaganda and uplift. The good poor man, the wicked rich man, the tired sweet factory girl and the far-funkled bridge-playing lady, are coming into their own. They are here already. Stacks of this kind of manuscript are piled on every publishers' table, waiting for the sudden best-seller that will release the humanitarian flood.

This is not—and I hope it never will be—any concern of mine. The more difficult question for the novelist who thinks

about his job and its relation to the society which he is attempting to portray, is how far this new political impulse is to be allowed to influence *him*. For the English novelist, let me say, there seems at first to be something artificial about the political subject. Politics wax and wane, but man goes on. And there is little or no political tradition in the English novel. There was Swift—but he was an Irishman. There was Disraeli—but he was a Jew. Meredith wrote leaders for a provincial paper, but there is no evidence that he gave them any importance. The attempt to show that Dickens was an unconscious Marxist, is a confusion of politics with philanthropy. George Eliot—due for a revival—is aware of the industrial revolution, and Thackeray pokes fun at brewers getting into the county, but that is hardly evangelical sociology or politics. The English novel, if it can be said to begin with Defoe, dates from long after the only English revolution; it has thus become almost entirely a sociable thing, concerned with leisure rather than work, the amenities and acerbities of company and private life, rather than with public clashes. There can have been no greater threat to English society than the French revolution and the Napoleonic wars, yet it was left to the pamphleteers, the historians and the poets, to respond to this threat. The novelists did nothing. A glance at French literature shows up the almost startling English silence. An aside or two on the social question, and that is all.

In almost the only piece of Communist criticism to show any understanding or love of English letters, Ralph Fox's *The Novel and the People*, it was pointed out with some plausibility that the English novel had lost a great deal by this abstinence. The characters of English fiction had lost an epic quality because they were seen as part of Barchester and not as part of the historical process of society. *Wuthering Heights* was, if I remember rightly, the nearest thing we had to the epic—but that, alas, showed no trace of history dialectically regarded! Mr. Fox was driven to quote one of the more chastened passages of Engels in order to tell us what everyone knows, that a writer is a child of his time and that the processes of creation are mysterious. It is a pity, certainly, that we have no Turgenev, Zola or Flaubert and that we left Napoleon to

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Tolstoy and Erekman-Chatrion; we can reflect only that we probably owe this deficiency less to lack of political or historical sense than to the fact that we were not invaded. Our tolerance of appalling social evils is due to hundreds of years of peace. We had people who were supposed to look after such things and we did not suppose that a novelist's political analysis of society was a necessary preliminary to their job. Moreover, as a sociable people, where others started revolutions we started new religions which, in fact, have canalized the whole story of the English social struggle.

This is the background into which the English novelist naturally retired when it was suggested that he should break with tradition and become political. There were, he was bound to admit, good reasons now for the political subject. Fascism, throughout Europe, was persecuting the intellect. Communism was persecuting the middle classes which most notably produced it. Both sides preferred propaganda to literature. But fascism was avowedly barren intellectually *cf.* the obiter dicta of Goebbels and Hitler on art in general, not to mention the fervent speeches of Franco's Generals, Millan Astray, for example—and offered merely an emotional outlet, whose final glory was to be modern war; whereas communism, though it had not much use for the intellectuals—it is trying to make up to them now—at least offered a new theory of humanitarianism and the promise of a new popular art.

It is not surprising that the general drift has been to the Left. And the possibilities of invasion, *i.e.* air warfare turned the question of the kind of society which makes that possible, an urgent one to the English novelist. Left-wing writers and politicians have been derided for saying that the Spanish war is "our battle" or that Czecho-slovakia's security is "ours"; but even if it be an exaggeration in terms of ideas to say that an attack on democracy anywhere is an attack on our own, it is undoubtedly not an exaggeration in terms of things, for the danger to our social structure under air warfare and among nations which have aggressive political philosophies, is exactly that of the Czechs and of the Spaniards of Madrid, Valencia and Barcelona. When English novelists, however, have turned from the exotic events of the Continent to the

English scene, they have been shocked to see how little there is of the dramatic to entice them. There was unemployment, there was malnutrition and misery, but the sufferers were docile. There was no sign of revolution. Yet the effect of a new dogma is to make things seem dramatic. The result has been that those novelists who have swallowed the Marxist dose at one gulp, have got the fixed stare of the dyspeptic, and have written a drama in unreal terms upon the mumbling greyness of English life. Being unfamiliar with the working-class, they have done an idealized portrait of them as plain-spoken emancipated heroes, while the middle class characters—*vide* Marx—are decadent and futile. If these novelists are liberals they are ashamed of their liberalism and, by inverted snobbery, they now long to get into the proletariat just as they used to long to get into the county.

Now, one does not doubt that there are characters in contemporary society like this, but the wretches are presented not as people but as arguments. Loose talk about classes has removed from the indoctrinated novelist the faculty to portray human nature which is the main reason for his trade. The effect of Marxist or near-Marxist dogma—which is, of course, a valuable aid to social analysis—upon working-class writers is not, on the whole, less disastrous. The working-class writer, by the nature of his new profession, very soon becomes a bourgeois; most of these writers indeed are really not working-class at all, but *petit bourgeois*; and one has the spectacle of men who become more and more "bourgeois" everyday talking about "popular art." But there is another even more fatal weakness to these propagandist novels. They are concerned with wishes; and they show these wishes either as actually fulfilled in some hypothetical revolution or assume that they are on the way to being fulfilled. Moreover, in a definite way. But since we do not know the future, we can speak of nothing as inevitable; and even if we can speak of events as likely, we cannot define in what way they will come about. There has always been something *voulu* and creaking in this New Country stuff.

For the novelist the world of the future is not a subject for realism or argument but for fantasy; and for speculation which must tacitly admit its own waywardness. Nothing robs

fantasy of its effect so much as the assertion that the future will justify it. But this is merely to repeat the earlier criticism, that instinct and reason reject all talk of inevitability. The only time to be wise about the event is after it. And so, though I admired part of Mr. Rex Warner's *Wild Goose Chase* very much and look upon him as one of the most promising of the propagandist novelists, I respect more the judgment of Mr. Upward in *Over the Border*. For he observed an important psychological fact—which it is the novelist's business to do—when he made his fussy little intellectual hero realize that the famous New Country over the border, the promised land and its accompanying fight for freedom and so on, is as yet nothing but a day-dream. Even more, a private nightmare or war game. It is merely a state of mind.

Propaganda must occupy itself with the future; but I think that politically-minded novelists who cannot see the wood for the trees in the contemporary scene and who have understood the danger of putting their story into an ideological strait-jacket, would be well advised to write fables or to go to the past. Moreover failure and tragedy are always more convincing as argument and literature than success. This is not true, of course, of books on the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* level, but if a novelist believes that he has some duty in the task of saving the world from barbarism, he must refrain from literary barbarity. *Candide* is one of the most revolutionary books in the world and one which fired the imagination of all people who believed in the possibility of a better society—but its characters are comi-tragic wrecks at the end. The greatest argument for idealism is *Don Quixote*—which described its hopeless failure. And Wells, in our own time has always been better and more effective in describing things as they are than things to come. As for the past, the advantage there is that we know the past's future. We know what happened in the end. We know the limits of human nature, the importance of imponderables. The stage is set, the characters are provided. Here is a chance for the politically-minded novelist to redeem neglected episodes in the struggle of the classes.

A number of distinguished English novelists have not been led by the political impulse into any of the foregoing channels.

They have remained observers of their society knowing that as their society is, so they will be; and that the more closely and comprehensively they observe it, the better their material will be. This does not necessarily mean observing all classes of society. In the long run a novelist can do well only what he knows from his own roots. It is obvious that Henry James, for all his æstheticism, was profoundly aware of his world. He knew its most exquisite achievements and also its corruptions, for good and evil do not reside in opposite camps, but in the same object. To novelists who have this more mature disposition political criticism has meant an amplifying of their world. The great contribution has been to untangle excessive introversion and to bring not those vague generalities "the masses" and "humanity" but the common man to the novel. We have moved from the drawing-room to the street, from the lane to the main road. There has been a new process of documentation; and for those who want naturalism and for those who want more than that, this is an indispensable step. For the absolutes of Marx have been too drastic. In the anxiety to protect us from fascism, for example, the lives of the kind of people who become "fascists"—if one must use that ineptly shirty word—have been neglected by novelists. The appearance of vernacular speech in the novel comes from the self-consciousness of the lower middle class; and their irrationalities, their romanticism, their individualism and their dangerous feeling of isolation—the strange, stunned life of bungaloid England—remains to be written. And so, too, does that other political theme of our time—the contemporary English version of Turgenev's *Rudin*; the intellectual denied a place in his society, reduced to futility, all promise and brilliance but no performance, who dies on a foreign barricade for a cause not his own. There is nothing like the political impulse for starting a crusade and missing the real political subject! And I doubt whether any political novel of the first order will be written until the period of faith passes and the disillusion of the crusaders sets in.

THE ATTACK ON THE PRESIDENCY

By D. W. BROGAN

"THE power of the crown has increased, is increasing and ought to be diminished." I am quoting Dunning's famous resolution from memory, but the text is near enough for my purposes. And in this session of Congress there has been passed a series of comparable resolutions, directed not only against President Roosevelt, but against President Anybody. "On the Hill," that is in the Capitol, senators and congressmen are increasingly in revolt, not merely against their party leader, but against the whole idea of subordination to the executive which has dominated political thinking in American since 1933. And so it happens that in a little over a year since his unprecedented triumph, Mr. Roosevelt has failed to get any serious part of his legislative programme enacted into law, and a legislator has only to vote against an administration bill to acquire the stature of a new Cato—with the added advantage that the modern Cato is not defending any conquered cause.

How are we to account for this collapse of a political power that even a year ago seemed so deeply entrenched? The most acute of foreign observers of the American scene gave as a reason, when I put the question to him, that the American people were getting bored with the president, with his smile, with his voice; for six years he had been the whole show; now the nation, while it did not as yet want a change, did want a little relief. And, no doubt, after a series of humorous, dramatic and occasionally tragic monologues, the audience was ready for light relief, a ballet of senators or some Ritz or Marx Brothers stuff from the lower house. After all, even in modern America, the "Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days" are still on the job, and each day makes Mr. Roosevelt a more familiar figure and breeds—not contempt but boredom. So it has come about that a Congress, the vast majority of whose members owe a great

deal—and possibly a clear majority owe everything—to the Roosevelt magic, has revolted, has kicked out administration measures, has broken all the bonds of party discipline and, asked by the party leader to help him to carry out reforms of greater or less importance, has replied by saving the republic from the menace of dictatorship.

There is a sense in which President Roosevelt has been a dictator in the past; in the first "hundred days" of his administration he was a dictator in the old Roman sense, and his immense popularity and prestige ensured that, even when the first emergency had passed, the wishes of the President even if they had not the force of law, were soon given it by a loyal (or, as some said, subservient) Congress. But the recent scare over dictatorship has raised the issue in a newer and more fantastic form. It is not merely that Congress is not giving blanket powers over the social and economic life of the nation, but that measures of no profound importance are being fought and defeated as being the thin edge of a wedge—whose thick edge is no Roman institution, or if it is, one that recalls modern more than ancient Rome. It is not President Roosevelt, asserting in peace an authority which tradition if not law gives to a president in war time, that excites alarm. It is the menace of "fascism", the danger that Mr. Roosevelt or a successor will not be content to be the heir of Jefferson or Wilson, but will ape the manners and methods of Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin.

This terror of dictatorship, or rather of totalitarianism, is in many cases quite genuine. It was greatly stimulated by the attack on the Supreme Court last year and not soothed by the formal defeat of the president's proposal. Perhaps the realization that, even without the presidential reform, the Court could not be relied on to save or restore the good days and ways of Calvin Coolidge, prevented the victory of the opposition from being as consoling as might have been expected. However that may be, the alarm bell in the night which rang for the long weeks of the hearings before the Senate committee last Spring, has never ceased from its clamour. Many willing hands have grasped the rope, but if it is permissible to signal out any pair, the honour for the most vigorous and terrifying bell-playing must go to Miss Dorothy Thompson (Mrs. Sinclair Lewis).

Witness of the death of Weimar Germany, specialist "in the mortality of Republics," Miss Thompson has observed every act of the man in the White House from her conning-tower in the *New York Herald-Tribune*. The hosts of Midian in the form of potential storm troopers, OGPU agents, castor-oil squads have never ceased from prowling. No doubt, many of the readers of this persistent polemic enjoy it as in the ancient rhyme

"An' all us other children, when the supper things is done
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!"

Thanks to these and other warnings Congress is alive to the Goblin danger, and not one will be let across the threshold, even if he comes disguised as Senator Burke.

Many examples of this witch-fever could be given. But the most striking was the defeat of the re-organization bill. This measure did not seem, to the outsider, a Trojan horse from whose interior Goering or Vyshinsky was liable to pop out at any moment. The executive agencies of the federal government make a luxurious jungle of boards, agencies and commissions, some on their own, some responsible only to the president (if to him) or to Congress or to both. Some are lumped together under the nominal authority of great departments, notably under the Secretary of the Interior. Both for economy and efficiency it has long been evident that something *must* be done. Of course, "must" in this connection does not mean must; it only means highly desirable, and a year ago almost everybody agreed that it was highly desirable. A committee of academic and other experts had laboured on the scheme, the powers asked for would undoubtedly have been given with hardly a murmur in 1937—and were, in fact, nearly given to President Hoover at a time when his political authority had reached a far lower ebb than Mr. Roosevelt's has. Yet the bill, even after serious and, as some thought, emasculating amendment, was only narrowly passed in the Senate and was narrowly defeated in the House of Representatives—in a body in which the official opposition numbers less than a fourth of the membership! That the defeat

should have come in the lower house is itself of special significance, for all of that house has to face the electors in November of this year—and a majority was apparently willing to face it, having defeated an important administration proposal—and having in effect defeated it on the grounds of lack of confidence in the president. And the grounds of that want of confidence are in their turn significant; the officer whose request for authority to reorganize the executive departments of which he is the head was defeated is nominally the president, but the officer really defeated was one unknown to law, a "dictator."

It was amid cries of "dictatorship" and indignant rebuttals, affirming that Mr. Roosevelt was not and did not want to be a dictator, that the technical proposals about the nature of government audit or the proper authority to supervise federal educational activities were debated. Mr. Roosevelt himself took a hand and sent a letter disclaiming any dictatorial intentions. That the president should have done this was very odd, as an important editor pointed out to me, but it was no odder than the whole atmosphere of the debate. The comic side of the fight reached its height in the invasion of Washington by the "Paul Reveres" from Boston. The original Paul Revere (it will not be remembered) rode out from Boston to warn the embattled farmers in "every Middlesex village and farm" that the British were coming. Longfellow assures us that "the fate of a nation was riding that night", and it is possible that all the actors in this charade, and even many of the spectators, were convinced that it was riding in Washington this April, but the foreigner can only regard the panic as in itself a symptom of some serious disturbance of the public mind.

The fear of dictatorship has, of course, genuine roots. The dictatorships are profoundly unpopular in America. Messrs. Hitler and Mussolini have friends in high or opulent places as well as support from German-American and Italian-American groups, but the American Lord Londonderrys and Lord Lothians are politically impotent. A growing disgust with Europe, its men and methods, is affecting American judgment of what are called the "great western democracies", but if France and Britain are increasingly distrusted, it is because they are thought of as being more or less willing accomplices of the dictators. A

patriotic song bids the American "look over the sea, be happy you're in God's country," and goes on to boast that "We got no Mussolini, got no Mosley. We've got Popeye and Gipsy Rose Lee." The promotion of Sir Oswald to the rank of a symbol worthy of comparison with the Duce is undoubtedly due to the exigencies of rhyme, to the need imposed by the name of that much more attractive figure, Miss Lee, the great strip-tease artist. But if the average American is quite indifferent to the antics of our local *Führer*, he is acutely conscious of the antics of the great original. And he rejoices, to quote from the same song—that he lives in a land "where freedom's greater and every man is his own dictator". It is not without significance that these sentiments occur in a musical show called "Hooray for What?"—and the answer presumably is, "Hooray for That."

Can it seriously be maintained that Mr. Roosevelt is feared as a potential Hitler or that the anarchy of the administrative organization of the government is a safeguard of liberty? It cannot. But it can be maintained with a good deal of plausibility that the American government has been too much a one-man show in recent years and that the habit of looking to one man for relief in all ills is dangerous to the separation of powers, liberty under law and the other sacred principles of American institutional life, which have as hypnotic an effect on the American mind as "honour" has on the German. And the enemies of the President have taken advantage of this emotional set-up to thwart even harmless measures, in order that the office of president may be reduced to something like its normal proportions if not now, then when Mr. Roosevelt has left the White House.

The attitude of the regular party leaders should not be confused with the terrors of the alarmists who see in Mr. Roosevelt another Hitler. The local leaders of the Democratic party have to consider problems of party policy that will affect political life for many years to come. Mr. Roosevelt is in the public eye a far greater figure than any other in public life; this is fully realized by the Democrats, who have refused to follow every lead from the White House. But the party existed and acquired assets and liabilities long before Mr. Roosevelt

was born and, short of some revolutionary upheaval, will continue after he is dead. No one man can command all the party loyalty or all the party assets. After all, Mr. Roosevelt is not going to be president for ever, and if the party is exclusively his, what is going to happen to it when its owner retires? How is it going to be commanded; how is it going to fight elections, if all its programme has been summed up in the personal appeal of one man? True dictatorial *régimes* cannot avoid, sooner or later, the difficult task of finding successors to the God-given leaders, but as long as the leaders live, the problem of succession can be ignored or provided for in *sub rosa* ways. But in the United States the problem of succession is going to be acute in two years from now and the very fact that there is no one in public life with a tithe of the president's prestige makes the problem of a successor all the more pressing for it means that the new president cannot, in the nature of things, fill the public eye as Mr. Roosevelt does. The American people will have to get used to a political stage with more than one actor on it—and the time, some senators think, to accustom the public to the inevitable change is now.

There is, of course, an apparent solution that would postpone the necessity of deflating the presidency. Mr. Roosevelt might run again in 1940. But that solution is only apparent. For to affront the tradition that debars a president from a third term would be an even bolder assault on popular principles (or prejudices) than was the unsuccessful attack on the Supreme Court. If Mr. Roosevelt runs in 1940, the dictatorship cry will have a ring of earnestness and plausibility about it which it now lacks, and what real and permanent enemies Mr. Roosevelt has in his own party will have an issue on which they can fight him, with far more hope of success than they have at present. Mr. Roosevelt has not shown his hand; the possibility that he may run in 1940, if it accounts for some of the opposition that has developed in the past year, also has some disciplinary advantages. Party members in good standing who would like to wrest control of the party from the President wait for so good a chance, and there are, in addition, many persons who gloomily think that if Mr. Roosevelt wants the nomination in 1940 he will get it and will be elected. And few and bold are the spirits who are willin

in 1938 to quarrel beyond hope of reconciliation with a man who may still be in the White House in 1944!

But most people do not think that Mr. Roosevelt will run in 1940; they think he will be content to imitate his kinsman in 1908 and choose a successor. It is in the attitude of some regular Democrats to this possibility that the character of much of the opposition to the President is revealed. What many conservative or mildly liberal Democrats assert that they fear, and will oppose, is the forcing on the party of a presidential candidate who owes his whole political position to the president. If in these days of a rehabilitated George III, such a parallel can be asked, the professional politician in the eastern states will revolt against the imposition of a Lord Bute on him. They will take a George Grenville, that is to say a politician who has earned his place in the party by services to it and not merely to the Roosevelt administration. They would accept (if he were eligible) Senator Wagner of New York, but owing to the indiscretion of being born in Germany, Senator Wagner is not available. They will oppose as far as they dare (and if the situation permits they will in 1940 dare a lot) a King's friend like the Solicitor-General, Robert Jackson. They will oppose the intrinsically powerful Secretary of Agriculture, Harry Wallace, on the ground that he is a "Duce Democrat", one of the Republicans who saw the light in 1933. They will oppose for the same reason the combative Secretary of the Interior, Harold Ickes. They would probably welcome Secretary Hull if his age were not a handicap. But they are reconciled to accepting Mr. A. N. Other, that is to say, a leading Democrat who has not fought the administration, but is not suspected of being a mere "stooge" for Mr. Roosevelt. Where is he to be found? There, alas, is the trouble, for the personal pre-eminence of Mr. Roosevelt in the past six years has been fatal to the growth of lesser reputations. In a period when the President has been little short of God for millions and nothing short of the Devil for millions more, it is hard for Michael or Belial to get their names into the papers. And one advantage, from the long-sighted party man's point of view, in the recent congressional revolts, is that it has given a chance to politicians to emerge from the ruck, either as assailants or defenders of the

Administration. No very dramatic figures have as yet caught the public eye, but the screen test is still on, and a star is not usually made by one picture.

The dislike of a possible Crown Prince named by Mr. Roosevelt and being, at first, the mere political creature of his creator, is extended to many actual or potential "King's Friends." The President's son and secretary, Mr. James Roosevelt, is believed to be very ambitious politically, and his power is jealously regarded by capable persons who have not had the good fortune to be born into a dynasty. The dislike felt by many congressmen for some of the "brain-trusters" is often exaggerated in the press, but it exists all the same. Mr. Ogden Nash has told us, in practically deathless lines, what a

"Super-colossal ball of fire
Was Professor Van Rensselaer Cohen Maguire,"

but congressmen are seldom shrinking violets themselves and, however despicable they may be, do not like being despised too openly even by the brightest young men. Thus in the fight over the Tennessee Valley Authority, in addition to the complex problems of policy and law involved, there was added a good deal of congressional resentment at the high-handed way in which (so congressmen aver) all three rulers of the T.V.A. treated Congress. The triumvirs may not have agreed in anything else, but they were all of the opinion of the cabinet officer reported by Henry Adams that "a Congressman is a hog. You must take a stick and hit him on the snout". There is thus bound up with the congressional revolt against the president, personal and corporate *amour propre*, party interest and, of course, in many cases a genuine dislike of Mr. Roosevelt's programme, for many senators and congressmen were elected along with Mr. Roosevelt who shared very few of his views. And the very blankness of the cheque given in 1936 is an asset to the President's enemies as well as to his friends, for thanks to the separation of powers, both congress and the president have a legal and moral right to try to fill in the blank.

The British reader, used even in the days of 'National' government to the survival of an opposition party, may be surprised that so little attention has been paid to the Republicans in all these calculations. But little attention is paid to them,

not only by the Democrats, but by themselves. As William Allen White has been telling his fellow Republicans, the Grand Old Party has not accustomed itself to the rôle of an opposition, and there is no immediate sign that it is going to be a government. It is one of the paradoxes of the present situation that after a year of internecine war within the party in power, the nominal opposition seems little strengthened. It was good or, at any rate, necessary tactics to allow the dissident Democrats to oppose the president, but that has meant that the laurels of victory, the rewards given by public opinion to men who have deserved well of the Republic, have gone to Democrats, to Senators Wheeler and Burke, to Representative O'Connor. The Republican auxiliaries have been neglected; their votes and not their voices have been wanted. The last six years ought to have intimidated the most confident prophets, but if no more may be ventured than this, it may be asserted that no one knows whether the Republicans are dead or in a coma. Prophecy may be postponed until November when the voters will have given the prophets some material to work on.

In this analysis of the American situation nothing has yet been said of a force of more immediate interest even to the politicians than the impending elections, the "recession" or slump. To discover in 1938, nearly nine years after the great break of 1929, that the United States is not out of the slough is disconcerting enough. The Administration, hoping for six months that the recession of last Autumn would cure itself, has at last taken the field against the depression by a return to the programme of governmental spending that had been curtailed, partly in panic fear of a boom, partly in a spasm of financial orthodoxy. Yet no one has the old confidence in the "shot in the arm" theory, and as American troubles are largely due to a lack of confidence, the drug may not work because it is not believed in. Politically, Democratic politicians of all complexions are remembering the dire disasters that befall parties in power in bad times. And citizens in general, wondering about the economic future, have had any reviving faith in businessmen as the natural leaders of America shattered by the cumulative revelations of the Whitney case. The New York Stock Exchange should not personify American business or be personified by its ex-president, but the

public does not make fine distinctions and a good deal of skilful rehabilitation of business in the public eye has been wasted since a great symbolic figure of the old order was found out.

In such troubled times, it is not unnatural that there should be talk and more than talk of a "third party", and the La Follette brothers have duly taken the initiative. But it is too early yet to say what future the new party has, and, in all probability, its founders would agree that its future depends largely on what the Democrats do in 1940. If the party veers decisively to the right, then it will lose millions of voters who will be looking for a home. The Progressive party may provide it. But if the Democrats unite on a candidate of whom Mr. Roosevelt can sincerely approve and whom the middle-of-the-road Democrats will swallow, the left-wing voters will do as they did in 1936, vote for the strongest left candidate. And the split, if there is a split, will come from the right; more Democrats than risked it in 1936 will join the Republican remnant in an attempt to build up an opposition party that can carry the war into the enemy's camp, the South. That dream, which seemed in Mr. Hoover's year to be more than a dream, has visited many a bed this year. But the prospects at the moment are not bright. Mr. Roosevelt's candidate in Florida has been triumphant in the senatorial primary, and if, in addition to electing Mr. Pepper, the Roosevelt section in the South can defeat "Cotton Ed" Smith in South Carolina, the old comforting view that in the southern section of the Democracy lay the hope of the stern and unbending Tories will have to be abandoned. The more practically-minded southern statesmen will read the writing on the wall; the more rigid and doctrinaire will resist, but with little hope of success. A conservative party based on Virginia and Vermont is not going to get to first base as an alternative government. If the depression continues and deepens, there may be a great popular wave to right or left; if the economic tide turns, most questions will be postponed until the next crisis. And if Europe goes to war, the American nation will be emotionally and economically involved in ways that cannot now be predicted, but which are certain to have profound effects.

In the meantime, there is a danger that a permanent state of

that will be won in all by the partial drainage of the *Zuiderzee*. If all goes according to plan, the total area of the Netherlands will in some twenty-five years' time be enlarged by 7%, the arable area even by 10%. 300,000 people will find their livelihood on soil that was once sea-bottom.

The people who come to settle on the new polderland realize that they are working as pioneers—though they would never dream of saying so. Like the rest of their countrymen, they abhor high-sounding words. Questions are answered in a straightforward manner and with precision, not a word more or less than is necessary; that is their way of dealing with people—and one of the reasons for their dislike of Fascism.

I talked to many of them when I revisited the polder early in 1938. In hardly more than five years a busy community had gathered, farmers, farm-labourers, teachers, parsons, and priests, 3,500 people whose number was still increasing.

They had come from all parts of the Netherlands—from Groningen, Friesland, Drente, Holland, Zeeland, and Brabant. They were Roman Catholics, Hervormd Protestants, or Gereformeerd (Calvinists), or belonged to one of the sects which are as numerous in the Netherlands as the windmills. But they all had one thing in common—they were young. It took a long time to find anyone near forty. The "pastoor" (Catholic priest) smiled apologetically when he confessed that he was forty-seven. He had already been working on the polder when it had hardly been drained and felt reluctant to leave the heavy burden of growing responsibilities to someone less experienced.

The only person I heard grumbling was a farm-labourer of fifty, and he admitted himself that he was too old to be transplanted. The Government would never have let him settle here if it had not been for the sake of his eight children, especially his four oldest sons, farm-labourers like himself. At home, in Groningen, they had been unemployed for years. Since they had come to the *Wieringermeer* five years ago, only one of them had been temporarily laid off. When I asked the father how his sons and daughters felt about their new surroundings, he admitted reluctantly: "Oh yes, they are happy enough here." And there was envy in his voice.

On the whole it is the first year which proves difficult. Even

those used to the flatness of their home-provinces let their eyes pass longingly over the land and fasten them on a young birch or poplar, praying for its growth. After a year the newcomers begin to quiet down. The first crop is harvested, the cow has calved, confidence is growing, one cannot help beginning to take the long view. Laughing a little awkwardly, they point at a nearby shrubbery: "In a hundred years there'll be a wood over there!" Actually, the wood will be there much sooner, but they are less anxious now and do not mind adding a few decades.

The most difficult task is to make new friends. The choice is small. Men from Groningen remain first and foremost men from Groningen and do not get on with "outsiders." A Frisian will only confide in a Frisian. That has always been the case with them as with every true peasant—home ends at the village boundary. Even those who have emigrated to America will not form a Society of the Netherlands there, but a Frisian Club, or a *Vereeniging Brabant*.

Thus it happens that they all smile in a half embarrassed, half superior way when I ask them whether there is a "*Wieringermeer* consciousness," a new unity, growing from the mixture of people.

"But the children?"

"Ah, the children—that's a different matter!"

His sharp, lively eyes twinkled behind his pince-nez, and he turned round to the group of about twenty children who were just having their religious lesson.

"Which of you are Frisians?"

A number of hands flew into the air, and half a dozen long-stretched, fair-haired children grinned at us.

"Who is from Groningen?"

Three or four squat, dark-haired boys and girls got up here and there from among the others and looked at us with round, serious faces. The question seemed to have no more meaning to them than the one about their age, because the moment the priest turned to me again, they resumed their seats and began to whisper and giggle with their friends from Friesland, not knowing that that was exactly what the priest had wanted to demonstrate.

He noticed the admiration in my eyes when I looked at the interior of the church. Outside it had appeared gay and

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He noticed the admiration in my eyes when I looked at the interior of the church. Outside it had appeared gay and

pleasant with its white-washed brick walls, its red tiled roof spreading wide like the wings of a broody hen, its large green door and the dozens of clogs lined up beside it. One might almost have mistaken it for a farm-house if it had not been for the high windows and the cross on the end of the roof.

But here inside I saw at once that it was a place made for worship and quiet meditation. There was peace in the timbered ceiling and the earth-coloured walls, and an air of spaciousness not justified by the real size of the building.

"Your modern architects are great artists," I said to the priest. "They do marvels with a handful of bricks."

He smiled indulgently at the praise of an unbeliever and decided to stick to measurable facts.

"It cost only 11,000 guilders (about £1,200) to build," he said. "If you are interested in architecture, you ought to go and see the one at Sloodorp, too. Soon, I hope, we'll have a third one at Wieringerwerf. Then each of the polder villages will have its own church."

"Are you satisfied with your work here?"

His square-shouldered figure tightened, and he looked straight into my eyes.

"I started with a parish of two and have now to care for about 750 souls, and in the circumstances even that is only a beginning. They are all decent, quiet people and give me no trouble. Those who don't come to church regularly I could count on my ten fingers, and maybe I'd even have some fingers left. But if you'll excuse me now—the children are getting restless."

He took my hand firmly in his and then resumed his lesson, absorbed in it at once and apparently forgetting me even before I had left. From the doorstep I could see the whole of Middenmeer, a row of simple, one-storied buildings following the line of the road. It was a grey windy day with the sun looking down from time to time through the ceiling of clouds, breaking its promise instantaneously by retiring again. A feeling crept over me as if I had been deposited halfway between infinity and nowhere. However much I were paid, I thought, I could not live here, at least not in winter, with that eternal wind brushing earth and sky, sweeping along the dust, depressing image of evanescence.

I turned right and walked towards the drawbridge which held a patch of grey land and grey sky between its grey iron arms, and I followed the canal until I found myself in front of another church. This time it was the Protestant Hervormd one. Like everything else in the Wieringermeer, it was built of bricks with a slender spire that in these flat surroundings appeared very high. A side door was open, and I walked in. For a moment I could not see my way about in the little hall and listened to the mumbling of voices that came from behind a door on the left. Suddenly it opened, and a young man came out into the hall.

"I should like to see the *dominee* (minister)," I said to him. My eyes were getting used to the dim light, and I saw that he was about twenty-six or seven. He was wearing a slightly thread-bare dark suit and a dark tie, and his feet stuck in the heavy boots of a peasant.

"I am the *dominee*. What can I do for you?"

I must have looked rather surprised because he began to laugh. He had only been in Middenmeer for a year and had come here partly because work on the polder tempted him, partly because the appointment had enabled him to marry. He had grown up not far away on the "old land," in North Holland. There was another Hervormd *dominee* working with him who was even a year younger. They got on well together.

I asked him the same questions as the priest, and his answers were the same. With one exception: there were sixty Hervormd souls in Middenmeer, and only about thirty of them came to church on Sundays. Things were better in Sloodorp and Wieringerwerf though they were part of the same parish. The reasons? Psychological, he said and shrugged his shoulders.

He showed me the church, as beautiful in its simplicity as the Roman Catholic one, its bareness not depressing as that of the large *kerks* in Dutch towns, and then led me into his class room where the children had made use of his absence to play the harmonium. Laughing excitedly, they rushed back to their seats. Well-fed and well-dressed, they were bubbling over with life. He seemed on excellent terms with them because they were not in the least frightened.

I could not help wondering at this young clergyman. He was so different from the Dutchman whom we meet in the

company of John Bull and Marianne—that fair stocky man with the red cheeks and the thick neck who walks with the sailor's rolling gait and yet possesses all the characteristics of a *petit bourgeois* landlubber. In his appearance he was the perfect embodiment of the Nordic type—tall and slender, with a long finely shaped head, a straight nose, shining yellow hair, and the penetrating blue eyes of someone who was used to looking far into space. It was easier to imagine him at the helm of a ship than preaching from a pulpit. When I told him so, he laughed again, boyish and open-hearted.

"Well, my father and three elder brothers are all sailors, so perhaps it's in our blood. But believe me, I'm happier here."

He looked it. There was a simple strength flowing from him that convinced more than words, an open-mindedness that seemed able to see the essential, modesty that did not notice hardship, and a sense of humour that laughed at human weakness. And with all that he was more Dutch than the caricature which we have grown to accept as typical.

I did not go to see the third church at Middenmeer—the difference between Hervormd and Gereformerd Protestants is important enough to the Dutch to ask for separate churches even in a village—nor at the other four or five at Slootdorp and Wieringerwerf. Instead I went to visit some of the farms. The polder with its 45,000 acres will eventually provide a livelihood for some 18,000 people. So far only 200 farms have been handed over for cultivation. By 1941 the number will be doubled. The increase is gradual because the soil has to be prepared until the farmer need fear no risk; farm-houses, barns, bridges have to be built, sewage and water-pipes must be laid, and so on. All this work is carried out by the Government, which remains owner of the land and the buildings, and only lets them out on lease.

The farms vary in size between 20 and 100 acres; only a few are as big as 200. According to the quality of the soil the tenants are either specialising on dairy or cereal farming, but there is also a great deal of mixed farming. The lease runs for periods of six years. In 1937 alone the Directie van den Wieringermeer, a State company running the polder, received 720 applications for 57 farms ready to be handed over. The

soil in the polder is fertile, crops have been excellent, the farms are easy to run, the houses offer every modern convenience, and the rent is reasonable—62 guilders (about £6 10s.) per acre during the first two years, 100 guilders during the third and fourth, 135 for each of the following years of tenure. These rents move on a sliding scale with the prices of agricultural products so that the farmer is protected in years of crisis.

To qualify for a farm in the polder, the farmer must possess a minimum capital of 750 guilders per acre, have attended an agricultural class in a Government school, prove to the examiner of the Wieringermeer Directie his experience in farming, be young and energetic, and have the moral qualifications required in the circumstances. The majority are younger sons of farmers in other parts of the country.

The first farm I visited was a dairy farm near Slootdorp. The white-washed walls of the large farm-house and the bright green doors were welcome patches of colour in the drab surroundings. Under one thatched roof were sheltered house and stable, cow-shed and barn. The farmer who answered my knock, a young man in the late twenties, was neither in looks nor in manner recognizable as a countryman. He wore a dark suit and tie like the *dominee*, and when he introduced me to his wife, I was beginning to wonder whether I had made a mistake, because it was quite obvious that this handsome well-dressed girl had never been near a cow in all her life. Later I learnt that the farmers' wives in the polder did no work beyond looking after their house and children, and that as a rule they even had a *dagmeid* (daily maid) to help them.

The farmer showed me the house whilst his wife went on cooking the midday meal in the large kitchen which served also as main living room. Curtains could be drawn to hide the hearth. They were cooking with natural gas, though there was also electricity in the house. Two men were busy fixing a wireless, and in the adjoining parlour stood a piano.

"Not paid for yet," the farmer explained when he saw me looking at it.

On the other side of the hall were a large scullery and a w.c., and upstairs three bedrooms with fixed basins and running water. Furniture, carpets, pictures on the wall were all new

and modern. Well-to-do suburbia could not live more comfortably.

"Nobody will believe me when I tell them that an ordinary Dutch farmer lives like this," I told him. "Are you sure you are not the owner of a large estate?"

"Owner of debts," he said, his dark eyes laughing in his lean face.

"Well, as long as you can laugh at them . . ."

In the afternoon I was invited to look over another farm, one of the oldest and largest in the polder with its 180 acres. The farmer grew chiefly wheat, oats, peas, and sugar-beets and was full of praise for the excellence of the soil. He was a Groningen man in his early thirties and had spent a year or two in Canada so that he knew a little English. When he showed me a large rope-tractor, his eyes lit up. He had spent 10,000 guilders, more than 1,000 pounds, on his machinery chiefly of American origin. Proudly he pointed at the wheels of various vehicles all fitted with pneumatic tyres. They had proved of great advantage all over the polder.

This farmer was a much simpler man. He seemed more settled—as if his farm was a big enough world for him, whilst the other had apparently not forgotten that Alkmaar, the nearest little town, was about twenty-five miles away. Or was it his wife who could not forget? She was a member of a women's club—there were various existing in the polder, and she belonged to the most progressive of them, but meetings were few and far between, and there was little else to amuse her. The men had at least the Middenmeer inn where they could get a drink and play a game of billiards in the evenings.

When I asked how the young people spent their evenings, especially in winter, I was taken to the school at Middenmeer to see for myself. There, on the benches of the upper form, I found two dozen young men with their eyes glued on the teacher hardly older than themselves who was just writing on the blackboard: "CHOTKLNI."

"What are they doing?" I asked. We were standing in the hall and looking at them through a pane of glass in the wall.

"Go in and listen!"

"But can I?"

"Of course! We have permission from the Wieringermeer Directie, and that is the magic word here."

So we walked in and sat down in a corner and listened. It was certainly amazing enough. These farmers' sons and farm-labourers, young men between 16 and 20 and a few older ones, were being taught agricultural chemistry. At the moment they were halting at the composition of plants, and formula after formula appeared on the blackboard. They were not confused by them, as their answers to the teacher's questions and their own demonstrations on the blackboard showed clearly enough. Yet they looked like any ordinary young farm-hands—with thick hair, clumsy noses, heavy hands, with foreheads a bit too narrow and necks a bit too short. For an hour and a half they sat there in the brightly-lit modern school room, their brains working incessantly and only the youngest ones showing signs of fatigue.

At half-past-eight the bell rang for a short interval, and after that they settled down again for an hour and a half to a general knowledge class. The teacher saw no reason for my surprise. No farmer could afford nowadays to be stupid. These boys came voluntarily all through the winter three nights a week to continue their education and never missed a lesson. The girls were similarly instructed.

Maybe some of these young people will one day set out again to form the nucleus of a new polder population where today fishermen are still throwing their nets. Sea will be turned into land as long as Netherlanders are alive. If the task is great, so is the strength and ingenuity of man. That was the conviction with which I left the polder.

"BIRTH-CONTROL BARRACKS."

BY A. TRYSTAN EDWARDS

DURING recent months eminent statisticians have been making the alarming prophecy that if certain present tendencies are allowed to proceed unchecked, within the next fifty years the population of Great Britain will show a serious decline. In some quarters it has even been estimated that this decline, unless it is accompanied by a proportionate decrease in the population of the other Great Powers, will make it quite impossible for this country to continue to hold its present outstanding position in the world. This apparent lack of fertility in human beings has been manifested to a certain extent in all the nations of Europe except Russia, but it is notorious that in the authoritarian States, at least, strenuous measures are now being adopted with the object of increasing the birth-rate. There is evidence to show that in Germany these measures have already met with considerable success.

Much has been written concerning the various causes of this sterility, but in the present argument it is proposed to devote special attention to the extent to which improper methods of housing may tend to discourage parents from having children. It is not contended for a moment that this is the only cause, for there are manifestly others, such as insufficient income, and undue pursuit of luxury or pleasure, or a lack of faith in the prospects of children born to a world destined to suffer the horrors of war. It is for statesmen and moralists to remove these causes of sterility in so far as they can be proved to exist, but there is one much more obvious circumstance which contributes to a decline in population than any of those just mentioned, and that is an actual lack of house room in which to put the babies, if and when they are born, and a lack of the most necessary comforts and conveniences which a well-designed home can contribute towards the raising of a family. This factor is

to a greater extent under our immediate control than any of the others to which the decline in population may be attributed.

It is here contended that what is now called "housing reform" often results in conditions seriously inimical to family life and that fewer babies per household are going to be born in the new dwellings than were born in the old. In fact, one may confidently predict that the pessimists who foresee the decline of Britain to a fifth-rate Power within fifty years have been guilty of an under-statement. Had they given adequate consideration to the effect of the activities of our housing "experts," they would perhaps have assessed the period at twenty-five years.

It has hitherto been considered that there are only three possible methods of tackling the slum problem. The first is to re-house the slum-dwellers in tenement blocks at densities varying from 40 to 70 to the acre in the built-up areas of existing towns. The second is to re-house them in suburban estates in houses at a maximum density of 12 to the acre. The third method is to re-house a certain proportion of slum dwellers in new towns. While the last may be an admirable solution it is, of course, not *immediately* practicable. Consequently the housing experts of the two dominant persuasions are thrown back upon the first two methods. There is yet another solution, namely, that of re-housing slum-dwellers in self-contained cottages at comparable densities per acre to that of the tenements. This solution is at the present moment forbidden by law, because it has been decreed that self-contained cottages at a density higher than 12 to the acre may not be erected anywhere.

Now let us consider the possible effects of these various methods of housing upon the rate of increase or decrease in the population. The case of the tenements may suitably be taken first. In order that no injustice may be done to those who are now carrying out the policy of building tenements, let me quote from an authorized statement giving the proportion of dwelling of various types of accommodation in tenement blocks recently erected in the London area. In the Lorraine Estate, situated in the Metropolitan Borough of Islington, six blocks of flats each five storeys high provide 321 dwellings of which 41 are of two rooms only, 168 of three rooms, 102 of four rooms and 10 of five rooms. It is noteworthy that more than half of these

tenements have not more than two bedrooms besides the sitting-room. In many other instances which could be cited the proportionate numbers of various-sized tenements is similar to those here indicated. In this connection it may be of interest if I quote a statement derived from a volume entitled "Slum Clearance and Re-housing" which was issued in 1934 by a body which described itself as the Council for Research on Housing Reconstruction. This volume is devoted to the advocacy of tenement building. After an analysis of the percentage distribution of family sizes it concludes that as a general average in every 100 tenements it would be desirable to have five of one room, 10 to 15 of two rooms, 50 of three rooms, 25 to 30 four rooms and 5 of five rooms.

What kind of families are supposed to occupy these small dwellings? Obviously a large proportion of them will be young married couples with one child. An examination of the plans recommended by the Council of Housing Research shows that the second bedroom is large enough to accommodate only one bed. So, obviously, these young married couples with one child are not being encouraged by housing authorities to increase their families. It may be assumed, however, that a baby could be accommodated in the parent's bedroom while an older child might be in the single bedroom. When these children grew up the parents would have to go house hunting again, but they would not find it easy to obtain accommodation because the housing authorities have a programme of building which assumes that their families are static. Let us suppose for the sake of argument that this second bedroom were capable of containing two beds, although as a matter of fact an examination of numerous plans of three room tenements erected by Local Authorities proves that it is very seldom the case. Let us suppose also that the parents have one child and have a laudable desire to increase their family. If this first child is a boy, and the second child is a girl, the law relating to overcrowding very properly forbids their occupying the same bedroom after one or other of them has attained the age of ten years. Now, after a first child is born, the chance that a second child will be of the opposite sex to the first one is approximately one half; therefore

50% of those families could not remain in their dwellings after one of their children has reached the age of ten years. Surely this circumstance is a very grave deterrent to the procreation of children. It looks as if in the name of housing reform we are causing a decrease in our population comparable to that which might result from a great war or a devastating plague. The danger does not seem to be exaggerated when we bear in mind the fact that the London County Council has the firm intention to rebuild almost the whole of the East End of London in tenement blocks, or, as they are universally described by the residents of that locality, "birth-control barracks."

It may be of interest if we examine the type of house put up in hundreds of thousands by the speculative builder at a period when the population was increasing by leaps and bounds. The reader will not require to be told what manner of housing this was. It consisted of rows and rows of little cottages, each with a small parlour in front, a kitchen, living room at the back with a scullery jutting out and providing a not unwelcome screen to the back-yard. On the first floor there were never less than three bedrooms and frequently four. We are not here concerned with the architectural design of these streets, which left much to be desired, but at least the essential conditions of family life were provided there. Moreover, the arrangement was very flexible, inasmuch as if in any instance the family of the householder was a small one he was at liberty to take in one or more lodgers. The system worked admirably; when the family grew the lodgers were turned out and found accommodation elsewhere. But the main point was that the structure of the house always allowed for a family of at least three children.

It is highly questionable whether the sub-divisions of families which are now being catered for in the two and the one-room tenements would not really be more happy and comfortable if they were sub-tenants in a house where possibly certain services could be provided for them, and where they could have essential accommodation far more cheaply than in the tenements. There is quite a large section of people who are not prepared to do their own housework and who are content to have the status of lodgers. Among these will be found widowers, widows in daily employment, single men and single women, elderly

couples drawing the old-age pension who could not possibly afford to rent a two-roomed or even a one-roomed tenement, and young couples who start their married life in the home of one or other of their parents. This is often of great convenience to the parties concerned, and if the population is to be maintained at its present level there is a great deal to be said for encouraging early marriages, even if the young people are not immediately able to rent their own home. In the same category will be found numerous women whose husbands have occupations which necessitate their being away from home most of the year. It is almost the universal practice that the young wives of soldiers and sailors reside with their parents-in-law.

This practice of designing large numbers of dwellings with only two bedrooms has extended even to the new suburban housing estates. At Becontree, for instance, out of 25,000 new cottages nearly 9,000 have only two bedrooms. Housing policy appears to be determined by quite unimaginative statisticians who try to solve their problem by providing accommodation for all the families or sub-divisions of families on the assumption that the numbers in each unit are *static*. But that is not the case. Moreover, the policy of planning vast numbers of one, two and three-roomed tenements greatly adds to the cost of re-housing because it means that instead of providing expensive kitchen and bathroom equipment on the average for every five persons, it is provided for every 3 persons. It is argued in certain quarters that the much more economical method of allowing the great majority of single people and very small family units to find their accommodation as lodgers in three or four-bedroomed houses is rejected by our housing experts because of their strong desire to *control* the lives of the wage-earners in every detail. In most of the new housing estates lodgers are not allowed.

Enough has here been said to prove that modern dwellings provided for the benefit of the wage-earners, in a large proportion of cases, by their very structure, which expresses a severe limitation of space, compel people to limit their families. But there are other factors in the new dwellings, which also act as a deterrent to the procreation of children. The difficulties of bringing up a family in a tenement block are well known. The

following statement from one of the tenants on the fourth floor of a new block of tenements erected by a Housing Society may be of interest in this connection. He says:

"I have not been given what I can regard as a proper home for a family man. It is asking too much of my wife to make her go up and down so many stairs for every little thing that she needs. When she wants to take the baby out she has first to carry the pillows down to the pram shed, so it means a second journey upstairs to fetch the baby. Often she does not feel up to it, so both mother and baby go without their outing. There is a small yard in which my older children can play, but if they make the least noise the caretaker chucks them out. No ball games are allowed."

It is fairly clear that even if this man had four or five bedrooms at his disposal he would not have any more children. Those that he had were born before he came to the tenement block. Unfortunately neither the Census nor the Registrar General's Statistical Review gives information in such a form that we could compare the birth-rate in tenement blocks with that in self-contained cottages.

Of course, the excuse for "building high" is that a large proportion of the slum-dwellers must be re-housed near their work, and as the cost of land is £10,000 an acre or more and it is now not permitted by law to erect more than twelve cottages to the acre, the only alternative is to build tenements. Thus, self-contained cottages could not be regarded as a practical alternative unless they could be designed at such high density that they would provide accommodation for the same number of people per acre as do the tenements. Whether or not this is possible is a matter not of opinion but of fact. An examination of recent reports giving details of proposed schemes of tenement building by the London County Council and by Metropolitan Boroughs shows that it was not of uncommon occurrence a few years ago for tenements to be planned at a density of as much as 70 to the acre. Nowadays an attempt has been made to limit the density to 50 to the acre and in some recent instances we even find that it is between 40 and 45. It would therefore be quite fair to say that if self-contained cottages could be planned so that they provide accommodation for the same number of people as do tenements at 50 to the acre and if, furthermore, it could be proved that these same cottages satisfied a high hygienic standard with regard to accommodation and sunlight in the rooms, then the case for a change in the

present housing policy of building tenements would be irrefutable.

In order, however, to design cottages of accommodation equivalent to that provided in 50 tenements per acre it is by no means necessary to plan self-contained cottages at as high a density, for the simple reason that the cottages, none of which would have less than three bedrooms, would be considerably bigger than the tenements. It has been ascertained that the average number of persons per tenement is 3.65, the average number of rooms is 3.1 and the average floor area is only 580 sq. ft. It may be noted that in the volume issued by the Council for Research on Housing Construction, to which reference has already been made, the sizes for the rooms in tenements are given as sitting-room 150 sq. ft., first bedroom 125 sq. ft., other bedrooms 95 and 65 sq. ft. Considerable research on this subject of a comparison between tenements and high density cottages was undertaken by the Ex-Servicemen's Group of the Hundred New Towns Association, which held an exhibition at the Housing Centre in 1936. At this exhibition, which was opened by the President of the British Legion, a large number of drawings were shown exemplifying types of housing which would be acceptable to slum-dwellers themselves. One of these drawings was of a lay-out of ten acres at 30 houses to the acre. Of the 300 houses there shown 174 were four-roomed, 62 were five-roomed, 12 were six-roomed and 52 were seven-roomed. The number of people accommodated per house would be 5.87 and the average area of the houses 1,060 square feet. A simple calculation reveals that on the average 30 of such houses provide accommodation equivalent to that of 50 tenements. Moreover, the lay-out included a central open space of an acre and a quarter, and the occupants of the houses would not only have immediate access to the playgrounds but exclusive to each dwelling, on the average, a private garden or yard of 250 sq. ft., a roof garden of 125 sq. ft. and balconies of area 75 sq. ft., that is to say, a total of 450 sq. ft. open air space for their private and exclusive use. In the tenements the "balconies for babies" often on the third, fourth, fifth and sixth floors are seldom as much as 10 sq. ft.

The final consideration to which the foregoing arguments

must lead is, of course, the amendment of the existing Building Bye Laws and Model Clauses which determine the maximum permissible housing density. The slum-dwellers consulted by the Ex-Servicemen's Group of the Hundred New Towns Association appear to favour a complete veto of tenements provided that a practical alternative can be found. In proposing such an alternative it is not intended to lower the present standard of housing, but, on the contrary, to raise it by insisting upon a considerably higher minimum standard of accommodation than is now enforced or accepted by Local Authorities. The following conditions for family life were considered essential :

1. Every house should have its principal living room on the ground floor and there should be a private backyard or garden of not less than 150 sq. ft. and in addition a street playground or other recreational space for the children immediately accessible from the dwelling.
2. No house for family occupation to be of less than four rooms, the minimum dimensions of which to be sitting room 180 sq. ft., bedrooms 150, 120 and 80 sq. ft. Bathroom and water closet to be separate and space in the hall to be provided for the perambulator and separate access from the hall and staircase for all the rooms.

The conclusions here arrived at, although they may be supported by reason, will alter nothing unless they are also upheld by those who have power to implement their judgments. Hitherto these important matters of housing density have been decided by "expert" advisers to the Government or to Local Authorities, who have not entered into consultation with the slum-dwellers themselves. Perhaps the excuse for this omission was that the wage-earners who were to be rehoused lacked an appropriate organ for the expression of their opinions upon this matter which concerns them so closely. Therefore, we await the formation of a body of wage-earners, organized on a non-party basis, who will insist that no project of rehousing for their benefit can take place without taking into account their own well-founded opinions on the subject. Such a development may be considered an inevitable and not unwelcome extension of the processes of democratic governance. There is one judgment in which, it may confidently be predicted, the representatives of the slum-dwellers will agree. It will be expressed in the slogan : "No More Tenements."

CUISINE INTERNATIONALE

A Sketch

BY DORA BIRTLES

MY half-sister Isolde has a vigorous personality. Never before has she stayed with us for more than a day at a time, just long enough for her to say "How do you do?" between rapid transits from one to another of the smaller European capitals she frequents. When, like a brightly coloured woman-bird of mythology, she spread operative wings over our sleepy little town of Wootton-under-Stoke, it became an adventure for everybody, particularly for Jennifer, my wife.

"Darling," Jenny whispered the night we had the first cable heralding Isolde's approach—altogether there were ten cables and telegrams, Isolde always acts the impresario to herself—"Darling, please always call me Jennifer in front of Isolde."

"Why? What is wrong with Jenny?"

"It's so drab. So maidservantish. So poor, in-the-kitchen, commonplace Mrs. Jenny Wren;" She curled herself up under my arm like a squirrel, a very attractive squirrel. "Listen", I said.

Jennifer—Isolde. The names reveal the women. Jennifer is small, practical domestic, sweet-flowering from a vicarage garden. Her life story is as conventionally cut to pattern as a daisy, her mind fastened firmly round certain fundamentally sound ideas, only occasionally does her soul fall into sudden air-pockets of inferiority.

Isolde on the other hand is large, voluptuous in the bosomy, "fine figure of a woman" sense and has an exotic history and a background perpetually quivering with the brasses and strings of a full Wagnerian orchestra. She has been everywhere and done everything. Psychology, politics, winter sports and

cookery. She can tell you in a moment the best cake¹ shop in Cracow or where to have your boots made in Budapest. To her friends she brings good luck, and when she appears on any scene something exciting usually happens. She is good-tempered, downright and insufferably domineering, a benevolent despot to her acquaintances. But when those who have suffered under her have finished enumerating the long list of her exasperating faults they invariably end up, "She has a good heart". Isolde talks socialism but retains a feudal manner towards any who serve her. Once I watched her subjugate an entire Austrian village.

She had hired an inferior Tyrolese *Schloss* for the season and took it for granted that the village went with the lease of the *Schloss*. As a lawyer I could not make her understand that it did not; as a relative I shared her prestige. "*Graf*" they called me. The fishing corporation of the little *See*, the cheese factory, the flower and fruit growers all offered her their first-fruits regardless of recompense. At the local miracle play she had the best seats without paying for them, and after the show the Devil presented her with a bouquet! When the time came for my departure, Isolde, I and the *Schloss* gardener, with the *Schloss* barrow piled high with my luggage, arrived at the station ten minutes after the train had left. The porter, the barrowman, Isolde and the ticket collector were overwhelmed at the calamity. There was not another train that day. Then the station master, be-braided, came out of his office and apologized. "Had the *Gräfin* only telephoned, he said, quite naturally, "we should have kept the train till she came."

"How stupid of me," said Isolde just as naturally, "I should have thought of that."

A number of gentlemanly foreigners have offered her romance—and the more impecunious wedding rings as well . . . I have been called in to avert at least five such alliances, but I cannot count the multitude of impractical business schemes from which I have also saved her. Isolde's financial vagaries would fill volumes.

Her mother, my father's first wife, was half Russian, half Norwegian and after her death on my father's re-marriage, Isolde, aged two and a half, had been brought up in Berlin by

her Norwegian grandmother and was subsequently taken to Moscow by her maternal grandpapa. My father, who, I must say, took his paternal duties perfunctorily, made one stipulation, that she be taught English, but when at the age of eighteen she came to live with us in England she was linguistically, as well as emotionally, bewildered. In all languages she felt herself a step-daughter. She was never at home in England and when she came in for her modest inheritance went to Vienna.

When I had explained all this, Jenny was stirred. She thought Isolde had been sadly treated by life; she wanted to lavish on her all the sisterly and family affection of which she had been so long deprived; she wanted to wrap round her her own warm Vicarage childhood and make her, at last, feel at home in England.

Isolde finally arrived at 2 a.m., furred, effusive and frolicsome with gifts hanging all over her. Jenny was positively pulsating with welcome, there was rejoicing enough for a prodigal, but as we were at last retiring for what was left of the night, Jenny made an innocent remark, a comment that in itself showed the beginnings of a new era. "Do you know", she said, "all Isolde takes for breakfast is a glass of very hot tea with a spoonful of jam in it! Jam! When I asked her what kind of jam she said any kind and suggested quince, peach, melon . . . I haven't any of those kinds in the larder. What shall I do?"

"Give her plum," I said, and added, "It's a Russian habit to take jam in one's tea."

"She's frightfully continental, isn't she?" remarked Jenny, pushing the pillow into shape under her head. "I wonder what Wootton-under-Stoke will think of her."

* * * * *

Wootton-under-Stoke talked of nothing but Isolde for a fortnight and then, fortunately, dissension arose in the committee for the Horticultural Show and Pyrotechnical Society (affiliated bodies), and public attention took only side glances at the German training suit in which Isolde lounged about in between sun-bathing, the Austrian *Dirndl* she wore to a garden party and the Labrador dog, big as a foal that she had brought with her from Norway. It is still a mystery to me how Isolde procured

the necessary documents to release the lumbering creature from quarantine.

Left to herself Jenny is a good and intuitive housewife, but now she trotted round the house putting into execution the thousand and one hints on housekeeping that Isolde kept on vouchsafing, how rice should be cooked, carnations staked up and sunflower seeds saved for a parrot we might never buy. Emphatically a domestic dictator.

"Her continental tradition, maybe," observed Jenny who was, in the new scheme of things, acquiring the art of irony. She had, under Isolde's personal direction, spoiled two lots of summer preserves, unsuccessfully dyed her newest evening dress and changed her style of hairdressing to a mode I detest. She had also ruined for ever the set of our drawing-room loose covers. "Or perhaps," she added ruminatively, "the absence of love in her childhood." She cast me a withering look for my father's sins of affectionate omission. She had begun to catch on to Isolde's Freudian jargon while I had begun to understand why none of the fair fleshy Tristrams of Isolde's past had ever ventured out of the garden love scene into the cathedral set for a wedding.

I was glad it was term time and our two boys away at school. Unquestionably they would have written down their aunt as a know-all and made loud and offensive noises at the menus. All their favourites, lemon batter pudding, chocolate mousse (they called it "mouse") gooseberry fool, custard tarts, ginger sundae and Queen of Hearts cookies were banished from the board. Aunt Isolde disapproved of the whole genus of English puddings. Instead of them we ate cheeses, salads and apples, pears and plums distressingly *au naturel*. Isolde was a connoisseur of cheeses; soon there were sixteen different kinds in the house, and the most fabulous of them came from Iceland! It was brown, soft and highly reminiscent of the long-horned sheep.

Our two maids and the kitchen help had faces as long as fiddles. "Let them take their holidays," Isolde bade Jenny, "then I'll be able to initiate you into a really international cuisine. I'm just in the mood to play at hausfrau."

So the maids went off. A woman came in to sweep and wash up, and Isolde made us full members of a culinary League of

Nations, and we dined in a different national home each evening. Sukiyaki, borsch, pilaffi, yaprakia, goulasch, nasigoring, snitchel.

Presently there were complications. Isolde has a lavish hand. Our large refrigerator, pride of Jenny's housewifely heart, was choked with a rainbow of the smaller left-overs; there was a mountain of cold pilaffi under silver cover and the copper in the laundry was full of borsch. "I think," said Jenny, "I'd better send all the things to the laundry this week, it looks as if it will be some time before the copper is free. . . . Is there anything you wouldn't mind being boiled the colour of beetroot, John?" "Isolde," I said. Unasked I doubled the housekeeping money. It was the least I could do.

That evening we had *bouillabaisse*, which is authentically a Provençal fish soup. Thackeray wrote a poem about it. Isolde knew the poem and recited it. She did not however comprehend that it was a humorous piece . . . The soup was a magnificent concoction. I was under the obligation of having three helpings of it. Afterwards we were all convinced that we had been eating on the grand scale. . . . there were several large tureens of *bouillabaisse* still remaining. . . . Isolde proposed that the following night we should consume goose, roasted and stuffed with chestnuts, and apricots in the Swedish style and for the dessert *yaourt*, a Bulgarian dish of soured cream that takes fourteen hours of careful temperature to prepare.

"Don't you think," suggested Jenny, "We could leave it till another day?"

"But the goose is ordered," answered Isolde and opened her large wide dark Russian eyes in expostulatory surprise. "I thought you'd like to learn how a goose is done in Sweden. I spent a whole winter once in Sweden, and their Christmas food. . . Ah!" She fluttered her eyelids at the recollection of the cooking genius of the Swedes. "It's a revelation. A positive education." It was obvious that Jenny's goose was to be cooked.

"There are so many things," said Jenny desperate, "already left over in the larder. We oughtn't to waste them."

Isolde had an inspiration. "Couldn't we have a dinner party and get your friends to eat things up?" She waved an eloquent

spoon in the general direction of the copper of borsch, the mountain of pilaffi, the soup tureens of *bouillabaisse*.

This was precisely what Jenny had been afraid of. "Wootton-under-Stoke is not used to eating this kind of food," she murmured.

"Then they'll be delighted," announced Isolde triumphantly, "to have the opportunity of tasting it."

* * * * *

She was right. Conversationally and gastronomically the meal—it was called a Balkan Dinner—was a huge success. After it our seven guests, the Rector and his wife, Col. Dashard and his lady, Dr. and Mrs. Morgan Pettars and Jim Sayers, bachelor, leaned back in their chairs like a litter of replete puppies. "It must have taken you more than a week to prepare" said Mrs. Morgan Pettars with not a thought of being, literally, correct. Jenny had the grace to blush. She was bathed in a confusion of guilty knowledge. Isolde stepped into the breach. "The most difficult thing in this part of the country is to obtain some of the necessary ingredients. Do you know . . ." She was well launched in anecdote. Jenny stepped over to me and asked, urgently, "Do you think anybody noticed signs of *age* or *wear* in the food? Do you think they'll go down with a special Balkan stomach-ache *before* they get home?"

* * * * *

Isolde's menu had been a double-starred success, but rebellion had at last stirred in Jenny. Curiously enough it was not over a question of food. "You know those two queer flat necklaces Isolde sent me three Christmasses ago?" Jenny asked. "Well, out of compliment to her I put them on to-night. You *do* know them. They are both exactly the same length, and I have never been able to get either of them to lie inside or outside the other, though they are evidently made to be worn together. I told her about it this evening, in front of Mrs. Dashard, the Rector's wife, and Mrs. Morgan Pettars, and she laughed like anything, and said, "Over your shoulders, my dear." They are not necklaces at all but shoulder-straps. You hook your lingerie and dress up on them by little loops." . . . Imagine! And I have been wearing them as a necklace all these years!" The laugh was indeed against Jenny. Mrs. Morgan Pettars

would make the most of the anecdote at all our neighbourly bridge teas. I could imagine Isolde flinging back her head and laughing her throaty, cat-happy purr, "You have been wearing a pair of dress straps as necklaces!"

* * * *

Then there was Jim Sayers, Jenny's weak spot. For years Jim had sported the open secret of a hopeless passion for Jenny who had worn the tribute like a crimson carnation in the buttonhole of her sentimental life. Isolde, according to Jenny, had offended Jim.

This surprised me, for Jim was in the line of Isolde's Tristram types. Tall, fair, fleshy, with a sensuous mouth, he might have been an English copy of a certain Herr Doktor Pf.... "How do you mean, offended Jim?" I demanded.

"She found out," said Jenny, "that he was the only son of a widowed mother and jumped to the conclusion that that was why he had never married."

Next day Isolde asked me a few straight questions about Jim. "How old is he?"

"About thirty eight," I replied. Isolde I knew was thirty-four.

"Is his job worth while?"

"Comfortable enough."

"Pity he has friend Oedipus in his make-up." She said it very casually as if dismissing Jim Sayers for ever. It always amazes me that women can take the risk of an action for slander every day of their lives. I thought her continental frankness a trifle brutal, but her judgment amused me, I had always suspected Jim of having worn a blue-ribboned bow throughout his boyhood.

* * * *

The fame of our Balkan dinner reached the ears of the Dowager Duchess, irreverently called the D.D., who queened it over the elderly section of County society. When Jenny, the Rector's wife, and Isolde called on the D.D. she asked Isolde to arrange "A Middle-Europe menu for a political repast I am giving." The D.D. was a devotee of an International Peace movement and a speech-maker of repute. "In these Terrible Times," she boomed at Isolde, Jenny and the Rector's wife, "the least we

can do is to try to understand the Other Man's Point of View, and, since we are so often told that the best approach to a man's heart is through his stomach, it behoves us occasionally to cultivate the International Spirit of Goodwill by eating some of the Curious Concoctions that inspire our continental neighbours with such Bellicose Ambitions."

Into the void created by this ponderous period Isolde dropped the information that the D.D. would find a Polish kisiel owocowy "jolly tasty".

The "Middle-Europe repast" gave Isolde a County reputation. With her aid the Younger Set held a Swedish Supper that was a riotous success, because under Isolde's guidance the special Swedish punch needed a good strong Swedish wooden head to stand up to it. Before the evening was out even the supper room attendants were dancing the Swedish mazurka. Then the Golf Club had a South Sea dinner-dance and, there being an "r" in the month, the shell fish scollop was exceptionally fine. After the dinner, however, there was an administrative shock or two. A golf club elder, going over the bill of costs, complained that seven quarts of whisky for the soup (*bêche-de-mer*) was clearly an error and that the item should be deleted from the bill. Isolde, who had prepared the menu, was approached by a deputation of committee-men. "Did the member complain of the taste of the soup?" she asked.

"No, he says, and everyone else says, it tasted fine."

"That was because *bêche-de-mer* soup, Chinese style, always takes half-a-cup of whisky to the quart." So the committee paid up, and the elder announced his intention of emigrating to the South Seas. That joke, too, ran around the county.

Some idea of the popularity of Isolde's activity can be seen from the fact that the Rector's Wife went to the length of organising an Arabian Nights Tea for the Womens' Institutes. The women wore breastplates and baggy trousers and enjoyed themselves immensely. While they ate loukoumia (otherwise Turkish Delight) and drank gallons of tea, Isolde gave them a short and instructive talk explaining that in Turkey the harem had been abolished and that tea had not yet penetrated the country as a national beverage.

She was indefatigable in all these exploits, her energy tremendous. Votes of thanks were continually being moved to her. So, at home, she let Jenny run the kitchen more or less as it had always been run, except for sporadic dishes like Flaskpankaka, which turned out to be pickled pork pancakes that lay heavy on the stomach or Brebis à la Grecque, which was an Argentine lamb stewed whole with a pound of ripe olives in its head and a paste of tomato and garlic in its other empty places. Our 'phone was continually engaged with social calls, women ringing up to know "just how" to explain kolduny or shchi to their unwilling cooks. They were all soothed by pontifical answers from Isolde, whose popularity was immense. Except in the kitchens.

"If the cooks and butlers of the district had any sense," said Jenny, "they would form a trade union with 'Eat British' as a slogan and 'Down with Foreign Menus.' It is not as if Isolde has a light hand in cooking. I assure you she hasn't. If she made an apple pie or a batter pudding nobody except the blind or the tasteless would want to eat it. She couldn't turn a cheap cut of steak into something appetising to save her life. When she cooks the kitchen is a zoo, and after she is finished there isn't a clean plate or spoon or basin anywhere. It takes hours to clean up after her. And nobody could go wrong with the ingredients she uses, sturgeon, smoked salmon, caviare, wines and sauces and mushrooms and chickens. . . . She treats chickens in the kitchen as if they were as common as sparrows in the field. . . ." I had never known Jenny so full of force, so bitter.

"Jenny," I said softly, teasing her, "You don't expect a man who writes poetry to be a great prose writer as well, do you?"

She was not pleased. "Go away," she said, throwing off my caressing hand, "Veal and ham pie and custards and clear soup and a well-done rump steak aren't poetry!" With unerring accuracy she had picked out some of the foods of which I am fondest. "Very well then. I'll go in for some nasty modern verse myself. That might suit you better."

She was as bad as her word. The results were lamentable. The kitchen staff, returned from their holiday, turned sulky on

her. We had Corn Pone from an American recipe and escalopes of veal from a German. The corn pone was watery and full of whiskers and the escalopes were like second-hand boot soles. The climax came with *escargots à la . . .* I have forgotten their native place of origin, but the least of their evils was the horrible green slimy sauce that accompanied them. Geoff, our eldest, was home for his mid-term week-end. "Mummy!" his horrified voice rang out over the lunch table, "Snails!" He dashed towards the bathroom from which there immediately emerged certain gruesome sounds. . . .

"Darling," I urged Jenny later after a lengthy pacification of the outraged Geoff, "Give it up, pet. I'm sorry. Forgive me. I've always considered roast beef the epic of the English kitchen and apple pie the noblest work of woman."

"John sweet," she replied, wiping a teary face all over one of my biggest handkerchiefs, "I'm so mortified. I . . . I got them from the grocer's out of such an expensive tin. It said, on the label, 'Superfin. Produit de la France.' I . . . I thought it would be a nice surprise for you and Isolde. I . . . I had no idea that," she sobbed noisily into her handkerchief, "that they would still . . . still have their shells on and look so very snailly." She sobbed harder. "If this gets about Wootton-under-Stoke!"

It did. A good thing like that can't be kept under cover. The Rector's Wife, when next she called, remarked, "I believe you're going in for snails now?"

Isolde said quickly, "Yes, Jenny got some but they weren't the right sort. Now, cooked properly, with just a *soupeçon* of white wine and no gravy at all . . ." She proceeded to describe a miracle of a dish of snails that she had once partaken of in Provence.

"And do you eat frogs' legs too?" asked the Rector's Wife jejunely.

"Never," cried Isolde. "I'm a member of the Russian Help Dumb Comrades League and it isn't done. No. I've seen frogs skinned alive in the market women's baskets in North Italy. It's revolting!" So Isolde was guaranteed 100% humanitarian—she promised to help at the Food Stall of the next R.S.P.C.A. bazaar—and only poor Jenny was suspect.

It was after this episode that I had a brief conversation with Isolde. "Getting bored with England?" I asked, "Hankering to be back amid your continental fleshpots?"

"Not a bit," she replied, "I've fallen in love with the English landscape." She almost crushed me in one of her impetuous half-sisterly embraces. "You know I'm beginning to like the English. I'm beginning to feel at home here!"

"In that case," I said, "since you've drawn round yourself quite a circle of friends and acquaintances, why not take a flat in the town? An English market town can be very amusing, and Wootton-under-Stoke is the typical market-town at its best. It would give you more scope for your entertaining. Your own special little parties and all that."

The matter was arranged, and Isolde moved.

Jenny was at once contrite. Her soft little heart was uncomfortable. She recalled that Isolde had not had the warm family atmosphere of a vicarage childhood, that in every country she had always been a step-daughter. Moreover, she had a confession to make. "John," she said, "I'm afraid I've turned Jim Sayers against her."

"Against whom?"

"Isolde."

"You indiscreet little goose," I said, knowing her well and suspecting the worst, "You've blurted out something about 'friend Oedipus' haven't you?" She nodded her head. As a responsible partner in the oldest established firm of solicitors in Wootton-under-Stoke I know the value of discretion. I have never, however, succeeded in impressing its virtues on Jenny. But I should not scold her. I hate calculating women. Jenny's simpleness is for me one of her chief charms.

THE AUDIENCE IS THE THING

BY ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

IN the April issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY, Mr. Hubert Griffith compared the London stage detrimentally with New York.

I was compelled, and I think many other readers were compelled, to agree with Mr. Griffith in his conclusions. But I think that it is profitable to take the analysis a stage further and discover why the New York theatre succeeds where the London theatre fails.

Mr. Griffith cited some "socially significant" plays, such as *Dead End*, that had run successfully in commercial New York theatres. I do not think, however, that the reason for that success can be understood without some appreciation of the Federal Theatre Project.

The F.T.P. was started as a scheme for the relief of unemployment in the entertainment industry. The blows dealt to the legitimate theatre by the growth of the film-industry were completed by the depression. Dozens of stock companies were disbanded because they could not be operated economically. The old theatre audiences had only enough money for the cinema. Hundreds of actors, vaudeville artists, clowns, elephants and performing seals were starving. Something had to be done.

Actors and actresses have never proved very efficient at hard manual labour. They were useless to help build Boulder Dam or other works on the project. And so the authorities found themselves going into the theatre business, not for æsthetic but social reasons. The first provision that was made has governed the project throughout. Ninety per cent. of the money expended on Federal Theatre Productions must go on salaries. In New York, the top "security wage" paid to an actor is \$103.40 a month (£20 10s.), while over the country the average is \$83 (£16 10s.). Only one person from each family can have a job; so that in certain cases a theatrical family, in order to be together

and working, hires out for one salary. One benefit performance a week is given to other workers on relief. In addition, charity performances are given at C.C.C. camps, hospitals, asylums, children's settlements and so on. When prices are charged for admission, the most expensive seat in the house is 55 cents (2s. 2d.).

The intention from the very beginning has been to provide theatrical entertainment which will not compete with the commercial theatre. For this reason, Mrs. Hallie Flanagan was appointed national director. Mrs. Flanagan had made a world-wide reputation for herself by the direction of non-commercial plays at Vassar's Experimental Theatre. Mrs. Flanagan refused to see any handicap in the relief aspect of the Theatre Project. She declared the project to be "based on the belief that there is intelligence, experience and enthusiasm in the thousands of theatre people on relief rolls . . . "We need a theatre adapted to new times and new conditions."

There was thus at the outset a dual aim in the Federal Theatre, which might with tactless handling have become a contradiction. Started to keep actors from starving, it might actually develop into a National Theatre on a scale never before conceived. In Paris or London, we think of a national theatre, as one theatre in the metropolis. In the U.S.A. it consists of hundreds of companies all over the country—in Los Angeles and San Francisco, Jacksonville and Cincinnati. It consists of straight players, vaudeville, marionette shows and circuses. The economic necessity provided a much firmer foundation for a scheme of this size than any love of art.

Of course, the scheme was immediately attacked. The Republicans used it as a point against the Democrats. The newspapers, at least 70% of which are opposed to the Roosevelt administration, received Federal Theatre Productions either with abuse or silence. The project was received with different feelings in different parts of the country. It needed care and thought to know what plays would suit what audiences. Broadway hits which had drawn full houses in New York were howling failures in the Middle West.

The accomplishments of the project in the two years of its existence have, in fact, been remarkable enough to revolutionize

the attitude of the general public towards theatre-going and to exert an important influence on the commercial theatre itself. Thousands of people who thought that a theatre was a place where they shewed moving pictures have become keen followers of the living drama. It is the incorporation of this element in the theatre-going public that has effected such a radical change in the productions themselves. In New York, as in London, the theatre-going public had been limited to certain sections of society. The high-priced seats were reserved—for economic reasons—for the rich: the upper circle and the gallery for poorer members of the middle class. A young man would not take his girl to the gallery of a theatre, when he could get her the best seats in a cinema. If young people went to the theatre at all, it was separately, two girls or two boys. An enormous section, the industrial and agricultural workers, was never reached at all. This resulted in the condition which Mr. Hubert Griffith deplores, a theatre catering inanely to the prejudice and snobbery of a single class. With the reduction of the price of tickets, an infinitely wider audience was discovered: but it was an audience which had its own needs. Those needs, because they are realistic, concerned with the problems that beset the great mass of human beings of our time, demand the type of drama which Mr. Griffith wants as an artist.

Of course, a large number of old favourites, melodramas, musicals and comedies have been put on by the F.T.P. actors. But there has been a freedom of experiment which no commercial manager could afford to take: a freedom which has justified itself in the majority of cases. T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* played to packed houses, until it was withdrawn because the English owner of the rights to the play decided to bring over his own company. Auden's *Dance of Death* was then put on, with the result that the Theatre Guild bought *Ascent of F.6* to put on as a commercial production. These two in the first season.

In the second year, the Orson Welles production of *Dr. Faustus*, with a negro as Mephistopheles, and a magical use of vertical lighting, followed up the previous successes. Mr. Orson Welles is now acting-managing *Julius Cæsar*, played as an anti-fascist drama, and *The Shoemaker's Holiday*. These

two plays are being done commercially, but as a result of the Federal Theatre's example. Mr. Orson Welles has also put on *The Cradle Will Rock* by Marc Blitzstein, a play originally sponsored by the Federal Theatre, but banned on the night of its first performance owing to the pressure of the Steel Trusts. (The play is concerned with the unionization of a steel factory and it was first put on during the steel-unionization drive. Though the Federal Theatre has a freedom from censorship that is remarkable, it sometimes happens, as in this case, that powerful vested interests are able to enforce a censorship). These three plays, all running to crowded audiences at popular prices, (\$1.10 top price), are the direct result of the Federal Theatre's influence. Furthermore the technique is one of effective simplicity, such as is enforced on any company with little money to spend on properties. In *Julius Caesar* as in *Dr. Faustus* lighting takes the place of scenery; in *The Cradle Will Rock*, sheer acting makes the imagination of the audience provide the properties. When this play was banned on its opening night, its sponsor, Blitzstein—with a play, actors and audience—took another theatre for the evening. The actors were forbidden to appear on the stage. Three or four took fright and refused to appear at all. The rest acted in the stalls and boxes, while Blitzstein sat at the piano in the centre of the stage and explained to the audience what scene was taking place and whose part he was taking himself. This production was so effective that when Orson Welles put the play on commercially it was formalized along those lines. All the characters are on the stage all the time, sitting in three rows on raised chairs. Blitzstein, still on the stage with his piano, explains the scene as the actors descend to the forestage to act. At different times he leaves his piano to act one part or another himself.

This return to the Elizabethan tradition of acting is more effective than the "realism," that has bound the modern stage. For example, there is a scene in a drug-store, when a company's thug shoots a labour leader. He draws a gun. There is no detonation, but as the leader falls, Blitzstein stops playing the piano, turns to the audience and says quietly, "There is the sound of an explosion." That sentence, spoken in the silence, is more explosive than gunpowder. And Broadway is learning

that: witness the production of Thornton Wilder's play of small-town life. No scenery, no props. So original, everyone says. But the idea comes from the Federal Theatre.

Striking as the work of the Federal Theatre is in the revivals of classics and the production of plays modelled on existent forms, their most remarkable venture is the *Living Newspaper*. It is the creation of a new form, to express the needs of unemployed writers and actors. Its parents are the *March of Time* newsreels and broadcasts. The stage is used to dramatize some problem of wide public interest. The present one, for example, the fifth of the series, is devoted to the housing question in New York. It is called "... one third of a nation ... " a fragment from a speech by the President, in which he said he saw "one third of a nation, ill-clothed, ill-housed and under-nourished". The scene opens with a gigantic set, the cross-section of a rickety tenement, rooms split in half, a flight of crazy stairs, a narrow landing, a fire-escape too rickety for anyone to climb down. It is a death-trap. Fire breaks out. The inhabitants rush to the stairs, clamour at the windows. A crowd stands out in the street. There is the screech of sirens.

There, says a voice from a megaphone at the back, is what happens when a fire breaks out in a slum tenement. How does this state of affairs arise?

The lights face on the back stage. Interest centres forward. We go back to the time, when there were Indians grazing cattle on Manhattan Island. We trace the village of New York, growing and growing. A gentleman in eighteenth-century costume comes in. This is Mr. So and So, says the voice. His name might be Roosevelt, Astor or Vanderbilt. He spreads out a square of baize. "This is my site." He says to the audience. "My bit of land. I'm waiting till values go up." Values go up. More and more people come and sit on his bit of baize. His rents rise. We see the growth of the town, the change of fashion in neighbourhoods, the growth of slums. We see commissions of enquiry, hear debates in the Senate and Congress, Housing Laws passed. But this grim tenement in the background continues. It is not changed. A man gets up out of the audience. "Look here," he says to the megaphone. "I don't follow that last bit. They said in that law that five people

couldn't live in a room twelve by six. Why is it still happening in this building?" "Let's see," says the megaphone, and the process of law-evasion is shewn in a scene. Gradually the whole history of slum-property is unlaidd, with the man from the audience continually interrupting and asking the sort of questions that are coming into the minds of the audience. We get to the present time, the allotment for slum clearance, how much that will amount to for New York State, how much for New York City. At the present rate, announces the megaphone, to clear the present slums from New York will take 200 years.

It sounds at first as if a problem like Housing, Power, or Judicial Corruption would be very refractory dramatic material. The issues involved are very complex economic and financial ones. How can this difficulty be overcome?

It is done by reducing the problems to their simplest dramatic terms. Take this for example to illustrate the relation of Farmer Middleman and Consumer.

The Farmer: (handing a can of milk to the Middleman) How much do I get?

The Middleman: Three cents.

The Farmer: Three cents?

The Middleman: Take it or leave it.

Farmer: (handing over milk) I'll take it.

Woman Customer: I want a quart of milk.

Middleman: (pouring milk from can into bottle) Fifteen cents.

Woman Customer: Fifteen cents?

Middleman: Take it or leave it.

Woman Customer: I'll take it.

This reduction to simple terms, the variation of levels between the actors on the stage, the loud-speaker voice, the questioner, an intricate lighting system, clever orchestration and the use of cinema films make the Living Newspaper the most dynamic method of instruction and one of the most dramatic stage productions that I have ever seen. They are propagandist, as some of the finest art from Brueghel to Swift has been propagandist. But their material is documented as carefully as the finest work of historical research. Twenty-five writers were at work compiling the material for "... one third of a nation ..." before Mr. Arthur Arend dramatized it. There is chapter and verse for every historical statement made: the speeches put into the mouths of historical characters are verbatim: and where controversial statements are made, these

are supported by evidence which can be seen at the offices of the Living Newspaper. In this last production, certain senators who had opposed the Housing Bill protested against their being represented on the stage and their words held up to ridicule. It was an insult to the Administration, they said, that they should be pilloried by an organization financed by the Administration itself. The obvious retort was made. If senators did not want to be made ridiculous, they should not make ridiculous speeches.

If there need be further evidence of the success of the Living Newspaper, there is the story which was going round New York when I was there. One evening a man went up to the Box-office. "I want a seat for to-night," he said. "I'm sorry, it's full," said the girl. "We've turned three hundred people away." "But I'm Fredric March," said the man. "Maybe," the girl answered, "But it's still full."

The two lessons which we have to learn from the Federal Theatre Project are these: if theatre prices are reduced, a wider public will be drawn into the theatres: and the influence of this wider public will be to demand more vital plays. I myself look forward to the time when we shall have politicians who do not despise the creative workers in the State, and who will introduce a scheme, similar to the Federal Theatre Project, but adapted to our needs.

The theatrical prospect in New York, with the International Garment Workers Union staging a smash revue, and the Federal Theatre playing to full houses and commercial Broadway trying hard to keep up—all this may seem very different from the theatrical prospect in London. But in the fact that the Unity Theatre has just staged its first Living Newspaper, *Busmen*, and in the other signs I have given above, I see every indication that a theatrical renaissance is about to start in England. The public is ready. The plays are there. We are waiting for a commercial producer with the acumen to take a chance, a chance which in fact is less of a gamble than most theatrical ventures. If once that initiative comes, we shall see how quickly it spreads down Shaftesbury Avenue, bringing new life to an institution that otherwise were better dead and buried.

CHINA AND SOCIAL CHANGE

BY WILBUR BURTON

THROUGHOUT the various phases of the Chinese Revolution, there is one change which has continued unabated. That is the emancipation of women toward a position of equality with men, and a sweeping general change accordingly, in social mores.

Meiling Soong, the wife of Chiang Kai-Shek, is probably his sole confidant and is certainly his chief adviser. Western-educated, in the United States, she knows the West as he does not, and she is believed to have been primarily responsible both for many negotiations with Western countries and much adoption of Western technique that have been the major factors in his political success. Their marriage in 1928 was very significant of social change in China. For her he put away his wife of the time and his concubines—all acquired by old-fashioned traditions—and the marriage was the antithesis of the classical family alliance. She could not, however, obtain the services of a pastor of her faith, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South U.S.A., to officiate at the ceremony, since General Chiang's marital status was so complicated from the Christian viewpoint; but it was a Christian wedding, nevertheless, with a Chinese Y.M.C.A. secretary in charge. Later, General Chiang joined the Methodist church and has since been in its very good graces.

Mrs. Kung, eldest of the three famous sisters, is, as is well known, the "brain trust" of the Ministry of Finance which her husband, a former Y.M.C.A. secretary, heads. She is distinguished chiefly in Shanghai as an expert exchange manipulator, and is generally credited with being the equal of her brother, T. V. Soong, former Finance Minister, in the intricacies of economics.

While Mrs. Chiang and Mrs. Kung have no official executive positions, they are both members of the upper Kuomintang

clique by which the Nanking Government was founded. Mrs. Sun Yat Sen, too, was a member of this group and was given every encouragement to participate actively in it. But she chose to go Left when the rest of her family went Right. Like the rest of her family, she was given an American Christian education—the father, Charles James Soong, was a sailor from an island near Hongkong, who became a protégé of American missionaries—but she began to break with Christianity in her marriage to Dr. Sun. He, too, was a Christian, but that did not prevent him from abandoning his first wife in order to contract an entirely informal alliance with Chingling Soong in 1915. This caused the missionaries to become cool to both. One biographer of Dr. Sun, Mrs. Lyon Sharman, credits Chingling with much of Dr. Sun's subsequent orientation toward Moscow. When he died in 1925, however, virtually in the arms of Moscow, she arranged a Christian funeral for him. Later, she was an outstanding figure in the near-Red Wuhan régime of 1926-27, and after that she issued successive Bolshevik manifestoes over her name against the government of her brother-in-law, General Chiang. As the recognized widow of Dr. Sun, even though his first wife is still living, she enjoys a unique immunity—but effective censorship prevented her Moscow-inspired propaganda from reaching any Chinese excepting the English-reading intelligentsia of Shanghai.

Another example of Christianity-cum-Communism is a woman who held an important technical position in a Nanking Government office when I knew her. I shall call her merely Miss X, for she is without immunity. Her father was a Buddhist, a magistrate and an opium smoker who, through personal friendship with a fundamentalist missionary, sent her and her two brothers to the missionary's school in a Chinese interior city.

"We spent two hours a day in Bible study," she told me. "The Bible was translated into very poor Chinese, while the Buddhist scriptures were in beautiful Chinese, but by reading the Chinese and English Bibles together, I was able to learn a lot of English. Once the dean caught me doing this, and scolded me severely, because he thought I was more interested in learning the English language than in studying religion—which was true.

"You are stealing time from God Who gave you your mind," he said, "and if you cheat Him, He will take away your mind."

Later, she became a teacher in the school, but had a fight over an additional room for her mother with Mrs. Y, the missionary's wife and second in command. Mrs. Y declared that Christians should live simply, and one room was enough for mother and daughter.

"You don't live so simply," flared Miss X. "You have a large foreign-style house, and a half-dozen servants, while Chinese around you live in poverty. And, if you were back in the United States, you would have to do your own cooking and washing."

Wherefore, Mrs. Y concluded Miss X had become a "dangerous radical", and this ended her Christian life.

"I learned to think from the missionaries," Miss X concluded, "for in teaching me that the old Chinese way of life was wrong, they taught me to question their own way and other things as well."—M. Le Bon would have found confirmation here of his theories of social psychology. Miss X, when I knew her, had developed from Christianity to Trotskyist Communism. One of her brothers, subjected to the same influences, was a Bohemian man-about-town. The other, however, was a Christian evangelist.

There are many, men and women, in Nanking service who do not share its political ideology. Most, of course, illustrate the adage that "where thy treasure is, there also is thy heart." And Nanking's treasure is so amenable to feminine wiles these days that a Chinese writing under the name of T. S. Young, once complained bitterly and at length in the *China Weekly Review* that he could not get a good Government job because he was married to an old-fashioned girl. "The secret of success of many of my friends," he said, "is not due so much to their competence and education as to the fact that their wives can secure 'inside pulls' for them." And he proceeded to list many instances to prove his point. Certainly, the whole atmosphere, in so far as women are concerned, is ultra-modern, and the wife who cannot fit in is a handicap to her husband.

This inevitably leads to abuses, but is more potent than any laws could be in furthering feminine emancipation generally.

Nanking's laws with regard to women are also quite modern, even male adultery and the taking of concubines now being forbidden, but as laws they are not enforced. However, in the upper circles, a modern wife is deemed an asset—and a modern wife does not allow her husband to take concubines. The moral standard otherwise is very liberal: what is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose. In old China feminine adultery—the only legal adultery—was punished by death. Among all modern girls, of course, family marriage is ended and romantic love cultivated.

Here is where the American cinema, the third great influence of social change, has played its greatest rôle. The influence of Christianity-cum-cinema may be best shown by the story of Fu-yah. She was the daughter of an old-fashioned scholar who was sufficiently caught up in the modern milieu to give her an education. To economize, he sent her to a virtually free Catholic school—but became very indignant when the Catholics succeeded in converting her to the Roman faith. So he withdrew her from school at sixteen for an old-fashioned family marriage.

"I did not object," she told me several years later, "for it was Chinese custom. I never saw my husband until the day before we were married. He seemed to be a very nice man, and he was wealthy, and I intended to make him a perfect wife. I thought my education would help me do that. But I was not happy; something seemed lacking. He never made love to me. No, not even when we had sexual relations. In the cinema, I saw foreigners always making love, kissing their sweethearts passionately, and I wanted my husband to take me in his arms and kiss me. But he never kissed me once. I asked him once why he didn't, and he said only the foreign barbarians did that. Yes, old-fashioned Chinese men did kiss women sometimes but usually not their wives. They also made love, at least a little bit, to sing-song girls, but not to their wives. And I began to think foreign women were better off than we were."

Since Fu-yah displayed a high order of musical ability, she inveigled her husband into sending her to Paris for education in a *conservatoire*. There, according to her story, she also "found out what love really was, and it was divine." Upon return to

China, she found her husband engaged in an affair with another woman, so she left him for another man. From that episode came two children and a complete break with her family. When I knew her, she was making a rather precarious living teaching music, French and English, to Chinese and Chinese to foreigners, but she seemed to have no regrets. "There are often hard-times and heart-break," she said, "but it has been worth-while."

In one aspect of social progress, China is ahead of most Western countries. That is in divorce by mutual consent, and without any delay. There need not even be the formality of court procedure; a bill of divorcement is simply drawn up by the two parties in the presence of witnesses. On the other hand, recognition of the principle of equality of the sexes in the new divorce laws has removed one former ground for divorce—barrenness—and makes the dissolution of marriage extremely difficult when one of the parties opposes. This has often led to tragedy where a man mated in his youth by his family to an old-fashioned woman has sought to break away to wed someone more compatible.

In other cases, there is a more forthright solution: the couple live together openly. There is not only no law against it, but no social stigma is attached in modern circles, outside those that take Christianity seriously, nor are children of such a union branded as illegitimate; in new as well as old Chinese custom, any paternally recognized child is legitimate.

The social emancipation I have described cannot, obviously, have much meaning among the masses of poverty-stricken, but at least the principle of free choice in marriage has penetrated deeply everywhere. I found it even in villages of remote and backward Yunnan a few years ago. And while there was no feminine influence in the old-fashioned provincial *yamen* there was an intriguing feministic quirk of girls selling themselves to wealthy men instead of, as formerly, being sold by their parents. Often the sale was for a limited period to pay for an education.

Further, feminism everywhere has opened up new lines of work for women. In all China before 1930, there was scarcely a feminine clerk in stores; to-day there are thousands. Only within the last three years have there been any feminine

waitresses in restaurants. Progress is slow, but steady, in the professional field. In that oldest of professions, the most pitiful street walker and the most glamorous sing-song girl formerly were slaves—that is, sold for a period, usually ten years, to a procurer to do with as he liked. To-day, most of the outright prostitutes are still slaves, but the rise of cabarets with largely free girls as "taxi-dancers" has caused the sing-song institution—and prostitution generally—to decline tremendously.

Ten years ago there was not one Chinese taxi-dancer in China. The cabarets in Shanghai, and elsewhere, were staffed chiefly by Russian girls and patronized almost entirely by foreigners. To-day there are hundreds of cabarets with only Chinese taxi-dancers and patronized almost exclusively by Chinese. These taxi-dancers are almost always free girls, and they demand and receive gallant attention that is new to the Celestial scene. Their social significance transcends alike their numbers and perhaps somewhat questionable morals, for they are both symbols and pioneers on another social level of the changed attitude illustrated higher up by the Soong sisters.

Not only in classical China were marriages strictly family affairs, women generally subordinate to men, and a lack of any concept of romantic love, but also there was an attitude to femininity without counterpart elsewhere save among the Hindus and some of the early Christian Church fathers who characterized women as "an obnoxious species." There was no sense of sin with regard to sex such as we find among the Hindus and Christians, but there was the concept of the feminine sex as vile. The character for woman or its radical form is a part of practically all expressions in the Chinese language for everything regarded as weak or bad. Chinese philosophy was similarly predicated. On the other hand—indicating the prevailing idea of the only exalted function of women—the character for "good" consists of a woman with a child. And sexual relations were regarded as solely either for reproduction or the physical relief of the male. In practice, to be sure, there were some exceptions to all this, but in the main women received no consideration either as persons or as objects of love; their only rôles in life were passive prostitution, household slavery and efficient motherhood.

The position of Chinese women was perhaps slightly higher than that of women in India. At least there was no *purdah*, but Indian literature would indicate a somewhat less one-sided idea of sexual relations than existed in China. Japanese women were as subordinated to men as Chinese women, but the Japanese did have a pronounced concept of romantic love, and in feudal times the women in Japan were often better educated than the men. In both China and India, education was regarded as the ruination of women. And with Japan's adoption of Confucianism, the position of women there became lower than it had traditionally been. In the Malayan areas, women were always relatively free compared to China, Japan and India, nor did the introduction of Mohammedanism with its veils and *purdah* change this state of affairs; indeed, veils and *purdahs* were genially neglected.

In view of the fact that all the areas of Asia have in the last century—longer in India—been subjected to approximately the same amount of Western influence, the contrast to-day between China and the other regions in social emancipation is very striking. The changes in Malaysia, especially the extensive Americanization of the Philippines, have not been fundamental, for there was nothing fundamental to change in this direction. In Japan, the same Western leaven—Christian, communistic and cinematic—as in China has had a pronounced effect among both the intelligentsia and the masses, but the government there has done its best to maintain the Confucian *mores*—despite extensive modernization of the country in purely material lines. To this day, for example, almost all marriages in Japan are family affairs, and the government is doing its best to prevent free social intercourse between the sexes. And the Japanese official Puritans view with alarm the decline in the popularity of the *yoshiware* (quasi-government prostitution quarters) because of the rise of beer-halls with feminine waitresses.

Nor has much social emancipation been achieved in India, but the government is not here to blame. There has been no external force to prevent the Indians from adopting any social ideas that would break down either subordination of women or the caste system, but neither has taken place to any appreciable degree. The most striking contrast when one travels

through China and India is the social modernization that has taken place in the land under Oriental dictatorship compared to that in the land under relatively enlightened Western government. I can only conclude that the Indians are substantially inhibited by their fanatical traditions.

If China, of course, had had as strong a government as Japan during the past century, the two lands would probably be much the same socially. But neither suffers from the fanaticism of Indian civilization. The Japanese ruling class oppose social change, because they fear it will lead to political and economic change. The old ruling class in China thought similarly, but was never strong enough to curb developments. The ruling class that rose to power in 1927 with the triumph of Chiang Kai-shek was in itself largely a product of the social change during the previous three decades, and that is why it has not been reactionary in attempting to prevent further social change that does not tend leftward politically and economically—and censorship, applicable equally to both of the sexes, has been designed to prevent this. In any event, China (through absence of a strong government) was so long exposed to the unchecked propaganda of Christian missionaries and Communists alike, besides the cinema, which was equally subversive from the old-fashioned viewpoint, that it would require a more powerful government than yet exists to halt the march of at least ideological emancipation.

In conclusion, it is perhaps illuminating to point out that from the standpoint of the old-fashioned, all the social change described—from free choice in marriage to free love and women living in adultery—is equally deplorable. A Celestial papa who stands upon his Confucian rights of selecting a husband for his daughter can see no difference in her flouting him to marry a man of her choice than to live *sans* marriage with a man of her choice; the question involved is not the sin of unhallowed sexual relations, but the offence to filial piety.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

HOW careless the English are of their leading figures. King George went to open the great Exhibition in Glasgow and there are plenty of extreme politicians, even revolutionaries, on Clydeside—yet very few precautions, if any, were used to avoid the chance of a bomb or revolver shot. Now, when one dictator goes to be received by another, things are meticulously done. Every possible window where a machine-gun might be placed along the innumerable houses past which the German demi-god would process was investigated and guarded—successfully. Italians have been able to give full vent to the rejoicing over the fact that Germans are in friendly contact with them on the Brenner; and all the world has heard the noise of acclamation when hero met hero in the Eternal City.

I notice that a popular young English writer (though Mr. Beverley Nichols is not quite so aggressively youthful as he began by being) writes a book lamenting that "England is a country without a hero." He has made search and cannot find one, except Sir Oswald Mosley. There would be no such difficulty in Germany or Italy where the heroes are perpetually at the loud speaker or in front of the film camera; and in Russia, Stalin, though reticent and retiring by comparison, is not easily overlooked. With great respect, I would suggest to Mr. Nichols that England is not so badly off as he thinks. How many heroes would he find in Switzerland, a country which in any survey of comparative excellence is entitled to very high marks? Yet, as all the world admits, what Swiss is there whose name is so widely known outside his own land, or commands such personal allegiance in it, as, for instance, Mr. de Valera. When a country is really well off, when it does not feel called upon for any abnormal effort, the absence of

professional, officially-recognized heroes, is a good sign. Nobody is very conspicuous because everybody's job is being done by everybody—as throughout most of civil life in the case of England.

We in Ireland have had long experience of the need for heroes, which carried as a corollary the need for personal submission. In so long an uphill fight, instinct and experience pointed to the acceptance of leadership; many of us can remember how Parnell was followed, how even his lieutenants O'Brien, Dillon, Redmond and Healy were followed, with almost blind allegiance. The price to be paid for leadership was a surrender of private judgment; and while the struggle lasted I think Ireland did well to pay it. Mr. de Valera benefited by their tradition; but I am not sure that since Ireland acquired self-government the tradition was wholly for the good of Ireland. One of my friends described to me how he set before an Irish farmer the economic consequences of Mr. de Valera's policy—more specially as affecting the farmers. The man listened and said, "I know all you are telling me, and I admit it; but do you know my answer to those arguments—'Up Dev!'" That was the equivalent for "Heil Hitler." But nobody was going to put that man in a concentration camp if he did not say "Up Dev!" Heroes of the type to which we have been accustomed in Ireland are comparatively innocuous: Ireland can go back on them and has used that privilege, not always with discretion. But the hero who is maintained on his pedestal by a concentration of machine-guns appears to me an unenviable possession for the country that put him there. All the noises and trumpetings, all the triumphal arches, are nothing but a celebration of the slave State—into which enters a deplorable amount of hysteria, but a deadlier element is the enforced hypocrisy. One of the celebrations consisted in the public burning at Vienna of some two thousand books because they were by Jewish authors. When you have such an outrage on all that civilization stands for, there will be found inevitably acts of wild and brutalizing oppression. Herr Hitler's gift to his native country has been an orgy of organized mob-law.

Meantime Mr. Chamberlain, whom Mr. Nichols would not recognize for a hero (and indeed he has none of the flamboyancy)

gathers in a crop of golden opinions from the unlikelyst soil. **Good News** that of Ireland. But not only from Ireland, I **from** am glad to see; a Unionist member in the House **Ireland** of Commons explained that he could not bring himself to condemn by vote the Italian agreement because at the same moment Mr. Chamberlain was making this other auspicious pact. Mr. Churchill has done Mr. de Valera great service by attacking the terms as a surrender of important advantages for no solid equivalent. It would be interesting to hear how much value the treaty ports would have been in time of war without command of the surrounding areas, and how this command could have been exercised without a military campaign in Cork and in Donegal. Is it, after all, contrary to the spirit of the British Commonwealth that you propose to come to a working union by abolishing all obligatory links?

One thing may be significant. Not only has a first President for Eire been chosen with enthusiastic unanimity, but it is now settled that the former Viceregal Lodge should be reopened for his residence. The first proposal was to use for this purpose the former Chief Secretary's Lodge, in which the American Legation has been housed since it was established. But now Dr. Douglas Hyde will represent Ireland where so many British peers (from about 1800) represented British sovereigns, and where after the Treaty of 1921, first Mr. T. M. Healy, and then Mr. James MacNeill, represented King George V. The place has a long history. It was built as a private dwelling for Mr. Clements who afterwards became the first Lord Leitrim; Government bought it from him to be the Viceroy's country seat, but then proposed to give it to Grattan when the Irish parliament was rewarding him for wresting independence from England. So far back as a long memory goes, Nationalists avoided the place, but in 1917 when the Irish Convention was attempting a settlement under Sir Horace Plunkett's guidance, some of us went there and saw how brilliant the rooms could be made with Lord and Lady Wimborne for host and hostess. After them, Lord French of Ypres was established there: an unhappy memory, for if ever there was a distinguished Irish soldier fitted by nature to be happy and admired in his own country, Lord French in any normal times would have been that man: but

he was constrained to live there as if in a military G.H.Q. After the revolution Mr. Healy was only camped in the great house but his successor and Mrs. MacNeill made it a place of gracious hospitality. Since their day it has been closed; and it is difficult for anyone not bred in Ireland to realize how glad an Irishman can be to know that it will reopen to receive a President of whom every Irishman can feel proud.

Since Parnell, no man has been more widely known in Ireland than Douglas Hyde; but there is this difference; he has had no enemies, he has made no feuds. The Gaelic League grew up under his guidance in the decade of political **The New** bickering and disgust which followed Parnell's **President** death; and for twenty years, while he nursed it as a **of Eire** growing force, he did his utmost to keep it unpolitical. Ulster's arming defeated him; the counter-movement of Irish Volunteers really sprang from the Gaelic League, and Hyde retired from the presidency—not, I think, because he disapproved of the arming but because he was pledged in honour to keep the League out of politics. He had won some astonishing recruits: for instance a noted Presbyterian divine, often spoken of as "Roaring Kane." But when Dr. Kane was asked how he could justify his membership of the Gaelic League, he answered that he was a Protestant Unionist and an Orangeman, but would never forget that he was an O'Cahan. I remember a Féis in the Glens of Antrim where Horace Plunkett was a chief figure, but so were certain Belfast potentates of the truest blue—and so also—*sunt lacrimae rerum*—was Roger Casement, in all the splendour of his superb manhood. Hyde did all a man could do to make the Gaelic League a rallying-point for all kinds of Irishmen and Irish women; and whether he spoke in Irish or in English, his power of winning an audience, or an individual, was extraordinary. Son of a country rector, bred up in Roscommon where it borders on Mayo, he went to Trinity, intended for the Church, and passed through the divinity school—winning also the prize poem and I know not what other distinctions; in addition to his scholarship in Latin and Greek he was qualified to hold a post as professor of modern languages for some time at a Canadian university. Far away back in the eighties, a group of young men used to assemble at Professor Dowden's house;

Yeats, a black-haired untidy wisp of a lad, but already recognized for what he would become; and Hyde, a few years older, also stood out in that group, most of whom made their names remembered—at all events in Ireland—Taylor, Rolleston, T. W. Lyster, Litton Falkiner, Charles and Walter Osborne, Oldham, and, I think, Best. AE. may have been there too. In short, it was the group which Moore found established later and sketched in his *Are and Vale*. Nobody in it ever doubted that Hyde counted for as much as any: Yeats always held that Hyde was a poet sacrificed to a movement. Any time from 1900 onwards, Hyde could gather as big a crowd to cheer and support him as the official party leaders: he could go to America and bring back funds for his movement, but Dublin and its coteries saw little of him; for, whenever he could, he slipped away to his old home in Roscommon. The Rectory, like other rectories in parts where Protestants are scarce, had come into the market, and he has really lived all his life in one house; all his life he has shot snipe in the bogs about it, and is in the full freemasonry of that sport. Now, he is to be dragged out, installed in a palace and, instead of driving himself dangerously in an elderly Ford, will have a suitable and doubtless a Gaelic-speaking chauffeur. In a way I am sorry for an old friend; but for Ireland more glad than words can say. Poland could choose Paderewski; Czechoslovakia had Masaryk; Ireland, when Ireland comes to be ceremonially represented with a man of her choice, can produce one whose achievement may be ranked with theirs. For the Gaelic League, whether Hyde intended it or no, has been largely if not mainly responsible in the course of events which have put Mr. de Valera negotiating on terms of equality with Mr. Chamberlain—and, by a side wind, have brought Hyde himself into the Viceregal Lodge. Happily, his arrival there will be regarded, even in Ulster, as part of a general pacification.

I note two more things: one a strong appeal from Mr. St. John Ervine—so aggressively an Ulsterman—for a movement among all Irishmen of good will to end partition. That must be a slow business, though the appeal is welcome.

**The Lane
Bequest**

The other concerns what can be immediately accomplished. Mr. Chamberlain has done much

with help that is widely acknowledged from Mr. MacDonald—whose praise I have read with pleasure, and wish that it could reach to his father—and from the High Commissioner, Mr. Dulanty, probably the pivot of the whole. They have changed the feeling between England and Ireland. Now, for my second observation. Mr. MacColl comes forward with a plea that the thirty-nine pictures left by the codicil of Hugh Lane's will to the Dublin Municipal Gallery should be handed over from the London National Gallery and the Tate, to which the body of the will bequeathed them. The codicil being unwitnessed was legally invalid: Lane went down with the Lusitania. A Committee of the House of Commons, over which Major J. W. Hills presided, was appointed to enquire if the codicil represented Lane's real intentions. They found that it did represent them, but advised that London should retain the pictures. There has naturally been much resentment in Ireland, especially among the people like Yeats and Lady Gregory who were attached to Lane, and aware of the artistic value of these treasures. In England many—among them Mr. MacColl was chief—concurred in the Committee's advice. Now Mr. MacColl thinks that in the interest of international good feeling the British Government should pass an Act enabling it to carry out what have been recognized as the intentions of an Irishman who was a lavish benefactor to many galleries, both in Ireland and outside of Ireland. Charlemont House, where the Municipal Collection that Lane started is now finely and most appropriately housed, has a room set apart for them. I hope that their places on its walls may not long stay empty.

Royal Academicians should take to heart the Scottish minister's wisdom—"In the day of judgment, my friends, every herring maun hang by its ain tail." If Kipling had proposed to abandon the Macmillans because they refused to publish, let us say, Joyce—as they might well have done—I don't think literature would have gained. The Academy is so admirably English that it could be a pity to interfere with its functions and functioning. As well abolish the City Corporations. But one must admit, after visiting the show, that it is hard to guess why they turned down the portrait of a very distinguished poet by an artist who is certainly

accomplished; for the mediocrity of pictures hung above the line this year is rather distressing: and the portrait in question had, to judge by the photographs reproduced, none of the distortions which are more fashionable than academic. It looks as if the brightest talents outside the pale were avoiding the chance of rejection. Still, Mr. Alan Blyth's "Coronation Fantasy" was an amusing and charming piece of invention skilfully carried out and Mr. R. C. Weatherby's "The Noble Science" (also skied) has a deal of life and vigour. Of the outsiders who are hung on the line, Mr. Walter Goodin has a fine study of the river at Beverley with hulls of ships in the skeleton stage of growth; and Mr. Christopher Nevinson paints another tidal river "Winding slowly to the Sea" in a majestic and most satisfying curve. This indeed is one of the pictures which would be the glory of a good-sized house: but then Mr. Nevinson though not an Academician, is at least as well known as many who are.

But the Academicians themselves this year make a very creditable showing. In the first room (which almost always makes a good introduction) there is Mr. Harold Knight's painting of "A Student" bought by the Chantrey Bequest—work in the rather chilly tradition of Ingres; but next to it is Mr. Bishop's study of "An Alley in Kairouan," violent sunlight streaming through openings in a roofed space: the whole thing quivers with golden dust: you could thaw frozen fingers at it. Then there are two very attractive yachting scenes by Sir Walter Russell, and between them Mr. Bateman's characteristically English study of a cattle market: not so stylized as some of his earlier pictures, more literal; the white bull being bustled out of a lorry is observed with a delighted humour, as well as with all the feeling for his strength. All the accessory figures human or four-footed, complete the scene. Then there is Mr. Munnings, and in the painting of a young rider on "Davy Jones," one figure among the lookers on has surprising vitality; nothing could express better the concentration of knowingness. This, I was told, represents Mr. Munnings himself. Orpen often put himself into a picture with the same kind of glee. "This is me being the complete horse-coper," Mr. Munnings seems to say.

Steer's beautiful picture of Ludlow is in this room also, one of the Chantrey purchases. Steer, it has to be admitted, never had any truck with the Academy. But one of its veterans, The Quality of Sir John Lavery, has in this room a study of "Academic" "The Chamber Music Society by Candlelight" which is simply astonishing. The complainants

Art affirm that academic art is only photography in colour. Well we have all seen photographs of scenes like this and they are like nothing earthly, while here, is the subdued light, we seem almost to see the audience breathing; the flickering movement is over all; the scene is perfectly represented and yet no single figure can be said to be actually drawn. In another room the same artist paints a bathing-pool in Florida and—with a daub of paint here and a daub of paint there—suggests the whole movement and proportion of a swimmer seen in sunlit water. These things do precisely what photography cannot do—they make a living scene present in sensation, harmonizing it into a scheme of colour. It is only hysteria to go on shrieking that all the vitality of art is outside the Academy.

Again there is Mr. Oliver Hall's "Rannoch Moor," a most satisfactory rendering of Scottish landscape in low tones of brown and grey—thorough craftsmanship. In the same room hangs Mr. Algernon Newton's "Summer," a small picture but it seems to have more space in it than almost any other in the exhibition; and the three nude figures of women bathing are exquisitely placed and exquisitely drawn. Human nakedness is a great ornament to a landscape, if seen far enough off. In sculpture the nude is much less embarrassing—witness Lady Kennett's figure under the central dome which she calls "England." The title is a little surprising: for England is a young man, standing on tiptoe with the flowing line of his muscles all tense as a strung bow. However one calls it, here is a beautiful and vital piece of work—and yet academic, though not by an academician. Another aspect of the same artist's talent is seen in the head of Sir Montagu Norman. The Governor of the Bank of England is shown here as a man who might easily be taken for a philosopher, a writer, a connoisseur, but is singularly unlike those portraits of business men by which the City pages of *The Times* give confidence to investors.

Another lady, Gertrude Hermes, has done a remarkably good head of Mr. Conrad Noel. Like other visitors I was amused by Miss Louise Hodgson's picture in tempera, "The Birth of Venus". But I think Dame Laura Knight, for instance, would have made quite clear to herself what kind of net fetched in that surprising catch. This one is not a trawl, and apparently is a drift net, for it has herring and mackerel sticking in it, meshed by the gills. That buxom lady could not have been so entangled. But I have seen a twelve-foot shark brought ashore in a herring net—and a dreadful mess he had made of it. Dame Laura's strong realism might have shown this other kind of danger shining through many wrappings of mesh. Miss Hodgson has, at any rate, managed to get on to the canvas all her own amusement in the scene which she has conjured up—and that is what really matters.

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BRITAIN'S CHOICE

By WICKHAM STEED.

UNTO CAESAR, by F. A. Voigt.
Constable. 10s.

THE WORLD'S DESIGN, by Salvador de Madariaga. George Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

If our public men, including those who do duty as statesmen, could read and think over these two books they might grow wiser. In both there is learning and—what is by no means the same thing—knowledge. In Señor Madariaga's work there is also experience. Should anyone essay to read the two, Mr. Voigt's "Unto Caesar" ought to be taken first. Otherwise it might not be read at all. Parts of it are so cumbrously phrased as to exasperate simple folk who, in their simplicity, may fancy that language is meant to be readily understood. For if Señor Madariaga's "The World's Design" be taken first, the rare brilliance of his English and the apt beauty of his style will make much, though not all, of Mr. Voigt's phraseology seem turgid and laboured by comparison.

How many of Mr. Voigt's paragraphs or, indeed, pages might he not have economized, had he hit upon Madariaga's luminous definition of Fascism as "the image of Communism on the waters of fear!" Mr. Voigt knows what he wants to say and, when hard pressed, can say it clearly; but when he has time to write as he pleases he falls into a philosophical jargon that obscures his meaning. In his "Prefatory Note," written on March

25th, and therefore "rushed" for inclusion in a book published at the beginning of April, he states with admirable lucidity the position arising from the union of Germany and Austria. But what is one to make of a passage like the following which occurs in a comparison of Hitler with Lenin?

"Hitler is not so explicitly chiliastic as Lenin, nor has he Lenin's naïve faith in the goodness of man as such. Nevertheless, chiliasm underlies his vision of the German 'blood-brotherhood' which will shed essential evil by being purged of alien racial strains and will embody in its own domination the domination of all manly and resplendent virtues."

and

"Hitler rejects the Christian conception of sin just as the Marxists do. Hitler's whole teaching implies disbelief in the sinfulness of all men. The elect, the men and women of Aryan race, who will form the future blood-brotherhood are not under sin. They are not merely men and women with special virtues, they are the repositories of virtue itself. The Aryan, like the Proletarian, is sinless."

Throughout his book Mr. Voigt's standpoint is that of a Christian dogmatist who clings to the doctrine of "Original Sin" and insists that the Kingdom of God is not of this world. Most of the chapters read like erudite, analytical, controversial sermons; and his criticism of Marxism and Nazism may be summed up in the by no means simple lines: "The fulfilment of Marxian and National Socialist eschatology, of their chiliastic mythological vision, is in this world."

unsuspecting world in an unfortunate manner. Neither price nor publisher are stated, and if anyone would wish to purchase this book he would have to take a great deal of trouble before finding out how to obtain a copy.

Yet, with all these shortcomings it is a useful and timely publication. To the student of Scandinavian affairs and to the businessman it is an invaluable source of information. With a little better management it could have been made a splendid book.

So much for present-day economic conditions in Scandinavia. Those interested in Scandinavian history will appreciate Mr. Birch's book on Denmark. That little country was once upon a time "Master of the Baltic" and the metropolis of Northern Europe. Visitors to Copenhagen may even now behold the old maritime fort of "Trekroner" or "three crowns" dominating its harbour and which is a striking reminder of the fact that the crowns of Sweden, Norway and Denmark were once united and represented a whole world of their own. Even after the loss by Denmark of her political and military hegemony, Copenhagen remained for generations the commercial and financial centre of Scandinavia. Indeed, it can be said that the emancipation of Sweden and Norway in that respect is quite recent and in some ways not even completed; many a foreign firm dealing with Northern Europe still operates through the Danes—to the now legitimate annoyance of the Swedes and Norwegians.

Mr. Birch has attempted in his book to describe Denmark's rôle in Europe "from prehistoric times to the present age." The task is a noble one, and it certainly called for a competent author to fill one of the most astonishing gaps in our knowledge of European history. It is curious how little is known about

a country whose ties with Great Britain are so close, so ancient and so manifold. On that score alone Mr. Birch's effort would be welcome. But when, moreover, it is realised that British diplomats "en poste" in Scandinavia have not always been conspicuous by their knowledge of, or sympathies for, the Northern Countries, it is pleasant to reflect that here at least is a member of our diplomatic service who has taken the trouble to acquire a deep knowledge of Denmark's language and history—he is now in Guatemala, and I venture no comments on that.

Mr. Birch's book is scholarly and informative, yet it is strangely incomplete. Its last chapter gives the impression of being suddenly interrupted in the middle of a sentence, and it is hard to understand why the narrative should end with the change of government in 1926. A modern reader would have liked less about ancient, and more about recent history; less about the Sagas and more about XIXth and XXth century literature; a great deal more about the way that the present-day social and economic conditions of a remarkably well-balanced community were evolved, and much less about wars and struggles and revolts.

Brandes, who was perhaps the best-known Dane of his day, is so summarily dealt with that it is impossible to appreciate what he meant—not only to his compatriots, but to civilization at large; yet his influence was enormous. And no mention at all is made of Søren Kierkegaard, one of the greatest religious and philosophical thinkers of nineteenth-century Europe. It is a pity that apart from a sketchy outline on the jacket, there is no map—surely, an indispensable help to the understanding of a book of this kind. But the genealogical tables are useful and the illustrations are good.

"BLACK TOM TYRANT"

By Sir JOHN MARRIOTT.

STRAFFORD, by The Earl of Birkenhead. *Hutchinson*. 21s.

"Stone-dead hath no fellow." That is the true measure of Strafford's greatness. The impeachment had broken down. All the ingenuity of Strafford's bitter enemies could not convict him of crime. But "Black Tom Tyrant" must die. If the caged lion were permitted to escape he might save his master. Worse still: he might turn upon his accusers; John Pym might take his place in the Tower and pay the penalty of treason on the scaffold. So Strafford must die, even if it took the monstrous procedure of an Act of Attainder to bring him to the block. Lord Essex was right: "Stone-dead hath no fellow."

Did his death serve the interests of the State? It is interesting to speculate what might have happened, had King Charles not betrayed his servant. But the theme is too large for a review. "While the lads about Newcastle sat still" (the phrase is Baillie's), the Opposition were in an almost impregnable position. Pym had an army at his back; Charles had none. True, it was a Presbyterian army, and the Civil War was ultimately won by the Independents under Cromwell's command. But that was some way ahead. Pym had the initial advantage and used it. The one really strong man in the Royalist ranks was got rid of; and from that moment the King's cause (given the King's character) was hopeless.

Strafford's enemies were, from their point of view, perfectly right, and their conduct won the applause of the Whig historians of the Victorian era.

To the most brilliant disciple of that school, Strafford was "the Satan of the apostasy." "He was the first of the Rats, the first of those Statesmen whose patriotism has been only the coquetry of political prostitution and whose profligacy has taught governments to adopt the old maxim of the slave market that it is cheaper to buy than to breed, to import defenders from an Opposition than to rear them in a Ministry. He was the first Englishman to whom a peerage was a sacrament of infamy, a baptism into the Communion of Corruption." It is impossible to read those words to-day without a sense of disgust.

But a reaction has come. S. R. Gardiner wrote with the restraint proper to an historian, not with the extravagance of the Edinburgh Reviewer. But Gardiner was denied access to the Strafford correspondence preserved at Wentworth Woodhouse. The least of his disciples was no more fortunate. It was one of my earliest literary ambitions to write a Life of Strafford, but without access to the Strafford Papers I felt that it would be futile to attempt the task.

Lady Burghclere was the first to surmount the barrier which had baffled her predecessors, and her *Strafford*, published in two volumes in 1931, is the first full-length portrait of the man or the statesman that we possess. And an admirable portrait it is: sympathetic discriminating, life-like. As a fact, though Lady Burghclere utilized her opportunities with tact and skill, her volumes did not add much to our knowledge of Strafford's political career. Dr. Knowle, the learned editor

of *Strafford's Letters and Despatches* (1739), seems to have left little for subsequent gleaners in the political field. Lady Burchell, by printing a number of letters not previously published, did, however, enable us better to appreciate the personal character of a singularly lovable man.

Strafford's latest biographer, Lord Birkenhead, has also been allowed access to the archives at Wentworth Woodhouse as well as to those at Belvoir Castle. His portrait, consequently, is preeminently a living one, and reflects great credit upon the insight and the industry of the artist. But, again, it is upon the manner rather than the politician that unrestricted research has been able to throw additional light. Lord Birkenhead has, however, done good service by dotting the i's and crossing the t's and, his evidently neglected, no "authority" which could help him to do so. With special pleasure I note that Lord Birkenhead has emphasized the very important work done by Strafford as President of the Council of the North. Nothing in his career—not even his work for Ireland—does him more credit as a man of great administrative capacity, and sympathetic understanding of the position of the underdog.

LA PÊCHE MIRACULEUSE, by Guy de Pourtalès. *Gallimard, Paris.* 25 francs.

M. Guy de Pourtalès, having carried off the French Academy's prize, now takes the *Femina Vie Heureuse* with his novel *La Pêche Miraculeuse*. The translation, which no doubt will soon be undertaken, thus, like Bottom's, carries a double blessing.

The English reader, meeting the book for the first time in its original language, is puzzled as he reads. It is a simple story enough. The author shows his hero at school; growing up among the respectabilities of pre-war Geneva, falling in love with the wrong person; joining in the Great War as a volunteer probationer-interpreter; falling in love with the right person; and ending

with a pageant of all nations, the first Assembly of the League in November, 1920. The hero is a musician, naturally enough. (M. de Pourtalès has written works on Chopin and Wagner, besides a definitive history of jazz). He is sensitive, yet sensible; hates the idea of war, yet cannot, such is behind his Swiss nationality to keep out of it; rebels against the protestation of his unreason, yet cannot escape from it; knows that all mortal creatures must forever be strangers to each other, yet is warm to men and has faith in the woman he loves.

All this makes a pattern with which English is familiar. Why, then, should the English reader feel uneasy? Probably for that very reason. He is so well accustomed to this sort of book in his own language that it is disturbing at first to find the plot and the character that he knows so well set forth in clear traditional French. French balanced and dignified, French without tears. The background of the Bible is here; its rhythms march in the prose of M. de Pourtalès as they do in the prose of Massfield. The morality is familiar. Sex to this young man of Geneva is mysterious, almost symbolical, he cannot take it in his stride; witness this scrap of conversation which I take the liberty of translating. The hero is alone with his love; they kiss; he breaks away.

"It's not protestant to be happy."

"Why must you always mock what we can't help being?"

"I'm not mocking. It's irritation. We have no inner freedom. I understood that the moment I landed in Paris. We still go about in the blinkers of the old protestant war-horse, campaigning against sin."

This attitude, here so frankly confessed, is one which present-day England will not admit to. It exists, however, and it is not an affair of the churches. It is a morality with three hundred years of tradition behind it, which insists to the subconsciousness of the English people that extra-mural love-affairs are wrong; that art, like

patriotism, is not enough; that war is a touchstone by which a man may discover his own soul. It is not a tradition defensible by reason, or by the scientific method, and is therefore particularly suited to the English temperament; it holds still and strongly, according to M. de Pourtalès, in the city which harboured Calvin and Rousseau.

La Pêche Miraculeuse offers familiar problems in an unfamiliar setting. It shows neutral Switzerland troubled and disintegrated by the War. It gives a delightful head-and-shoulders sketch of Sir Henry Wilson, surely taken from life. It describes the first poison gas attack, that in which the Canadians suffered, by a text from Revelation: "And he opened the bottomless pit; and there arose a smoke out of the pit, and the sun and air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit." This is a long and honest book, the kind of book that gets and deserves prizes, as much for good conduct as good writing.

HELEN SIMPSON.

IRAQ: A STUDY IN POLITICAL DEVELOPMENT, by Philip Willard Ireland. *Cape.* 15s.

GREAT BRITAIN AND PALESTINE, by Herbert Sidebotham. *Macmillan.* 10s. 6d.

It is seldom that two books come to a reviewer's hand which can be bracketed so handily as these. For Palestine is the springing, and Iraq the keystone, of that arch of land which connects the Eastern Mediterranean with our power in the East, and through the medium of this authorship we are thus enabled to see our imperial architects at work with no official hoardings to obstruct the view. The beginning of both stories is curiously alike. The British made a landing at Basra to forestall the Turco-German forces in the regions of the Persian Gulf, and for the better safety of our shipping in the waters to the south. We crossed the desert east of Suez, and invaded Palestine, for the better protection of the Canal.

Post-Victorian Poetry

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DENT

One thing led to another, as things do in war, so that the landing developed into a conquest of the Tigris and Euphrates Valleys, and the invasion into an ending of the Turkish régime in Syria. It was only when the War was over that our troubles really began; for the strategy of war gave place to the politics of imperialism, the Arabs in both places shewed little gratitude for their deliverance, and the electorate at home, having taken off its khaki with a determination never to get into uniform again, desired above all that the huge post-war expenditure should be cut off at the main. Thus far both authors have a similar tale to tell, but thereafter Mr. Ireland takes up the close study of a mandatory nation in the making, while Mr. Sidebotham relates the history of Zionism.

The former has indeed dressed up the dry bones of administrative history in fascinating garb. His book is one of real learning, with much material overflowing into footnotes, and yet there is not a dull page in it, the desert sand being not more shifting than the changing scenes in the theatre of Mesopotamia. Iraq, after much travail an independent Kingdom and a member of the League of Nations, is now under a military dictatorship, and there the story ends. The several stages on that twenty years journey are clearly set forth, and during each Britain is seen struggling hard to reconcile three conflicting problems; our duty towards the League as a mandatory power, an attitude of fairness towards Arab nationalism, and a close appreciation of the strategical value of the country for our imperial purpose. Mr. Ireland makes it not altogether disillusioning to see the inner workings of distracted statesmanship.

Mr. Sidebotham, "Scrutator" of the *Sunday Times*, also sees Zionism through a strategical eye, his main idea being of a buffer-State in Palestine, strong and prosperous as only the genius of Jews could make it, and strongly bound to Britain, which shall interpose between an enemy adopting the land road from the north

and his objective, the Suez Canal. Thus, and truly so, are two birds to be killed with one stone; the great ideal of a national home for Jews in the land of their origin, and a bastion of strength for the protection of our own most vital imperial interest. A great beginning has been made, and everywhere the Jewish immigrant has settled, there the desert blooms. Capitalized by world contribution, the settlement has hardly touched the pocket of the British tax-payer. But here again the stress of war has occasioned endless muddle, and the Balfour Declaration, a summit of achievement in war-propaganda, is, the Arabs think, quite out of keeping with other promises made to them. One is driven to conclude that Arabia would be paradise without the Arabs, who do not appear to care for progress or prosperity if it involves the presence of the Jew. Partition, as recommended by the Peel Commission, or as amended by the leaders of the Jewish Agency, is suggested as the solvent of the problem, and perhaps it may be so. The author examines every aspect of it, from either point of view, and concludes that it might be suitable from the strict standpoint of Zionism, but that it would deprive the project of all strategical value. In this instance Britain does not come out well as a Mandatory Power, and certainly the author quotes full chapter and verse in support of his contention. It may be that strategy and idealism are irreconcilable.

L. E. O. CHARLTON

WORLD BRAIN, by H. G. Wells.
Methuen. 3s. 6d.

Let no one be put off by the faint flavour of doctrinairism in the title of this slender volume. It is the later H. G. Wells at his best, felicitous in phrase, suggestive in thought, outspoken and provocative in criticism, indomitably hopeful in outlook.

The book consists of a number of essays, addresses and talks strung upon a central theme—the need for an

improvement in education which shall fit men to live happily in the large-scale world into which Science has precipitated us. But for Mr. Wells education means a great deal more than class-room teaching. It means an intelligence service for the world. It means, on the one hand, a greater number—a far greater number—of intelligent persons in the community and, on the other, vastly improved arrangements for making some use of such intelligence as there is.

To take the latter point first, Mr. Wells deplores the powerlessness of "the finer minds of the human race" in the face of political and social adventures of the coarsest sort. He brings out the absurdity of a system under which a Freud or an Einstein can be subject to molestation by an ignorant demagogue. But he does not propose to remove the demagogue in order to put the sage in his place. "A professor-ridden world might prove as unsatisfactory under the stress of modern life and fluctuating conditions as a theologian-ridden world." He proposes to diffuse their knowledge so as to make it as easily available as possible for the common modern man. "It is science and not men of science that we want to enlighten and animate our politics and rule the world."

One way in which he proposes to accomplish this is through a World-Encyclopædia. Several of the papers in this volume are devoted to this theme. Mr. Wells contends—and who that has used the ordinary type of Encyclopædia will disagree with him?—that the world of learning has not known how to present its results to the public. The result of this is that there is always a considerable time-lag between the specialist enquiry and general knowledge, whilst the specialist himself needs to "be redeemed from oddity, from shy preciousness and practical futility." The World Encyclopædia would be a permanent enterprise of co-operation compelling learned men "to come to terms with

one another" and would provide "an undogmatic Bible to a world-culture."

The new French Encyclopædia, to which he pays an appreciative tribute, has shown what can be done at a time of financial stringency. Mr. Wells, of course, would go further. He would like authoritative bibliographies of "book-guides" to be as common as railway time-tables and he wants specially low postal rates for books. "Try sending a book, a good fat book, half-way across the world and see what it costs you." He does not mention the facilities offered through the Smithsonian Institute for exporting learned works from the United States.

When he turns from projects to persons Mr. Wells is even more thoroughly in his element. "Why are our Universities floating above the general disorder of mankind like a beautiful sunset over a battlefield?" It is because the so-called educated have been unequal to their responsibilities that, in our "Frightened Thirties" the new type of Nero has emerged, "a poor single, silly, little human cranium held high and adorned usually with something preposterous in the way of hat."

How is it possible that intelligent peoples should fall so low in their choice of leader? Here Mr. Wells' answer is not so explicit as usual. He tells us that

"the human individual is born now to live in a society for which its fundamental instincts are altogether inadequate" and that "he has to be educated systematically for his social rôle." "The social man is a manufactured product of which the natural man is the raw material."

But he does not tell us how or whence

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the *manufacturer* is to be produced. Whence did Mr. Wells himself derive the dauntless courage and high perseverance which have characterized him throughout his long career as a writer? "It may be doubted," he says "if constructive sociology and educational science can ever be freed from a certain literary, aesthetic and ethical flavouring." Is "flavouring" really the right word? Or is there not here a shy admission that there is in man himself a quality of the spirit which enables him to be something more than raw material to be passively kneaded by the cosmic process?

Yes, certainly we need a World Encyclopædia. But is a World Encyclopædia enough? Or, as Socrates would have put it, is Knowledge sufficient to ensure Virtue?

ALFRED ZIMMERS

THE CITIZEN'S CHOICE, by Ernest Barker. *Cambridge University*. 7s. 6d.
THE CRISIS OF OUR CIVILISATION, by Hilaire Belloc. *Cassell*. 8s. 6d.

In a mood of quiet, courageous optimism Professor Barker says of the years through which we are passing: "It is good to be alive in these days." It is good to be alive, not only because it is lucky to escape another fate, which is what one tends to feel, but because the world is now so rich in its abundance of spiritual vitality, its philosophical hunger, self-consciousness and ubiquitous movement. In distinction from the negativism of so much in current liberal thought, Professor Barker's lectures reveal a quality of sober, tolerant positivism which we may well take to heart. His optimism derives, not from any reliable formula of political understanding, but from a personal quality of sympathy. He is a liberal, but his sensibility enables him to catch something of the quality of each of the spiritual movements of the world which come within his purview. National Socialism, Fascism, Communism: he rejects them, not because they mean nothing to him, but only

because his own strong convictions are sufficiently deeply embedded to enable him to lend a sympathetic ear to the compelling murmurs of the age. His book is a collection of careful lectures which were delivered some at Chatham House, some at the Institute of Sociology, some at London University and one at a Liberal Summer School. There is thus a formal, academic element about them all. In each case deep emphasis is laid upon the ultimate personal and moral foundations of political philosophy. Yet Professor Barker's democratic faith, resting upon sympathy, is refreshingly free from that attitude of outraged but feeble horror with which the unpleasant happenings in the modern world are greeted by so many of the would-be democrats of this island.

Mr. Belloc writes passionately. His is a vigorous defence of the Catholic view of the world conflict. He knows his case by heart and writes it down quickly, directly and passionately, without footnotes, references or any documentation whatever. The first half of the book is an easy account of the history of Christendom, the second a description of the gathering sickness of Christendom since the Reformation, the growth of capitalism and its manifold evils. The final appearance of Anti-Christ in the form of Communism now presents our civilization with its greatest crisis, in which all of us, however unwilling, are now deeply involved. Under the aegis of a true Catholic revival, Mr. Belloc would like to see a breakdown of monopoly capitalism along distributist lines, the erection of quasi-guilds and State operation of certain large scale concerns.

Mr. Belloc's book is pleasantly readable, but his view of the world seems eccentric in England, and his passionate manner of dealing with materialism and Communism is as far removed from Professor Barker's tranquillity as London is from a certain microphone in Seville.

RICHARD TERRELL.

THE IRON CHRIST, by Francis Berry. *Williams & Norgate*. 1s. 6d.

OTHERS TO ADORN, by Oliver St. J. Gogarty. *Rich & Cowan*. 7s. 6d.

MRS. KIMBER, by Osbert Sitwell. *Macmillan*. 8s. 6d.

THE SILVER BRANCH—An Anthology of Irish Poetry. Selected with an Introduction by Sean O'Faolain. *Cape*. 5s.

THE GARDEN OF DISORDER, by Charles Henri Ford. *Europa Press*. 5s.

A poet needs courage to-day to thrust upon a public, so indifferent to verse, a poem which is sustained to the purpose of a passionate narrative. Such a poem is *The Iron Christ*, and it is likely to succeed in its claim for attention because it is so vigorous in its presentation of a magnificent story. That story is a true one. In 1902, Chile and Argentine were massing troops on their frontiers, preparing for war. But Archbishop Benvenuto, unlike most dignitaries of the Christian Churches, stood up in Buenos Aires Cathedral and preached a pacifist sermon so persuasive that the peoples of the two countries melted down the guns from the frontier forts, and cast a figure of Christ from the metal, which they erected on the highest point of the Andes, between the two countries.

The theme suits the poet. His technique is craggy, fierce. He works in words as Frank Brangwyn works in colours, using great blocks of abrupt and explosive sound, accumulating a mountainous form which sensuously symbolizes the scene of the drama, the mood of the protagonists, and the mysterious mass-passion which controls the situation. Here is a picture of the guns smelting.

"Borne into the arsenals, gaping guns
Await their execution. Dissected, hurled
Asunder, while the furnaces roar, thunder.
Flames' joy at confines, suck and cry,
ramp up
Chimneys, spout and ember-spray the air."

The sermon, the re-action to it, the resting of the Christ and its erection; it remain in the reader's vision,

hammered home by this poet's technique which might be compared to that of Charles Doughty.

Dr. Gogarty is already a legend. We drab English, tongue-tied, hear of his immortal walk down Sackville Street, and his avowal of two swans for the River Liffey that saved his life during the Troubles. We have only latterly heard his poems, brought to us first by W. B. Yeats, and now collected in *Others to Adorn*. And here the poet fulfils the legend. The work is scholarly but it is much more than that. It sparkles. It is crystalline, firmly shaped. There is no padding of mere verse in the book, and a reader can keep the volume by him indefinitely, for reading and re-reading.

"Death may be very gentle after all:
He turns his face away from arrogant
knights
Who fling themselves against him in their
fights;
But to the loveliest he loves to call.
And he has with him those whose ways
were mild
And beautiful; and many a little child."

The Martyrdom of Spain

By ALFRED MENDIZABAL
Preface by Jacques Maritain

"After the welter of propaganda and war experiences it is a relief to find a book which gives something approaching a genuinely impartial account of the origins of the Spanish Civil War."—*The Times Literary Supplement*.

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ships and seafarers. Simple joys were the great ones, and in describing them simply, never straining for dramatic effect, even when she might easily have been lured into over-writing, as at the rounding of the Horn, Mrs. Linklater offers the fruit of that most real study, the study of oneself and other people in mutual reaction.

ALAN PHILLIPS.

THE RUNNING OF THE DEER, by Dan Wickenden. *Dent*. 8s. 6d.

PRAY FOR THE WANDERER, by Kate O'Brien. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

THE SWORD OF LOVE, by Rearden Conner. *Cassell*. 8s. 6d.

CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE, by Romilly Cavan. *Constable*. 8s. 6d.

A quality of vitality, more or less clearly defined, is what we have learned to look for in novels by young Americans. "A young country," "a sense of the future," and similar phrases have a real meaning even when they have become truisms, and even among the distracting problems that confront the New World today. When Mr. Dan Wickenden's adolescent Mel Thrace, near the end of his book, "faced west, he faced the future." *The Running of the Deer* is not a covered-wagon novel but a fairly simple tale of family life in the upper middle class. There is a fine rhythm to this book, remarkable in a first novel, and although Mr. Wickenden makes no experiments with syntax or vocabulary he contrives an urgency no less in his style than in what it carries. The action is confined to a few days over a Christmas identifiable as that of 1936, the characters to the members of two related families living in a New York suburb. The dismissal of Arnold Thrace from the editorship of a declining literary journal provides a catastrophe, but they all pick themselves up again before we leave them, and nothing more startling occurs. It is the very skilful characterisation that holds the book together, providing a sensation of

development and even of drama, and suggesting that Mr. Wickenden is a writer whose future work will demand attention.

With Miss O'Brien the present reviewer, at all events, is still on foreign soil, for *Pray for the Wanderer* is very consciously an Irish book about Irish people in Ireland. Much of the interest which it compels derives, indeed, from the direct relation of the characters to De Valera's Catholic Ireland of to-day and this moment. Still, we are in Europe, and a sense of impending doom is now and then to be perceived. The slightly desperate virtue of individualism represented by Matt, running home to the Free State from fame as a sophisticated playwright and the wounds of a mastering love, would seem less sympathetic in a period of general confidence. As it is, and tolerant as are Miss O'Brien's dealings with all her characters, her fastidiousness and her civilized catholicity make of him an easy hero, and so powerful is her evocation of the passion of body and spirit to which a term has been set that the contrary claims of strongly-rooted family life are established with difficulty. Yet they draw Matt for a time, and they change him—not violently, but in a way that almost surprises him into matrimony with a defensive virgin. The virgin's subsequent return to her jilted cousin Tom does not carry entire conviction, but Tom is not only a delicious character but also I have taken native advice on this score like type.

Miss O'Brien's writing has what is usually called distinction. She invents her phrases, fitting them to mood and purpose. Her compatriot Mr. Rearden Conner, on the other hand, is content with the shavings of older workshops. "At long last," "unknown to his mother," "it was not the desire to escape in actual fact, but in spirit"—such verbal associations are not in themselves meaningless, though I think the same could not be said for "his reticence had reached the pitch of a complex." But their cumulative effect

is to numb the reader into laziness, and they simply have not the strength to force his acceptance of a tale of maternal affection turned ugly, of hatred and obstinacy and contempt and embittered alcoholism, of three unpunished murders and of violent encounters wherein the combatants astonishingly survive. Mary Maher, having got by her husband the child she desired, drives him to drink by her savage indifference, concentrates life's purposes in the boy, becomes a byword in the parish, and is finally pierced by the sword of the lad's own love. It is a stark story, intentionally earthy. But it does not smell of the earth. It is heavy with words.

Back in tired old England, no longer even ashamed of the once derided "escapism," Miss Romilly Cavan is content to be a myth-maker. *Characters in Order of Appearance* presents a man between the ages of seventeen and thirty-five, the delightful friends he makes, his temporary glory as a smart dramatist, his love for a girl who shortly eclipses his own celebrity with her dress-designing, the attendant emotional difficulties and then their resolution. The book ought to have a considerable success, for the writer is clever enough to suggest reality in what is essentially a very appealing modern fairy-story. The sun shines when her characters are happy and in love, and the wind and the rain accompany their period of distress.

FRANCIS WATSON.

MISCELLANEA

LILIAN BAYLIS, by Sybil and Russell Thorndike. *Chapman & Hall*. 5s.

Russell Thorndike, in the second of the two appreciations appearing in this book, tells us many good stories about that remarkable woman, Lilian Baylis, including his own first meeting with her when she was anxious to pray to God to send her some good actors—cheap, believing that the presence of a soldier wounded in the War would aid her prayer. And pray she did, as she did at all times and in all places for guidance in running her two great theatres, the

Old Vic and Sadler's Wells. Miss Thorndike also tells some stories as everyone must who knew Miss Baylis, but how lovable she makes her subject and how lovable in turn becomes Miss Thorndike. Her's is a splendid piece of work, the more so because she is unaware that her love and admiration for Miss Baylis is being transmitted to the written page, as she describes not one but two outstanding women who walked together on the Old Vic stage.

WILD BIRDS IN BRITAIN, by Seton Gordon. *Batsford*. 8s. 6d.

In a finely illustrated book Mr. Seton Gordon has a new approach to a subject which never grows old and on which there is always room for another volume providing the author can present his matter in a fresh and attractive form. This Mr. Gordon easily succeeds in doing and his arrangement of chapters

THE JOURNAL AND LETTERS of REGINALD VISCOUNT ESHER

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Volume 2	1903 - 1910
Volume 3	1910 - 1915
Volume 4	1915 - 1930

(To be published shortly)

The period covered by Volume 3 (just published) and Volume 4 (to be published on June 16) of these unique memoirs includes the War years, when Lord Esher was acting as unofficial ambassador between the English and the French. "In my opinion," said Mr. J. A. Spender in the *Sunday Times*, "these Memoirs are far superior to either Greville or Malmesbury. Esher was an accomplished literary hand. But, above all, he had an abounding interest in the passing show, and in a brilliant way conveys the sense of its movement and glitter and the play of its personalities."

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under headings such as "Garden Birds," "Birds of Woodland and Hedgerow," and "Mountain Birds" makes the book suitable for reference as well as good reading.

BALLET PANORAMA, by Arnold L. Haskell. *Batsford*. 8s. 6d.

Mr. Haskell's knowledge and his access to an unlimited supply of fine photographs has given Messrs. Batsford another opportunity to produce one of the many attractive books for which they are justly famed. Keen supporters of the ballet—and their numbers grow every year in England now that their appetite can be appeased at Sadler's Wells and elsewhere—will hardly contemplate existence without this book, which is published, considering its value, at a very moderate price. Here is the story of Ballet in text and in pictures unfolding its great tradition which began long before La Camargo shortened her skirt a few inches in 1721 to display her shapely legs and extends far into the future when Mr.

Haskell anticipates an even greater following through the medium of television.

OVER THE NORTH POLE, by George Baidukov. *Harrap*. 5s.

Modern heroes live their sagas in the air and Baidukov's straightforward tale of the great Russian flight from Moscow to the U.S.A. is an inspiring record of an adventure carefully planned and calmly undertaken. Chkalov, Baidukov and Beliakov certainly realised the immensity of their enterprise when they took off in the Ant-25, with Stalin's blessing, to fly 5,507 miles non-stop in sixty-two hours over the North Pole, yet a little alarm over ice formation, and a little discomfort in high altitudes was all that disturbed an astonishing journey. The book, translated by Jessica Smith, has an attractive wrapper and some pleasing, though personal, illustrations.

UNDERSTANDING THE ENGLISH, by James Howard Wellard. *Hurst & Blackett*. 10s. 6d.

This most amusing book has enough sting in the tail of its remarks to make its value rather less ephemeral than others of its kind. It pokes fun, of course, good solid fun likely to appeal hugely to the English, which "like the yak maintain a vast silence, which can only be the cloak of wisdom," but its general picture is broad and shrewd. "The majority of English," says the author, "will not admit, for instance, that the Scotch, Irish, Americans, or Australians, have any rights in the use of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. They take the attitude that these nations have borrowed a precious heirloom and tend to abuse the privilege." The unfortunate English have, however, abused many privileges and let slip many opportunities for what is "not done" is more binding on these Islanders than the criminal code itself." Finally among a host of good remarks we find "the trouble with English journalism is English literature." The illustrations are excellent and valuable additions to the text.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.

The German colossus towers over Europe, and, after the destruction of Austria, in an atmosphere of terrific nervous strain the nations are licking their wounds. It is a time for reflection—sorry reflection—a lull before the next storm. Of the storm-centre itself, Czechoslovakia, we present no detailed picture, since there is a surfeit of information and interpretation in the daily press. But, once again, the strategic implications of Herr Hitler's twin-stroke policy, in Czechoslovakia and in Spain, are set out in an authoritative contribution from Captain B. Liddell Hart. The author is the well-known Military Correspondent of *The Times*: but by his breadth of vision and felicity of phrase he is so very much more than an expert writer on military questions.

The political repercussions of the destruction of Austria are the subject of an article by Graham Hutton, of an article by Graham Hutton, who assistant editor of *The Economist*, who has recently returned from one of his periodical visits to the countries of the Danubian basin. Graham Hutton has been studying Central European problems—political and economic—for the past ten years, and he can give a really objective view of the situation. That his conclusions are depressing need scarcely be said.

We are indebted to Ernest Hambloch, like the two first-named, a former contributor (he wrote last October on *Fascist Trends in Brazil*), for a remarkable analysis of the German psychosis. No one can appreciate the why and wherefore of international friction by a

mere recital of political and economic differences. The toxic elements lie far below the surface, in the different national psychologies. Ernest Hambloch possesses a rare ability to probe down to the roots—thanks to an unusual linguistic training and a lifetime experience in the Consular service in many parts of the world. There can be few Englishmen, for example, with such an intimate knowledge of Brazil and South American phenomena in general. His recent book *British Consul* has had a well-deserved success, and he is now at work on a study of Germany's *Drang nach Osten*.

With the considerations set out in the article *Is there a British Commonwealth Axis?* we come to a question which explains much that would otherwise seem unintelligible in the foreign policy of Great Britain. J. R. Glorney Bolton (also an old contributor) has had a varied and interesting journalistic career in India, in Canada and in Fleet Street. He is best known perhaps for his regular contributions to *Great Britain and the East*—where for a time he was in charge of the India section.

D. W. Brogan contributes another of his spirited and thought-provoking articles on the political jungle of the U.S.A. There is perhaps no subject less adequately portrayed in our daily press, and we regard Denis Brogan as the ablest commentator on American affairs this side of the Atlantic.

The article by V. S. Pritchett is itself a reflection of the all-pervading influence of politics. But, as he suggests, there is a special sense in

which the political 'atmosphere,' so inherent in works of fiction of the Continent, is alien to the British tradition. V. S. Pritchett will be known to our readers as novelist, critic and short-story writer. He has been a contributor to THE FORTNIGHTLY over the last ten years.

Wilbur Burton deals with the fascinating subject of the changes in *mœurs* which have taken place in China since the revolution. The important rôle played by a few distinguished Chinese women, notably the Soong family, has been written up a good deal, but usually only in a superficial, snippety way. Wilbur Burton is a roving American journalist with a positive genius for extracting the essence of social characteristics in out-of-the-way parts of the world.

The usual sketch, which we publish this month, *Cuisine Internationale* might be taken to refer to the general contents of THE FORTNIGHTLY! Actually it is

a most amusing study of a Continental butterfly on the "blushing English rose."

Another problem requiring careful unprejudiced consideration is the rush of box-like flats and tenements which has developed in the post-war period, as a result, both of industrialism and misguided housing reform. A. Trystan Edwards is a distinguished architect and writer on housing questions, whose article 'New Streets for Old,' published in August, 1937, may be remembered.

An unusual subject is taken up in *Pollar Folk* by Fraulein Lilo Linke, who has made a reputation for herself in England by her novels with a background of Germany and her political travelogues. Her book on Turkey 'Allah Dethroned,' published last year, was regarded as outstanding in its genre. She is now engaged on a similar travel-tale of Italy.

THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

The calls upon the generosity of Englishmen and women for political "victims" are continually increasing. But there is surely none that comes home to us with more poignancy than that of the unfortunate Austrian citizens now deprived of their birth-right. As was well brought out in that admirable book by Douglas Reed, *Insanity Fair* (Cape), the lot of the Jews, which evokes widespread sympathy, is actually far less desperate, because of their trans-national connections, than that of the Christians, Liberals, democrats, Socialists, etc., whom a malign fate has made out-casts. We therefore commend wholeheartedly to our readers the relief work being undertaken, for the minority groups of Germans—without any distinction of party, race or religion—under the auspices of the Friends. The work has been going on now for five years. With the addition of the hapless refugees from Germany who had settled in Austria still greater efforts will be necessary, and we appeal to our readers to help all they can. Contributions to be sent to Germany Emergency Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

* * * * *

The National Institute of Industrial Psychology has done for seventeen years much useful work in making work-people happy and comfortable in their work, providing the right kind of human attributes to the right kind of job and ensuring the maximum amount of physical effort and conserved energy in the work to afford the greatest production power to the individual worker. As a result the employer far from losing has gained all along the line, monotony and waste have disappeared and in their place by the application of applied psychology in industry, there comes a new zest for work and an added producing power. The foundation of the Institute dates from the delivery of two lectures, in 1918 by its present principal and founder, Dr. C. S. Myers, then director of the Psychological Laboratory at Cambridge. The Institute was finally incorporated in 1921. It is not and never was intended to be a profit-making organization, but it includes a fee-earning service. To-day the Institute is faced with a grim financial position. It must have additional financial support to enable it to carry on at all. Much work of national well-being is awaiting its services and this demands finance in order to expand. For the combined needs of the immediate present, the progress of the future, for a new building and for an endowment of that building, £250,000 are needed. To those who are in sympathy with the work, membership of the Institute is open for the minimum subscription of £1 per annum. The address of the National Institute is Aldwych House, London, W.C.2.

* * * * *

Success for Mr. Richard Church, whose novel *The Porch*, published by J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., has been awarded the Femina Vie Henreuse Prize, sheds some reflected glory on THE FORTNIGHTLY, for Mr. Church has been a regular contributor and reviewer for many years. Born in 1893 Mr. Church began to write verse at an early age, and his first poem was published in the *Clarion* when he was 16 years old. His first book of verse, however, did not appear until 1917 and his first novel, *Oliver's Daughter*, in 1930. The

Porch was published just over a year ago and is to some extent based on Mr. Church's own experience in the Civil Service. When *The Porch* was published Mr. Church announced that it was only the first part of a work of greater scope on which he was engaged. The second part of the story is now reaching its final stages. It deals with the years of the Great War, and presents an unusual aspect of the War in that the heroine is at the front whilst the hero is compelled to stay at home. Mr. Church has not yet decided on the title of this sequel.

The Left Book Club held a Cultural Week and on Friday, May 20, a meeting was held in the large Conway Hall to discuss "Literature and the People." Mr. Victor Gollancz was in the Chair and many famous literary figures including Norman Collins, Richard Church, Susan Ertz, L. A. G. Strong, A. E. Coppard, Olaf Stapledon, Rose Macaulay, and Rex Warner either spoke or took part in the discussion.

The usual half-yearly Index and Title-page will be included in the next (July) issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY.

AUSTRIANS IN DISTRESS

Though the establishment of Greater Germany may have been greeted with enthusiasm by hundreds of thousands particularly of the younger Austrians, and though many British citizens would have welcomed the Union under more normal circumstances, we cannot ignore the fact that the area of racial legislation with all the distress and cruelty involved has been thereby enormously increased.

Friends have been working for the last five years in attempts to bring constructive relief to Germans of the minority groups—non-Aryans, liberals, democrats—both within and without Germany. The events in Austria constitute a new and imperious call to further efforts. Already we have been asked to organise a feeding centre in Vienna for 1000 intellectuals and black-coated workers, to prevent unfortunate people from dying of starvation, while plans for more permanent settlement are prepared.

Think also of the hundreds of unfortunate refugees from Germany, who had settled in Austria and have now been enveloped by the State which has been working out increasing refinements of racial discrimination during the last five years.

PLEASE HELP US TO HELP THEM

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