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FROM SMOKE TO SMOTHER

By the same author

INSANITY FAIR
DISGRACE ABOUNDING
NEMESIS?
A PROPHET AT HOME
ALL OUR TOMORROWS
LEST WE REGRET

Play

DOWNFALL

Novels

THE NEXT HORIZON
GALANTY SHOW

FROM SMOKE TO SMOTHER

(1938-1948)

A Sequel to *Insanity Fair*

by

DOUGLAS REED



Then must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother.

A comment on the twentieth century by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

JONATHAN CAPE
RTY BEDFORD SQUARE
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FOREWORD

Vienna 1938

WHEN this book appears just ten years will have passed since the publication of the one, *Insanity Fair*, to which it is a sequel. The shape of events, as they have come about, may now be compared with the shape of the forebodings and warnings which filled *Insanity Fair*; and, when that has been done, the prospect of the next ten years, 1948-58 may be examined.

Has the enpested air of the twentieth century at last been cleared? In my opinion the answer is plainly, No. The great choice between liberty and slavery remains to be made. We have merely passed from the smoke of the Thirties, through ordeal by fire in the Forties, to the dark smother that awaits us in the Fifties. Military victory in the second war was in the event turned against the shining cause for which it was begun: Liberty. The second war brought great generalship, but no statesmanship, only politicianship, and the acts of politicians, much more even than in the first war and the years that followed it, were misguided by hidden groups hostile to liberty and nationhood everywhere.

I find certain changes in my own mind, when I look back on the man who wrote *Insanity Fair* in Vienna ten years ago. The memory of the first war and its huge carnage was lurid in me then and the obsessing premonition of a new slaughter did more than anything else to drive me to write that warning; horror and hatred of the tyrannies I saw rising in Europe were, I think, emotions secondary to that overwhelming anxiety. After ten years I find myself reversing the order of those fears. Though lives may be destroyed, life cannot be, for it eternally renews itself. Ruins are relatively unimportant, since human hands can always rebuild what human hands have razed. The annihilation of spiritual values now seems to me the most important thing to arrest.

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The ones I chiefly mean are religion, patriotism, liberty, human dignity and honour. The process of destroying these, begun in the Thirties, was quickened and extended through the second war. Its continuance now seems to me a prospect more dreadful than even that of 'the third war' which I hear people on all hands discuss. The worst prospect of all is that such a third war, like the second one, would be begun in the name of Liberty and be stealthily turned into one for the final extinction of liberty, while it went on. The mechanism of these twentieth-century wars has clearly been brought under remote control, so that such transformations are possible. We have now seen the trick performed twice.

A few days before *Insanity Fair* appeared its warning was abruptly borne out by the German invasion of Austria, a thing which the public mind of the Thirties refused to imagine until it happened; I received some credit for having foreseen the blindingly obvious. The second war began then, although the fighting waited another eighteen months. We are in precisely the same state of suspended, non-fighting but undeniable warfare today, ten years later. The same possibilities of averting a fighting-war, of arresting the Gadarene process of the twentieth century, are open to us now, as were open then.

That clamorous, fear-laden night in Vienna is foremost in my memory as I write this sequel, ten years later, to *Insanity Fair*. Among my farewells at that time was one I paid to a humble ragman who relieved me of the piles of yellowing newspapers which encumbered my lodging. He inhabited three vast cellars beneath an old house near the cathedral, the Stefansdom; built one below the other, they were the equivalent of a tall house buried underground, and from them passages led to the catacombs of that ancient city. He lived there, in the gloom, amid great mounds of sacks, round and on which prowled or sat innumerable cats. They were his skilled assistants: without them the rats would have eaten his business; and as we talked their inscrutable green and amber eyes watched us from all sides.

Down there the noise of the howling mob overhead was muffled,

FOREWORD

a distant ominous cacophony, the theme-song of the mad twentieth century. This ragman was a civilised man; that was why I went to say goodbye to him. He nodded to the muted clamour with his head. 'Listen,' he said, 'Heut' Nazis, Morgen Kommunisten, und allezeit Idioten—Nazis today, Communists tomorrow, and idiots always.'

Were there more like him the Marats, Lenins and Hitlers could not prosper. I shook his hand and made my way homeward, through the Kaerntnerstrasse. That half mile of roadway, between the Stefansdom and the Ring, seemed to me the High Street of a civilised Europe then threatened with destruction (and now almost destroyed). Not even Rome or London, in our two thousand years, have seen as much of the process of alternating invasion, siege, battle, conquest, defeat, tyranny, liberation, recovery and Christian progress which is our common story, as the Kaerntnerstrasse in Vienna.

On that night the voice, face and noise of the mob filled High Street, Europe, which leads to London as straight as it leads to Wiener Neustadt. How easy the mob has made the work of the wreckers! That mob-face appals me. Of the Gadarene swine, I imagine that each stampeding one wore the same expression of rapt admiration for the posterior view of the one in front. Why look elsewhere, and should not one always follow the swine in front? In these ten years I have seen the mob-face nearer home than I like.

Ten years ago! Babies born that night are still children, boys then ten years old are still youths, youths of twenty are still young men: is it possible? It is fascinating to turn back the pages and in 1948 to compare the ten years, as they have been, with the ten years which that night loomed menacingly ahead. Having made that comparison, and thus having so much experience to guide the judgment, it is even more absorbing to contemplate the ten years which now lie before us all. To the writer of *Insanity Fair* they appear more ominous than the ten years looked which lay ahead that night in 1938.

PART. ONE

THE SMOKE: 1933-1939

CHAPTER I

DINNER WITH A CONDEMNED MAN

It was but yesterday; it was at the other end of time. It was ten years ago. I did not know why my host wished me to dine with him. Within a year or two his name was to be famous or infamous everywhere, but at this time he was ostensibly just a solicitor, politically inactive and publicly unknown, so that I had never heard of him. Some mutual acquaintance arranged our meeting. 'An interesting man,' he told me, 'a friend of the Chancellor, in whose battery he served in the war. He's not a Nazi but thinks Austria will have to come to some arrangement with Germany. You should meet him.'

I studied him across the wine. Urbane, easy, humorous: that was the pleasant Austrian heritage. Tall, well-built, and good-looking save for wary eyes, magnified by thick-lensed glasses. His stiff leg, I supposed, came from a war wound. What did he want with a British newspaper correspondent? Did he seek to pump or to prime me? Was he truly just an anxious and disinterested patriot or could he be a political intriguer? He did not raise the mask. Perhaps he himself did not clearly read the future and his own part in it. He knew what I could not divine: that he was a conspirator among the powder barrels, but he certainly did not foresee, any more than I, the noose that would end his life.

Behind him was a mural of Viennese wine-gardens, the reminder of happy times departed. He talked with smiling flippancy about Hitler and the Nazis: if only all men were like you and me, Herr Reed, he implied, these matters would soon be settled. The Germans? Ach, they were heavy-handed folk, one knew their irritating ways, *net wahr?* But they had to be reckoned with now and Austria could not play David if even France and England were afraid to stand up to Goliath. Germany had the right and

THE SMOKE: 1933-1939

the might to demand a firm place in Europe and good-neighbourliness from adjoining countries; the great powers could not expect these small ones to play the part of sentinels posted against the Reich. But there could be no question of Germany swallowing Austria and Czechoslovakia. They must remain independent.

Thus the pleasant, reasonable voice which, a few weeks later, would say 'Agreed' to a German demand for him to usurp power and invite a German invasion. Suddenly unmasking, this unknown man would appear on the balcony of the historic Chancery and smile on the howling mob while his friend, the Chancellor, was thrown into prison. Soon after that, the second war, and like one of Napoleon's marshals he would be made ruler of a small realm, the Low Countries. Not long after that: Nuremberg and the gallows.

This man, when I look back ten years later, seems to me hugely important. In his person and career the course of the disease can plainly be traced, which is now laying Europe waste, like a plague, and may bring the Christian continent to an end as loathsome as his own. He was of the tribe of the traitors and when I met him they seemed extinct. Civilised man had come to hold treason as the crime worse than murder, and it was as rare. Ten years ago, in fact, it was not only an abominable but an almost unimaginable thing: I remember the shock of disbelief I had when I watched him posturing on that balcony.

I know now that many of the men I met in those days were traitors, and that many of them condemned this man, merely because his treason was in a different foreign cause from the one they served. 'Communism' or 'Fascism': where is the difference, for a patriot?

An all-falsifying dishonesty is the mark of our century, and particularly of the last ten years. The unquestioning public acceptance of the Communist traitor, immediately after the execution of Nazi ones, in the countries which fought the second war, is its most repugnant feature. It is the worst of the changes which the war, and these ten years, have brought. Treachery as a calling can now be seen as a disease of the twentieth century.

DINNER WITH A CONDEMNED MAN

Earlier ones of the body, like leprosy, were in time overcome. The traitor's uncleanness has polluted public principle and civic security everywhere.

I drove my new acquaintance home that night in my unforgettable Little Rocket. He lived in a pleasant suburb, a place like Wimbledon, where good, substantial villas and well-kept gardens spoke of good times nearly gone. I watched him as he painfully climbed the steps to his door. It opened, showing a comfortable interior, and he was silhouetted against warm light as he limped in towards the scaffold.

I rather envied him as the door closed. From the glimpse of his snug house I guessed at welcoming sounds within and a happy family life. My own future was obscure. I was writing a book which I expected to cost me my post; I knew the new war would soon drive me from Europe, which I loved, and could not imagine when I would ever live in it again; I could already see the destruction and the greater dangers beyond. Perhaps this mysterious man would fare better than I.

'Seyss-Inquart,' I mused, as I drove away, 'an odd name. I wonder why he wanted to talk to me?'

DELICATE-HANDED PRIEST

THE shape of events and men often looked clear in the smoky Thirties, yet appears quite different now that I look back ten years later. This agreeable fellow, in whom you could not suspect perfidy, proved a traitor; that disagreeable one, whom you distrusted, was not. The daily judgments of mortal men were shallow; Himalaya-like above them stands the truth of the old word, Vengeance is Mine. Shakespeare said, 'There's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so', and this is the greatest danger of our day, in which men's thinking is done for them by the machines of mass-misinformation.

Take this priest, whom I met ten years ago in a craggy old town, set bluff above the Danube. Set angularly among its winding streets and ancient houses is the typical concrete hotel of the Twenties, and in its big dining-room he sat, with respectful listeners leaning on his words, for he was locally the great man. He had a bullet head, cropped hair, thick neck, fair paunch and jowl. An instinctive antagonism to the priest-in-politics stirred in me.

'Thinking makes it so'; how wrong I was. The twentieth-century man, who can usually read and seldom discriminate, inherits from ancient feuds a mass of written prejudices which he applies to his own day. How many men's minds are formed for them by other men, long dead, who cursed others, also long mouldered? In my reading I had often met the 'turbulent priest', 'fiddling priest', 'churlish priest', 'pale-eyed priest'.

Over two hundred years ago one Jean Messelier wrote in his will: 'This will be the last and most ardent of my desires: I should like to see the last king strangled with the guts of the last priest.' Voltaire seized on and published these words of unwisdom, probably in mockery; for Voltaire was intelligent enough to foresee

DELICATE-HANDED PRIEST

that the Common Man would be worse than the priests and kings. A Messelier of today might as ardently wish to see the last Communist strangled by the guts of the last Fascist; and such words, which might be inept fifty years from now, might still inflame immature minds long after their truth was dead. Men who attack the visible enemies of justice and liberty forget that their words may live on when new enemies have risen, and that these may turn their fiery phrases against the very things they themselves love. They identify tyranny with distinct classes or callings, when it is a disease of power and infects each successive group that comes to power; just as the waves that break on the shore, though each is separate, yet are all one and eternal.

Such prejudices, obsolete but unwittingly absorbed, may have caused my vague aversion: those and the nearness of the truculent Germans, which obsessed me. They were just across the bridge, a few hundred yards away. Would this priest-politician have truck with them, I wondered? He had fine hands. They stirred another memory: 'the dilettante, delicate-handed priest'.

I see more clearly now than I saw in the smoke then. This man, whose neck also was to wear a noose, was different from, indeed the opposite of, Seyss-Inquart. He never feigned a false allegiance. He was a professed Christian and Slovak patriot, and died in that cause.

Slovakia! The Briton is insular (though I seldom met one as insular as any Frenchman), and I do not know how he shall find his way among distant Slavs, Slovaks, Slovenes and Slavonians. Yet all have their *eigenart*, their distinct speech, history and way of life, and hunger to live freely in their own lands. A thousand years cannot quench this longing in even the smallest tribe. The Slovaks are a peasant-nation; no people, submerged for centuries, can produce a ruling-class. Having no knights they must needs turn for leaders to the only literate class, the priests, who are usually peasants' sons. They have no longer even the choice which Viola made (in *Twelfth Night*): 'I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight; I care not who knows so much of my mettle.'

Hence the emergence, as the second twentieth-century war

approached, of this Father Tiso as the Slovak leader. I suspected him of private parleys with Hitler, and was right; he may have had the draft treaty in his pocket that night. In the Thirties I thought that a mad and evil thing to do. In the Forties he was hanged for it, and this execution looks infinitely more evil to me when I look back; indeed, his figure takes the shape of a Christian martyr.

Could we foresee the end of those with whom we dine there would be some grisly feasts. The reptilian dishonesty of our century creeps with slimy trail through the trial and hanging of this man. His crime was that he signed a treaty with Hitler! By that token nearly every politician in Europe is as guilty (that I did not foresee ten years ago). The President of Czechoslovakia himself submitted to Hitler, under duress from the British, French and Italian Prime Ministers, supported by all their political parties! That transaction (the Pact of Munich) opened the way to the second war, which was actually begun by a pact of alliance between Hitler and the Soviet dictator.

The Priest-President of tiny Slovakia, who under the impact of these terrific forces made a treaty with Hitler, they hanged! The death warrant was signed by the Czechoslovak President himself. How the outlines of men change, when I look back from the Forties at the Thirties. I held this President Benes for a foremost champion of liberty and justice. Working-man, artisan, petty bourgeois: here I saw the Common Man, triumphant at last, a fighter for liberation from alien rule, even before 1914, who at last had reaped the reward of his and his people's long struggle.

I have been looking at the record of things he said to me, about Germany, in the Thirties. Thus, in January 1937: 'If I knew for certain that England and France would not carry out their League obligation I should make an agreement with Germany at once. . . .' And in December 1937: 'If you think we are of no use in maintaining this extraordinarily important geographical position in Central Europe, on which all European peace rests, that means that finally our interests will be to agree with Germany and to go with her in all German conquests.'

DELICATE-HANDED PRIEST

Thus President Benes, whose country in the event *was* 'forced to go with Germany'; ten years later he confirmed the sentence on President Tiso, whose dilemma was precisely the same. Today he and his country have been forced to go with Soviet Russia, and this hanging was an act of Soviet policy.¹

Thirty years ago the world in which 'thinking makes it so' was being taught to think the Austrian Emperors tyrants. Under their rule, however, a Masaryk and a Benes were free to fight for freedom. The execution of a Slovak patriot was all the Czech patriots could offer on the altar of gratitude, thirty years later.

The corpulent Father Tiso looks different to me now. The portrait of men is often made by their background, and he has been given the background of a barbarous martyrdom for his faith and patriotism. It is darkened by the hue of black hypocrisy in the charge: that he, like his executioners, commuted with Hitler. His last message to the Slovaks, from the scaffold, was clear truth in gathering darkness: 'Be always united in serving God and the Nation, this being, by God's explicit command, the Law of Nature, which I have served all my life. I regard myself as a martyr in the defence of Christianity against Bolshevism and call on you always to remain faithful and devoted to the Church of Christ.'

That night, when I left him, I gave him little further thought, for Slovakia and he seemed but pawns in the great game. In the streets Nazi Storm Troopers, barely bothering now to disguise their allegiance, tramped noisily about. The war was near. These Germans, I thought, these Germans. . . .

¹ *Since this was written the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister, Jan Masaryk, has died by falling from a window in the traditional city of 'defenestration', Prague; while President Benes, as I correct the proofs, is as much a Soviet captive as his successor in 1938, President Hacha, was a Nazi one. M. Benes thus in his turn followed the sorrowful path of vain appeasement trodden by nearly all politicians in this fantastic century. During the war, when the fate of Poland was already clear to foresee, he told me in tones of satisfaction that he had averted such calamities for his own country by coming to an arrangement with the Soviet State in good time.*

CHAPTER 3

THE LONELY KINGS

Two men of the smoky Thirties in *Insanity Fair* are quite unchanged now that I look back on them after ten years: Boris of Bulgaria and George of Greece. Their conduct and their ends, in the Forties, were what I anticipated. The flames consumed them, but to the last their motives and loyalty remained clear.

Kings stand sharply apart from all others in politics, in my experience. They are professionals in a professional calling. The professional statesman, the nobleman, cleric or scholar who gave his life to public affairs, is extinct. His successor, the twentieth-century politician, of whom I met a multitude, appears to me an amateur. He is always in origin something else: a lawyer, peasant's son, journalist, trades union official, professor, artisan; who sees in politics the road to material gain, or enters politics to improve or ruin his country. In this century of the great masquerade his true motives may only appear at the moment of unmasking, when a traitor may emerge. He is sometimes the agent or dupe of half-hidden groups. His renown is as brief as snow; where are the politicians of yesteryear? His posterity sinks again into the mass.

When I met a king I felt the respect I feel for a surgeon in an operating-theatre, or should feel if I were in a ship's engine-room with Kipling's old McAndrew, who was 'Alone wi' God an' these my engines'. These are technical specialists; their detachment from parties is real. They *are* what they seem. A chilly loneliness surrounded them, like that which encloses the front-line soldier in a war.

The Balkan kings *are* front-line kings. A hundred years ago, when the Turks after five centuries fell back to Asia Minor, Europe seemed at last secure for Christianity and the small nations. The Balkan ones all chose kings, and most chose Germanic ones. Germany somehow bred men who understood kingship and this island

THE LONELY KINGS

fared well enough after making a similar choice. But after the Turks, Austria, Germany, and today the Communist Empire fell upon the Balkan kingdoms. Russia under the Czars was their friend; the Communist Emperor made them again the dark shambles they were under the Sultans. A century ago the Christians had to build underground churches to keep their faith alight; one such faced Boris's Tootingesque palace in Sofia. The words 'resistance' and 'underground' were born there; they were Christian and patriotic words, not anti-Christian and treasonable ones. That battle, too, was all Europe's battle. The British islander will never know it, but the Balkans are his front-line. Bulgaria and Greece inexorably mean him.

Boris perfectly understood this. The chill around him was tangible, and I wondered why any man, having safety and ease within simple reach, should persist in this beleaguered outpost. I thought, and now feel sure, that the specialist's attachment to his job kept him and his brother-kings at their posts. It must have been that, for the two figures behind his chair, though shadowy, were yet plain to me. I wrote in *Insanity Fair*: 'He has spent twenty years fighting the twin enemies of every Balkan monarch, abdication and assassination . . . The thought of assassination (not the fear of it, he is courageous) is always with him . . . He looks it in the face.'

He talked much of assassination, its methods and his counter-methods. He spoke as a specialist calmly considering professional problems. He was a family man, with young children. His Bulgars liked him, he did not see danger there. Whose would the hand be, Russian, German — whose? I tried to draw him, and found the first man in a high place who spoke of other powers than these, of hidden, super-national forces. He pointed to the assassination of his neighbour, Alexander of Yugoslavia. A Macedonian gunman; Croat confederates; a murder-school in Hungary; Italian money and complicity; a murder in Marseilles and the unaccountable laxity of French police officials; British and French pressure, at the League of Nations, to shelve the inquiry. . . .

He smiled. 'Who, then, was the culprit?' he asked me,

‘incidentally, I warned Alexander. No, Mr. Reed, there are forces in the world which do not want peace and order in the Balkans, where the future of Europe will be decided, but you cannot pin them down in any one country. They are international groups, super-national ones rather. . . .’

I wish I could discuss these things with him now, in the light of all that happened in the Forties. By amazing chance he foretold to me the way in which he would himself be killed. He was speaking of an attempt on his life which he had sidestepped, through advance information, at Varna. His English was not perfect. ‘They wanted to send me with an aeroplane,’ he said, with an upward movement of his hands. I missed his meaning. ‘In an aeroplane?’ I asked. ‘They wanted to blow me up,’ he explained, repeating the gesture. ‘Oh, I see,’ said I.

In the Forties he *was* sent in an aeroplane, with an oxygen helmet adjusted for his suffocation. His brother Cyril told the story at his own trial. Cyril was shot or hanged, for what pretended reason, I forget. The hand which killed him was that of the Communist Emperor. Yet I think Boris, could he speak, would smilingly deny that his own death was caused in that quarter *alone*. ‘There are super-national forces,’ I believe he would say, ‘which do not desire peace and order here in the Balkans where the future of Europe will be decided.’

I thought of his words when Peter of Yugoslavia, after enthronement by acclamation in the teeth of the German invader, was dethroned by Britain and America and a Communist dictator set up. When that happened I first saw that the second twentieth-century war was being lost before it was won. Again, I think Boris, discussing this event, would have pointed to the dark combination of forces in many countries at the time of Alexander’s murder, and have repeated, ‘There are super-national forces which do not desire peace and order here in the Balkans . . .’.

He died at his post in the way he expected and he believed he knew the identity of his enemies. He loved his children, flowers, the study of insect life and his job. He wanted to keep his kingdom and to keep the peace, so that his motives and interests were

THE LONELY KINGS

identical with those of the Bulgars. That is why they chose a king and will recall his son Simeon if ever they are allowed.

George of Greece, quite different as a man, had the same alert aloofness and lived in the same chill loneliness. I have never seen public rejoicing equal to that at his first restoration. 'Ah, yes, but how much does it all mean?' he said to me afterwards, and his windows were shuttered by day. I do not know if he shared Boris's opinions about super-national forces, arrayed against him, but he certainly knew the dangers surrounding him and I doubt if he feared a Greek assassin. A Balkan king need seldom fear his own people.

His last years strengthen Boris's theory, for a tremendous campaign of international hatred was waged against this man who so well served the cause called 'Allied'. The hostility towards him, of those supposed to be his allies, points to the existence of forces and motives beyond and behind the ones which were publicly proclaimed to the masses. It came from Britain and America, as well as Communist Russia.

Twice-restored kings must be rare in history. This king's two restorations, one in the shadow of the looming war, and the other when it was ostensibly won, prove the real desires of a Balkan people. His life was a panorama-in-little of the whole Balkan tragedy. In his youth he heard French and British shells fall in the palace garden, saw Greek soldiers go out to press back French and British landing-parties, saw his mother telegraph impetuous complaint to her brother, the German Kaiser, and his father try to ward off a German descent on Greece. In middle age he led a victorious Greek army against Italy and was driven from Greece by Germany. When he died Greece was besieged by the hordes of the Communist Empire.

Thrice on the throne, he occupied it for barely a decade. He was schooled in England and spent much of his life here. He was in manner and bearing English and Greece was a distant kingdom to which he was periodically restored. 'In fact,' he told me, 'I am everywhere described as an English agent.' More years in England awaited him, during which he would be reviled as 'a Fascist'. I

THE SMOKE: 1933-1939

thought he was wrong in 1936, when he suspended the Constitution and abolished parties, but in the light, or darkness, of the Forties would not care to reaffirm the criticism I put in *Insanity Fair*. 'There is so little time,' he said, repeatedly. For what, he did not say, but we both knew. The war was near.

He must have done marvels in the little time he had, for on his first restoration he found a ruined army, yet the victory over Italy of the one he led belongs to the wonders of history. I do not suppose that he, more than Boris, could have been surprised by anything, or, more than Talleyrand, have believed that gratitude existed; he was a professional ruler. He may have been mildly perplexed when, after that fantastic victory, he reached England and heard its Prime Minister announce that the Greeks must be consulted before he reoccupied his throne. By that time the shadow of Boris's super-national forces was spreading over the war and the hidden motives were emerging. The result, as I write, is that the danger of a new war beginning in Greece is great and the heirs of President Roosevelt's ill-omened regime are trying desperately to prevent one.

However, the Greeks called him back, and the scenes of 1935 were repeated after ten years. Once more, he had 'little time'. One day he was found dead in the palace, after (it was said) asking for a glass of water. I do not think this was a natural death. The organised campaign against him, through newspapers and politicians all over the world, is too ominous; the resemblance to the case of Alexander of Yugoslavia is in that respect striking. But for the moment he had saved his kingdom; his brother succeeded him and has a son; another front-line outpost is held.

He seemed an especially lonely man, even for a Balkan king. He too stayed at his post to the end.

CHAPTER 4

THE WRECKER

TEN years ago I was coming to a different opinion, from that commonly accepted, of the part played by one man in the events of our century, and today, ten years later, I feel much surer in my view of him. I thought Hitler meant to ruin Germany. It was the only plausible explanation of the things he did. The new crime of 'genocide' (destroying nations) was charged against his henchmen at the great trial in the Forties, and was chiefly argued on behalf of the Jews, but I think the nation he aimed to destroy was the German.

This key to the riddle of our times was discovered by a few of the men near to him, who recoiled in horror when they opened Bluebeard's forbidden room with it. The first was Hermann Rauschning, who fled abroad before the war and sought to enlighten mankind in two books, *Germany's Revolution of Destruction* and *Hitler Speaks* (1939). In his reports of Hitler's conversation I first found confirmation of what I suspected:

'We are obliged to depopulate as part of our mission of preserving the German population. We shall have to develop a technique of depopulation. If you ask me what I mean by depopulation I mean the removal of entire racial units. And that is what I intend to carry out — that, roughly, is my task. If I can send the flower of the German nation into the hell of war without the smallest pity for the spilling of German blood, then surely I have the right to remove millions of an inferior race that breeds like vermin.'

'Send the flower of the *German* nation into hell without the smallest pity for the spilling of *German* blood': the train of his thought ran from blood, through blood, into blood. Depopulation¹ is an idea which, I believe, first emerged as a political pro-

¹ Observant readers may notice that the idea in 1947 began to appear in political speeches in this island, as a proffered solution for our future. Mr. Churchill, in his historic warning of August 16th, 1947, pointed to it ('the dispersal or death of a large proportion of our population') as the obvious fate at the end of the road along which we were being led.

gramme in the French Revolution. It is discussed, as a deliberate motive behind that event, in Mrs. Nesta Webster's book, *The French Revolution*.

Rauschnig's discovery was subsequently made by many other Germans, who tried to kill Hitler. If the devil's hand is potent on earth his power may be seen in the failure of their many attempts and the fearful deaths which befell them, from the slow strangulation of Admiral Canaris to the public exhibition of Field-Marshal von Witzleben's body on a meat-hook. If, on the other hand, there are mortal forces in league with 'the revolution of destruction', their strength may be indicated by the fact that the German who could throw most light on this secret of Hitler's work, and who tried to kill him, received twenty years imprisonment at Nuremberg!

This man, Albert Speer, the Minister for Armaments, was in Hitler's innermost group, and eventually made Rauschnig's horrifying discovery: that Hitler's aim was the destruction of Germany and universal destruction. When he heard Hitler and Goebbels (these two, and Martin Bormann, were, significantly, the only leaders who did not fall into British or American hands) order the Germans to ruin and ravage their country themselves, he tried to gas the arch-wreckers in their dugout. The last broadcasts from that dugout were nihilist paens of triumph:

'The bomb-terror spares the dwellings of neither rich nor poor . . . the last class barriers have had to go down . . . under the debris of our shattered cities the last so-called achievements of the middle-class century have been finally buried . . . there is no end to revolution; a revolution is only doomed to failure if those who make it cease to be revolutionaries . . . together with the monuments of culture there crumble also the last obstacles to the fulfilment of our revolutionary task. Now that everything is ruined, we are forced to rebuild Europe . . . The bombs, instead of killing all Europeans, have only smashed the prison walls which held them captive . . . In trying to destroy Europe's future, the enemy has only succeeded in smashing his past; and with that, everything old and outworn has gone.'

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Nihilism, anarchism, communism, fascism: the ape's or the infant's joy in destruction, of friend or foe, by no matter whom. That was the meaning of it all.

The long interval between the French and Russian revolutions blinded the public mind to this meaning; the skilful trick of presenting the Hitlerist revolution to the world as something different from those, and as their opposite, concealed the continuing process from the perception of the masses.

The word 'wrecker' is in the dictionary and means a man who by showing false lights on shore brings about shipwreck. The mass-wrecker in politics works by the same method, but seeks something greater than monetary gain: power. I like to think that I saw three of the wreckers of this decisive century in the flesh (Lenin dead, Hitler and Mussolini alive) and moved among the peoples they ruined. Mussolini may have been an unwitting agent of destruction, a man corrupted by the disease of power itself, after he gained it. Lenin and Hitler, I believe, were both fully enlightened destroyers and depopulators. The mass-mind, however, seems only able to comprehend the multi-murderer in private life, for instance, those respectable Parisians Landru and Dr. Petiot who, like minor vermin on a huge field of carnage, prowled about during the first and second wars; the great mass-murderers of public affairs, from Robespierre and Marat to Lenin and Trotsky, Hitler and Goebbels, remain outside its understanding.

Hitler I met, and watched, on a hundred occasions. He was shadowy, and as distinct from the millions he ruled as if he were of another species. I think this separateness came from the secret he carried, the secret which only an odd German in a million ever learned, then recoiling from or trying to kill the monster. He played a part, and the mob never knew that; it saw in him the heroic image of itself and was infatuated.

I felt the need to laugh when I talked with him; or rather, when I listened to his rasping rodomontade, while the uneasy, worshipping Hess sat beside us. In Hyde Park, I thought, the balloon of this verbosity would quickly be pricked by some sharp Cockney

interjection. Today, I am less sure about an English crowd, and know I was wrong about him. He skilfully suited his acting to his audience. 'The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums': Macaulay was right, the German can be stirred by this appeal, and Hitler mastered it. Moreover, his rages, which were so transparently artificial, like those of a barn-stormer tearing Lear to rags, became real and lethal paroxysms when power to shed blood was his.

That great student of the French Revolution, Lord Acton (were he alive now, I think he would trace the unbroken thread from it, through Soviet Communism and German National Socialism, to the World Nihilist State which threatens us today) said two things which seem to me to explain Hitler and the process of our times:

First, the famous verdict: 'All power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely.' It has been repeatedly proved true in our century and means that even a man who does not consciously set out as a wrecker of nations, becomes one when he reaches out for power beyond public and parliamentary control.

Second: 'The appalling thing in the French revolution is not the tumult, but the design. Through all the fire and smoke we perceive the evidence of calculating organisation. The managers remain studiously concealed; but there is no doubt about their presence from the first.' This, also, seems to me to have been proved true, much more by the events of the twentieth century than it was when he wrote it, towards the end of the nineteenth, about the great upheaval of the eighteenth. It means, to my mind, that men who seize power find 'a design' and 'managers' waiting and become the instruments of these; they are only allowed to rise so far because their usefulness in 'the design' is foreseen. Some of them, however, are privy to the design from the start, and among these I would include the man Hitler, alongside those he pretended to hate, like Marx, Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin.

There Lord Acton's reading of the times comes near to King Boris's and to my own today. When I look back on the smoky

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Thirties, and around me at the smouldering Forties, the appalling thing is, not the smoke, but the design. It is that of destroying liberty and justice and the plant from which these grew, Christianity, in *all* countries. Contemplated in the light of such a design, Hitler's war was a triumph. After he went the shape of the 'design' spread over a larger field than he ever conquered, and now enshadows this island.

In the Forties no doubt remains about that *effect* of his work. The only question unanswered is, was he the witting or unwitting agent? Did he consciously desire the destruction of all Christian Europe, which has been almost completed since he went?

I think he did, because of the mystery which surrounds his early life, his appearance on and disappearance from the scene. There appears to me to be design, and the presence of managers, in this.

The formative years of his life were spent in Vienna before 1914. Hardly anything is known of them. Since I last wrote Berlin, Munich and Vienna have been captured and every archive ransacked. Nothing has been heard of his Viennese police dossier. In my opinion it should show what manner of man he was, and with whom he consorted, in those years when the great Eurasian migration to the West was beginning; when the nihilists and anarchists from Russia were gathering in the mean streets of Vienna, Berlin, Paris and London; when Peter the Painter and his dark band vanished in the flames of Sidney Street.

In 1919, again, he was a German soldier, still serving, under the Bolshevik Government, in Munich. He did not fight against it and yet, after its overthrow, suddenly became leader of an anti-Bolshevik 'National Socialist Party'! In our century such sudden appearances in politics have otherwise only been made by Communists, long secretly trained in the schools that bred the anarchists and nihilists of 1900-14. In age, origins and suddenness of appearance Hitler much resembles the mysterious, pseudonymous and previously unknown 'Tito', who in the second war descended on Yugoslavia from Russia and was soon enabled by means of British and American gold, arms and supplies to set up a Com-

munist dictatorship there.¹ The manner of Tito's apparition and the support he thus received from super-national sources, again, recall the arrival of Lenin and Trotsky in Russia during the first war, with German and American help. If there is no 'design' and 'management' in all this, then the arm of coincidence in our century is endless.

Hitler, then, appeared in German politics as if released from a spring-trap, like the demon king in pantomime. Ten years ago, when I was forming these theories about his real allegiance and motives (one can only theorise about conspiracy until Guy Fawkes is found among the powder-barrels, and in our time any proposal to search the cellars would be dismissed as Fascist, or 'a witch-hunt', or anti-something) I looked forward with interest to his end. If there were managers and a design, I thought, he might disappear as he had come.

Ten years later he passed from the visible scene. A British intelligence officer in Berlin Mr. H. R. Trevor-Roper, was charged with the investigation and had all available evidence. He published a book, *The Last Days of Hitler*. The title is conclusive, but the facts do not seem to me final or to establish more than the end of some black trousers. Several points occur to me:

In the week before Hitler committed suicide (if he did) on April 30th, 1945, thirty-two persons lived in his dugout or in others near. Only eleven of these fell into British or American hands, and these included none of the ten or eleven men who claim to have waited in the passage outside Hitler's suite while he and Eva Braun killed themselves. The solitary man interrogated by the British or Americans who claims to have seen Hitler dead on a sofa is Artur Axmann, head of the Hitler Youth. He also asserts that he saw, later, the corpse of Martin Bormann, Hitler's second-in-command of the Nazi Party.

¹ Today's rulers of Rumania, Bulgaria, Poland, Hungary and the Baltic countries similarly emerged, for the most part, from the obscurity of Communist training-schools in Russia. The Soviet grip on the eastern half of Europe, which in 1947 became the subject of loud American and a little British complaint, was in fact prearranged at the international conferences of the war period and received the support of the American and British spokesmen; if these had private expectations of Soviet withdrawal they were unaccountably ill-advised.

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Bormann was included *in absentia* among the accused men of Nuremberg and thus was apparently presumed alive. Hitler, 'that wicked man', *was not included among the accused*.

The only other witnesses in British or American hands who claimed indirect knowledge of Hitler's end were obscure persons, policemen or guards. One policeman 'saw the body being carried out with a blanket concealing the bloodstained and shattered head . . . *and easily recognised it by the familiar black trousers*'. Another by chance came upon the two bodies burning; they were 'easily recognisable, *though Hitler's head was smashed*'.

Certainty might exist had the British or Americans reached the scene first. By some high order, the reason for which was never published, the Americans appear to have been halted to ensure that the Soviet troops should be first on the spot. That is where uncertainty begins.

Hitler drew up two wills, one of which announced the intention of suicide and desired that his body and Eva Braun's be burnt on the spot. This, if it was genuine, was a public message to the German people and the world. Yet 'careful precautions' were taken to conceal the cremation, and only by accident did 'two unauthorised persons' witness it. One, a policeman, 'was shouted at by Hitler's SS adjutant, Guensche, to get out of the way quickly'. Later the senior police officer, Brigadier Rattenhuber, 'gathered his men and made them promise to keep the events of the day a holy secret; anyone talking about them would be shot'.

Why? This Rattenhuber would be a useful witness, but his testimony is not available. The Soviet commander announced that Rattenhuber was in Soviet hands, together with the man who is supposed to have carried Hitler's body out of the dugout (his personal attendant, Heinz Linge). British and American requests for the identification of these two men, however, were refused. Hitler's body was never found.

Another strange thing happened on 'the last day'. If Hitler died, he was buried *just before midnight on April 30th, 1945*. At that very moment Goebbels, Bormann, General Burgdorf, Artur

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Axmann and one other were 'working out the project of a treaty with the Russians'!

The one other was General Hans Krebs, 'who had served for a long time in Moscow before the war'. This General Krebs, then, who knew all about the Hitler-Stalin Pact which began the second war, *at midnight on April 30th* was on his way from the dugout with a letter from Goebbels (who had already announced his own impending suicide) for Marshal Zhukov, the Soviet commander, informing him of Hitler's death and inviting him to sign an armistice! Twelve hours later he returned and said the answer was 'not satisfactory'. At least, we are told so. General Krebs has never been seen again; Bormann is missing; Burgdorf has vanished; Goebbels was said (by the Soviet authorities) not only to have committed suicide, but even to have left his body behind, though in his case no photographs were published to my knowledge.

Truly, if Hitler had not died his death would have had to be invented, for those negotiations on his 'last day' with the approaching ally of 1939 would otherwise have needed much explaining.

Are they dead, he and his companions of the last days? If he is dead, it is an irrelevant accident. 'Satan with a small moustache', one tin-pan troubadour sang of him in New York, during the war. Perhaps; but his satanism was directed more against Christian Europe than against the Jews. With his disappearance the revolution of nihilism was not annihilated, but made its greatest advance.

I think the missing Viennese dossier might supply the missing link in our knowledge of his early associations, and that it might lead to Russia. My theory is that Hitler, between 1908 and 1914, received his political training in the Russian schools of anarchism and nihilism; and that these have now bred the ostensibly opposed factions of 'Communism' and 'Fascism', in order the better to work, behind this screen of pretended mutual hatred, for the aim of continental destruction. I think these forces have been clearly shown, by the events of the Forties, to be internationally organised, and to have friends in the 'capitalist West' as in the 'communist East'. I think he was their agent and had as many

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protectors as enemies¹ in the eastern armies which were given priority to capture Berlin. I think he sprang from those secret, nationless, conspiratorial ranks and, with his chosen initiates, may have been spirited away by them. If he still lives, I would look for him first behind the dark curtain; if he is dead, I think his secret might yet be found there. If there is 'a design', he furthered it; and if there are 'managers', they may claim him as their man.

¹ Field-Marshal von Paulus, who commanded the great German army captured at Stalingrad, was high on the Soviet list of 'war criminals', but was not sent to Nuremberg for trial. On the contrary, he is today the favoured protégé of the Soviet Power, and in September 1947 the Soviet Government announced his return to Germany. The circumstances of his surrender, and of Hitler's part in it, may be worth studying afresh one day, in the light of these events.

CHAPTER 5

BETWEEN TWO THIEVES

THERE is one man of the Thirties who, I realise ten years later, owes me compensation for my wasted time (an indemnity which he himself then claimed from the German Supreme Court), my misplaced faith and my misinformed readers. Georgi Dimitroff moved me, a hard-driven journalist, to write my first book, *The Burning of the Reichstag*, and I squeezed the night dry to do it. Daily reports in newspapers would never clearly show people at home the horror that was coming on Europe, I thought; then perhaps a book? And here was the theme: innocence persecuted by guilt, a brave man defying bullies, the eternal People against eternal Tyranny.

I shudder to think of it now. Our century is all a masquerade and how can you compile a truthful *Who's What* when all men wear a mask? How his features changed, when he unmasked! He only wanted power to do to others what he denounced when it was done to him; he did not wish to cleanse Europe of the Gauleiters, but merely to rename them Commissars.

Chance was kind, to send me past the Reichstag as it took fire. A man who saw those flames, and what followed, has the key to the riddle of this century. A Major Breen, who on that fateful night was at the British Embassy in Berlin, fifteen years later wrote to *The Times*, 'The Reichstag hoax was the atomic bomb which blew our continent to pieces', and the words are exactly true. Those flames lick at the lives and liberties of every man, woman and child in the British island *today*.

The chain of events is plain. The fire was attributed to 'Bolshévists' and in that pretext parliamentary government was abolished and 'emergency powers' over men seized in Germany. Thus the area of ruined parliaments and rule-by-terror was extended, at a single move, from Soviet Asia to the largest country

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in Europe. Later the war was begun in agreement and alliance with 'the Bolsheviks'; this spread the regime of savagery over all the land between the two, so that the Asiatic despotism reached to the Rhine. When the alliance was broken this area did not shrink, nor did it diminish when victory was won. As a *result* of the victorious war against Germany, 'emergency powers' (which mean that parliament rests on half-ruined foundations) were perpetuated in England. In the British island, therefore, this twilight of insecurity derives directly from the Reichstag fire.

That seems to me to prove the continuing truth of Lord Acton's dictum about 'design behind the tumult' and the 'calculating organisation' of unseen managers. Who fired the Reichstag, shot the Archduke at Serajevo, murdered Alexander at Marseilles or killed Boris? We shall not know, but now can clearly see that all these and other pieces fit into the pattern of destroying nationhood, parliamentary government, justice, liberty and the rights of man (which were most nobly defined by the prophets of the French Revolution) everywhere.

Having seen the gibbering, slaving van der Lubbe I know the petty minion in these affairs. But Dimitroff was different. He was a leading and enlightened conspirator; that is now clear. I admired his courage, and today think the writer should be wary in extolling this quality. Like Mark Twain (who began a book by saying that if his readers wanted weather they could turn to the end, where in an appendix he included samples of the more lurid weather reports from contemporary writing) the political writer should keep courage out of his portraits, which this trait may falsify. Göring, who seemed the image of a cowardly bully when he threatened Dimitroff with a private hanging, died calmly enough when Dimitroff himself was erecting gallows in Sofia.

I even wonder now about Dimitroff's courage. May the managerial hand have been even in the Reichstag trial? It puzzled me then that the Nazis allowed him to give so effective a public performance, when they tried their own people secretly in 'People's Courts' or put them away without any trial. I now recall an episode which may mean more than I then thought.

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Before the trial began an acquaintance in Berlin casually told me I might be visited in my hotel at Leipzig by a friend of hers, whom she merely called 'Heinrich'. (I was not then familiar with the Communist method of using aliases.) This man duly appeared. He was a Jewish Communist from Russia, yet seemed at ease in that Gestapo-ridden town. He wanted me, after each day's hearing, to give him a brief résumé of events in court, and for several days he awaited me, sitting in the lounge, to collect it. Since I was reporting the trial anyway I saw no harm in telling him what went on. What interests me now, in the light of all that has happened since, is that before the trial began he told me 'Dimitroff will make a big show in this trial' (*Dimitroff wird in diesem Prozess sehr gross auftreten*). How did he know that Dimitroff would be allowed a *grosses Auftreten*?

Dimitroff was but a name to me then and Communist persecution an unanswered question. I knew he was a member of the people aggression committee of International Communism, but in 1933 did not know what that meant; in 1947 I do. I knew then that Communist and National Socialist methods were the same, but thought Communism might remain in Russia; my objection to National Socialism was the certain knowledge that it did not mean to stay in Germany. Communism could only spread through war and the condition of Russia, after fifteen years of Communism, was so miserable that I thought Communism must dread war. I foresaw, and said in *Insanity Fair*, that Hitler, when he was ready for war, would seek alliance with Stalin. I did not foresee the second murderer's alacrity to agree. Had I seen so far, I would not have imagined Dimitroff to be the pitiful victim of Hitler (his subsequent release and restoration to Russia, at a time when innocence meant nothing in Germany, should have foretold me of Stalin's complicity in 1939).

I thought his plight heartrendingly forlorn in the Thirties. Exactly ten years before he had led an unsuccessful rising in Bulgaria; exactly ten years before Hitler had led an unsuccessful rising in Bavaria. What changes the ten years had wrought! The one man a friendless prisoner before the German Supreme

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Court, the other (by his own declaration) the Supreme Magistrate of Germany!

Let another ten years pass, and Dimitroff was to behave in Bulgaria exactly as Hitler behaved in Germany. 'Communism is not cruel and brutal', I heard him cry from the dock. Another decade, and he would set up in Bulgaria the selfsame 'People's Courts' which Hitler established after the Reichstag fire! I attended the first German People's Court and feel the creeping horror of it now, when I go to a British court of law and watch judges, who cannot be coerced, still doing justice. There is something godly about these courts, and everything devilish about those where The Party deals out death to The People under the ironic device, The People's Court. Hundreds of heads rolled at the order of Dimitroff's People's Courts.

He mocked the charge that the Reichstag fire was the result of 'a Communist conspiracy to seize power', he cried that it was an act of 'political provocation', he taunted his accusers with the suppression of the Communist Party and the expulsion of its deputies from the Reichstag — in the Thirties. But in the Forties he (like Hitler) held 'elections', and then arrested the Opposition leader, Petkoff, had him put to death ('To a dog, a dog's death!' he cried), expelled the twenty-three Opposition deputies from Parliament. Why? 'They have been conspiring' (he gravely told the British Minister) 'to seize power by force of arms.'

One thing I divined when I wrote about him in the Thirties: 'Those who take a long view of history may ponder the fact that the Communist Party, as an organisation, alone survives in Germany of all the parties that National Socialism has destroyed. Conservatives, Socialists, Catholics, Democrats, Liberals have all been swept away. The Communist Party, which it was the primary purpose' (today I should write 'professed purpose') 'of National Socialism to destroy, remains — a skeleton force, working underground, its members still apparently in organised relationship with each other, its activities pursued in spite of obstacles — waiting for its opportunity, waiting for National Socialism to collapse in the stress of a new war. . . .'

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How valorous he seemed, in the Thirties, and what a fraud he was. Where, in that smoky masquerade, was a man who really fought for what he claimed to fight for; who sincerely wished to free his fellow men, and not himself to enslave them? I see few in the smoke of the Thirties and fewer now. Today, when I watch a 'Fascist' and a 'Communist' haranguing the idlers in Hyde Park, I think, of the first, 'You are Dimitroff', and of the second 'You are Hitler', and of the twain, 'You are robbers both. You both work to the same end and behind you stand the same managers.'

CHAPTER 6

LONGEST NIGHT

IT was exciting, in the Thirties, to go to Russia, in the train of a Mr. Eden, from whose journey to the hermit-crab of the Kremlin good islanders at home hoped for peace and goodwill among men. The signatures in the visitors' book have multiplied since then: Davies, Eden again, Roosevelt, Churchill, Truman, Bevin, Marshall; and where are goodwill and peace?

It was exciting to reach Moscow, this dream metropolis of 'the great Soviet experiment' (for some) and nightmare capital of Red ruination (for others). The shape I had seen from afar was the real one: ruination was right. Today, ten years later, the shape has not changed.

I can check that by an all-revealing detail. In my Moscow hotel bedroom in the Thirties the telephone rang and a woman's voice said, 'Wouldn't you like me to come up and see you?' (see *Insanity Fair*). In March 1947, when another British correspondent (Mr. Herbert Ashley of the *Daily Telegraph*) accompanied another Foreign Minister (Mr. Bevin) to Moscow his bedside telephone rang and a woman's voice spoke the same words. I do not know if it was the same woman, but in ten years the Soviet secret police has not learned to vary the words, let alone the method. This incident is the key to all else; the picture Mr. Ashley otherwise gave was the one I saw, in every detail.

I can add, from the Thirties, a trifle to that tale. I knew the nice Russian girl could not enter the hotel without her secret police card and declined her offer (she appears in Victor Kravchenko's *I Chose Freedom*, too). However, later the door opened and a girl came in. This was a different one and had hardly a word of English, French or German. Perhaps, to earn food or clothing, or gain freedom for a lover, she had told the secret police she spoke English; I do not know. She was anything but a *femme*

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fatale, she was a poor drab and pitiful in this part. I was just leaving to catch my train and recall that an American correspondent looked in to say goodbye and quickly retired, thinking no doubt that I was a willing captive. I gave her some oddments not worth packing; a piece of chocolate, some soap, two handkerchiefs and some revolting paper roubles. She burst into tears, stammered, 'You . . . good', and, miming the need for haste, I went to catch my train.

Ah, mother Russia, mother of sorrows. The sufferings of the Germans and of their victims are but a drop from the cup the Russian people have had to drink in these three decades. 'This will last out a night in Russia when nights are longest there,' said Angelo, impatiently quitting a tedious debate.¹ The simile has a meaning today which Shakespeare could not foresee; a modern Angelo, having seen the endless night that has followed the red sunset of October 1917, might use the words if he heard the British or American politician, cleric and professor of 1947 be-lauding 'the great Soviet experiment'. The humane man seems nearly extinct in the twentieth century.

The shape of Moscow was what I expected, not because I took hostility with me, but because I had seen in Germany the replica of the terrorist state, of which the Soviet one was the prototype and the Nazi one the facsimile, touched-up in different colours. To me the secret police headquarters, whether in Moscow or Berlin, and the concentration camps, whether in Russia or Germany, were not merely brick walls and barbed wire fences. I had heard the cries, seen the wounds, talked with the weeping women-folk, knew the all-pervading and all-degrading fear.

That was why, when I left the civilisation of Poland behind and entered Russia, I felt I passed from life to death and wrote, in *Insanity Fair*: 'Once across, that battened-down feeling fell upon you that the discerning traveller experiences in a State based on terror and the secret police. You have the same feeling in Germany, Italy or any other dictatorship State, if you live there. It comes from the knowledge that you must keep your mouth shut,

¹ *Measure for Measure*.

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that you have no real liberty and are liable to arrest and imprisonment without trial if you do not keep your thoughts to yourself . . . I saw the universal sign of the terrorist State, whether its name be Germany, Russia, or what not. Barbed wire palisades, corner towers with machine-guns and sentries. Within, nameless men lost to the world, imprisoned without trial by the secret police. The concentration camp, the political prisoners. In Germany the camps held tens of thousands, in this country hundreds of thousands' (today 'hundreds of thousands' should read 'millions'). 'I felt I would have loved Russia, but I could see that you would never be allowed to love Russia. I knew the signs of a police State, from Germany, and saw that here, too, a foreigner, though entirely surrounded by Russians, might stay for years and never enter the life of the people. They would be too scared to know him. He would remain perpetually alone, his circle confined to other foreigners, his life limited to Legation teas, an unfelt flea on the hide of the colossus Russia.'

The words are as true now as then; W. H. Chamberlin's *Russia's Iron Age* confirmed them in the Thirties, and Victor Kravchenko paints the same picture, still blacker, in the Forties. This one thing has not changed in Europe, save that it has changed for the worse by spreading outward, submerging half the continent and threatening England.

'The great Soviet experiment': there is not, in the history of thirty Soviet years, one *new* thing. Everything in it bears the features of reaction towards the pitiless savagery of times long before the Czars. If there is one thing in it new to modern times, it is only the abolition of *all* rights of property. Done in the original pretence of crushing great landowners, this has been the most ruthless attack in history on the common man and, in a huge peasant country, has made every peasant a landless serf.

Ten years ago I fell into a fault of which I was critical in others, when I gave dogmatic views, in *Insanity Fair*, about something I had neither seen nor sufficiently studied: the beginning of the endless Soviet night. 'The Bolshevist revolution was born in the agony of Russia, an agony endured in a common cause. It was a

revolt against intolerable tyranny . . . It was the convulsive upheaval of a nation tortured and exploited beyond endurance, a desperate effort to throw off an age-old tyranny and achieve better things.'

No. In the Forties we have seen too much to believe any longer that power-over-people passes from one group to another through uprisings of The People; were it so, the Russian people would have convulsively upheaved long before now. The next sentence was correct: 'In the event power passed from one gang to another gang and none can yet say what will ultimately come out of the Bolshevik revolution for Russia.'

In the Forties, however, we know what is coming of it for others than Russians. In no other country has Communism gained power through a majority vote. It never will. Nevertheless, Communism now rules over many other lands, through the presence there of the Red Army. (The only two countries which, after a look at Communism, had a chance to express an opinion at a free election registered loathing and repugnance; these were Hungary and Greece).

In the Thirties, when I was in Moscow, the good Litvinoff was blandly defining 'an act of aggression' as that of the first country to set foot or aeroplane over a neighbour's frontier. Stalin was telling Mr. Eden that 'two expansionist countries, Germany and Japan, threaten the peace of the world' (but did not add that he would join Germany in breaking that peace). In those days it seemed that the rulers of Russia might desire peace and the enslaved Russians find happiness.

That was not so. The ruined area has merely been enlarged, and no doubt about the future intention remains. The question-mark over the Kremlin in the Thirties has been answered, in the Forties, and we are back where we came in ten years ago. Europe cannot remain bisected any more than a man can walk through life with a broken spine.¹ It must either be mended or he must die.

¹ When I wrote this I merely chose what seemed an apt simile. Now that the book is ready for press, and I come to correct the proofs, I have suffered this misfortune and now write as an authority on the impossibility of walking through life with a broken spine.

LONGEST NIGHT

That Communism *might* repeat the Hitlerist and Napoleonic bid for world domination was clear enough, in the Thirties; what was not clear was that it would be helped by Britain and America.

Unhappy Russia, unhappy Moscow. How incongruously the Moscow-made Union Jacks fluttered, as a British Foreign Minister for the first time arrived there, in the Thirties. How drab and silent were the distant crowds, herded behind the watchful secret-police troops. They had nothing to lose but their chains (they had once been told). Now they bore crueller chains than ever. Nothing was left them but the misery of thought.

How good it was to pass back through the iron curtain¹ into civilised Poland. Poor Poland!

¹ I believe I first used the expression 'iron curtain' about the frontier of the Soviet-occupied area of Europe. It was much taken up, unfortunately, because indiscriminate use devalues a word. It is, however, not rhetorical, but exact, and I used it in its literal sense. The frontier between Soviet Russia and the outer world when I saw it (and I have just heard that the Soviet-Turkish frontier has been put in the same condition) was guarded by metallic barriers unbroken and impenetrable enough to be called 'an iron curtain'. There was a double line of thick barbed wire, the ground between being ploughed fine, when it was not under snow, to show footprints. At frequent intervals were posted armed sentries, each within sight of the next, and there were numerous concrete blockhouses. The enormous length of the frontier should be borne in mind in considering this picture; the Chinese wall, alone, remotely compares with it, and that belongs to what was thought, even thirty years ago, to be dark antiquity.

CHAPTER 7

CLAMOROUS HARBINGER

I GIVE here some extracts from private reports which I sent to *The Times* as the Thirties darkened:

In mid-1933: 'War in about five years, unless the danger be realised and prevented. . . .'

In 1935: 'We are moving to a war which, unless it be prevented, will either be a short one ending in German victory or a long one leaving Europe in a state of deteriorating, Chinese confusion. . . .'

In April 1936: 'The Austrian Chancellor agreed with me that Austria and the world must be prepared for anything at any time from now on . . . My own opinion is that from now on one should be ready at any moment for events which will place Britain before the immediate necessity to take a decision for peace or war . . . The possibility of a German descent on Austria must be always borne in mind . . . At present the depressing likelihood seems to be that nobody will take this situation seriously until it is too late and that the muddle-into-war history of 1914 will be repeated for the want of consideration in advance of the situation with which the world is likely to be confronted before all too long. . . .'

In April 1937: 'The Chancellor said the worst thing that could happen for Austria, and the thing they had most to fear, was the outbreak of war in Europe. "And who can prevent war? Only England". . . .'

In June 1937: 'Austria is now at the mercy of Germany and it is almost a matter for surprise that she has not walked in long since. She could do it at any moment. If Germany should march in there seem only two possible results: the rapid submission of Austria and disintegration of Czechoslovakia or a European war. . . .'

In June 1937: 'The Minister for Home Affairs said Austria could not resist an invasion by the Reichswehr; it would be hopeless. This was my estimate of the possibilities in a memorandum sent two years ago . . . Did the seizure of Austria inevitably mean, in his view, the immediate disintegration of Czechoslovakia, provided there were no general war?'

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Yes, he said, inevitably At the end he said, "Well, let's hope that some way out can yet be found without the great blood bath", but I did not have the impression that this hope was very strong in him'

In September 1937: 'Italy has agreed to let Germany have her way in Austria . . . in return for support in the Mediterranean or in a major European conflict . . . Mussolini is "contemplating early hostilities in Europe" . . . British foreign policy seems to be moving drearily to the inevitable disaster, so long foreseen and easily predictable. . . .'

In December 1937: 'The Chancellor told me, "Any territorial expansion by Germany in this area must lead inevitably to war" . . . A new war would bring Communism. He thought it a mistake to think you could avoid war by seeking to propitiate Germany with concessions in the Danubian area. He did not think England would be spared the social upheavals which would follow a new war . . . I said I heard Germany was reckoning with war in about two years (this was an allusion to a report, which I have on good authority, that Papen between November 9th and 11th was told by Hitler that Germany was calculating on war "in two years at the least" and by Göring, "in two years at the latest"). The Chancellor said, without my specifically referring to this report, that he believed Germany was working for "two years at the least". His use of the identical phrase I had in mind, but had not used, seemed to show that he also had heard of this Hitler-Papen conversation. . . .'

Austria was invaded in March 1938, Czechoslovakia in March 1939, and the second war began in September 1939.

The reader may see that the diligent journalist of the Thirties was a clamorous, but truthful, harbinger of blood and death. Not he alone, however: the files of nearly every British Embassy or Legation in Europe must contain warnings similarly exact about Hitler's Germany in the Thirties (and, in the Forties, about Stalin's Russia).

The pattern has not changed in the new decade. I am surer now than I was in the Thirties that the second war could have been stopped by an unyielding stand over Czechoslovakia. We know now (from evidence at Nuremberg, from von Hassell's *The Other Germany* and Gisevius's *To The Bitter End*) that Germans were then ready to remove or kill Hitler. The Pact of Munich foiled them;

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what could they do if the outer world made encouraging gifts of territory, man-power, food-power and munition-power to Hitler? Today the scene is the same, with Soviet Russia in Hitlerist Germany's place. If 'the men of Munich' were guilty then, the men of Moscow are so now. Still the wall of misinformation stands between the peoples and the truth.

The political leaders of our century remain a riddle. If Ramsay MacDonald, even before Hitler's triumph, foresaw the danger, why did he and his successors allow it to approach? Do politicians-in-power come under pressures, which they cannot resist, from those forces 'behind the scenes' of which Disraeli spoke? Do they only look to the next election, as Baldwin implied? Or do they express an inarticulate desire of masses, to be told 'Now go home and sleep safely in your beds'? 'And you all know, security is mortals' chiefest enemy,' said Lady Macbeth.

In the Thirties, if there were 'guilty men', they were in all parties. Not only some Tories cried, 'The King is clothed' when naked dictatorship stripped for war. Snowden and Lansbury thought Hitler 'a friend of peace'; Lloyd George scoffed at German rearmament; Attlee and Morrison thought British disarmament the sure road to peace. Alone of them all the Communists, who raised this last cry most loudly, saw clearly what they wanted: a British collapse and universal destruction.

I find interest in looking back into the mind of a man (myself) who was in his own thirties during the fantastic Thirties. The background to all my thoughts was the first war. It hung there, a great grey backcloth, and when the monstrous new war took shape ahead it was like being between two huge, closing walls; one's puny arms tried to keep them asunder.

The first war, in my belief, was not just one of the innumerable wars of history. Now that the second war may be seen appended to it, like wagon to locomotive, it appears unique. The two together are one war, and this has been used, for the first time in history, to promote super-national aims, quite distinct from those of the peoples which were thrown into the melting-pot. Before the first one began (this is now clear) the seeds of those overriding

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schemes had been planted, and these alone thrive and blossomed through both.

Therefore the first war began something new in our planet's history. For the first time that huge mechanism was set moving which brought men from the ends of the earth to fight 'for freedom', as they were told, but in the event to destroy it. I still see Chinese labourers and perplexed Portuguese toiling in Flanders fields; they, like the Brazilians in the second war, might have asked what they were doing in that galley. The omnipotent ruthlessness of that enormous machine, which clutched up men from remote corners of every continent, was then first revealed. It seemed, in 1914-18, a natural phenomenon, produced by spontaneous combustion, which could never recur. But we have now seen it twice!

Then there was its insensate immobility and gigantic destructiveness. When I look back I am astounded that the millions could be brought to lie down in mud for four years, merely waiting until a shell burst near enough. The most lethal war in history was in a sense a non-fighting war. Were the generals hamstrung by politicians (like the journalists between the wars) or was it a sterile period in the military mind? The 'war of attrition' in the great quagmire seems to me a freak among wars.

Nevertheless it was justified by its apparent results. It left Europe as near perfection as a human community in an earthy continent will ever be. While it went on it was like a dinosaur weltering in mud and blood, but when the monster at last lay still there was clean air and sweet hope. It was militarily a fiasco and politically a brilliant success. In the Thirties the monster stirred again, and the most evil of the dervish-like figures that danced through that smoky time, to me, were those who cried, 'This is all the fault of the Treaty of Versailles'. In the Forties men may yearn for the Treaty of Versailles as drowning seafarers for a raft.

For the second war was militarily a brilliant success and politically a fiasco. The falsification of causes and motives, which began in the Thirties, ran all through it like some war-born plague. The pattern of the Thirties became plainer. A tyrant

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duke had only been removed in favour of a more tyrannous brother. The great machine was set in motion, the second time, for ends quite different from those which were proclaimed when the button was pressed.

As the Thirties ended, and the long-denied second war began, all this was hidden behind the wavecrest of the onrushing Forties. I listened impatiently to a loudspeaker in Devon, which told me that The War had begun. It had been going on for nearly seven years (and continues as I write).

Having nothing better to do at that instant, I sorted my papers and put aside the carbon-copies of those reports of the years 1933-39.

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It was a devil's carmagnole that began in the Thirties, when the mob gathered round the flags of anti-Christendom. Swastika; sickle-and-hammer; it was no accident, but part of 'the design' that both were in the shape of a broken or distorted cross, and this revealed their common origin.

Once the cross was in all the flags of Europe, of France, Prussia, Russia, Austria and the others. Now it remains only in that of this country, the Scandinavian ones, Switzerland and Greece. Above the darkness that spread over Europe in the Forties waves the anti-Christian symbol of the destroyers. That is the exact measurement, in its simplest form, of the result of the two wars and of three decades. They have almost undone the work of nineteen centuries; the passing of the crosses is not meaningless. Through them the vainest warlord bowed to the limits of mortal pretensions. The new ones acknowledge no authority higher than their own; theirs the vainglory of the baboon.¹

Pitiful were the mobs I saw, shouting 'Stalin, Stalin' in the Red Square, or 'Heil Hitler' in the Wilhelmstrasse, or 'Duce, Duce, Duce' in Rome (they also shout 'Tito, Tito, Tito' now). Always they have roared themselves from bad to worse since the first mob cried 'Give us Barabbas'.

Forty years ago politics was a fairly safe occupation and the

¹ Present developments in France may lend great interest to the fact that General de Gaulle's flag restores the Christian emblem to the French tricolour. It is becoming clear that the wars of the twentieth century, whatever names and causes are attached to them for the delusion of the masses when they begin, are in fact revolutionary ones with the common and continuing aim of destroying Christendom, nationhood and liberty everywhere, and that they derive in unbroken line from the French revolution of 1789, the unsuccessful European revolutions of 1848 and the Bolshevik ones of 1890 and 1905. It would be of the highest importance if the great awakening to their nature, and the resistance to the conspiracy, came from a reviving France, after 160 years of despondency and decline which seemed to have become chronic and incurable there.

average expectation of an honourable, peaceful end was high. Now it is a dangerous calling. Stalin killed nearly all the Bolshevik leaders; Hitler killed hundreds of his confederates; dead Mussolini was hanged upside-down by his own mob. All that will not deter a new generation of wreckers. The intoxicant, power, is too potent, the unseen managers are too mighty.

They may die in thousands, these upstarts who are the curse of our century, and the mob in millions. The pitiful ones are the others, those who try to keep hold of the Christian values and let the mob rush by, but are caught in the maelstrom and swept away. What can they do against the secret police, bread-tickets, forced labour, the informer and the all-powerful Party? These victims of the devil's machine are the ones I chiefly see when I look back at the Thirties. The survivors today live in a Europe suspended between hammer and anvil; it cannot stay as it is, neither civilised nor savage, neither wholly enslaved nor wholly free. In the darkness of the Forties those millions wait, almost hopelessly now, for the final blow.

Where are my friends of the smoky Thirties in *Insanity Fair*? Most of them have vanished. Where is Nadya the dancing-girl, who rode with me in the Little Rocket, who learned the crawl with me in Budapest, who in exuberant mother-nakedness grilled a steak among the rushes of a lake in Mecklenburg, who sacrificed her waist-line to the pastries of Brussels and her good-humour to regaining it among the cream-cakes of Vienna? Once I had news of her, a signed letter that came out of Antwerp just before the Germans marched in. I still see the last words: 'Es geht mir schlecht. Dein Nadya.' Good Nadya, I fear you fared still worse, but your laughter and the gay moments, in a darkling time, remain eternal.

Strange faces and figures pop up in that crowded, confused, composite street which to me is mad Europe of the lowering Thirties. There is Charles Chaplin, who lampooned the Germans in *Shoulder Arms* during the first war and would again lampoon them in *The Dictator*, during the second; there he stands before the Adlon Hotel, Berlin, and beams on a cheering German mob.

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The time? For him, between two films; for the mob, between two wars; in other words, the Thirties. How much he resembles Hitler, soon to beam on the same mob at the same spot. Not only in feature: in the sad hearts of these two clowns is the same self-mistrust, the same aversion from mortal mankind. The one man, who has a political itch, shows it in his pictures; the other, who itched to paint pictures, shows it in his politics.

There were new noises in Nineteen Thirty Street. In every dwelling little boxes began to speak; little did the millions who listened guess how much poison was to be injected into their minds through them. The films began to talk. I see *The Blue Angel* now, and Emil Jannings and Marlene Dietrich together in the Kurfuerstendamm. In the Forties Marlene would still be Marlene, a little finer-drawn, but still *vom Kopf bis Fuss auf Liebe eingestellt*, still a little guttural as she sang American soldiers on to victory over the Germans (perhaps the German soldiers thought of her when they mournfully serenaded the vision of one 'Lili Marlen'.) Had Jannings stayed in Hollywood he might, who knows, also have entertained American soldiers Germany-bound, but he did not and, when they arrived, was arrested, 'grilled', charged with 'collaboration'. Had he not acted in German films? Why had he not remained in California and stayed an honest man?

Unaccountable tricks of destiny, cruel to some, kind to others. There sits lovely Lilian Harvey, smiling at me through her film make-up. She danced through the smoky Thirties and through *The Congress Dances*. She looked English, spoke English; I supposed her parentage was English. She was loved by all, as she drove out of the Reichskanzlerplatz in her long tourer with the musical horn and probably never suspected, when its name was changed to Adolf Hitler Platz, that this spelt ruin. But I surmise that it did, for she was rich then, and yet was swept away by the whirlwind and in the Forties suddenly reappeared, frail and ailing, in a Paris music-hall. She was 'glad to be at work again', she said; the newspapers made 'a story' of her for a day.

Capriciously the Thirties sported with the public idols, around whom the mob cavorted. There goes Bunny Austin, to play for

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England on the Rot-Weiss tennis courts in the Grünewald, and thereafter to a queer, unforeseeable assignation with 'moral rearmament' somewhere in America. The mob loved to admire itself and forget itself in such champions. It gathered there to cheer two other heroes of the day, the American Tilden and the German von Cramm. (In the Forties both these manly figures passed out of the sunshine of public adulation into a reproachful oblivion.) There through the Tauentizenstrasse, as yet unknown, goes the rising young novelist Christopher Isherwood (the Forties will find him, too, in America) and beside him are the people of his books: the scented and bewigged Mr. Norris, the self-squandering English wanton, Sally.

And there, in the Ringstrasse, is the King of England. His story seemed then to add the one piece still missing to the pattern of Greek tragedy that was Europe in the Thirties. How ominous, I thought: when the storm broke the British people would need, on their throne, a man who so firmly united the devotion of that great family scattered over the world. It was difficult to see God's hand anywhere then; in the Forties, however, the British people might say again, there's a divinity that shapes our ends. The new king, starting with none of the huge advantages of his brother, by quiet example strengthened the feeling of union within the British family everywhere.

The idols were caught up, tossed round, cast down; not for them the tranquil, continuing renown of earlier favourites. There, through the Rue de la Paix, goes a boy, Lindbergh. He little knew the storms he flew towards when he flew towards Atlantic storms. The mob, with the smoke thickening round it, clutched at the dream-picture of itself: a golden youth, with "gale-tossed hair, conquering all hazards and safely reaching that Paris where good Americans go when they fly. Mass-adulation swirled about him.

The hero became the mob's captive; never again might he own his own soul; if he wished to ride *this* storm he must follow the mob. He flew here, there, everywhere. 'Everything he said was important — if it was what the mob wanted; mobs will not brook

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heresy since one cried, 'Give us Barabbas'. The sudden journeyings precipitated his mind into world affairs, and he formed his own opinions. That was enough, or rather, too much: he was 'A Fascist'. That a German murdered his baby son brought him no mob-sympathy when he cried, 'Keep out of the war against Germany'.

Men who form opinions about Europe without sufficient knowledge are usually wrong, and he was wrong if he thought 'Fascism' and 'Communism' left alone, would destroy each other. That was not in the plan. He may now, in the Forties, be half way towards the truth, when he is telling his countrymen, 'Get into Europe and stop Communism'. The whole truth, however, of these thirty years is that a President Roosevelt is more dangerous to America than Fascism, Communism or any New Weapon.

Here is a strange picture from the smoky Thirties: Ramsay MacDonald, with his fellow-socialist, Sir Oswald Mosley, beside him, warning the Germans, in the Reichstag, against attacking Poland! That was even before Hitler came to power! Looking back, I feel proud of that episode. Did he 'betray Socialism'? We know much more about the Communist Empire today and might wish to see another such betrayal, rather than the hidden Communist domination of 'British Labour' which wreaked such havoc in England in the Forties; that is a much worse betrayal of England than anything this Socialist ever did. In the Forties those who most loudly reviled 'the renegade leader' have come to compare poorly with him.

And the wealthy baronet at his side? His figure, that day, seemed clearcut enough; the rich man among our Socialists is as familiar as the American millionaire among the Communists. The smoke of the Thirties must have got in his eyes, for him to have coupled the words 'British' and 'Fascist'. You cannot have a British Ogpu, a British Gestapo, a British Nazi or a British Communist, if there is always to be an England, any more than you can have a pastor with horns.

I met many other men who to my eyes had no definite shape, in the smoky Thirties, but now are gaining one. I seldom knew

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or cared what their politics were; they echoed my loathing of 'the Nazis' and I assumed, as I then thought, logically, that they would loathe Communism equally. I hated the *things* that both did, not their names.

I was often wrong, as I now see, in this assumption. I sat with a Mr. John Strachey in a Viennese café and with him denounced 'the Nazis'. To me he was but a name. I did not know he was (then) a champion of Communism; or that he had written of the Invergordon naval mutiny of the Thirties as revealing 'the true spirit of the British sailor', of 'one Union of Soviet Republics reaching to the Rhine' and of 'the centre of gravity of world Communism shifting westwards from Moscow to Berlin'. Had I then read these words of his, I would have suggested to him that such a prospect was just as evil as that of a Nazi Empire reaching to the Urals, with the centre of gravity of world National Socialism shifting eastward from Berlin to Moscow, and that it was humbug to advocate the one and denounce the other. I did not guess, that night in Vienna, that this shadowy acquaintance would in the next decade become Food Minister in Britain and under 'Defence Regulations' of a bygone war bring bread-tickets to this island. Had I been so clairvoyant, I would have argued that despotic power over a people's food is the unmistakable mark of dictatorship by any name, and have asked just what he objected to in National Socialism.

Then there was a Mr. Richard Crossman, who moved about Germany in the Thirties and similarly scarified 'the Nazis'. He seemed a slightly lisping young professor, pleasant but nebulous. When the war came I was puzzled to hear his voice each night, calling the German *Arbeiter* to rid himself of Hitler. He, and the professorettes who broadcast similar fiery messages in Girtonesque German, were not *Arbeiter* or *Arbeiterinnen*, I reflected; why this laboured stress on 'the working classes'. When the war was over this voice was to urge 'understanding' for the Soviet Power as loudly as others had recommended it for the well-meaning Hitler, and again I could not reconcile this respect for ~~the~~ *devil* in red with hatred of the devil in brown, or his support of 'emer-

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gency powers' in England with his loathing of dictatorship in Germany.

Truly, men were seldom what I thought them, in the Thirties, and they often emerged, in the Forties, in shapes far different from anything I foresaw when I talked with them. In Geneva, for instance, was a rather vague figure, a Mr. Konrad Zilliacus. I used to surmise casually about his unusual name and the origins it might indicate. The League of Nations needed men of languages, I supposed, and there he was. Had my life depended on it I would not have guessed that, ten years later, he would be elected by a majority of 19,000 votes to represent the Geordies of grey Gateshead, or that this enemy of things 'Fascist' would become famous as an apologist of things Communist. I never could see the sense of that and never will.

I knew some men in the Thirties whose faith was clear. They hated both devils, and usually died. Here are two: Grada Kozomaritch, a Serb, and Sima Franzen, a Croat, both Yugoslav journalists. Kozomaritch, who escaped to England in the first war and studied at Oxford, was long correspondent of *The Times* in Belgrade. The Balkan man often sees further than the Westerner; possibly those five Turkish centuries sharpened his wits. Kozomaritch in his youth fought the Germans in his native Serbia and hated the Nazis, their heirs. But he saw clearly that 'Fascism' was only a stalking-horse for Communism. I did not, at that time, and we had many arguments. Because he hated Communism Kozomaritch was defamed as 'a Fascist'; when the Nazis reached Belgrade they killed him. (He was convinced that the murder of King Alexander at Marseilles was Communist in its origins; now that the plan of a Communist Empire stretching to the Adriatic and beyond has been revealed, and the then unknown men who were in training for it in Russia have emerged, his farsightedness is evident.)

His colleague Franzen was with me in Czechoslovakia in 1938 and joined me in trying to help refugees, most of them Jewish, from the advancing Germans. Consequently he was 'smeared' as a Communist, though he recognised the oneness and indivisi-

bility of Fascism and Communism and hated both. When the Soviet armies reached Belgrade he was shot.

The Thirties were the hey-day of the charlatan and the bully; the Forties, which were to prove even more profitable to fraud and brutality, were yet to come (and the Fifties, which may yield an even greater harvest, are still unborn). Masses of human beings showed that civilisation in Europe was not even skin deep; it was a wafer-thin veneer laid over animal instincts and dictatorship found the way to peel off the veneer. The mob turned blindly towards reaction in its foulest form when it bore the features of Marx, Lenin or Hitler and put on the mask of The Common Man or The Working Class. The great civilising minds, from the Nazarene to Shakespeare, from da Vinci to Goethe, in two thousand years barely touched the mob-mind. Mankind was still a toad with the humane jewel dulling in its forehead; the toad had not become a lovely prince.

Let me take a man to point my theme, a man who set up a booth in *Insanity Fair* in the Thirties. Through him we may look into the soul of a man who might have become a dictator. He was a most sordid murderer, yet almost reached the seats of the mighty and had he done so he would have seemed respectable, upright, religious almost to bigotry. If it is still possible to persuade any of the danger of allowing a politician, who has climbed the party-rungs to a top place, to seize 'emergency powers', the study of this man should convince.

Thomas John Ley appeared in Danzig in the smoky Thirties; he organised the then popular sweepstakes. He had great strength of feature, muscle and will. The lust for power over men was in him and by ambition he was a politician. A butler's son from our West Country, he was taken in infancy to Australia and there became a successful politician. Electors do not choose their representatives today; in the twentieth century they are picked beforehand in the secret party conclaves, and Ley learned the trick of these. It was the time of Prohibition in America and the cry was likely to catch votes. He became 'Lemonade Ley', a temperance-crusader (had he been twenty years younger, and

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come to politics in the Forties, he would probably have called himself a Socialist and secretly curried Communist favour). He became (in New South Wales) Minister for Public Instruction, Minister for Labour, and from 1922-25 Minister for Justice! (In that post he refused reprieve to a man whose wife was certified insane and who, dreading the taint for his three children, killed them; this man's plea of insanity for himself was rejected and Ley, denying reprieve, said, 'Murder is murder and justice must be done'.)

This period, 1925, is the fascinating point in his career to the student of twentieth-century affairs. The next obvious step towards power was the Australian national parliament. Ley took it; he was elected to Canberra. A post in the Australian Government seemed sure. He might have become Prime Minister. The second war was not far ahead and in wartime Ministers rule through 'emergency powers'. What might he not have become in the sequel? Take one possibility: he might have become Commander-in-Chief of the World Police Force, with authority to send armies against any he was prompted to name a transgressor.

But at that decisive moment things happened. His opponent at the election, who had said hard things about him, disappeared and was never seen again. Lawsuits were begun against him in respect of certain company-promoting transactions. The Australian Prime Minister would have none of him. Suddenly he left Australia. The Thirties saw him, out of politics but rich, busy in Danzig and Andorra. The war came and he returned to the island of his birth.

But for his opponent's disappearance and those lawsuits he might have become powerful in world affairs, a governor of the 'United Nations' or what not. In 1946 he was arrested in London, for murder. The corrupting power of such a man is gruesome to study: with small trouble he picked from London streets several persons who were ready for a little money to kidnap and deliver to him a man unknown to them. I would not have thought this possible in London. The body was found, and the trail uncovered, by merest chance; but for it the victim would have disappeared like the man in Australia twenty years before.

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Unlike the man whose plea of insanity was rejected, whose reprieve Ley refused, Ley was found insane after conviction and reprieved (he died soon after in Broadmoor Asylum). Was he insane, and for how long had he been? In my surmise his insanity was only that of the lust for power over men, which is the worst form of insanity. How near he came to wielding it in great public affairs. His case is illuminating for the study of Lenin, Hitler, and those men of the Forties who today seek power-over-masses. The task of The Common Man is not to follow them, but at all costs to curb them, for they seek to destroy him.¹

A pandemonium of men and machines was *Insanity Fair* in the smoky Thirties. I see the first rocket-car on the Avus track near Berlin, watched by impassive German general staff officers with the forbidden red stripe on their trousers. My more sober British colleagues smiled at my deep interest in this toy. I followed every scrap of rocket news with avidity. There was a man who claimed to make a package-carrying rocket deposit its load within a prescribed area. There was talk of an experimental 'postal rocket' to America and when I reported it a friend (who in the later war was to be a senior intelligence officer in our air force) twitted me with wasting the space of *The Times* on 'a stunt'.

But in the Forties I thought of the rocket-car with its flaming tail when I leaned from a cottage-window in Sussex and watched the first flying-bombs, with their flaming tails, come over the shoulder of the Downs, London-bound. A newspaper-correspondent abroad, if he is allowed, can do his country good service.

The Nineteen-Thirties seem to me to have been the ten most evil and fateful years in our twenty centuries of rising civilisation. Whatever the temporary setbacks, the main tendency was always clear before, and it was an upward one. In those ten years huge backward strides were made; very few people yet realise how much was lost in that decade. When the Thirties began the Christian principles of liberty and justice, in greater or lesser degree, prevailed almost everywhere in Europe outside the small slice of

¹ *The Trial of Ley and Smith*, Jarrolds, 16s., is from this point of view enthralling to the student of twentieth-century politics.

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Asiatic Russia which the map puts in Europe. When they ended unlawful imprisonment, torture and death, mass deportation and mass depopulation were the methods of government in three-parts of the continent; the rulers of imprisoned Russia and imprisoned Germany joined hands to extend this plague-area until it infected nearly all of Europe.

The Thirties! How the herd, released into the pleasant prairie of a free life by the nineteenth century, rushed to find the slopes of Gadarea again! Puny were the great men, many of them crying 'Ware wolf!' only because they wanted to play a wolfish part themselves. Rare was (and still is) the man who stood steadfastly by the principles of the New Testament, of British justice, of the American Constitution, no matter which side seemed uppermost in the medley of the day.

As the smoke of the Thirties burst into the flame of the Forties, and the puppets danced faster and more furiously still, the Sage of the Century gave it all a final benediction. When the two leaders of anti-Christendom joined hands to destroy Europe, in the few moments before they jointly fell on Poland, Mr. Shaw cried, 'Hitler has put himself under the powerful thumb of Stalin, whose interest in peace is overwhelming'. It was a fitting end to the mad Thirties.

PART TWO

THE FIRE: 1940-1945

CHAPTER I

WARM SEPTEMBER EVE

THE darkening cloud that overhangs our century suddenly cleared away for me (sad illusion) one autumn evening in 1940 when I came into London by the Bedford road. The first nine months of the Forties were ones of intolerable suspense. That evening the silent, brooding sky abruptly filled with fleeting glints, like the sun on dragon-flies' wings, with white trails, and the noise of fighting. Aeroplanes fell, one so near that I saw black crosses. The battle was on at last and all at once I knew we should win. The Forties, the twentieth century, cleared.

Some days stand bright in memory like illuminations in an old manuscript. I began that one in Bedford, thinking on John Bunyan's long imprisonment by the bridge. In prisons he wrote *Pilgrim's Progress* (through Vanity Fair) and *Grace Abounding*; in the prison of the soul, which the Thirties were for me, I wrote books called *Insanity Fair* and *Disgrace Abounding*. I looked at his jail and tried to count the English writers, from his time till now, whose lot has been persecution. I felt a morbid loathing of my times. Then I thought of his words: 'A castle, called Doubting-Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair.' Saluting him, and throwing off an evil humour, I got into my car. God bless old John, I thought, as I drove towards London. I counted my blessings. I was not in prison, though some would have liked me there. My companion was the most charming I ever knew. My car was unique in slender grace and power (I fear I shall not see its like again). I bought it, perversely, after Dunkirk, thinking, at least I'll ride this beautiful creature a few leagues before night-fall. It was long, low, and of a blue which matched the scarf round my companion's hair, her eyes and the sky above. She had never read Bunyan, yet in her own words echoed him, for she chided 'the man that can look no way but downwards, with a muckrake in his hands'. It was hard not to do that then.

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So I had barely left Bedford behind when I felt the happiest man alive. I came, indeed, at a delicate plain called Ease, and went with much content — but that plain was but narrow. Suddenly we came on a scene that stays sharp-etched in my mind.

Beside the road was a great airfield, with aeroplanes about and big buildings black against the green turf. Some alarm had been given and in groups of three or four, scattered over the sunny field, stood soldiers, tautly alert, looking upward and southward. Of what they had been warned I do not know, perhaps of a bombing-raid or parachute-attack. In these early days of airfield-defence I think sergeants and corporals alone had bullets for their rifles. I never knew so infectious a feeling of peril, or saw so many men so rigidly poised. No limb stirred or head turned as our blue car flashed by and soon we ran again between placid, empty fields. But the glimpse told me what lay ahead: battle over London.

London! It is all things to all men, or to the same man in different moods. A great wen, Cobbett thought, as he rode from it, looking back, but he saw, not London, rather the gathering evil of the century to come. 'Hell is a city much like London', cursed Shelley. 'A man who is tired of London is tired of life', pontificated Johnson. 'London is a modern Babylon', suavely averred Disraeli, his easterner's mind full of false oriental images. 'London is the Rome of today', decided Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Rome: that is nearer, but not exact, for there is nothing like London. Paul was Rome's captive, but St. Paul's Cathedral crowns London city, and more proudly since the flames fell away from its dome. To me even Rome offers a picture no lovelier than that which a man sees who today looks from Waterloo Bridge across the Thames towards St. Paul's. Providence is the master town-planner and deftly uses calamity and ugliness in composing such a city scene. For centuries men toiled to build London, and yet it took a plague, two great fires, a giant's handful of bombs, and unnumbered other man-made or natural disasters to complete that perfect symphony of outline and gap, dome and spire, roof and river, sky, tree, bridge and barge. May Turner and Canaletto

WARM SEPTEMBER EVE

bequeath to some prentice painter, now mixing his colours, the eye to capture the beauty of this moment in London's story.

A native Londoner, who came into London on such a night as that, does best to borrow the words of another Londoner who wrote four centuries ago: 'At length they all to merry London came, to merry London, my most kindly nurse, that to me gave this life's first native source.' If merriness is quiet courage under deadly odds, London was as merry that evening as when Edmund Spenser wrote.

I knew a few of the young men who tilted at the dragon over London Town that night. One I asked, just before the war began, what he thought of his chances when the Germans came. Pausing with a tankard half way to his lips, he said easily, 'Oh, we'll take the pants off them,' and drank. I winced, for I knew how few he and his companions were. I met another in Prague in the Thirties, a young man fresh from Oxford who dabbled in journalism; penitently I recall that I felt the prickly superiority of the professional. I later found his name, John Dundas, beneath a review of *Insanity Fair*. I wish I had then known that he was the hero of that immortal jest at Oxford, when a greased pig was unloosed among the grave seigneurs of the Senior Common Room of an Oxford college (in 1947 a young peer, Lord Mancroft, casually mentioned in the House of Lords that he shared in that exploit, whereon the Master of Balliol said sternly, 'Oh, it was you, was it?'); after that I recant all former jibes at The English Sense of Humour). John Dundas was killed in this fighting, and possibly the other youngster.

It is a pity that such golden moments as that of September 1940 cannot be nailed to the immovable wall of time, but are borne away by the flight of life. Their colours remain always bright to me, and not because I see the sun glint on the Cloth of Gold, or on Spanish hulls, or Nelson's signal flutter, or Ney's brilliant cavalry break, or Spitfires flash over London, but for a different reason. I see, at each of those instants, the eyes and hearts of men far away turn towards England. Each time we win such a fight hope is reborn in them.

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I know these men, to whom the word England means that there is, somewhere, a small country that has contrived to win, widen and strengthen its liberties from century to century. Hope finally dies in them only with our capitulation. Pitt grasped this root of truth when he said after Trafalgar: 'England has saved herself by her exertions and will save Europe by her example.' I know a man who was in a Balkan town, Novi Sad, just before the Germans invaded it. He saw peasants, who did not know an Englishman was present, drink to 'England' and then again to 'Churchill'. Later these men were cruelly disappointed in their hopes and could blame us for it, yet I wager they look to England now, as ever. They know that statesmen make mistakes, but that we never yet made the mistake of surrender, and that while we survive hope survives, if only for their grandsons' grandsons.

I saw all that behind the battle over London. Today we know the words Churchill used when he first gathered his Tory, Socialist and Liberal ministers round him (to our credit, a Socialist adversary revealed them after his overthrow): 'We must fight on, and if this long island story of ours is to end at last, then, I say, let it only end when each of us lies choking in his own blood upon the ground.' A Socialist cleric recorded the words he spoke aside after his 'fight on the beaches' broadcast to the nation: 'We'll hit them over the head with beer bottles, which is all we have really got.' This rare and unportrayable man, seven years after that summer, would be writing his story of the second war in classic English, and under a *nom de pinceau* paint pictures worthy of the Royal Academy's walls. Astounding life, that richens in colour, like a stained-glass window, as the years pass.

That evening, cigar in mouth, he watched the map of the battle overhead. It was not a decisive one, for there are none such, but it was among the greatest ever. It was not, like Waterloo, to give Europe a century of assured, foreseeable improvement. I think mistakes he later made helped to cause that, but we must await his account of the whole affair. Not even the dark sequel can dull the hues of that brilliant moment, of which his was the heroic genius. The Forties were well begun by it, and if all's well that

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begins well, and we can yet make good the subsequent failures, it may dominate the pattern of our world a century from now.

Whatever the future, a man who came into London at that instant could never wish to live in another place or time. There are many big cities; few great ones. London then was both the largest and greatest. It stood quite alone under the perfect sky, unafraid and, I think, not much alarmed. Its millions went quietly about their business. Disraeli miscalled London 'A nation, not a city'; that night, however, it was the only true nation in the world: that of free men everywhere.

There was an invigorating spiritual calm and pride below the noise. My heart rose for the first time in many years as we stopped by Regent's Park to watch. 'London Pride has been handed down to us'; another Londoner, Noel Coward, found apt words for the moment.

When the sky darkened and the fighting waned we moved on, along Portland Place, excited and happy. 'I believe they *are* taking the pants off them,' I said. 'Of course they are,' said she. At my hotel an imperturbable porter opened the door of the car. 'Good evening, sir,' he merely said, as on any other evening. He is still there, in the same uniform with the first war medals, though he now lacks an eye of which a bomb later deprived him, at that post. Seven years later he might have asked, '*Was* the battle for freedom?' and have answered, 'It was all my eye.'

But the return of the dark clouds lay far ahead that night. The twentieth century seemed clear at last. 'Good evening indeed,' said I, handing my companion out. We were winning the battle; she was lovely; it was September; it was a cloudless evening; it was warm.

ON BOILING BOOTS

'Now, 'ow do you decontaminate your boots if you've got gas on 'em?' he asked.

Vacantly we looked until a young woman with a parrot's gift for remembering and repeating absurdities answered, 'Boil them for three hours.'

'Well, that's half right,' he said grudgingly, 'but you've forgotten something.' He waited expectantly, but even she was dumb. '*You steep 'em in cold water for two hours first!*'

'Oh yes,' said the star pupil breathlessly.

'If you don't steep 'em in cold water first they'll shrivel to nothing when you boil 'em.' We shuddered. 'Steep 'em cold first, then boil 'em, see? Er, what's this?' From a mound of leaflets on the table he took the top one, read it, and coughed. 'Oh, that's cancelled,' he said, 'it's just come through from the Ministry of Public Security. You don't steep 'em cold, you just boil 'em.'

A man who in one war has been at the apex of the pyramid, the front, feels out of place, in another war, among the teeming throng at its mighty base. What, he thinks, have these self-important little folk to do with war? 'We're all in this together!' Are they? Many profitably pursue their own lives and ambitions. They taste power-over-people and like its flavour.

I saw much of this process. It began with the ominous words 'emergency powers'. Once they have been spoken, from Hitler to Churchill, from the Reichstag fire to Dunkirk, no man can foresee the end. In their name the scaffolding of State-control was set up. I saw that (and said it in earlier books), but few others did. 'This is different' (they said), 'this is England, this is war, this is not the same.' But it was and is the same. At every level, from Prime Minister to parish pump, men girded on those emergency

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powers and said 'I am the State'. Below the Minister in Whitehall was the Regional Commissioner, beneath him were smaller despots, down to the 'Emergency Committee' in the hamlet. Through this system of pipes, stealthily laid down under cover of the war and behind the back of the fighting men, the poison of power began to circulate through the body of England.

I knew a man in a small town, a barber and a poor one; his business was worth no man's purchase. But he had a friend who became a member of the 'Emergency Committee'. The Town Hall became a benevolent local Kremlin, the barber hung round it, read all the forms, and soon mastered (on paper) air-raid defence, gas-warfare and the like. No imaginable prank of war could bring gas or fighting to that remote place, but he knew all the forms by heart and soon joined the emergency potentates. When 'powers' arrived to compel men and women to do this or that he exclaimed gleefully, 'Now we've got 'em.' When he lectured about gas he began to display his authority; 'Now, I don't like using the word compulsion,' he could say loftily, 'but . . .'

I saw that the Fussy Folk (who so easily yield to the Commissar and Gauleiter) were unhappily plentiful, and that they were often men of the inferior type I had seen rise by this means to importance in other lands. 'O that we now had here but one ten thousand of those men in England, that do no work today'; thus Shakespeare's Westmoreland, before Agincourt, swore the age-old oath of the fighting soldier. These men would have been amazed had any fitted this cap on their heads. Once inside the Town Hall you were doing 'work of national importance'.

The size of the machine I saw built, however, disquietened me less than the fact that it was obviously being set up for a permanent political purpose, that of transferring power-over-people in England to new hands. Would it be dismantled when the war was over, and if not, what was the real motive behind the war? Froglike they swelled, these emergency potentates who clambered on to the war's back (and barnacle-like they clung when 'the emergency' was over). Food controllers, light-and-warmth

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controllers, travel controllers and dozens more: when will England be rid of these parasites again?

I watched the fantastic rise of the 'National Fire Service'. Formerly we just had local 'fire-brigades' and firemen, in great brazen helmets, who put out fires. When great cities burned and munition-plants were threatened, expansion was clearly needed; an increase in the areas obviously endangered would have been reasonable. But under 'emergency powers' such things become uncontrollable. Not only did every remote township receive its permanent contingent of bored firemen, but staff colleges, training-schools, headquarters and sub-headquarters sprang up, as if the whole island were likely to take fire by spontaneous combustion at any instant. I knew one headquarters in a large country-house where an idyllic time was had by all. Motor cars and girl motor cyclists sped constantly to the nearest village, where were the nearest shops. There were plays, concert-parties, good food (for this was Work of National Importance); for some years a charming house-party lived there as in another planet. Gold braid appeared on peaked caps, epaulettes and badges of rank on uniforms, there was saluting, and in time a special flag fluttered to the masthead (these bodies loved flags; I think even the 'National War Savings Movement' produced one, with a Soviet-like star on it). The retinue and trappings reminded me of an SS headquarters. It was a far cry from this to London burning.

Heavens, I thought, watching, how these growths sprout. This particular service shrank when the war was over, because even The Planned State cannot use many more fire-fighting officials than there are fires. But the others, which had taken powers over the people's food, clothing, firing and houses, went on; these were the things that mattered. Multitudes of men came to love employment under 'emergency powers'. Nothing but a battle in Britain would displace them again. The great army of form-filling officials was bred which after the war would lie like lead on England's energies and exchequer. 'We won the war by planning,' they then cried, 'let's go on planning.'

ON BOILING BOOTS

That was what they meant by planning and observe, gentle reader, *they* won the war. Not 'The Few' won it, but these many; that was why the clouds gathered again after 1940. The armies that came and went might have come from and gone to another world. This other war was for self-aggrandisement, privileges, power-over-people. Each man's interest was to multiply the number of his subordinates, increase the mass of paper, rise higher in the hierarchy. A 'Tanks for Attack Week' in the village, when all the parish-pump potentates might gather on a dais round some demigod from 'Regional', came to seem more important than a tank victory in Africa. The War was but a backcloth.

Frantic efforts were made to keep up the great anti-gas organisation, despite this vapour's refusal to be used. The higher anti-gas potentates must have fought hard to prevent the paper-machine from slipping out of their hands. To the last the villagers of Mudbury-on-the-Marsh paraded to put on the gargoyle-like garb and then to 'decontaminate' themselves. Everything was worth a memorandum, a leaflet, a form.

Long after The Battle of Britain there was the paper-battle for trousers for women wardens. I remember, when this Battle of the Beam-end was won, seeing a well-upholstered lady warden fall half way into a tub of water during a fire-fighting display, and struggle to get back. For an awful instant of suspense, while taut convulsions went on, Time, which otherwise stands still, seemed to shudder and shrink away from that stricken field. Then there was an infinitely tragic sound: it might have been the heavens rending with compassion, but was not. Unable to avert my eyes I stood transfixed. Reverently I murmured to myself, 'This seat of Mars. . . .'

This paper-chase behind the lion-hunt, this Battle of the Town Halls, became more remote from the fighting-war as the years passed (I mean in those large areas where, it was clear, 'enemy action' would never penetrate). The Emergency Committees' happiest days were those when powers arrived which they could foresee would continue after 'the emergency' was over. The only emergency they feared was an end of the Emergency; an

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emergency of war would have thrown most of the emergency-potentates into frightful confusion.

In such conditions little men find easy foothold and quickly rise. The boot-boiler and the barber soon ascended to higher things, and now, I surmise, are sternly 'rationing' men's food, firing or liberty somewhere. The regime of permanent-rule-by-emergency-powers was established. Outside in the darkness the tanks and trucks rumbled, bearing dim forms towards that far-off, half-forgotten thing, The War. The great mass of people quietly did their duty; put on their steel helmets when they came from work and went out; and if danger or death came to them, in the places reached by the enemy, accepted these as uncomplainingly as all else. They were ready to hold on for ever — to win the war. They did not see the enemy who crept upon them behind its back.

CHAPTER 3

SPIRIT OF MISCHIEF

THIS happened in the Forties and has nothing to do with war, save that in my mind everything affixes itself to that dark background of our lives: The War which began in 1914 and was interrupted in 1945.

It was winter, cold, dark, dank. I lived quite alone (solitude is sometimes the friendliest companion) in a small, isolated, tree-screened house. Late one night I returned by train, among soldiers and girls whispering in a dim compartment, to the station three miles away. There I collected my bicycle and rode home through sable lanes, between invisible hedges, in a drizzling rain. I groped to the door, went in, read a while and then to bed.

It was a deadly still night without bombers. I was nearly asleep when, in the kitchen beneath, all the crockery crashed in pieces. I think I rose horizontally from my bed and remained suspended an instant, while my hair stood. Then I switched on the bedside light and listened. There was no sound. I went downstairs.

Twice before I knew the startling chill of abrupt fear. Once in Paris, going to an attic bedroom, I stepped from a dark hallway into a dark lift and trod on human flesh which moved. It was (a match showed) a child. I think now that little boy was to have been Oliver Twist in a Bill Sykes burglary; when I fetched light a friendly citizen, with open clasp-knife in hand, suddenly appeared from somewhere, and I fancy he was Bill Sykes. He kindly offered to take care of the boy and I agreed; they departed.

Once in London, mounting dark stairs to another mean bedroom, my hair rose and an unaccountable foreboding chilled me at the last turn in the stairway. I went on and to bed, wondering. Next morning another lodger, who came up later with a light, told me he found a man pressed into the corner by the last turn in the stairs. This man, who made no reply when asked what he

wanted, was from the next house and had entered by a flat roof and the french window: my fellow-lodger knew him. Two days later I heard shouts in the street and, looking from my window, saw our neighbour being removed by burly men to an asylum. I was left pondering the sudden fear that gripped me in the dark on the stairs. There were, then, vibrations beyond our knowledge.

Now I stepped with curling toes over the kitchen threshold, reaching before me to switch on a light. Not a plate was out of place, or anything smashed. As I gazed round heavy, bludgeon-like blows sounded on the door behind me; I judge that I jumped a foot and came down facing it. After a pregnant pause, as They say, I opened it. The dim kitchen light reached into the black night and caught the glint of rain, wet grass-blades, a wet tree-trunk; otherwise nothing. By nature improvident, I had no torch, so I slipped on gumboots and mackintosh and went round the garden, striking matches which the rain put out. There was neither sound nor soul.

I went to bed and to sleep. Though I think it foolish to scoff at supernatural things, when so little in life is within mortal understanding and so much outside, I am a sceptic about the spooks and spirits of popular superstition, and no other than a natural explanation ever occurred to me. I thought there must be some simple reason and did not trouble further; all my subsequent nights there were undisturbed.

Long after I saw on a friend's bookshelf a book, *Unknown Brighton*. There cannot be anything unknown in Brighton, I said; let me look. Turning the pages idly I found a tale of a 'haunted house'. It described happenings identical with those I have related: noises of smashing china and blows on doors. That made me think and led me to the encyclopaedias, where I found that the playful or pitiful pranks of the *Poltergeist*, which I had never studied, are always alike, and have been reported too often, from too many places, to be moonshine.

Yet where does that lead? The very fact that the happenings are everywhere alike suggests to me that they must after all have a natural explanation, not a supernatural one. If spirit beings

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frenziedly or frantically strive towards us from across the great divide, why are they always tormented ones and why do they always use these mischievous ways of expressing their eternal frustration? Why can they not imprint soft kisses on our cheeks, or squeeze our hands, tickle us under the arms or dig us in the ribs? Is there nothing but misery even beyond the beyond? Can there be Planning there too?

It was a startling, breathtaking experience, and somehow the all-pervading, unending war of our century belonged to it, for the war put me in the lonely house at that moment and for all I know may have brought that unhappy knocking on its door. When I later heard of the Poltergeist, I wondered if this endless twentieth-century war itself might be the work of some super-Poltergeist, graduated beyond china-smashing and gone into business on a big scale.

But no, I decided after much investigation: I feel certain the spirits behind it are on this earth.

CHAPTER 4

HUSARENFIEBER

SOMEWHERE in that waste of time, the Forties, I sat alone in a compartment of the last train from Dorking for London. The door opened and an American soldier handed in a girl, who sat in the corner obliquely opposite. I heard leave-taking chatter; he leaned masterfully in from the dim platform and she bent towards him. To my horror he called her sugar and she used a bogus American twang. 'I guess' and 'I cann't' she giggled, and she called him 'Urrl', so that I knew the shadow's name was Earl. 'Shure you've got my *address*?' he asked, and 'Shure I've got your *address*,' she answered, and he produced cigarettes as from air, but I knew from an open packet in his pocket, and I went to sleep.

The train was rumbling through the Forties when I was awakened by a voice saying, 'Pardon me, have you a match?'

'So you want to talk?' I said. 'Well, all right, if you stop trying to talk American.'

'I cann't help it,' she said, puffing. 'My mother was American.'

'You lie,' I said amicably. 'Your mother came from somewhere near Cardiff and you think it impresses Urrl, and your handbag is full of Camels and Lifesavers and we won't talk about those stockings, and your name would have been Joan, Peggy or Betty if you were twenty years older, but as you aren't it's Valerie, Jennifer or Marlene.'

'Are you trying to insult me?' she asked.

'Yes,' I said.

'Anyway, it's not,' she said. 'It's Purrl.'

'Oh no!' I said, 'Urrl and Purrl! It sounds like a knitter's nightmare.'

'But you were right about Wales,' she said. 'How did you know?'

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'Second sight,' I said. 'But if you want that poor wight, stop pretending to talk American. You'll only make him despise you. Imagine the misery you are storing up for yourself if by some mischance you should marry him. At the first quarrel he'd taunt you with it; it would be a scorpion in his hand.'

'He likes it,' she said defiantly, 'and I *am* going to marry him.'

'He doesn't,' I said, 'and I knew you would be; they all are. Where did you meet him?'

'At Rainbow Corner,' she said.

'Ah, where the rainbow begins,' I said. 'What a shocking future awaits you: either to share a hot-dog stand in Brooklyn or be left behind, A Remnant of Rainbow Corner.'

The careless phrase stung her. 'What a horrible thing to say,' she said angrily. 'A Remnant of Rainbow Corner! Where did you hear that?'

'I didn't,' I said. 'It just came. You girls ask for it.'

'Why?' she said. 'We must have some fun.'

'Of course you must,' I said, 'and Rainbow Corner supplies it in all hues.' I studied her, the girl of a hundred dark cinemas happily rushing towards the golden youth, at last emerged from the flat screen. So many dreams so suddenly come true! 'Do you dance there?' I asked. 'Do you get turned upside down and wave your silly little legs in the air in their silly little pants?'

'Oh, I don't let him do *that*,' she said primly. 'And he hasn't got a hot-dog stand in Brooklyn. He's got a garage in Chicago and he needs a wife like me to help him run it.'

'It sounds like paradise,' I said.

'Why are you so sarcastic,' she said. 'Why shouldn't I make him a good wife?'

'There's no reason why you shouldn't, or he a good husband,' I said. 'It depends what you are and what he is. You might be very happy. Do you like him?'

'Yes,' she said dreamily. 'He's so . . . different.'

'Oh help,' I thought but did not say; then, 'The trouble with you girls is that you're all ill.'

'Ill?' she said, in affront.

'Yes, you're suffering from the oldest woman's ailment in the world: *Husarenfieber*.'

'What on earth's that?'

'It befalls women when the soldiers ride into town, with their eyes laughing beneath their busbies and their chests stretching their braided coats and their thighs stretching their breeches. Soldier-fever. It doesn't matter who the soldiers are, friend or foe. They can be Germans or Italians behind barbed wire. I think even a talking gorilla behind bars might do. It's a biological thing. . . .'

'Bio . . . what?' she said, in the idiom of the moment. 'Well, I've never seen a hussar and there aren't any horses in this war, so I can't have it.'

'You have,' I said. 'It took you to Rainbow Corner. The symptoms are dilated pupils, quickened breathing, unease and a loud giggling. It can't be pernicious, since nature made it, and it's incurable. When are you going to marry Urrl?'

'Don't keep calling him Urrl,' she said impatiently. 'His name's Earl.'

'You began it,' I said. 'When is it to be?'

'As soon as the war's over,' she said happily. 'I don't think of anything else even when I'm asleep. All day long I think of marrying him and going on that ship. When I fall asleep I'm thinking of it and when I wake I'm still thinking of it, so it must be there all the time. It's wunnerful.'

'I hope it works out well,' I said.

'It will,' she said confidently. 'I'm not silly and I know my Urrl. And I'm all right. You may think I'm not, but I am.'

'I do think you are,' I said.

'I'm quite pretty,' she said.

'My cue,' I said, 'you are indeed. Too emphatically mammalian perhaps.'

'Mamm . . . what?' she asked again.

'I think you go a little too far in making the most of yourself,' I said, gently glancing at her sweater. 'You stretch it a bit. I prefer implicit charms. The dance of the seven veils is most enjoy-

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able before the first veil is cast; after that the pleasure dwindles with each unveiling and vanishes at the last.'

'Coo,' she said, wide-eyed. 'Have you seen the dance of the seven veils?'

'In my foolish youth I once saw something like it,' I admitted. 'Now I should find a reading from Ella Wheeler Wilcox more exciting.'

I liked Pearl by the time we reached Waterloo. She genuinely loved her Earl, I decided, and I respected this. I thought of her often and hoped he would marry her and make her happy, but I feared he might disappoint her hopes and felt apprehensive for her.

When the Forties were three years older I saw her again. Again it was at battered Waterloo, on a miserable January day when rain fell through the unattended station roof and London, all around, was like a trampled flower that tried to lift itself from the mire. I was at the buffet, trying to eat two large pieces of dry bread with little or nothing between, called a sandwich, when my ear caught some talk between the steward, a fat, jolly man who had plainly been a sailor, and a lean, sardonic Cockney customer, whose face said 'There is nothing I do not know; nothing I do not disbelieve.'

'Ah, look at those lovely creatures,' said the fat jolly man, gazing somewhither. 'They'll all be back by the next ship, I shouldn't wonder.'

The lean sardonic one looked indifferently over his shoulder and back. 'I'd sooner 'ave a pint,' he said briefly.

The fat man suited his rejoinder to the sceptic's mood. 'So would I,' he agreed jovially. 'Do yer more good.'

Curious, I looked for what they discussed, and saw two or three score girls, surrounded by relatives. There were smiles, tears, excitement, farewells. Then I remembered something in the paper that morning; these were the 'G.I. Brides'. Among them was Pearl!

She seemed alone. I went to her. 'Purrl,' I said, 'you're off to America? I *am* glad for you.'

She recognised me at once. 'Hullo,' she said, 'I've often thought

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of you. You worried me with your talk about Rainbow Corner and remnants. I felt like an old dishcloth.'

'Oh, that just slipped out,' I said, 'and you see how wrong I was. I've often thought of you too, and hoped for the happy ending. How's Urri?'

'Who?' she said. 'Urri? Oh, him! Oh, that was ages ago. I wouldn't marry *him*! What do you take me for? I'm marrying a wunnerful man with a restaurant in Brooklyn.'

'A *restaurant*?' I said suspiciously.

'Well, a sort of café place, I suppose it is, really,' she said.

'Heavens,' I said, 'a hot-dog stand. Goodbye, Purrl. Don't ever let your daughter get *Husarenfeber*.'

CHAPTER 5

CRISIS ON THE ISIS

WRAPPED in blankets (my malarial ailment was with me) I wrote a play, during the second war, about Hitler. I expected him to disappear when the Wagnerian heavens fell and thought this a good theme for a prophetic melodrama. When it was done I loved it. Ugh, as They say.

It was produced in Oxford, where I arrived one bitter Sunday for the dress rehearsal. My sister (whom the reader of *Insanity Fair* met as a pigtailed girl waving me goodbye in 1914) now accompanied me as a seasoned artillerywoman. What times!

I never knew Oxford before. It may be, as somebody said, a half-way house to Rome. In this tempestuous and tormented time it seemed to me a walled garden of the mind, where all the trees were planted against the wall facing north. The brass-knobbed bedstead, floral wallpaper and jug-and-basin in my hotel bedroom made me morbid: they so smugly said, 'We'll larn you you're in Oxford.' Those who allotted rooms or served meals were pinched and austere; even in abundant times, I felt, they would have begrudged such favours, and in these lean ones denials and frugalities seemed to give them a perverse pleasure. I recalled Baron Coleridge's observation: 'I speak not of this college or of that, but of the University as a whole; and, gentlemen, what a *whole* Oxford is!'

Oxford has bred many great ones who sing of its grace, but it seemed a dreary whole to me in those bleak, blacked-out days. A man awaiting the first night of his first play is a pitiful sufferer who needs comfort; Oxford, in its dank grey dress, looked at me as coldly as Torquemada at a heretic. I shivered as, accompanied by the military branch of our family, I sought the theatre, and moodily looked for its remote stage-door.

Perhaps this chilling town and day further stretched nerves

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already taut. Anyway, I jumped and almost ran as a door opened and Hitler sprang into the wet empty street. It was he; brown coat, black trousers, iron cross, forelock, wild glare. At this time the name alone was nearly enough to make men start. The apparition startled me and for an instant I thought myself inexplicably in Berlin. Hitler had been much in my mind, and I in his, while I wrote the play, and possibly I was fey for him.

Then I realised that this was not *the* Hitler, but another desperate man, *my* Hitler, a refugee from the dress rehearsal. Soon I understood his harassed mien and rush for air. He was an eminent actor and only a few days before had been secured for the part. He liked it, too: 'Lovely words, lovely words,' he said brokenly, when he knew I was the author.

Perhaps some of them were; but they were too many. Seldom had any stage known such long speeches. Perfectly to memorise Hitler's part was a labour of weeks. My Hitler had only had about three days! He had good cause to wear the visage which Goebbels described as that of the real Hitler when the climax later came: 'The face of an Atlas, with the cares of the world on his shoulders.'

This was early afternoon and at midnight, when the dress rehearsal still continued, I clung like a drowning man to the adage that all would be well on the night (a few hours ahead). And as far as this play could be all right, it was. Of all the stage-world's brave heroes none can compare with repertory players, who forget last week's part while playing this week's and learning next week's. Repertory may be the sure road to fame, but I wonder any survive it. All these players, save Hitler, were members of the resident company.

Theirs was but one of the many problems. I wondered how the producer kept the quickly succeeding plays separate in his mind. He was brilliant, and so was the girl who designed and built the scenery. So were the magicians who supplied my Storm-troop-choruses, nightfalls, howling winds and storms-among-the-mountain-peaks (Hitler simply had to disappear in a Flying Dutchman-like tempest; I said this was my first play).

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Producers and players so threw themselves into the business that they called each other by the names of their parts, adding those endearments which are common behind the scenes. The dark auditorium heard cries of 'Hitler, dear, will you come a little upstage?' or 'Göring, darling, do that again please'. I alone knew the living originals, and was made weak with suppressed laughter by this. I came away in the early hours of Monday, leaving the good troupers still busy, and returned through the black-out to my shocking bedroom.

My condition during the day was as good as could be expected and my pains began punctually in the early evening, when I was taken to the theatre to be delivered. It was packed for the World Première (and World Dernière) of *Downfall*. There was hubbub in the house and excitement behind the curtain; a great critic resident in Oxford was in front and his verdict was eagerly awaited. I hardly caught his strange-sounding title but think it was *The Dane of Belial*.

By chance I saw the curtain rise through a tiny window behind the dress circle. I could see all but hear nothing, and the impression I received was so surprising that I watched most of the play thus, as in a little peepshow. The way the players filled their parts amazed me. They truly put on the characters of those who were moving to their doom in distant Berlin. They were physically well cast, and looked remarkably like the real men. But mien and bearing were right, too; how did they do it? I wondered. Hitler had borrowed Hitler's own soul. I had the eeriest feeling, watching them as through a telescope reversed: these were no players, but the men I knew.

I wish my experience in writing a play had been equal to theirs in performing. Those speeches were too loose and too long. I marvelled at the way these affairs are made to come right on the night, under the unsuspecting playgoers' noses. Hitler, from his window, looked down and cried that he saw the ghostly triumph of ten years before in the empty, blacked-out Wilhelmstrasse; he really saw another player with the prompt-book. He sat at a table and harangued Keitel and Göring; the tablecloth, which

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reached to the floor, concealed the good trouper with the prompt-book.

I had the novice's trouble in bringing characters on or off. They came like the Burghers of Calais, they left as if chased by bears. It had seemed, in the writing, simple to bring on a delegation of leading Germans come to tell Hitler 'Begone!' At the dress rehearsal I must have been temporarily absent during this scene, but had noticed, and wondered about, some people sitting in the auditorium. I now found they were members of the delegation; the strength of the resident company was not equal to my large cast and recruits had been enlisted from elsewhere for this brief episode. Now the delegation trickled on and I thought it would never end. It was as if an undertaker had sent enough men to handle an exceptionally heavy client; had the stage been a ship it would have listed hard. So many men were not easily grouped, and if anything became the play less than their slow appearance, it was the protracted manner of their leaving.

The great and gloomy Dane said the play was 'singularly infelicitous', I think. I would merely have said 'bad'; perhaps the branches of his mind had too long been trained against that north-facing wall in the enclosed garden.

But what an unforgettable night that was, in the blacked-out Forties; what great players Hitler and the others were; and what an enthralling experience was the puppet-peepshow I watched through the tiny window, while the men in Berlin moved to their downfall.

CHAPTER 6

MOAT DEFENSIVE

IN a long line, commodore's ship first, tramps astern, sheepdog-like destroyers on either side, we steamed under a pale sun that sadly glinted on the distant roofs of Deal, between ghostly ranks: the masts and funnels of wrecked vessels. 'The Goodwins, I think they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many tall ships lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word': Shakespeare's unageing poetry has a word for everything, and his Venetian drew this exact picture of the Nineteen-Forties nearly four centuries ago. Mortal men may think to change the world, but they cannot change the Goodwins.

High among my blessings I count the fact that I saw something of the two wars in all three elements, land, sea and air, and particularly the chance that gave me brief acquaintanceships with the Royal Navy. This was the first time I saw the Goodwins close.

When the twentieth century began, its huge confusion heralded by the great cynics crowing on the dungheaps of their wisdom, a Mr. Shaw made a dying man in a play say, 'I believe in Velasquez . . .' Startlingly new and provoking, it seemed then, that a young artist, dying, should cry, not 'I believe in God', but 'I believe in Art', and thus from the grave's edge defiantly proclaim that Art was the forked radish's own creation and copyright. It was the nihilist's voice, saying that the genius of a Velasquez was his own making, not the product of his mother's care, his great grandfather's blood, the food he ate and the climate he grew up in, the pencil he found and the master he chanced to meet; or that, if all these threads led to his talent, they were spun by the worms of the earth.

After forty years of the nihilist century an older faith appears

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better. If God made the earth on the seventh day, He made the seas in its evening, and among them that British moat, the all-importance of which Shakespeare saw. In it Drake's and Nelson's navy always made its signals first to providence, and acted as its instrument. The repeated preservation of this island, now for nearly a thousand years, meant that the hope of ultimate freedom survived in men everywhere, and that pattern might never be restored, were the moat to dry up or the British navy be sunk or scuttled in it. My dying artist would put providence first and after that his country's moat, ships and sailors, as Shakespeare put them. But then, great artists usually appear when their countries are great.

That little voyage in the Forties began on Southend pier, where tramp-skipper in bowler-hats and billycocks met to receive convoy-orders. They, their ships and the escorting destroyers were of several nationalities. For many centuries this island led coalitions against a European conqueror. This convoy under the white ensign, with its Poles, Norwegians and Hollanders, was yet another little coalition.

My writer's luck held good, for this brief trip was a microcosm of the huge battle that went on for six years wherever there was salt water. The perils of war were present, and if the only shots we fired were practice ones that may merely have been because man's war had to wait on nature's eternal one. I never knew so much weather crammed into a few leagues. As the convoy weighed anchor, fog came down until ships a cable-length away disappeared. With the Goodwins outside, that lent interest to the day. But when we reached them it lifted and in a dead-grey calm, that lent a sombre mournfulness to the moment, this little coalition steamed between the two lines of hulks. The Goodwins look as if a man cast into the sea might stand upright there until rescue came, yet if all the mariners ever drowned wait on the bottom, a great throng must be waiting here, almost within touch of England's shore. Now those rotting masts and rusting funnels were practice-targets and our red tracers sped into them like a firing party's last salute.

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As we cleared the dangerous flat the wind freshened and a howling night bore down. This added hazard makes the seaman's war a thing apart. The soldier and even the airman (unless a weather forecast fails him) may wait while the storm passes, but the sailor's peril becomes even greater when the weather is so bad that the submarines cannot leave port.

This night was blacker than black. There were no lights either on ships or shore and in this almost tangible darkness the infernal din was demoniac. Shrieking wind, lashing rain, crashing wave, groaning plates, creaking planks, straining cables: the imps of the storm seemed to say, 'You think you can make loud noises, little man, but what about this?' I could imagine no device which would enable the ships to keep distance and station in this black bedlam; such a gale tears commodore's orders and convoy rules to shreds. Only God could help a ship holed or a man overboard in this mad welter, I reflected as a destroyer missed us by inches; my landsman's eye did not even see her, but the lookout's did. 'Being in all respects prepared for war', the orders ran (the wording has not changed since Nelson's day, and why should it?) the convoy was to 'proceed' from here to there. 'Proceed'! Man's dispositions seemed petty against this enemy. I understood why sailors were usually men of simple faith, and why men of nihilist mind seldom command a ship.

In this ship, steaming through Shakespeare's moat defensive, I felt again the living tie with him, for he might have chosen its company. Consider his four captains of King Harry's army encamped before Agincourt: Gower the Englishman, Jamy the Scot, Macmorris the Irishman, Fluellen the Welshman; while they waited to do battle in the common cause they jibed at each other's national foibles and tricks of speech.

Here, in this ship, they all were again behaving exactly so. The skipper was an Englishman, the first and second officers were a Welshman and an Ulster Irishman, in the engine-room was, of course, a Scot (a disappointed one because the reek of his warm oil did not overcome me). Here they were, Gower, Jamy, Macmorris and Fluellen, after four centuries still thinking less of the

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enemy than of pulling an English leg or tweaking a Welsh nose. Had Shakespeare not lived too early, there might have been an American at Agincourt; there was one in this wardroom. Fortunately, when we threw a petrol-tin overboard for revolver practice, in the Goodwins, a Londoner with but one good eye hit it before that cockahoop Yankee, and a landlubbing writer survived a shake-up which laid a Welsh ship's officer low with Nelson's malady.

A great ambition of mine was fulfilled by that voyage. It taught me nothing new, but ever after I followed with the eye of personal experience the endless journeys of the Royal Navy in the greatest of its wars. The sea is in our blood, and if I were a hundred I should still go aboard a British ship with the feeling of homage and happiness which is native to me; these planks spell freedom.

For years after that day the enemy at home was to renew the secret attack on the Navy which is more dangerous to it than any visible enemy. But that is a later story.

CHAPTER 7

THE BLESSED BOSKAGE

THE lush and leafy Norman lanes, through which my jeep crawled, were jammed with men and machines. This country flows with cream and butter, cider and apple brandy, and is called The Boskage. Here God most prodigally scatters the fruits of the earth and after each man-made war the green things effortlessly win their eternal battle with the battle's litter.

The place holds a spell for me. 'Norman and Saxon and Dane are we': William the Norman conquered England, the English burned Joan of Arc in the Norman capital. For centuries men from either side of the Channel have fought against or beside each other and in this island few can be sure they have no Norman blood, whether from dark rapine or proud descent. The English House of Lords has known a Socialist peer bearing the name of one of William's knights of nine hundred years ago.

Over these verdant, rolling lands once more sprawled the immense confusion of war. There was no spot in this Eden but had a soldier sweatily striving at some task. Herds of fat cattle lay about, stricken in mid-cud. From swollen, balloon-like bodies their legs rose in the air, displaying gigantic udders. They seemed to have been killed, not by wounds but by blast. These placid ladies, who do not budge even when the battle is close, must conceal a highly sensitive nervous system behind their ruminant's mask; they cannot support a loud detonation near at hand.

It was like a Hogarthian nightmare painted on a background by Watteau, or Grand Guignol in the sylvan setting of Regent's Park. But the senses reacted most alertly to something invisible and intangible: a smell. The distinctive smell of war is mixed of warm oil, petrol, pulverised brick, scorched rafters, explosives, dust — and death. Its chief ingredient is this faintly sweet odour of fleshy corruption to which four-legged creatures seem

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indifferent, but which, creeping from afar, quickly alarms the queasy stomachs of two-legged ones.

Now, as my jeep rattled through the lanes, it grew stronger and the traffic and noise of war diminished. Soon the lanes were quiet and empty, because the war was near; only the smell increased. Then, rounding a corner, I saw under tall, rich hedges tanks, trucks and waiting men. Here there was only a whispering. These men wore earphones and into them came the voices of their comrades further ahead. They were fighting; pushing on through further lanes and fields; straining their eyes to detect an anti-tank gun in a coppice or a mortar behind the wheat; and reporting back. Whisper, whisper, whisper came the little voices. . . .

I saw I was among the Guards. Unwittingly I had kept an assignation. A few weeks before I had been in Hove, where the broad avenues were filled with the Guards and their armour, waiting for the grand invasion of Europe. Hove knew fighting-men of all arms and many nations, but the Guards, when they came, excelled all. They wore the invisible panache of a unique tradition. They are big men, yet gentle, friendly, unboastful. The specialist in all callings has an innate authority; he need not exhibit his quality since it reveals itself. The Guardsman, whom I have met from Ypres to the Boskage, is the specialist of his profession and a perfect *gentilhomme*.

In Hove, after a windy lecture to Guardsmen about Germans, I said I hoped I might meet them on the other side, once the invasion began. Now I met them. In one of the first I recognised a listener to that talk and reminded him of it. 'Ah,' he said calmly, 'I wish we were in Hove now.'

Again I heard the voice of Shakespeare ring down the centuries and thought how little our Norman-Saxon-Danish breed has changed. Those who saw Laurence Olivier's superb film will remember the English soldier, Bates, Court and Williams, talking by the camp-fire the night before Agincourt. 'Brother John Bates,' says Court, 'is not that the morning which breaks yonder?' 'I think it be,' says Bates, 'but we have no great cause

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to desire the approach of day.' 'We see yonder the beginning of day,' says Williams, 'but I think we shall never see the end of it — who goes there?'

It is King Harry, cloaked, who explores the mind of his men. Bates tells him, 'The King may show what outward courage he will, but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck — and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.' 'Methinks I could not die anywhere so contented as in the king's company,' says their unknown visitor, 'his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.' 'That's more than we know,' remarks Williams.

Thus the British soldier five hundred years ago, and here he was again in the Boskage, recognisable, saying the same things in the same way. He is the Christian soldier, the opposite of the man-in-the-mob, and the more dangerous in battle because his spirit remains calm and critical. If this man survived he was soon fighting on the Rhine, still wishing himself in Hove.

We talked near a narrow, behedged field-path. On it, a few yards from the road, lay two dead Germans and we went to look at them. They were both boys and lay in the contorted shapes of sudden death. One, I saw from his book, was a Saxon from Halle. Saxon; Norman; Dane — time wove its intricate pattern. They lay behind a hand-drawn anti-tank gun, a toy of a thing, yet they had hit a British tank with it. Crippled and lopsided it lay on the far side of the field with a dead Guardsman in it.

I got into my jeep and went on. The whispering fell behind and in the brooding Boskage not a man or machine was to be seen. Here, where the war at last was, was a silence in which an ant's footfalls might have been heard. It was broken sometimes by a burst of machine-guns or the explosion of mortar shells, whether to right or left, or how far away, I could not tell; in this undulating, thickly wooded country all sense of sound-direction failed. It was a paradise on earth, tense with silence, heavy with menace, eerie. Every bush was a natural ambush and every tree a ready-made trap. It was ideal country for defence. A numerous, well-armed and well-led enemy could have exacted a huge price

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for dislodgment. I thanked providence for the thinning German lines, our own inexhaustible supplies, the generalship bred by the bitter lessons of the first war.

At length we came out of that oppressive woodland and to a village. The whispering men had just cleared it. In the square a German tank burned and some dead Germans lay about. The villagers were gathered there, their faces turned towards the liberators' road. They were happy, but not ecstatic; in the French soul, and particularly the Norman one, many old resentments towards *les Anglais* lie near the surface.

The village was called Le Beny Bocage, which I suppose means The Blessed Boskage. We went through and beyond it and at last saw the fighting. Across the fields went British tanks, their guns spitting. One lurched, halted and burst into flames; a man jumped from it and tried vainly to haul another out. Three Germans dashed across a field and two fell; from the shelter of a ditch four others rose, holding their hands high.

I was standing near the last house of the village and in a pause looked round at it. It was also the best one, I should think, a comfortable modern villa built where the rising main street reached its highest point as it left the village. Through a big open window I saw a woman, dark, bright-eyed and buxom, laying a table. Two children, boy and girl, played around her. Inquisitively I called, 'Have the little ones no fear, Madame?'

'None at all, Monsieur,' she said amicably, pausing at her work. 'And you?' I said. 'Oh me, of course not,' she said, as if the question were odd. A handful of mortar shells burst three meadows away. She looked in their direction as she might have glanced at a passing motor bicycle and then resumed her table-laying.

Ah, I thought, another war has evidently passed over this blessed boskage.

CHAPTER 8

THE CAVES OF CAEN

BRILLIANT sunshine lit the cave's mouth; its furthest depth, where the graves were, was dark as night. Hundreds of people, from dandlings to dotards, were huddled in it and as I pressed between them I was arrested by a face, the beauty and serenity of which separated it from the gloom and uneasy stir. It was childlike and old, virginal and ravished. Hair of dull gold framed a perfect oval and blue eyes gazed, either vacantly or thoughtfully, at something or nothing. These eyes shone in the half-light like lapis lazuli in a tomb. They were empty of the glints and shadows that usually show, like little fish, in a child's or a young girl's eyes: shyness, curiosity, modesty, boldness, reserve, invitation. They were like water in a shallow blue basin.

I had heard many nightmare stories in the caves, and wondered what, that I could not see, lay behind those transparent eyes. I stopped beside her and said, 'Good day, my child'. The unresponsive eyes turned on me and she gave a hoarse, cackling laugh. An old woman next to her said, with polite apology, 'She is mad, Monsieur'. Then I saw around other pairs of eyes, none quite so strange, but all filled with emptiness. I learned that these were lunatics from the asylum, brought to wait while the storm of war swept by. . . .

The tale of refugees is always and everywhere the same. In our century it has swollen, between Siberia and the Channel, to an anthem of misery so deafening that mankind's ear has become numb to it. Nothing is gained by harping on an unheard air and the population of London's shelters during the bombardment in any case heard a snatch of this devil's music. This, then, is not another tale of refugees, but one of *caves*.

In that one word lies the whole threat of our future. We began, dark ages ago, as cave-dwellers, and thought the caves lay

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remote behind us. In those caves I realised how quickly we may return to them. The upward climb to a civilised condition is long and slow; the fall is as quick as that of a suicide who throws himself from a cathedral tower. The people I saw clung to the poor remnants of their bedding, clothing and kitchenware, the symbols of civilised lives. Had they stayed there, and these worn out, they would in less than a generation have reverted to savage type and have peered through matted hair out of the cave's mouth.

The horrific picture had another side, if one sought it. These huge caves lie in a bluff that falls steeply to a river. Nature did not make them, but men, working in the service of the Christian God, who in this mysterious way saved their descendants' lives centuries later. The stone of Caen was famous through Christendom and was used by the builders of cathedrals and churches everywhere. It was used for Westminster Abbey; the olden quarrymen who cut the stone for the place where England's kings would be crowned made a sanctuary for their townsfolk centuries later, in the flaming Nineteen-Forties.

These caves, when I saw them, offered the picture of what all Europe might be by the century's end. Back to the caves, forests, mountains; this was the nihilists' plan I dimly foresaw in the Thirties, and here it was fulfilled, in little. The caves had long known only the tread of the mushroom-growers. Now they became the coveted shelter of thousands of human beings. The mushroom beds became the cemeteries of those who died, of age, of infant weakness, or from bombs which burst outside and reached deadly fingers into the recesses. Yet each gravé still bore the cross. . . .

The caves of Caen are empty again now. The cave-dwellers have gone to cellars and shanty-towns, to await new homes — or a return to the caves! I watched the blue-eyed girl and her sisters go to some temporary refuge. I had only seen her face before; now that she came into the sunlight, and was lifted into a military truck, I saw she was malformed and could hardly walk.

CHAPTER 9

THE MAN AT THE PYRAMID'S PEAK

I COULD not believe twenty-six years had passed; surely I had merely been on leave and now returned to my squadron and the mess! Here were the same little comforts-in-misery: the deck chairs, scrounged who knew where, the bottles, the gramophone. The record was almost the same; it had merely changed from 'When you come home, dear, when you come home' to 'When you come home again'. Here were the bully beef (now called corned), the cheese, the biscuits. Here were the same smell of petrol, the same intangible menace in the air, the same gripping of the bowels at the irrevocable moment of take-off: shall we miss those wires — ah, good, we're up and away.

The last entry in my flying logbook read, 'November 11, 1918. La guerre est finis. Patrol over Mons, 10.30-11.30 a.m. Civilians waving to us in the streets'. The one I now made began 'August 11, 1944. Reconnaissance patrol between Caen and Falaise . . .' Even the aeroplane I rode in was like the one I flew in twenty-six minutes, no twenty-six years, ago, save that it was unarmed and that its slowness, which on my last flight meant weakness, was its defence. The hurtling fighters of 1944 could not draw a bead on it; if any drew near it just span on its axis and they flashed impotently by.

A queer sensation, to feel twenty-six years fall away. Below was the identical war, the same pulverised moon-landscape. This is where I come in, I thought, as the little ruined villages pirouetted beneath. For now the great coalition had broken out of the bosky ambushade and was in the flat, open country beyond Caen. The captured ground grew like a stretching bow and the straight road to Falaise, below me, marked the track which the final arrow would take towards the enemy's heart. This was the climax of five years, or thirty; or perhaps of twenty centuries, who knows?

Three months before this, in busy, battered London, a message

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took me one morning, as a war correspondent, to St. Paul's School in Hammersmith. There I first saw Field-Marshal Montgomery. It was a refreshing experience to a mind become sceptical. The first war left in me a cynical feeling about military leadership; it was mainly fought in mire and at its end the soldiers still wore puttees! In the Twenties cynicism became every man's habit, and in the Thirties the actions of politicians fixed it in me.

Now I saw a man who perfectly appraised the Germans, as I knew them, and never wasted a word. The German soldier, he said, was an expert with weapons, had a good eye for country and excellent discipline; but the German general was vulnerable. This man, who had to gain a foothold on open beaches, dislodge the enemy from a strong natural ambushade and drive him across the Rhine, had mastered the essential points of his enormous problem. By the time I flew over the battlefield I knew that; before he set out, Montgomery had a plan to delude the enemy into dispersing his strength, and a timetable for the advance, which were both fulfilled (until the setback at Arnhem) almost to the yard and minute. The German soldier fought as well as he expected, the German generals made the errors he counted on. In the first war the German announcement, 'Our advance continued according to plan' became famous as a hoax. In the second, our great advance that went exactly according to plan was never comprehended, in the beauty of its rhythm, by the masses that mechanically switched on the nine o'clock news.

My own road marched with it for a while. I went one day by road convoy from Winchester to Tilbury. The glory of the warm September eve in 1940, I knew, was departed, but ~~this~~ day in 1944 remains vivid to me for the beauty of England, which is poignant to a man who leaves it on such an occasion. As the convoy passed London I looked on my native city from one more angle, in yet another mood. It was no longer grimly silent, as on that September evening. It was the busiest place in the world, seething with the bustle of invasion. The flying bombs sped into it with fiery tails as we passed. From factory windows the work-girls waved. At last, like a man struggling out of a tight jersey,

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we worked our way free of this enormous town and came to green fields, the glint of water, Elizabeth's brave Tilbury, and a ship. Downstream we saw fantastic shapes, like a giant's reels of cotton. From these spools the submarine pipeline would be unwound, to feed the innumerable petrol-driven things in Normandy.

Then England falling astern once more and I began a fantastic voyage, across a thronged Channel, to a fantastic destination. There are models of and books about Mulberry Harbour, that marvel of engineering. I hope a permanent record exists of those harbours made by sunken vessels, where the scene surpassed the most wondrous tales of ancient mariners. All the wrecks on the sea's bottom might have reappeared, all the ship's designers in the world have gone mad, and a horde of lunatic surrealists have flung themselves with paint and brush on the huge scrapheap; and then a giant hand might have stirred the whole shambles. Ships down by the stern or the bows; ships rectangular and rotund; small craft that sped or wallowed; hulks half on the beach and half in the water; boats that walked out of the sea on to the land; the whole constantly rocked by wave, swung by wind, lashed by rain.

Out of the shapeless molten mass comes the fine wrought metal, and out of this prodigal confusion was forged the sharp arrow-head that pointed towards Falaise that day when I flew over Caen. In Hammersmith I heard Montgomery say that the general's chief task, next to estimating the enemy's strength and weakness, was to choose his own men. I saw now the men he chose, the arrow-tip. Guards Armour and Seventh Armour, Highland troops, Canadians, Polish Armour: there was genius in the mixture.

They were all poised that day, and reminded me of the waiting men I saw near Bedford, when the Battle of Britain began. Now they were on the tiptoe of attack, not defence. I was particularly interested in the Poles. They had come far, by way of France, England, Africa and Italy, from the Warsaw I had seen and despaired of just before the second war began; despaired of, because its spirit was too high. The Poles then still thought in

images of dashing cavalry attacks — and had no Channel behind which to recover. Instead, they had an exposed rear and a neighbour whom, rightly, they distrusted. Nevertheless, that unaccountable optimism.

Now they had learned a bitter lesson. They counted among the best fighters in the world and the Polish Armour was the tip of the arrow-head. Returned from my flight, I saw them, waiting with faces turned to the battle. They were not simply Poles; they were the twentieth century in the shape of men. They waited only for the great air bombardment which was to 'soften' the enemy before they struck.

If there were in the mansion of providence a spirit of mischief, a king-poltergeist, war would be this super-imp's high holiday. Punctually at noon the thundering American squadrons came out of the westward haze and passed over these tense attackers. The crackling shells burst round them and one blew up; from the fallen wreck a mountain of black smoke rose into the still air. As they dwindled into specks I vainly strained my eyes for the explosion of their bombs. I could not see them; perhaps the haze was too thick. Anyway, the job must be done, I thought, for soon they reappeared, returning. Now the great attack could begin.

Suddenly the air trembled and hell broke loose on earth behind me. I span round and saw fountains of earth and smoke, each with a red core of fire, where the arrow-tip lay. This was carpet-bombing; each explosion had scarcely erupted when the next grew from the same crater. Soon the wrecked aeroplane's funeral pall looked like the smoke of a garden bonfire against the monstrous cloud, slashed and spangled with new bursts and rising fires, that spread between Caen and Falaise.

An immense dejection filled me as I thought of those poised and eager men. Many must have died with their eyes still searching the hazy horizon for the signal to attack; huge protest must have filled the hearts of those who just had time to understand. I cannot imagine what possible miscalculation caused a commander to err so widely, or many bomber-crews blindly to copy him, when Caen lay clear beneath, a child's guide to accuracy.

THE MAN AT THE PYRAMID'S PEAK

When I reached the place the survivors were still cursing in soldier's language. A British officer, with bareheaded soldiers around, quietly said the burial service over fresh graves. Two bare-throated Highlanders, bringing German prisoners in, made terse Scottish comments and went their way. By the roadside lay blanket-covered forms; I watched a chaplain unbare their faces and saw unmistakably Polish ones. They had come very far to end so sadly and their lot especially oppressed me. Now I think they would not complain. Had they survived to Berlin they would have found their country's freedom more distant than ever; many more men will die before liberty is won, and if it is for ever lost, much greater numbers will die. I already realised that on the Caen-Falaise road. The Poles either did not, or they accept the fight for the sake of its cause and in that faith do not mind where or by what mischance they fall.

The great blunder blunted the arrow-head, but only for a moment; soon the attack was launched which began the end of the second war. When I next went down that road the war was quickening and opening out, and I passed from bedlam into the same thinning activity and deepening silence. At the apex of the pyramid, war, was again a hushed and empty world. Yet somewhere in it, crouched in a slit trench, kneeling in the corn, was the man at the pyramid's peak.

He is the lovable orphan of the twentieth century, this man who comes from the ends of the earth to play the chief part in a deserted theatre without an audience. He makes his little way across continents and oceans, through the swarming throngs that surround bases, commissariat, supply and transport, through camps, barracks and depots, amid a deafening clamour that imperceptibly dwindles as he climbs the huge pyramid and ceases when he stands on its summit. Behind him now all the pandemonium; any noise he hears may be his last. There is no sign of life, but he feels watching eyes as if he were in a cell drilled with peep-holes. The heat of battle, in this chill void? The phrase is obsolete, if it was ever true. The orphan finds himself, after long journeyings, gazing into annihilation from the pyramid's lonely peak.

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How little it changes, I thought, as I went cautiously along that road with memories of St. Julien and Vlamertinghe. The mortars came quicker than the whizzbangs, but were fewer; happily the German gunners had to count their rounds in the second war. I went through a battlefield scorched black by flame-throwers; the wars of antiquity knew boiling oil. I saw men as flat as pennies, for the machines had roared over their corpses; well, that was as old as Juggernaut.

I loved them, whatever their uniform, and they no longer horrified me. The twenty-six years had brought that change and I wondered if I were only older, or perhaps wiser. During that time I had learned, from Russia and Germany, that dictatorship kills many more people, in peace, than any war, and I knew by now that this war was for dictatorship, not against it. The horrors of war seemed petty to me against the horrors of a cause betrayed. These dead men were genuine and admirable.

I came to a very lonely place where a French Canadian, with bayoneted rifle, did outpost duty by an abandoned German first-aid post in a slit-trench. A dead German, a middle-aged, handsome fellow, lay on a stretcher in the entrance to the German medical officer's dugout. An open book there showed that a few hours earlier he had given Hans Schmidt and Johann Braun ointment for scabies and pills for diarrhoea: the soldier's afflictions do not alter. In the road lay a burned-out British tank. The dead gunner hung upside down in it, his blackened face nearly touching the roadway.

I had not noticed him among the wreckage until the French Canadian rifleman pointed to him. 'Look at dat poor guy,' he said, indicating the tank with his head. I looked and in spirit saluted. Then the French Canadian, creasing his eyes against the sun, looked along the silent, straight, dusty road he had yet to travel. 'It's a funny ting,' he said, nodding towards Falaise, 'my folks came from dat place.'

I followed his gaze and wondered where the road really led.

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ON a day I took jeep for Mulberry Harbour and home. Dearly though I loved those armies, I was glad to go. I alone seemed to see the shape the war had taken and the great hoax at the end of the road, and the atmosphere of illusion was hard to live in. In such circumstances reporting became misreporting and I preferred not to write.

Another thing I keenly felt, because I thought that the root of our twentieth-century unhappiness was planted in France in 1789, was the chronic sadness of the French. I felt it in France during the first war, in the years between, and again in Normandy. It was not caused by the German occupation or by the ruination which our invasion brought; the Normans know better than any how quickly nature defeats all conquerors. It is a deep spiritual malady, a despair of the soul. My belief is that the French have never been happy or confident since their revolution. At all events, the travellers' tales of France before it give a picture of a country almost unrecognisable, from the present one, in its strength and pride.

Thinking, as I thought, that a straight thread ran from France of 1789, through Russia and Germany in this century, to the ordeal which I foresaw for my own country, I found Normandy a place of evil omen.

When I reached Mulberry Harbour night was falling and a full gale was rocking that lovely floating port. I found my vessel. I do not know how my Lords of the Admiralty would describe it, but if it was a packet it was a very small one and might almost have gone by letter post. It had no berths or bunks for passengers and hardly standing room for the six of us, all at one time, on its decks.

I love a gale, but to put the matter in a cockleshell, I do not

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like sailing in one without lights, in waters crammed with cruisers, destroyers, corvettes, convoys, and tugs towing dry-docks or spare sections of Mulberry Harbour. I prefer to play blind man's buff ashore. My love for the British Navy, straight or wavy, increased when the skipper said he thought he should not start. My respect, but not my affection, for the British Army rose when a staff-major, with important dispatches, said his orders were to make the utmost haste, and the skipper prepared to leave immediately. Then a signal from the Senior Naval Officer forbade our departure until daybreak, and my feeling for the Navy approached adoration. Simultaneously my respect for the Army grew even higher, for the staff-major, hearing of this overriding command, said he was greatly relieved because he was the world's worst sailor, having once been 'sick in a Duck on a pond' (a Duck is that small boat which waddles out of water on to land).

This trip was the most memorable of my puckish journeyings through the Fortics. It was invigorating to return, once more, to England in a little ship with a company of strangely assorted men, thrown together by chance for a few hours. The tiny shell was a fragment of England, chipped off and now restored.

When we sailed the gale still blew, but it was day. I do not recall even in Shakespeare the eternal words to describe the feelings of an Englishman who sees a ship's bows turn towards his native island. I loved every instant and every man aboard. The skipper, a lieutenant in the Volunteer Reserve, was a Cornishman with brown, curly hair, brown eyes and a beaked nose. He and a Cockney steward are all I remember of the ship's household. The passengers are difficult to assemble in order of rank. Was the lieutenant-commander, R.N., superior to the full commander, R.N.V.R., and where did the staff-major come in, who was sick the moment we left and reappeared only when we arrived, then asking me wistfully, 'Weren't you ill?' and on being told no, saying, 'Oh, good show, good show.'

The lieutenant-commander, R.N., was tall, dyspeptic, and dignified. I seldom admired a man so much as he, when he was sick. He made his offering over the stern and, being so tall, and

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the ship so small, nearly put his nose in the sea. A lesser man might have felt shamed: he performed with grace and without embarrassment. Between disgorgings he held distant but unruffled communion with us. At one moment the Cockney steward appeared lithely from below with two platefuls of thick fat bacon and baked beans, swimming in grease, and (I suspect, not without intent) said to him, 'Breakfast, sir?' The lieutenant-commander, R.N., answered calmly, 'I shall not require any,' but I thought his bilious eye said, 'Ah, if I only had you in my ship.'

I wondered if this armoured man were a sea-going or a desk sailor. I thought he might be a person of influence or affluence, and smooth paths; he wore no medals and his rank was less than a professional sailor of his age might easily reach in a great war. The calm victory of his self-assurance over the weak flesh was admirable. The full commander, R.N.V.R., who looked like a peacetime solicitor, was annoyingly immune. Yet the lieutenant-commander, R.N., when he brought his head back from the rail, contrived without effort to imply that, among the men in that tub, he belonged to a higher order. He saw no equal among them, save possibly the staff-major, who was prostrate below. Especially, I thought, he disapproved of the young subaltern and the Scottish sergeant (who also kept their food down).

These two I greatly loved. They had been dropped by parachute behind the German lines. Always in uniform, so that the Germans would have no pretext to shoot them if they were caught, they lived for weeks behind haystacks and hedges or in barns, helped by the French peasants. Lonelier even than the man in the fighting-line, they gathered information and sent it home by radio. Their only friend was the Royal Air Force, and tenderly as any mother it dropped food, supplies and news to them, at some pinpoint in a dark field. On the subaltern's very birthday his own mother's greetings came swaying down to him at the end of a parachute. Gradually the Germans fell back past their hiding-places; the battle waxed up to and waned away from them, and one day they joyfully came into the open and met men

in their own khaki. Now they were bound for England (forgive me, sergeant: Scotland) and leave.

I was possibly happier for them than even they for themselves, as I imagined their homecoming. They stood together; their adventures knew no distinctions of rank. I liked their red bonnets and their language. Their hair had not been cut for many weeks. The subaltern's was so long that it curled upward, over his collar, like an inverted question-mark, and I divined the feelings this curl would arouse in his mother when the youngster returned to her from such an excursion. Prompted by me, they retold the story of those days and nights.

Two greenish eyes watched us with disrelish from the rail: the lieutenant-commander, R.N.'s rule was silence. I imagined with what relief he would sink into a leather armchair, somewhere in Pall Mall, with cronies from Dartmouth around him, and order a pink gin; far from R.N.V.R. commanders, war correspondents, and fly-by-night subalterns, he would feel reassured. I must not misportray him; he was a very strong character, of a type invaluable to the institution I put among the best of our world and age — the British Navy.

It has played a great part for so long, I thought, watching him. Some learned man said that if a moving-picture were made of the history of our planet the two thousand years we know would occupy but a half-second at the end. The implication, that since time is infinite all else is too petty to take seriously, seems to me wrong. If the half-second were better than all the preceding 119 minutes and 59½ seconds, that would still justify our 1948 Christian years, and I think it is so. For half the half-second the British Navy has done more than any one thing in the world to raise human affairs to a level, at all events higher than anything we can surmise before the year A.D. 1. The story of Europe could not have been written without it. 'Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay'; I do not know what vehicle a cycle of Cathay is, but two thousand years of Europe have on balance been a story of worse becoming better, not bad becoming worse, and for that the British Navy is chiefly to thank. Thus the half-

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second ought to be prolonged to a full one, to a minute and an hour. A disbelief in human effort, merely because Time is beginningless and endless, is foolish.

I watched for the shoulder of England to thrust itself between the high, storming seas and scudding low clouds. 'To France shall we convey you safe, and bring you back, charming the narrow seas to give you gentle pass.' Shakespeare's words are still true, after four centuries, and suddenly I remembered that hardly anything else in our world remains that then was true. Four hundred years ago Austria, France and Spain were mighty names, the rise and fall of a Prussian Germany lay far ahead, Russia was a barbaric word, America barely discovered. The winds of time had not begun to inflate the bubbles of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, some of which have been, while others yet may be, quickly pricked. But the British Navy could say then, and can say yet, 'To France shall we convey you safe and bring you back . . .' A man who seeks a shoreward light in our storm-tossed time might find it here.

A line of darker grey dimly appeared between grey cloud and grey wave. That breathless instant once again. The sun broke through, too; God's spotlight has this sense of theatre and often loves to fix the homecomer in its beam. Then some great broom swept away the clouds, the gale put on a smiling blue face, the grey line turned to green. A lovely little naval craft, a flying-fish of a thing, flashed by on curving wings of silver foam. We came to Portsmouth, a little pier, and girls of the navy waiting with white caps on abundant fair hair, blue trousers fluttering, white singlets drawn taut over round breasts. But for them, the picture was that which has met every homecomer there for centuries; they were new, and a pleasant novelty.

The Navy alone among the three Services, I think, succeeded in clothing women in uniform. It devised one perfectly becoming, serviceable and in tone with tradition. The women's uniforms of horizon-blue and khaki remain to this day a poor imitation of the men's. The Navy also contrived to implant its quiet, confident, competent and proud tradition in its women.

Looking at those girls I thought of the astonishing change that has come over women in this island in my time. Forty years ago they often lived in repression and frustration, those legacies of the too-secure nineteenth century, with its walled parks, enclosed gardens and concealing shrubberies. In *Miss Harriet* Guy de Maupassant mocked the unfulfilled English spinster; to the giggling Parisian Mistinguette's excellent legs made titillating appeal because they pretended to belong to one of those cloistered virgins, escaped (Miss Tinguette); in France and Germany they were supposed to know but one word, 'Shockang' or 'Shocking'.

After the first war a violent reaction from those inhibitions sometimes produced symptoms of that form of mania in which the victim divests herself of clothing. The death of so many men was one obvious cause, and until the fever subsided the English Miss, in her homeland and abroad, occasionally squandered herself with an abandon which would have given Miss Harriet shrieking hysterics. In Somerset Maugham's *Razor's Edge* the type appears (though there given the American shape of Sophie).

With these pictures in my mind, the development of the English Miss in the second war was of absorbing interest. Ours was the only country to conscribe women for the uniformed services, and I deeply distrusted this, seeing in it again the foreshadow of a permanent political plan to disrupt family life and enslave women in peace (as I write, the attempt is being renewed). However, well-laid plans, or even plots, often go a-gley, and the effect of this experiment may be different from what its authors hope: we cannot yet see.

It produced astonishingly hard and fearless women. To me they resembled the men of Elizabethan England, or at least the picture we now make of those. Many, I think, would not have demurred had they been put in tanks, bombers or battleships. In their readiness to venture anything they seemed often more manly than the male, who in this island still is frequently a creature of retiring habits and longings for 'security'. They were tigerish in the pursuit of man, and indomitable in their defiance of any public gibes about their hunting. From Miss Harriet they

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had travelled but fifty years, but in spirit they were her opposites.

They dropped by parachute into France and sometimes were tortured or killed; they manned the guns against the bombers; they almost tore prisoners-of-war from the camps if they wanted them; they swam, shinned up hawsers and stowed away to reach a departing Canadian or American. If they loved husbands overseas they were admirably loyal and if they were not they despised public reproach for their transgressions. Whichever path they took, they did not shiver, shudder or shrink. Like bloodhounds they sought fulfilment. Shades of Miss Harriet, her stays, her privet-hedged life, her downcast gaze!

These women later gave almost the only example I recall, in the past thirty years, of successful resistance to absurd and unnatural laws. They showed how simply governments gone rabid or vain could be brought to heel, how easily the ruination of nations could be prevented. They were forbidden, long after the war ended, to 'fraternise' or 'amorously consort' with prisoners-of-war. Here was a lunatic edict, offending against all natural justice and common sense. They ignored it; fraternised, amorously consorted, publicly besieged the captives, walked out, abducted them, eloped. The edict collapsed. By public contempt, similarly expressed, all the other inflictions of 1945-47 might as quickly have been defeated.

Looking at those girls on Portsmouth Pier I wondered what effect they would have on the future of the nation. They would have sons, and these might have much of their mothers. In the Sixties, if we were yet free, a roystering, rollicking generation of filibusters ought to be rising in England. These young men might refuse to be denied freedom if their fathers failed to uphold it; the last laugh might yet be against these who thought, through the conscription of women, to ruin nationhood in England.

The little gangway ran out. Green-gilled but unbowed, the lieutenant-commander, R.N., stalked ashore, followed by the staff-major, towards a waiting motor car with a smiling girl driver. Two figures of authority were borne comfortably Londonward. The full commander, R.N.V.R., was hauled aboard at the last

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moment, an honorary member of the exclusive club. The subaltern and the sergeant waved me goodbye from a jeep and vanished, one towards some pleasant English home, the other to a wife in Glasgow. The Cornish skipper went to get his head down, the Cockney steward gazed thirstily towards Pompey and its pubs. Between two pretty Jills I went ashore. I had in my mind the picture of a green thicket by a Norman road and of a few small white crosses springing like the first snowdrops from the rough graves of British soldiers buried where they fell.

I had not seen Portsmouth for nearly four years. Then it was little damaged, now quarter-ruined. But I felt at once the dogged staunchness. A century before, in a similar time of ordeal and hardship, an American, Ralph Waldo Emerson, said: 'So I feel in regard to this aged England . . . I see her, not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before; indeed, with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that, in storm of battle and calamity, she has a secret vigour and a pulse like a cannon.'

I hoped it was still true. I took train and travelled eastward through the verdant southern countryside, and came in the evening to a station. At the barrier, waiting for me, was a man I knew. One of those too old or unfit to serve, who plied a hire-car. Over the open Downs and down through the green-walled lanes we went. As dusk came up out of the west I reached the haven where all men fain would be: home and welcome.

Lovely land, and lovely homecoming.

CHAPTER I I

THE WAR BEHIND THE WAR

FOR nearly six years the millions marched, they knew not whither, and the multitudes fled, they knew not from or towards what. Then the fighting war stopped. *Hostilities* continued. The second war, the pendant of the first, went on: in truer words, the one twentieth-century war remained in being, its result still undecided. The issue is still the destruction or survival of Europe. The babblers who began to say that 'another war' or 'a third war' would be 'the end' might as well have said the house they lived in would be 'the end'.

It was possibly the greatest hoax ever played on mankind. The cessation of the fighting war merely left Europe in the state of camouflaged war that went on from 1936, when Hitler seized the Rhineland, until 1939, when it broke into an open fighting war. We merely returned from the smoke, by way of fire, into the smother. The armed occupation of other nations' lands and the setting-up of puppet governments in them were rewarded; the enslaved were more numerous and hopeless than before. The great liberators, Britain and America (or their wartime rulers), used their strength to bring this about. Before hostilities broke into open fighting in 1939 Germany had annexed Austria and Czechoslovakia, and Italy Albania. When fighting gave way to the camouflaged war in 1945, Communist Russia had in fact annexed Poland, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Albania, Hungary, Rumania, part of Finland and Czechoslovakia, and by arms dominated the rest of Czechoslovakia and half of Germany.

When the cease-fire was given the purpose of destroying Europe and Christendom had been greatly advanced with British and American support, and the fate of the rest of Europe depended on the further course of hostilities. The war behind the war, the

political one, had run counter to the visible war, like a locomotive on another track.

This change of direction in the real purposes of the war occurred after Communist Russia and America entered it, through German and Japanese attacks, in 1941. I began to discern it in 1942 and from that moment watched our armies move towards the fighting war with feelings of compassion and futility. This was wrong, because they achieved that priceless thing, our survival, which gives us the chance yet to win the twentieth-century war; if we lose it the fault is ours, the survivors!

From then on, however, my own feelings about the future were exactly those which led me to write *Insanity Fair* ten years ago; we were being taken back to where we came in and the immortal victory of September 1940 was being stood on its head.

Between 1938 and 1943 I wrote a book each year. Up to *All Our Tomorrows* (published 1942) I only feared one thing: that the victory of 1940 would be wasted by allowing Germany to make a third war. By *Lest We Regret* (written early in 1943) I had perceived the master moves behind the fighting-war; a giant *was* to be supplied with arms and encouraged with gifts of territory, but it was another one, Communist Russia. I then wrote: 'Our honour is bound up with Poland. We cannot acquiesce in its partitioning. We cannot surrender Europe, either to Germany or Russia, without surrendering ourselves. Are we fighting this war merely for another Munich?'

After 1943 I did not write another book. It would have been useless, perhaps impossible, to challenge the huge machine of wartime propaganda. The bludgeoning and intimidatory effect of mass-propaganda on the mass-mind is staggering; the power of thought sometimes seems almost extinct in the run of men. Nevertheless, the informed and experienced few recognised that those moves of 1942 and after would leave Europe, after 'victory', in the state of camouflaged war, of non-fighting hostilities, which prevails as I write.

In an earlier chapter, 'Clamorous Harbinger', I have for a special purpose quoted from my reports of the Thirties. All

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informed persons, officials and writers with my background, in 1942-43 gave similarly precise forecasts of the results which those moves would bring. They were denied a hearing in the same way. In 1947 Mr. Churchill, warning England of its new peril, said his earlier warnings had not been heeded. The fresh danger, however, arose from those actions for which he was largely responsible. He himself listened to no warnings, if they reached him, and under his wartime regime they could not reach a broad public.

The master moves behind the fighting-war were, chiefly, two: the British-American agreement to give Communist Russia half of Poland (which was exactly what Hitler did) and the British-American erection of a Communist dictatorship in Yugoslavia. They meant that, in 1942-43, that 'iron curtain' was prepared, running through the middle of Europe, of which America violently, and this country less loudly, complain as I write.

A glance at the map should show their meaning. They meant, as all men experienced in those parts and these affairs knew, that the entire region behind this line would merely pass from Nazi German into Communist Russian hands. How large that area would be depended solely on how far the Communist armies were allowed to advance into Europe. To expect, or pretend to expect, that they would stop at a paper-line drawn half way across Poland was to delude the public. They would only halt where they met the British and Americans. The British and Americans, in the event, were by obvious prearrangement halted on a line running from the Adriatic through Berlin to the Baltic, that cleanly bisected Europe.

The story of those two master moves, made behind the fog of war, is instructive. They began with the gradual repudiation of the Polish Government in London, which brought so brave an army to share the Battle of Britain. By what right Britain and America upset this legal and loyal government of an allied nation, history may vainly inquire. But by March 1943 *The Times*, under the amusing headline 'Security in Europe', declared that 'The sole interest of Russia is to assure herself that her outer defences are in sure hands; and this interest will be best served if

the lands between her frontiers and those of Germany are held by governments and peoples friendly to herself.'

This was also Hitler's argument, and to me the reality, that the war would not end when it was won, immediately became clear. *The Times* in 1938 (see *Insanity Fair* and *Disgrace Abounding*) made similar recommendations about Austria and Czechoslovakia, in favour of Germany. Both were repudiated by the British Government of the day, which then promptly did what it had repudiated and what *The Times* recommended. The same repudiation and subsequent action now repeated themselves in the case of Poland. I have always recommended those who seek to know what may befall them in coming years to study *The Times*.

The next unmistakable move was in Yugoslavia. The Serbs had risen round their king against Hitler. The king was with us; the remnants of his army, under his general, fought on in the mountains. Suddenly the propaganda machine launched the word 'Partisans' into the controlled news. Who were these newcomers? Why, Communists formed their 'hard core', announced Mr. Churchill. Then 'Marshal' 'Tito' (neither the rank nor the name were his) popped up. Observe the hidden hand. This man, who like Hitler appeared from nowhere as if released by a spring-trap, was about Hitler's age, was born somewhere in the same old Austro-Hungarian Empire, was quite unknown in the world — but had for years been trained in Soviet Russia.

Were his credentials, then, so good that he should be treated with such respect? Will it be claimed for him, as the foolish claim for Hitler, that he shot into power by the mere impulse of his own personality? His training was in Moscow, but he was enthroned by London and Washington. Soon British and American arms and money were denied the legitimate allied king (he was even dethroned in London and Washington), and his general; all went to 'Tito'. Golden British sovereigns rained down on him in parachute-borne canisters. What induced a President Roosevelt, who cried 'Down with dictatorship', to set up one, or a Mr. Churchill, who would lament the chaos which the war left, to help spread it?

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The iron curtain was erected, the camouflaged war of the period after 1945 begun. These things were done under the regime of the Three Emperors: the years 1942-45. The first war knew nothing equal to it, and public acquiescence in it would have seemed inconceivable before it happened. The mortal danger of the twentieth-century war seems to be this mechanical acceptance, by free peoples, of the new dogma that when the open fighting begins the politicians-in-office must have untrammelled, dictatorial powers. It is more perilous in war than in peace that one man should assume the divine right to dispose of countries and populations far away.

The peaks of this period were the imperial conferences of Moscow, Teheran and Yalta (at the last the American President was visibly a dying man). Where all is done in secret, public surmise alone is possible; we can but consider what these three men *did*, who talked in continents and millions.

Stalin has long been the unchallenged ruler of imprisoned Russia, prisoner only to his own fears, which prevent him from ever leaving the area of his armies or from showing more than his head to the Russians in the Red Square.

The prudent and far-sighted makers of the American Constitution did not see so far as a repeatedly re-elected President, who would wield autocratic powers, potent far outside the Western hemisphere.

Mr. Churchill, in war, was fully-empowered. I judge him to be the only one of the three whose heart really loved free institutions and free men. Yet he was carried far from these ideals, in his eagerness 'to win the war', when he took those emergency powers which are the asp in liberty's bosom. He once said something in Parliament which suggested he felt himself, all-powerful as he seemed in England, caught between two greater powers — and who knows what powers were behind those others? Did he, from pressures which he thought overwhelming, acquiesce in a mutilation of Europe which he himself, later, would most clamantly denounce?

It is all mystery, unless his memoirs lift the veil when they

appear, but the results are plain, and if behind either of the other men were the forces that desire the destruction of Europe, their ambition was greatly advanced. Stalin certainly foresaw a Europe neatly cut in half; the Communist half gorged with British and American supplies and gold; and the continuation of hostilities. Is it possible that President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill did not foresee this? It seems to me that this President was the prey of acuter minds and the tool of purposes he did not comprehend¹ (if he is politically classifiable, he belonged to that school of 'Liberalism' which makes countless millions mourn) and that Mr. Churchill, fighting inch by inch for his own country, believed himself unable to withstand pressures too powerful for him, unless he was ill-advised.

At times he seemed to see what was being brewed. After the master-moves in Poland and Yugoslavia one move remained that could yet 'win' the war; it was an early invasion which would take British-American armies to the countries needing liberation before

¹ President Roosevelt's policy culminated in a project which actually meant, in the post-war event, the bisection of Germany and the destruction of the German nation. More Germans than ever before were to be compressed, through repatriation from elsewhere, into shrunken German frontiers. Almost all the food-producing land was to be under Russian occupation and it was clear at the time to all informed observers that Russia would not allow food to move from there to the British-and-American half of Germany, so that the Germans there would either have to starve or be fed by the British and American taxpayer (which is now happening). At the same time German ruin in the British and American half was to be ensured by the forcible restriction of industrial output to a specified low level. This fantastic project, which must be unique in civilised history, was coupled with the name of a Mr. Morgenthau, one of President Roosevelt's advisers, and eventually took shape in the Potsdam Agreement, which, Mr. Roosevelt having died, was signed by President Truman. Mr. James Byrnes, who was American Foreign Secretary under President Roosevelt, in his book *Speaking Frankly* says that President Roosevelt, being reproached by Mr. Stimson with his support of the Morgenthau Plan, 'agreed' and said he 'did not know how he had initialled that particular language . . . it must have been done, he said, without much thought'. Mr. William Henry Chamberlin says of the Potsdam Agreement (eventually signed by Messrs. Truman, Attlee and Stalin): 'The most charitable explanation of the behaviour of some of its signatories is profound and abysmal ignorance of what they were doing.'

The result of it (and of the still unexplained arrangement by which the Western armies were held back in order to allow the Soviet armies to advance to the middle of Germany) is the bisection of Germany and the formation, which apparently impends as I write, of rival German governments: a Soviet one east of Berlin and a Democratic one in the west, probably at Frankfurt. This is the ideal set-up for the resumption of fighting-hostilities.

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the Communist ones could occupy them. At one instant I hoped he saw that, for he told America (at Washington in May 1943): 'We have surmounted many serious dangers but there is one grave danger which will go along with us to the end. That danger is the undue prolongation of the war.' It seemed that he admonished someone in Washington with those words.

If there was one way to curtail and win the war (see *Lest We Regret*) it was an early invasion; if there was one certain to prolong it, and ensure the continuance of hostilities in Europe, it was delay. The invasion was delayed.

In this matter the confusion of public opinion in England revealed itself again to which I pointed in *Insanity Fair*, in the Thirties. I wrote there that the sole way to avert the war and prevent the spread of Communism was an alliance with Russia; if we did not make one Hitler would.¹ People in England could not see that. In 1942-43 they could not see that the only way of stopping the spread of Communism was the early invasion for which Stalin clamoured; they thought it would 'help Communism'! I hope, but doubt, that these good people have seen both errors today.

The invasion was delayed: or rather, it was wastefully diverted to Africa and Italy. Launched at Europe while great German armies were bogged down in Russia, it would have produced true victory, not the false one which Mr. Churchill later mourned.

Who converted whom, who yielded to whose pressures? The moves in Poland and Yugoslavia and the year's delay in the invasion set the stage for the melodrama of the Fifties: Bisection of Europe, or East against West, or Communism against Capitalism, or Asia against America — or whatever mob-deluding name you choose.

Was it all a chapter of errors, once more? The explanation grows hard to accept. What is clear is the consistent part played, all through the twentieth-century war, by super-national support in setting up the Aunt Sallies which the peoples are later called to knock down, only to find when they have done this that others

¹ I believe now that Stalin made impossible conditions for one, but that is not the point here; in this second case Stalin claimed to want an early invasion.

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have been put up in their places. The money-power appears always and everywhere to work against peace and the liberty of the peoples, and while one tyrant duke is being overthrown, it has already transferred its help to another. Money from Britain and America financed German rearmament and Hitler was encouraged by gifts of territory to begin this war; when he attacked Russia all this succour was simply carried over to the new aggressor. It is useless, in considering the future, to ignore the part played by British and American money in bringing the Communist Empire to the middle of Europe. From the moment of the moves in Poland and Yugoslavia the 'Tanks for Attack Weeks' in England were in effect tanks for Communism weeks.

The amount of British and American treasure poured into Communist Russia, when its intentions were well known, was stupendous, and this was no paper loan or book-keeping transaction, but goods and gold. It was given without any public supervision and could only have been justified if it produced a 'common victory'. Foreseeably, it did not.

It is remarkable how the acts of Hitler fall into the same pattern. If he was unable to invade this island the war was not worth his beginning it, unless he desired to destroy Germany. The same thing happened at Moscow.¹ I believe the order to withdraw there was Hitler's own, and point again to the mystery of his origins and motives. Then there is the inexplicable episode of Pearl Harbour, left open to Japanese attack in spite of many warnings.²

¹ Victor Kravchenko, then a Red Army captain, in *I Chose Freedom* describes looting and panic in Moscow between October 13th and 18th, 1941, and says: 'The Germans could have taken Moscow during those days virtually without a struggle . . . Why they turned back is a mystery only the Germans themselves can solve for history'.

² An American writer, Mr. George Morgenstern, wrote a book, *Pearl Harbour: The Story of the Secret War*, which was ignored or derided by most reviewers but has attracted much public notice and an increasing sale. Of it the *American Journal of International Law* said gravely: 'Either Mr. Morgenstern is blazing a false trail, or else the war was planned by American officials who deceived their countrymen . . . The evidence must be refuted or the conviction stands . . . The author, knowing the sensational character of this story, has fortified himself by quotations from original sources. It is now the work of the defenders of the official saga to refute these.'

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There was one other master-move which could have prevented the war, or have curtailed it once begun. This was the removal of Hitler. The evidence now seems conclusive that every attempt by Germans to bring that about was thwarted in Moscow (the German Communists were ordered to remain aloof from such undertakings), London and Washington. If hidden hands worked to pervert the course and result of the war, and to prolong it, this appears to have been their triumph.

The story covers at least six years, from 1938 to 1944. In 1938 leading German generals and politicians, headed by General Beck, Chief of Staff, and Karl Goerdeler, Mayor of Leipzig, decided that Hitler was about to begin a European war. General Beck circularised the entire German General Staff, urging that Germany was incapable of winning a European war, while a world one would ruin Germany. Beck and Goerdeler informed the British Government of Hitler's intentions and recommended a clear British announcement that any move against Czechoslovakia would mean war. Beck also asked the German army commanders, should war break out, to rise against Hitler.

There was no response from London. Instead, Mr. Chamberlain's three flights to Hitler followed and Czechoslovakia was ordered by Britain and France to capitulate to Germany.¹

With the rebuff of that offer and the Pact of Munich, war became certain if Hitler and Stalin joined hands, as they did in September 1939. From then on for six years, or four in the case of Russia, the propaganda machine told the masses that the evil man responsible for the war, whose downfall would end it, was Hitler. Yet every approach made by those who alone could kill him, Germans, was rejected and kept secret.

¹ Baron von Hassel, who was executed in 1944, in his posthumous diary (*The Other Germany*, Switzerland, 1946) described the despair with which Hitler's enemies in Germany received this news. The best account of this and later attempts is given in *Germany's Underground* (Macmillan, 1947) by Mr. A. W. Dulles, an American diplomat who served in the U.S. State Department (Foreign Office) and in 1942 joined the Office of Strategic Services, an American Government organisation which worked in Switzerland and kept close contact with the anti-Nazi leaders. In May 1945, when Berlin fell, he became head of the O.S.S. mission to Germany and is thus a leading authority in this matter.

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In 1940 an English visitor in Rome, a Mr. J. Lonsdale Bryans, met the son-in-law to be of Baron von Hassel and learned that Hitler's enemies in Germany were still anxious to strike if they could have British support. He informed the British Foreign Office, was given facilities to return, and in February 1940 met von Hassel in Switzerland, who gave him the plan of a reformed Germany, with free institutions, to be set up after Hitler's removal. When Mr. Bryans returned with this to London, however, he could only obtain, for his second meeting with von Hassel, a letter expressing the British Government's 'appreciation of the very considerable risk' this doomed German had run by writing and signing his proposals. Von Hassel gave further proof of good faith by warning Mr. Bryans that Germany would attack the Low Countries and Italy declare war. (I believe Mr. Lonsdale Bryans, from whom I have this authenticated account, has written a book about the episode and hope it may appear.)

Ah, if only Hitler were dead, yearned the politicians, columnists and song-writers in chorus. But Hitler was less friendless than those who wanted to kill him. By 1941 they included men from every social, political or religious group in Germany.¹ In 1942 Pastor Dietrich Bonhoeffer gave the Bishop of Chichester, in Sweden, a message for the British Government. 'Only tell us that you will treat reasonably with a Germany rid of Hitler' (they pleaded) 'and we will act.' The Bishop (*Observer*, July 20th, 1947) informed the British Government; the American one was also enlightened. 'But to the conspirators' bitter disappointment nothing was done.'

Instead, came a meeting of two of the war leaders at Casablanca in January 1943 and a demand (presumably meant to mollify the absent third one, who was already training a German army) for 'unconditional surrender'. Mr. W. A. Dulles says: 'It sometimes seemed that those who determined policy in America and England were making the military task as difficult as possible by uniting all Germans to resist to the bitter end.'

¹ Captured German documents state that more than 4980 Germans were put to death after the final attempt to kill Hitler on July 20th, 1944.

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It does seem that the war was by all means prolonged, so that the state of continuing hostilities should result from it. But who 'determined policy in America and England'?

The American and British leaders *seemed* all-powerful, but were they? The limits to Mr. Churchill's power, I opine, were set by the need, as he saw it, to propitiate Croesus, the mighty, unexhausted ally. President Roosevelt was the stronger, then, but was his power absolute? If it was, this was dangerous, because his son's book shows a man ignorant of Europe and of a strange, arrested adolescence in thought.

His power seems to have been hedged about by 'advisers'. During his long presidency he revived that mysterious and dangerous functionary who first appeared at Woodrow Wilson's side in the 1914-18 war: 'The President's adviser.' This office is not provided for in the American Constitution, and these advisers appear to me to have wielded great power without any responsibility. President Roosevelt was surrounded by men, often of Eastern European origins, to whom he delegated, out of his oft-renewed exceptional powers, vast authority over humanity far outside the United States. When he died such non-elected men emerged as the heads of various bodies claiming to dictate the affairs of European millions in the name of 'The United Nations'. If there was a master plan, the shape of it showed then; in the confusion of war and through the emergency potentates, power in the world was being transferred from elected governments in the diverse countries to the departments, all domiciled in America, of a world government. The world governors, it seems to me, began to appear from the shadows.

The plan apparently was, through 'emergency powers', to set up a world dictatorship on the ashes of the other dictatorships. It has not succeeded,¹ but has made substantial advance. It can only be completed through the continuance of the twentieth-century war, and that, in my judgment, is *why* its continuance has been arranged.

¹ In food, possibly the most important matter of all, this plan *has* been almost achieved. The primeval right of individual men and countries to obtain enough to eat, where they can, has been overruled and some distant, initialled committee now claims authority to inflict permanent food-cards on the peoples of Europe.

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Assume for discussion's sake that there was *no* war behind the war; that there were not (as I believe there were) master-moves, enforced on an uncomprehending American President and a hard-pressed British Prime Minister, to pervert its purposes and ensure the continuance of hostilities when the fighting ceased. In that case, there remained at the fighting's end one master-move by which the truthful war could still be won and its original purposes achieved. That was, to leave the British and American armies in Europe, undiminished, until the Communist Empire signed a peace treaty and honoured its bond by withdrawing at least to the middle of Poland; and to tell the British and American public all this.

The opposite occurred, and this was the first master-move in the war behind the peace. The British and American armies were hurriedly withdrawn (the mass-mind was held occupied by a Nuremberg trial) until small garrisons remained, incapable of worrying the thief-in-possession.

Immediately after, the situation of the Thirties was reproduced in facsimile, when Hitler was simultaneously scolded and encouraged. Loud complaint began about Soviet unreason and bad faith! By July 1st, 1947, General Marshall, now American Foreign Minister, with reproachful looks towards the Soviet delegate, was declaring that 'The American Government has demobilised the greatest concentration of military power the world has ever seen', until only small garrisons remained on occupation duty, and that 'no conditions were attached to this withdrawal'.

'No conditions' in 1945! Then why the complaints in 1947? The mystery lies not in Soviet behaviour, which all experienced students could have foretold, but in those *unconditional* gifts of treasure, first, and *unconditional* withdrawals, clearly leading to a new war situation, next. Surely the political gentlemen cannot be so simple, after these thirty years! Whose hand makes the master-moves? For that matter, America, if it wished to make the Communist Empire keep the peace, could easier do so in China than in Europe. But 1946 was spent in denying support to

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Chiang Kai-shek, then trying to stem Soviet aggression, and in unconditionally withdrawing American troops from China!

If all these things were miscalculations it is a fantastic story. We could only learn the truth from the documents of the period of the Three Emperors; all those agreements, protocols, minutes and memoranda, now hidden in the White House¹ and Whitehall which record the transactions of Teheran, Yalta, Potsdam, Cairo and Moscow.

We shall never know these things, but in my opinion the pattern of the twentieth-century war, which continues, is now plain enough to see.

¹ President Roosevelt's successor has refused a 'war investigations committee' of the U.S. Senate access to the papers of the Roosevelt dictatorship.

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WHILE the second war, or the second instalment of the twentieth-century war, went on, those master-moves on the great chequer-board were made which (I hope I have shown) ensured that hostilities would continue after its end: the Communist Empire was established, by huge injections of treasure from America and Britain, in half of Europe. Another master-move determined the shape which the continuing hostilities would take.

A new and formidable weapon was evolved, chiefly in this island. The copyright of it, and a monopoly of its production, was transferred, without a word to the British population, to American ownership. This is a transaction matchless in history, I should think; hitherto all peoples have most jealously guarded any superiority in arms which their national genius achieved. Only when parliaments are in fact suspended, through the use of 'emergency powers', can such things be secretly done. In this case the proceeding was revealed years afterwards and was then publicly referred to, if it was mentioned at all, as normal and natural. Thus *The Times*, on September 24th, 1947, spoke of 'this unique weapon possessed, so far as is known, only by the United States'. This country, it added, 'cannot be ranged unreservedly with the "haves"', because, although it has played a leading part, perhaps the leading part, in the fundamental physical research, the construction of the atomic arsenals was *deliberately* (my italics) 'allotted to the other partner in the Anglo-American alliance. But the nature of Anglo-American relations entirely relieves this country of any share in the apprehension of the "have-nots".'

The nature of relationships between States, I may interject, in the twentieth century is as unstable as water and is very much under the influence of powerful groups which pursue separate

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interests through the manipulation of these relationships. There is also the obvious question, what *men* in the United States might in fact gain control of 'this unique weapon'.

Anyway, 'nuclear fission' was 'deliberately' handed over, and its first-born was 'the atomic bomb'. Two of these concluded the second war. The reason *why* they were dropped on Japanese cities will never be publicly told. Two good, and probably the best authorities denied any *military* necessity. The British commander, Lord Mountbatten, in a speech recorded by the news-reels, said the Pacific war was not won by them, having been on the verge of victory before they were used. The chief-of-staff of the American commander, General MacArthur, said the same.

The decision, then, was taken, in the jargon of the day, 'at the highest level', among the emperors, one of whom, through death and succession, was now a Mr. Truman, while another was in course of being supplanted by a Mr. Attlee. The real decision was presumably that of 'advisers'. Presumably the assent nominally most necessary was that of Mr. Truman; imagination winces at the thought of a former Kansas City draper, suddenly thrown into this vortex, being required to sign on the dotted line.

The effect of the bombs was stunning to the mass-mind, because they were dropped in conditions most favourable to their use: on thronged civilian populations, in flimsy houses, defenceless against the unknown. The survivors may hold that they belong to those 'crimes against humanity' and 'inhumane acts against civilian populations' which were subsequently charged against the German leaders (save Hitler!). In England one notable man refused to associate his church with public thanksgiving at such a moment; this cleric of St. Albans Cathedral was wiser than The Common Man, who did not see that the atom bomb was meant for his own, not the Japanese, intimidation.

The dropping of the two bombs was not a military act, but a political one, for future reference. Hardly had they exploded (and the war ended) than a violent campaign of intimidation broke out, and continues still, among the advocates, everywhere, of the World State. Phrase and argument were everywhere identical and

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were used by politicians and newspapers of *all* parties.¹ 'So now you see' (they said) 'the unanswerable weapon has been found; there is no defence; mankind must submit to a World Government or be destroyed.'

This island, then, 'must' surrender to a weapon surrendered by it!

Had the two bombs not been dropped, and had the monopoly of their manufacture not been secretly given to one country, these arguments could not have been used; that looks to me the reason why they were dropped. Those who now demanded the unconditional surrender of all mankind, as the result of the unconditional surrender of Germans or Japanese, used them for political blackmail in the state of non-fighting hostilities which followed the open war.

The arguments are patently false, but in super-national politics you deal, not in truth, but in mob-psychology. 'Poison gas', which in the event was never used, was the threat which the World Statesmen used against mankind before the second war; now it merely took another name. Obviously 'mankind' had no choice anyway; the first recipients of these bombs were given no option, and the second ones would not be asked, should some committee decide to employ them again. Clearly submission to The World State would no more bring peace or security than surrender to the Ogpu or Gestapo brought it to the Russians and Germans. The 'social security' thus gained would be that of Belsen, and the World State would enforce its will by a world Gestapo. In the twentieth century, which has seen this process begin, that 'Parliament of man, and federation of the world'-of which the nineteenth-century poets dreamed looms up as the bloodiest tyranny of all.

The shape of this plan became clear to me in 1942-43, when all

¹ For instance, Professor Einstein, 'There is no secret and there is no defence'; Mr. Laski, 'Since we shall not survive an atomic war, let us cease to waste money making atomic weapons'; and a Mr. John Langdon Davies, quoting a mysterious 'Emergency Committee of Atomic Scientists' in America, 'There is no military defence against atomic bombs and none is to be expected . . . Preparedness against atomic war is futile and, if attempted, will ruin the structure of our social order'.

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the other inexplicable things happened. Then the great campaign began for 'the abolition of national sovereignty', a cry forthwith taken up parrot-like, by all those good people who in their day had perceived peace-lovingness in Hitler and liberty in Russia. The World Statesmen were coming into the open. They clamoured for the peoples to defend their 'freedom' (which is 'national sovereignty') against 'Fascism', and thereafter to surrender it to some anonymous super-national society. These people were represented in governments, ministries and parties everywhere, and I think were able to exert decisive influence on major acts of policy in many countries. I pointed to their existence, and their plans, in that last book, *Lest We Regret*.

Their trump-suit is the International Police Force, and their ace-card, which was thrown on the table with a bang, the atom bomb. 'Now you must *all* submit,' they said, 'all of you, everywhere.'

The World Statesmen came thus near to the pinnacle of their ambitions through 'emergency powers' and the emergency potentates of the two wars. Only when free and elected parliaments in the various countries are set aside, public debate blanketed by wartime propaganda and public scrutiny blinded, can such aims be pursued. Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson were the first men so to be used, but President Roosevelt was far more dangerous. He died before the second war ended but had already set up the skeleton structure of The World State, and placed at the head of its many departments men descended from and trained by the shadowy 'advisers' of President Wilson. The 'United Nations Organisation' is a fascinating study. It had dozens of committees, all domiciled in North America and known to the world only by initials: UNRRA, COBSRA, UNESCO, and innumerable others. In theory, not yet translated into irrevocable fact, these initials are the future World Commissars, who, backed by irresistible force, would dictate the diet, education, housing and all other affairs of men throughout the world.¹

¹ The school of thought behind these plans is indicated by an article published in the *Washington Post* in August 1947, which suggested that the United States

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Such a regime, like any other dictatorship, can only be maintained by force. The world's acquiescence in this use of force was in due course demanded. The World Statesmen claimed the right to enforce obedience to their edicts in the way Hitler enforced Czechoslovak, and Stalin Polish, submission. The events of June 1946, which are still uncomprehended by the masses concerned, seem to me the most remarkable of our twenty centuries:

At a 'United Nations' meeting in New York the American spokesman for affairs atomic, a Mr. Bernard Baruch, one of President Roosevelt's advisers, proposed the formation of a body called the 'Atomic Development Authority'; in other words, of a new set of initials, 'ADA'. For this committee were claimed:

(1) A world monopoly of atom bombs; (2) worldwide powers of inspection to prevent their manufacture by any others; (3) authority to use 'teeth' (atom bombs) 'for the immediate, swift and sure punishment of those who violate the agreements that are reached by nations'.

This was the open plan, magnificently audacious, for a world dictatorship ruling the planet by atomic terror. If none but this masked woman ADA were to have atom bombs (and only in that event) the atom bomb would indeed be irresistible force; if all others were forbidden to defend themselves against it (and solely in that case) there would truly be 'no defence'. The meaning of the threat, 'mankind must choose', became clear.

The future student may ascertain, by referring to the files of British newspapers, that this monstrous proposal was presented to the British public as a selfless one to destroy *all* atom bombs, thus leaving everybody without them. It was exactly the opposite. We came near to the World Terrorist State.

The 'Security Council' (the student should observe that in the twentieth century the word 'security' always means 'danger') of 'The United Nations' has five members: America, Britain, China,

should take over this island as mandated territory and added, 'It goes without saying that dissident elements would not be tolerated and would be immediately suppressed by vigorous measures.' In one vital matter, that of the Englishman's daily bread, 'national sovereignty' seems already to have been surrendered to this World-State-in-embryo.

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France and Soviet Russia. Had five men said yes, 'mankind' would have 'surrendered national sovereignty' to the atomic threat. The proposal was American; the British representative gave it 'unqualified approval'; France and China were unlikely to be obdurate. There remained Soviet Russia.

Now this proposal to hold the world in thrall by a monopoly of atom bombs had one more clause. It required that even the five Security Councillors, once they had enthroned ADA, should have no further right to demur to any atomic expedition that ADA proposed. Behold, then, 'Ada, Queen of the Earth, and her hand-maiden, the monopoly atom bomb. Here was the first open bid for unbridled, unchallenged power over mankind.

At that point, for the moment, the great Plan suffered setback. The 'United Nations Organisation' was from the start a great fraud, because each of the five Security Council States (and only they) had the right to 'veto' punitive action against itself if it were declared an aggressor. This meant in effect that any of the great ones could attack a small state, in the Stalinist or Hitlerist manner, and forbid action against itself. This 'right of veto' was inserted in the 'United Nations Constitution' at American and Russian insistence.

Now America demanded, in the interest of Queen Ada, that this right be abolished, and Soviet Russia demurred. For that reason, the one London newspaper which correctly reported the proposal as 'one to place unlimited powers in the hands of a new international organisation' was the Communist *Daily Worker*.¹

Thus, for its own motives, which cannot be counted on in future to help us, Soviet Russia opposed an attempt mortally dangerous to this island. The proposal was that something called ADA (and who knew what *men* that would mean?) should have sovereign power to use atom bombs against 'any violator of the atomic

¹ The *Daily Mail*, for instance, which on June 15th presented The Plan to its readers as a noble offer 'to destroy every existing bomb', on June 21st attacked the Soviet counter-proposal that all existing bombs *should* be destroyed: 'What M. Gromyko proposed was that the atom bomb should be abolished and that all atomic weapons should be destroyed within three months; this, of course, would be the ideal solution, but there is unfortunately a big difference between what is desirable and what is possible,' etc. etc.

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control'. The method is as old as political ambition and was known to Shakespeare, who wrote, 'Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war.' 'Cry "Violator!" and let slip the atom bombers.'

Thus the great Plan was temporarily checked, but is still being pressed as I write, fifteen months later, and will be the real design behind the tumult if and when fighting-hostilities are resumed. The design is to weaken men by the fear of war until they yield to dictatorship.

They do not see, until they experience it, that dictatorship is more lethal than any war and that the World Dictatorship would be the most lethal of any. The concentration camp, the slave-labour camp and starvation, as instruments of dictatorship against the population, killed more people in Russia and Germany than both the wars and all the weapons. That is why men should fear 'emergency powers', 'labour direction' and 'bread rationing' more than explosives, and The World State more than atom bombs.

Men are quick to tremble before imaginary dangers and slow to see real ones. In America in 1938 the mob panicked when the radio told it of a landing by Martians (though this was but a play) and in 1947 it showed similar herd symptoms about portents in the sky called 'flying saucers'. It could find what it really has to fear in studying the employment of State-managed famine against the population, in Communist Russia. W. H. Chamberlin's *Iron Age in Russia* described this frightful thing in the Thirties. Victor Kravchenko, a high Soviet functionary escaped, in *I Chose Freedom* (Robert Hale, 1947) says: 'The government hoarded huge reserves while peasants died of hunger. Why this was done, only Stalin's Politburo could tell — and it didn't . . . The savagery of collectivisation, the man-made famine of 1931-33, the gargantuan cruelties of the purge years, all left deep scars. There was hardly a family that did not suffer casualties in the regime's offensive against the masses. Stalin and his associates were not worried about our loyalty to Russia; they were worried, and with good reason, about our loyalty to themselves. Perhaps, in their nightmares, they saw twenty million slaves crashing through prison

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walls and barbed-wire enclosures in a multitudinous stampede of hatred and vengeance . . .' David Dallin, a former member of the Moscow Soviet, in *The Real Soviet Russia* (Hollis & Carter, 1947) estimates that the number of concentration-camp workers (or 'people subject to forced labour') 'is not less and is probably greater than the total number of industrial workers at liberty, which was about 8,000,000 in 1938-39'.¹ The famines of 1921-22 and 1932-33, he says, 'were due to political causes rather than natural catastrophes'. Of the second famine, he adds: 'Since the state insisted on collecting its own share' (of the wheat crop) 'first there was a terrible famine in many agricultural regions, with millions of dead.' He says that the Russian population was 170,000,000 in 1914 and approximately the same (within Russia's 1939 frontiers) in 1946, whereas it would by then have been 290,000,000 had the rate of population-increase after 1914 continued on the preceding level; he includes the two 'man-made' famines and deaths in the labour concentration camps high among the causes of this deficit of 95,000,000 Russians.

I have given these few statements, not to indict Communism in Russia, but to show the deadliness of dictatorship, and to illustrate the comparative insignificance of any atomic or other weapon in destroying human life. A thousand atom bombs, dropped on the vast emptiness of Russia, would not in my judgment kill as many people as rule-by-terror and rule-by-starvation. The atom bomb in our time is being used to further the plan of *world* dictatorship, which would govern by those very means. The road to world dictatorship is through 'the surrender of national sovereignty'.

After twenty centuries the plan is to convert mankind, not through the Christian mission, but through nuclear fission, or the threat of it; and it is of the devil.

¹ 'House Document No. 754' of the U.S. Senate, an authoritative paper based on official American information, puts the number of concentration-camp workers at 14,000,000 in 1945, including many women.

A THIEF OR TWO...

SHAKESPEARE faithfully reported nearly everything that would happen three centuries after his day and among much else said: 'The jury, passing on the prisoner's life, may in the sworn twelve have a thief or two, guiltier than him they try.' Had he lived in the Nineteen Forties, and have written thus about the Nuremberg Trial, he would no doubt have been dubbed A Fascist; indeed, he was posthumously thus classified, his *Merchant of Venice* being banned, at certain promptings, in New York, and in the American-occupied part of Germany.

In earlier books, written before the stealthy change in the purposes of the war, I laid emphasis on the need to punish 'war crimes'. Looking back into the Twenties and Thirties in Germany, I believed that their non-punishment, after the first war, was a chief cause of Germany's quick return to belligerence. I had in mind crimes against the code of war which had come to be widely, though not universally accepted, such as the shooting of civilians and prisoners and sinking of unarmed merchantmen. I did not foresee anything like the Nuremberg Trial, though by the time I wrote *Lest We Regret* I had begun to fear some such mockery of the real cause.

In our century leading politicians (I think the word 'statesmen' has no current application) appear repeatedly to surrender principles to what presumably appears to them a necessity of the moment. By this process, bad constantly breeds worse. Those who, nominally at least, took responsibility for the Nuremberg Trial set up a precedent of evil omen for the future. It appears to me to have outlawed international law and to have legalised the savage victor's rule of putting his captive foe to death.

Of the four main charges, 'War Crimes' and 'Crimes against Humanity' were the last. The first two were new to any code of

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international law: they were 'The Common Plan or Conspiracy' and 'Crimes against Peace'. These included 'the planning and waging of wars of aggression'.

If there was 'a common plan' it came into the open with the Stalin-Hitler Pact of 1939, and one of the judges, Soviet Russia, was the accomplice in it and in the first 'war of aggression'. This judge congratulated the brother-criminal on a compact 'sealed in blood', and shared the swag. One of the men in the dock, Ribbentrop, held his judge-confederate's highest honour, the Order of Lenin, which was awarded him for signing the aggressors' alliance.

This seems to me a hideous paradox which no rhetoric or sophistry can justify, and it makes a mockery of the great trial, at any rate under those two heads. It clothed aggression in a judge's robes. Great advocates can eloquently argue any cause, and one of the British prosecutors (Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe, in his Introduction to R. W. Cooper's *Nuremberg Trial*, Penguin Books, 1947) stated, as one reason for the trial: 'After years of struggle, weariness of mind as well as of body is always to be expected. One way in which such mental lassitude shows itself is in escaping from unpleasant facts . . . It would, in my opinion, be a major tragedy in the history of the world if the actions of the Nazis were to be allowed to escape in this way in the minds of mankind.'

The most 'unpleasant fact' of all, however, was the presence of the accomplice on the bench, and it troubled, not those who were weary or lazy in mind, but those who were most alert. Of two thieves, one was exalted to judgment on the other. If this is to be the procedure in future the Nuremberg Trial itself may prove to have been 'a major tragedy in the history of the world'.

Whose, indeed, was Vengeance at Nuremberg? Something else happened of which the world remained quite in ignorance. The perjurer-among-the-jurors was clear for it to see, if it had any memory for crimes. This other thing was concealed.

I had foreseen it in *Lest We Regret*. On December 17th, 1942, Mr. Eden, in the House of Commons, gave a 'Declaration' about the Jews in the name of the United Nations. As far as I know this

is only the second time the word 'Declaration' has been used by a British politician; the first 'Declaration' was the undertaking to 'facilitate the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people' which Lord Balfour gave during the first war, on November 2nd, 1917.

Mr. Eden's Declaration was *specifically and exclusively limited* to the Jews and said: 'Those responsible for these crimes shall not escape retribution.' These seemed to me the most ominous words of the entire war, for they implied that retribution would be exacted in the name of one only of the many communities oppressed by Hitler. I wrote in *Lest We Regret*: 'No single word was given to the crimes committed against Czechs, Poles, Serbs, Frenchmen, Hollanders, Norwegians, Greeks, Belgians and others . . . We formally tell the Germans from our House of Commons that anything they may endure at our hands will be solely on behalf of the Jews. The inference is that they may with impunity oppress, deport and murder Czechs, Poles, Serbs and others. We have lent our names to the threat of a Jewish vengeance.'

It seems to me that through the manner of the verdict and hangings, this threat was carried out. What seems to me to have been a most significant event at Nuremberg, where the world's press was gathered, passed without mention in the mass-circulation newspapers. The dates of sentence and execution were Jewish festivals. Rosh Hoshanni, the Jewish New Year and day of repentance, fell on September 26th, 1946; Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, on October 5th; Hoshana Rabba (when the Jewish God, after an interval during which he considers his verdict on every single human being, and may still pardon sinners, delivers his final judgment) on October 16th.

Judgment at Nuremberg was pronounced on September 30th and October 1st (between the Jewish New Year and Day of Atonement). The executions were carried out just after midnight in the morning of October 16th, Hoshana Rabba. For Jewry everywhere there was an unmistakable significance in these dates. To Gentiledom everywhere they meant no more than any others.

The trial and the executions took place in the American zone.

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It appears to me that these symbolic dates must have been deliberately chosen and that their selectors were in a position to prompt the American authorities to do their bidding.

I believe the British newspapers were reluctant to print any comment on these things; indeed, I know from experience that this is usually so. One journal, however (the *Manchester Guardian*) gave space to a letter from a reader who said of the trial: "The four nations . . . have now openly renounced Christianity through their leaders . . . There was a direct choice to be made between "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" and "hewing Agag in pieces", on one side, and "Vengeance is Mine" on the other. Britain, America, France and Russia have made that choice in favour of savage pre-Christian rites."

That appears to me the precise truth. The choice of those dates can hardly have been accidental and thus the executions were given the nature of a tribal vengeance under Old Testament law. The British and American political representatives whose names are associated with these events either consciously or unwittingly accepted the implication, that European Christendom was in all this a thing of secondary importance or of none. If these hangings were not performed in the name of *all* the victims, but only of one group, the other victims are by plain inference put outside the law that was dispensed, and it was neither *justice* nor Christian. They were posthumously outlawed just as effectively by this symbolism as in life by Hitler's decrees.

In the sequel this same hidden influence remained powerful in the region of Nuremberg. Many Nazi organisations were adjudged 'criminal' *en bloc* at Nuremberg, and this meant that thousands of Germans were imprisoned and held without trial for months or years, not for any specific crimes, but merely for that of having belonged to bodies which they were forced to join. A British M.P., Mr. Nigel Birch, found nearly four thousand of them in one concentration camp in August 1947. He reported that the first question put to them, if they ultimately came to trial, was always the same, 'Did you know the Jews were being persecuted?' Their usual punishment is to be struck off the voting lists, com-

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pelled to register with the police, have their property sequestrated and be denied any but inferior employment.

Once again the support of American and British politicians for something quite unrecognisable in the proclaimed purposes of the war is clear to see. The lengthening shadow of Nuremberg and of the powers behind it reaches far into our future. People who are strong enough to arrange such great affairs in the way that suits them clearly will not confine their ambitions to Germany.

CHAPTER 14

IN UNKNOWN ENGLAND

WHEN the fighting ended I visited a country where I was born but which I hardly knew: the part of the British island called England. During this journey I realised that I knew many foreign countries better than my own.

The reasons for that, when I sought them, were simple. Before the first war, as a penniless Londoner, I was tied to the city by six working days each week and a small wage at its end. Then came four years in France and after them another battle for a livelihood, which left neither time nor money for English journeyings. The Twenties passed thus and my calling took me abroad during the Thirties; the second war brought me back, but its bans and duties hindered travel. When I was fifty, then, though I knew mainland Europe well, I had not been much further north in England than St. Albans, some sixty-five miles from the south coast. For six years I had mourned the invigorating life of travel, which the war ended, and not known that beneath my feet was the most exciting land of all, unknown and unexplored.

When the fighting ceased the outer world remained, in large part, closed to the traveller, unless he were free of all ties, so that his path was limited. I began perforce to unfurl the Great North Road and other ancient highways, and suddenly England opened like some enthralling book, left unread. I am glad these journeys were so belated, because I now had an invaluable travelling companion: a standard of comparison. I instinctively set everything I saw against memories of other countries, peoples, cities and times, so that the picture I gained was stereoscopic, not the flat one which meets the home-bound wayfarer.

When I went through Durham coalfields I saw the now ruined Ruhr and when I looked down from the great suspension bridge on the teeming Tyne I thought of the havoc of Hamburg. The

miners and dockers I met were much like those I knew, in the clouding Thirties, in Germany, but the twentieth century had not yet wreaked its devil's will on them (I do not primarily mean by this war's ruination). When I watched men building some pretentious edifice for the Ministry of this-or-that I recalled the Socialist obsession with such places in Germany and Austria of the Twenties: where were they now? An old timbered farm-house and cattle knee-deep in the meadows reminded me of Holstein or Oldenburg; an unexpectedly fir-clad hillside, of Thuringia; a sleepy residential town, of Austria in the old days, when there was a future; a piece of flat fenland, of the road between Budapest and Belgrade.

All these scenes, set against the picture of spiritual ruination that I carried in my mind, merged into one overwhelming thought: that our country is the only great one left, in the two-thousand-year-old area of Christian civilisation, that survives almost unscathed; is still free to make or mar its future; and may yet build better on those good foundations. All the others are ruined houses or half-ruined ones on a landslip's edge. Russia, which moved towards the light of liberty thirty years ago, has been driven back behind a black Asiatic despotism. In Germany the achievements of centuries lie beneath a shambles guarded by disputing victors who forbid repair or renewal. Austria is but a tiny name on the map. France for a century and a half has been a soul in purgatory. Nothing remains but the British island and the final decision, for better or worse, which its example will bring.

I saw in England, not native weakness, but massive strength below surface confusion. I met people who had suffered bereavement; looking across the Channel they lamented the futility of war. I thought them wrong: while England remained free, all their loved ones' hopes could yet be fulfilled, and England was not yet quite enslaved. Its plight was that which Emerson observed a century ago: 'I see England, in her old age, not decrepit, but still young and daring to believe in her power of endurance . . . Seeing this, I say, "All hail! Mother of nations,

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mother of heroes, with strength still equal to the time. So be it." If it be not so, if the courage of England goes with the chances of a commercial crisis, I will go back to the Capes of Massachusetts and to my own Indian stream and say to my own countrymen, "The old race are all gone, and the elasticity and hope of mankind must henceforth remain on the Alleghany Ranges, or nowhere."

Or *nowhere*. What was built in Europe in 1900 years, and has been almost destroyed since 1914, cannot be transplanted to the Alleghanies. If England were now to fail, I think a great horror and darkness would come on the Christian world for many centuries.

Had a man from Mars accompanied me, he would have smiled at any misgivings, for the outward scene of England was fair and reassuring. The most enchanting thing was the revival of the countryside. In earlier books I often mourned the decay of the land. Coming from the European mainland, where wastelands were rare, the grey expanses of thistle and tussock, the dilapidated farm-houses and barns, were alarming. They were in part the price we paid for the labourer's flight from field to factory; in another part, that of our great merchant navy, which an island nation must have to survive, but which may return from foreign ports with food cheaper than the island farmer can grow; this problem is still to be solved.

To me, coming from Germany in the Thirties, those wastelands held the threat of starvation in war, but they disappeared in the years of siege, and in the Forties the countryside I saw was that of the old prints again, green, brown and gold, but never grey. Good had sprung from evil in this matter. The pleasant land was back again, and though I have found beauty in all countries I think none matches England when the countryside thrives.

The second of three enchantments, which I discovered, was the improved look of the people, a thing to gladden a man who knew England before. Returning in the Thirties, from the mainland where war loomed, the physical state of our folk seemed alarmingly inferior to that of the Germans. I quoted in pre-war books what C. E. Montague wrote in *Disenchantment*:

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'... Battalions of colourless, stunted, half-toothless lads from hot, humid Lancashire mills; battalions of slow-staring faces, gargoyles out of the tragical-comical-historical-pastoral edifice of modern English rural life; Dominion battalions of men startlingly taller, stronger, handsomer, prouder, firmer in nerve, better-schooled, more boldly interested in life, quicker to take means to an end and to parry and counter any new blow of circumstance, men who had learned already to look at our men with the half-curious, half-pitying look of a higher, happier caste at a lower . . . Perhaps the undersized boys from our slums and the underwitted boys from the "agricultural, residential and sporting estates" of our auctioneers' advertisements would get to their goal, the spirit wresting prodigies of valour out of the wronged flesh. . . .'

True, when Montague wrote it in 1915 and when I quoted it in the Thirties. How good it is to be able to write ten years later that it is not true. It was an abiding joy to travel the Great North Road, the spine of England, and see the change for the better in the young people. The slow-staring, the slow-witted, the stunted, adenoidal, toothless and rickety are vanishing. It is lovely today to see the boys and girls from factories, shops and offices hiking and biking about England. They can well compare with 'Dominion battalions' now (oddly, I had a strong optical impression in the second war that Australian and New Zealand physical standards had somewhat declined).

I pondered the causes for this striking improvement and decided the main one must be better housing. This was the third of the three enchantments. I remember from my youth the unhealthy and overcrowded homes of the century's beginning. Where I grew up, in a London suburb, I was but a few hundred yards from the first fields. Today a man living in the same house must walk two hours to reach them; a belt of the same thickness, right round London, was filled with new houses between the wars, and the same thing happened, on a smaller scale, in other cities.

Probably a third or quarter of the population lives today in those houses. That means, roughly, that between ten and fifteen million

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people today have airy bedrooms, gardens, bathrooms and healthy surroundings, who lacked those things before 1914. In those houses, between 1925 and 1935, were born the babies that grew into the young people I saw in the Forties.

That, I think, must be the greatest single cause of the improvement. The jerry-builder may have done more for the health of England than even the medical officers of health (though advances in medicine obviously helped greatly) and now, when a new government seeks to exterminate him, a new threat to England's future health may be rising. The Forties showed me I was wrong when, in those anxious Thirties, I railed against the jerry-builder and his ribbon-building. I reckoned without the home-making genius of the English when I wrote of 'new slums' being hastily thrown up. I make a hobby of suburbs and studied them in Vienna, Dresden, Prague, Budapest and Warsaw. In England in the Forties I found that the ribbon-building of the Thirties had produced the most attractive suburbs I ever saw. I recall none excelling them in cleanliness, spaciousness and the beauty of homeliness.

Obviously other things helped to the improvement in looks and health. People understand hygiene better. They do *not* use the bath to keep coals in, if they have a bath. Mothers no longer quieten their babies with rubber-suckers dipped in an open pot of honey, kept in the baby-carriage for the flies to feed on. The films may have helped: they showed the youngsters a high physical type which prompted emulation, even if it by no means represented the average American. Moreover, these young people of the Forties were the babies of the cynical Twenties and frightened Thirties; physically, at least, these pre-natal and childhood influences had not hurt them.

Thus truth in the Thirties was no longer true in the Forties. The two wars left us with a reviving countryside, improved health and a housing situation which, if it were not capriciously interfered with, would soon be better than that of any other land.

However, the spirit counts, and while these three improvements were good to see, one could not assess how much they meant.

I recalled similar improvements in Germany between the wars. In those days the people who make wars gave a false picture; they said the growing German generation was undermined by the ravages of the first war. It was not true, as British soldiers who later met those Germans on the battlefields, and British girls who cast admiring glances at German prisoners, have learned. The Germans were physically fine; given a bad government, this availed them nothing. Given good leadership, a nation physically poor may survive. Lord Montgomery, at the Guildhall in 1946, said:

‘The Industrial Revolution did its best to ruin our spirit, but the desperate struggle for existence in the slums of Britain appears to have mentally toughened at the same time as it physically stunted the people. Economic oppression has not broken the spirit of the Briton. It has produced the Glasgow Scot, the lad from Lancashire, the man from the Midlands, the London Cockney and with such men as these all things are possible. Once set in motion they are unbeatable.’

In the land I discovered the wronged flesh had recovered; it was ridding itself of the ailments of tooth, limb and lung bequeathed to it by the rise of the slums and factories and the decline of the countryside. Just as the physical ordeal ended, however, a new government began a new attack on the spirit, through ‘economic oppression’. England moved towards new trials. The tough spirit had once overcome physical suffering; perhaps now the toughened body would help repel the onslaught on the spirit.

The England I saw had survived, not only the two wars, but something more lethal: the Industrial Revolution killed more than warfare. Looking at England in the Forties I foresaw that, if England remained free, there would come a factory civilisation, as admirable in its field as the civilisations of the countryside and the churches. In my youth the word factory meant dirt, darkness, and the diseases of these. Now, as I passed through the new factory areas of the great cities, with their bold, spacious architec-

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ture, their lawns and sports fields, their wide highways and healthy populations, I foresaw a happy aftermath to the grim Industrial Revolution, as to so much that once seemed evil in England's story — provided that the land stayed *free*.

It was like a journey through a lost country suddenly restored. For six years England lay buried beneath the litter of war. No corner was free from the machines and armies. Men from other lands swarmed into it in millions and put their own impress on it, so that an Englishman was almost a stranger in it. Now, like the melting of snow, this all cleared away and beneath was the same aged England, carrying its ancient history like a laden galleon in a storm, wearing its ancient grace like the *Cutty Sark* her sails.

I chanced into Deal, and saw men preparing a memorial to an invasion: not the one the townspeople saw beaten off in 1940, but the successful one of Julius Cæsar 2000 years ago! Romans, Normans, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Germans: England had survived them all, and I felt its deep-rooted, oaken strength when I thought of the desolation that is Europe now. I went along the Great North Road, which the Romans built, or rebuilt. Alongside it were the tracks of the armies that assembled for the invasion of 1944; already the grass grew over them, the countryman went quietly to his work, the gaffer to his inn. I found a town which I knew only from a line in Shakespeare: 'How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford Fair?' Hidden in the heart of England, it was a lovely place; had it been in France or Italy the curious would have come far to see it. From a high road I looked on distant Durham Cathedral; it sits in a deep bowl among hills, yet by some art of its builder seems to dominate them. It spoke of a thousand years of gradual human progress; I thought of Dresden and Cologne.

In discovering my native land I lost some of the hunger to resume foreign journeys, not only because it was so lovely, but because it was the one which now was to say Yes or No to the question of the twentieth century: Christendom or slavery, liberty or death. If it broke under the strain, which would not relax until it won or surrendered, a book now nearly two thousand years old

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would be closed, and Europe would face long travail through an enshadowed vale to a new dawn ages hence.

Nations are not as a whole conscious, though a few people always are, of the great climaxes in their lives. The England I discovered was unafraid of threatening doom and unaware of the way of deliverance; it saw neither. I shall always carry with me a picture of peaceful and sunlit oblivion from Sussex:

In England of the twentieth century we only have fine summers when a black cloud hangs between us and the sun. The magnificent summer of 1940 could not warm a man's heart who knew the menace. The even better one of 1947 was darkened by the acts of a government which the gods might have made mad. One day in that time I found a bathing-pool in Sussex, a place enclosed by shrubs and trees so that it was as separate from the world as a monastery in Tibet. I loved the bathers, their happiness, their looks, their unawareness of the black cloud.

I found there the kind of people who make England unique. There was an old gentleman, or young man, of sixty-two, who in Toronto in 1907 heard Lord Roberts say that any youngster who wanted to be ready when The Day came would be welcomed by the British Army. This ageless youngster immediately crossed the Atlantic, thereafter serving until 1945. In the second war he went twice round the world as ship's sergeant-major, and was ready to put his age back twenty years for anything new that might come along, in war or peace. He had no complaints, fears or regrets. Then there was a youngster fresh from the army who could not swim, but could keep afloat for three strokes on his back. He enviously watched the bathers hurtling down the chute into ten feet of water and calmly calculated that his three strokes might just take him to the side, if he did not drown. He tried this forthwith, just escaping suffocation. It was a most courageous victory of the spirit over the flesh.

I climbed the high board. It was but twenty feet, but I found that, up there, bathers, pool and enclosing hedge slipped away and the world opened. It might have been as tall as the Eiffel Tower, so remote was it from the busy scene below. England

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stretched for miles in every direction, golden with wheat, still, drowsy in the sun.

I looked down at the bathers, the old gentleman and the young one, and then at the broad prospect around. Ah, lovely people, I thought, and lovely land, and still this black cloud that began in 1914: you have not escaped it yet. You still have to beat the twentieth century and your enemies; you are the last defenders and this is the last citadel. May you win through again, as uncomprehendingly as before.

Then I dived back to them.

PART THREE

THE SMOTHER: 1945-1950

CHAPTER I

NOR NEVER SHALL...

IN July of 1945 I began a protracted nightmare: a book I thought done with long ago stood up, took legs, ran after me and forced me to write it all over again. In the moment of victory a British Government began to inflict on my own country all the penalties of defeat which a conquering Hitler would have imposed, and to set up in England, stage by stage, the regime I had watched Hitler build in Germany. Thus the sequel to *Insanity Fair*, after ten years, is in fact *Insanity Fair* again.

I have shown the physical picture of England after the second war, as I saw it. It was strong and firmly founded, the countryside thrived, public health was greatly improved, and but for the war's damage and delays there would have been no housing problem; the one which remained would quickly have been overtaken had the building of the Thirties been resumed. The social gaps which angered men of my generation were greatly diminished. The money qualification, which closed the exclusive schools, and consequently the professions and services, to the unmoneyed youth and girl, was much reduced.¹ I never saw a land where a free man had a more hopeful future than the England saved by a few fighting-men in 1940. In 1945 its elected government began to destroy freedom and the hope of a future.

Snap Election

The election of July 1945 in its results much resembled the Reichstag fire. A free parliament needs contending parties which alternate in office. A Socialist victory in normal conditions would have been health-giving for England; it would have tested the Socialists by giving them the responsibility of government, and

¹ The Headmaster of Harrow, on Speech Day 1947, said: 'Public schools are no longer a royal road or short cut to eminence and I do not regret the change.'

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have invigorated the Opposition. Only by this competitive process can free institutions survive. But this was not a normal time because parliament's authority was in fact in suspense. The wartime government ruled through 'emergency powers', taken 'to win the war'. A Socialist victory before those powers were given back to the country opened the way to that bourne from which no nation in the twentieth century has returned: dictatorship, which in practice means imprisonment, impoverishment and destitution.

The weary fighting-man and civilian alike calculated, quite simply, that 'it's time the other party had a chance'. They saw no warning in Russia or Germany, did not believe that 'emergency powers' were dangerous, and walked into the spider's parlour. The first majority Socialist Government immediately prolonged these dictatorial powers for five years of peace. They derived straight from the Reichstag fire, which Hitler used to paralyse Parliament in Germany and to prepare a war, in the name of which they were introduced in England. The still unbroken curse which fell on Germany in the night of February 27th, 1933, in July 1945 spread its shadow to the English coast.

'Necessity is the plea for every infringement of human freedom; it is the argument of tyrants and the creed of slaves,' said William Pitt as the enlightened nineteenth century dawned. In opposition the Socialist leaders had often echoed this warning. Foreseeing what would happen in 1945, I quoted in *All Our Tomorrows* (1942) Mr. Attlee's words of 1937:

'In the necessities of modern warfare there is at once a great danger and a great opportunity. There is a danger lest under the excuse of organising the nation for defence and security, liberty may be destroyed and the Corporate State introduced. The greater the danger, the greater the opportunity of persuading the people to accept all kinds of restrictions.'

To that I appended, in 1942, my own comment: 'How clearly they see the dangers, when they are in opposition! How gladly they profit from the opportunity, when they are in office. Mr.

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Attlee, and many another Labour leader who was in opposition with him when he spoke, today draw tighter and tighter the bonds which they have helped to put on the British people. Will they urge for them to be struck off, when "the necessities of warfare" are past? They already speak of the need for the continuance of "control" after the war... These men seem more avid for autocratic power than Lord Hardface and Colonel Portgout. But these are "necessities of warfare". Well, then, let that be the test. Mr. Attlee formerly perceived the danger, clearly enough, that such powers might be retained and misused. I commend vigilant citizens to watch how far politicians, of both parties, are ready to go, after this war, in fulfilling the promise to restore the liberties that were taken away.'

Under these prolonged 'emergency powers' of the war England was ruled by 'defence regulations'; that is, by the arbitrary orders of various ministers, not discussed in Parliament. The 'defence regulations' were used by the Socialist Government against the liberties they were supposed to protect. Once in power, the politicians of our century always behave as if some memory-killing drug were given them. They forget, or turn their backs on, what they declared before: that even if their own intentions are good they cannot say what future use will be made of these despotic powers, since they themselves may fall ill, die, or be overthrown. They are a knife held at the country's throat and the men who hold it do not know whose hands may seize it next.

The edicts which ministers do live after them. The Socialist ministers blithely began to recreate in England the ruinous shape of Germany in the Thirties. The end, to my mind, was beyond doubt. If they were not checked, England in the Fifties would look like Germany now.

Their other first acts were ominous. They increased the salaries of Members of Parliament from £600 to £1000 a year (and later stubbornly resisted the suggestion that these should be cut when all else was being cut). Ministers prolonged for themselves the 'emergency' practice of using publicly paid motor cars, which in effect meant an even more substantial addition. The confiscatory

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taxes of the 'emergency' were continued, but £4000 of the Prime Minister's salary was exempted from tax, which meant that he received an annual sum impossible otherwise to earn in England.

These self-made awards and reliefs reminded me of the Nazi leaders, swarming round the fleshpots in 1933 as freedom died. When the Socialists sang the 'Red Flag' in Parliament, and their women colleagues put on red dresses, I heard the Horst Wessel song and saw brownshirts.

On this government lay a heavier responsibility than on any other I remember. Twentieth-century Europe could recover from a barbarian interlude in Russia, from two or more German collapses, from the disappearance of Austria, from the chronic sickness of France, only if England remained free. The Socialist Government began to imprison England; it behaved as if it were the first Socialist Government of all time, anywhere, and England a newly created island. Yet prudence demanded a careful step between the pitfalls where the corpses of all other Socialist governments mouldered. Everywhere else the earlier Socialists dug their own and their countries' graves; everywhere they had played in politics the part of him who gets slapped. In Russia the long dream of 'the working classes' seemed in the Kerensky Government of 1917 at last fulfilled; it survived but an instant and was buried beneath a worse tyranny than any; Kerensky's fate should have stood before Mr. Attlee like a red light; his government's actions indicated that he had never heard of Kerensky. In Germany, Austria, Italy, the period of Socialist power or importance led to the same end. In France it dwindled into the ignominious collapse of 1940.

In one important matter the Attlee Government resembled Hitler's first cabinet of twelve ministers, of whom only *three* were Nazis. For the delusion of Germany and the world the other nine were non-party bankers, conservative politicians, professional diplomats and non-political economists. This respectable façade offered deceptive reassurance. Similarly the frontal figures of the Attlee Government were men, some rough and some polished, who could not be suspected of evil intentions. Attlee, Bevin,

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Morrison: these older men were Englishmen and had sworn hatred of dictatorship on a thousand platforms. When Churchill cried 'Ware dictatorship!' the cartoonists hastened to show Mr. Attlee in Gestapo uniform, and John Citizen chuckled. How ludicrous to suggest that this modest, home-loving man, with his comely wife and agreeable children, could deliver his country to such a fate!

John Citizen forgot, or more likely never knew, that politicians in office apparently become the victims of forces they cannot control, so that the only safeguard against their capitulation is to deny them 'emergency powers' and keep their acts constantly under public audit. In two years the Attlee Government did very much towards the ruin of England.

Nine Months of Doubt

Its first winter, that of 1945-46, was a period of suspense. Bored overseas soldiers, impatient to be gone, loitered in the battered city; rain drizzled on the miry debris; placards, 'Vote for Labour and Prosperity', sadly peeled from the hoardings. Revival from the war was prevented by 'defence regulations'. The human instinct to rebuild was suppressed; all repairs, renewals, new building or fresh enterprise were forbidden save under licence. The great army of officials feeding and breeding on paper, which I have shown in formation during the fighting, swelled daily.

The British islander tranquilly submitted. After the first war life had revived like crops after a storm; food and goods quickly reappeared and prices fell as supplies multiplied; human energy, unchained, produced the healthier and well-housed England I found in 1945-47. The islander had expected this to happen again, but he remained unsuspecting when it did not. The Government said these vetoes were necessary to A Plan for Prosperity; well, he would wait and see.¹

¹ 'We need controls now to avoid a slump like the one after the 1918 war,' said Mr. Morrison; two years later, when they had produced a slump worse than anything within living British memory, he said: 'Our policy is one of less today for more tomorrow.' The policy actually pursued was, quite visibly, one of less today leading to less tomorrow.

I think now that the ministers of the façade did not know where they were going during the first nine months, and that those behind, who clearly knew what they wanted, prepared their strategy in this time. By April 1946 I, at least, saw clearly what was coming and found myself more alone than I was when I wrote *Insanity Fair* in perceiving the blindingly obvious. The great Plan was not a new one to bring England to prosperity by untried paths; it was the age-old one of reducing a free nation to serfdom.

The Plan Takes Shape

With my experience I could not mistake the signs and they became clear when a sudden clamour began for the removal of the Food Minister, one Sir Ben Smith, and the word 'bread-rationing' was uttered. There are no great independent editors now, and I doubt if there remains one who discerns the purposes to which his own columns are put. Through anonymous 'political correspondents' the cry abruptly arose in *all* newspapers¹ that Sir Ben Smith's failure to give the British housewife more powdered eggs was intolerable. Sir Ben Smith was portrayed as an incompetent minister who stood between the population and the return of plenty; the afflictions which promptly followed his removal indicate the real motives for it. He belonged to the façade of benevolent Socialists in whom ruthless ambitions could not be suspected, and he held an all-important post. His displacement was necessary for the great stroke which ensued. He was a symbol, immensely significant and entirely uncomprehended by the British people.

The inspired attacks on him also recommended a successor, who was duly appointed. This was the Mr. John Strachey who once, in a Viennese café, joined me in cursing 'the Nazis' and

¹ The discerning may find the explanation in a statement included in the P.E.P. Report on the British Press published before the war: 'It is well known that many newspapers of the Right are staffed by Left-minded journalists.' This fact, which I can confirm from long personal knowledge, together with the extinction of the fully empowered independent editor, accounts for the virtual disappearance of newspapers recognisably and consistently 'Conservative' or 'Liberal', and for the otherwise inexplicable unanimity which *all* newspapers showed in supporting the decisive blows at British liberty. It was the triumph of 'infiltration' in the newspapers.

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their deeds. At various times in his career he had been a Conservative, an Independent Labourist, an associate of Sir Oswald Mosley in the short-lived 'New Party', and a champion of Communism; he was now a Socialist minister.¹ He immediately announced bread-rationing, saying in a broadcast that such a thing 'must never happen again'. It was the first of a long series of tormenting inflictions.

The date, July 21st, 1946, should count with the future historian as the birth of the dictatorship in England; I hope he may be able to record that a later miracle of Dunkirk brought our salvation. It began the process of torture which the Chinese call the death by a thousand cuts. Mr. Churchill saw this, crying: 'Evidently what we are asked to do is not to acquiesce in the announcement of the imposition of bread-rationing with the various scales set out, but in the setting up of machinery which will enable it to be screwed down and geared down with every variation in the gravity of the situation.' The Socialists roared 'Rubbish' and were jubilant at this decision to deny The People bread.²

¹ His book, *The Coming Struggle for Power*, Gollancz, 1937, contains some remarkable statements. He thought the Invergordon naval mutiny of 1931 revealed 'the true spirit of the British sailor'. He hoped for 'the success of Communism in Great Britain', and despised 'those trusted allies of the British capitalists, the members of the British Labour Party'. He foresaw a war, but the wrong war; he thought 'British imperialists' would 'forestall the outbreak of war with a rival empire by leading a joint attack on the Soviet Union' and in that event foretold 'revolutionary action by the British workers'. In the war he thus falsely envisaged, 'the chances of victory for Britain would be small and remote... It would be very improbable that at all a high percentage of the population of these islands would survive such a conflict... British men and women would certainly be perishing wholesale, some by fire, some by gas, some by starvation' (in the event the British islander came nearer to starvation after he began bread-rationing than during the war which occurred). Only one thing, he thought, could save this country: the organised force of its workers 'awakened to the necessity of overthrowing once and for all the rule of the capitalist class and taking power into their own hands'. Who, he asked, would exhibit true love of his country; the Englishman who followed blindly where his present rulers were leading until they had taken his country to certain destruction, or he who joined with that advance guard of the British working-class which had already realised that the only possible future for Britain was as a free republic of an at first European and later world-wide Union of Soviet Republics?

² 'I have seldom seen a Ministerial speech receive a more tumultuous welcome on the government back benches,' *News of the World*; 'A minister complimented in the House was Mr. John Strachey, whose performance in the bread debate roused Labour Members to enthusiasm,' *Manchester Guardian*.

THE SMOTHER: 1945-1950

Bread-tickets, as I knew from observation abroad, are the recognisable keystone of dictatorship, a word which means starvation, destitution and imprisonment brought about by governmental action. Without them, the edifice can never be built. Their importance is that no man can be starved if he may freely buy bread, while if he cannot, his submission to every decree can be enforced by denying it to him. That is probably the reason why 'our daily bread' is the only material want expressed in the most famous Christian prayer. We never had bread-tickets in England before, even in war. They were only previously known, in peace, in Soviet Russia.

The ministers of the façade appeared to be men struggling against forces they did not comprehend. Their retreat can be traced. Mr. Herbert Morrison, on May 17th, 1946 (in Washington, inevitably), said he did not want to introduce bread-rationing in England 'if I can help it; it does not smell good to me'. Yet by May 31st (in England) he praised it as 'the beginning of a new phase, the phase of worldwide mobilisation of all food resources to win the peace'. Bread-rationing was presented to the British islander as the result of 'a world wheat famine', particularly in America, and when the wheat harvest there proved the most abundant ever known, two other shadowy ministers, Lord Addison and Mr. Mallalieu, pathetically foretold that it would soon 'end. They little knew.

The Source of Bread-Cards

I have mentioned that Mr. Morrison's promise not to introduce bread-tickets 'if I can help it' was made in Washington. The British bread-card was first displayed there by the new Food Minister. In earlier times such things would have been inconceivable. It now appears that bread-rationing was decreed by one of the shadow-departments of the future World Government set up there, as President Roosevelt's day ended, under the name of 'The United Nations Organisation'. The British islander is to this day unaware of what happened; under rule-by-defence-regulation he remains always ignorant of such matters.

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During the war a 'Combined Food Board' was set up in America to husband and pool the food-resources of the war-making allies. With death infesting the seas, this was reasonable; the war over, its disappearance would have been equally logical. Instead, the 'CFB' was supplanted by the 'IEFC' (International Emergency Food Council), a subsidiary of 'UNO'. The initials and the emergency were to go on for ever. Mr. Strachey (in Washington) said: 'The setting-up of this body is absolutely essential.'

It took me nine months to learn what powers 'this body' wielded over the British islander, and what obligations the British Government, in his name but without informing him, had undertaken to it. The matter was never debated in Parliament. A private application to the Ministry of Food for a copy of IEFC's constitution was refused in the words, 'The document . . . is not available to the general public'. I eventually saw a copy, however. One clause reads: 'Each member government must give an undertaking that it will put itself in a position to implement all recommendations which it has accepted, seeking special national action when necessary.'

This appears the first instance in free British history of the surrender of 'sovereignty', and bread-cards in Britain ('special national action') were the first consequence. The meaning of 'abolishing national sovereignty' may thus one day become clear to our people. The transaction was apparently completed by a simple stroke-of-pen, under 'defence regulations'.¹

From the moment bread-rationing began no doubt could remain in the mind of an observer like myself, familiar through long experience with the processes by which nations are enslaved, of the future course. The Socialist Government was not a united band of liberty-loving brothers, as its frontal leaders claimed,

¹ In similar secrecy the right of the British Dominions to supply this island with food was apparently surrendered. In Australia a campaign was started to send food to 'hungry Britain' when report spread that the Australian Government was not free to do so and questions were asked in the Australian Parliament. The minister responsible answered: 'The I.E.F.C. allocates most foods exported from Australia other than meat, dairy products, dried and canned fruits.' The question why the Australian people were not informed that the Australian Government had accepted such obligations was not answered.

devoted to those promises of the Atlantic Charter, 'freedom from fear and freedom from want'. Henceforth every governmental measure was penal against the British people and designed to implant fear by threatening want. Unless these people cried 'Hold, enough!' they would come under total dictatorship; the methods were those practised in Russia and Germany, and if they were continued the end would not be different.

The Frontal Façade

The ministers of the façade seemed, and perhaps were, as helpless to steer a prudent course as the nine non-Nazi ministers in Hitler's first twelve. Mr. Attlee, a somewhat dim figure, in office became vaguer. His voice occasionally cried, from thickening darkness, 'Put your shoulders to the wheel.' Another great parliament-man, Mr. Herbert Morrison, was 'Lord President of the Council', but his health was not good and he was long absent, ill. Mr. Ernest Bevin, Foreign Minister, was away for months in America, Russia and France, battling with other huge forces. He was physically and seemed spiritually big, but his health, too, was doubtful, and he was under constant attack from the powerful group in his own party which desired British weakness and 'Soviet power'. These leading figures of the old 'British Labour Movement' gave their names to the process of Hitlerist or Stalinist ruination, but power to prevent it may have been slipping from them.

Under 'emergency powers' power becomes irresponsible, like a high-tension cable cut loose. When individual ministers may do this or that by signing a paper, without submitting it to Parliament, the doctrine of collective governmental responsibility collapses and the limits of departmental authority become blurred. It becomes possible for some ministers to cut into the fields of others and even to intervene in matters of the highest State policy, so that *no* cohesive government or collective governmental policy remain.

Alongside the Prime Minister, Foreign Minister, Lord President and similar frontal figures arose others, nominally junior but in

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reality more powerful. In Hitler's first cabinet Göring was merely 'Minister without portfolio', yet his 'shoot-first' order and concentration camps settled the fate of Germany. In Mr. Attlee's government were ministers whom England never knew before in peace: one for 'Food', one for 'Fuel and Power', one for 'Housing' (though nominally 'for Health'). Formerly this island merely had food, firing, light and houses. That any government should intercept the supply of these things, or abolish the citizen's free right to them, was something, evil and inconceivable, that belonged to the time before the serfs were liberated.

Now the Minister 'for Food' proved to be for rationing, that is, against food; the one 'for Fuel and Power' did not increase and cheapen heat and light, but 'rationed' them under penalties such as some bold, bad baron might have laid on stick-gathering cottagers; the one 'for Housing' forbade men to build houses, 'rationed' bricks, mortar and timber, and punished the offender against these vetoes.

These three new ministries, the names of which promised so fair, reached dictator's hands into every home in the land. The citizen could look for no succour from such superior officers as the Prime Minister or Lord President when these inferior governors assumed 'emergency powers'.

Beginnings of Anarchy

'What was he doing, the great god Pan' (asked the nineteenth-century poet) 'down in the reeds by the river? Spreading ruin and scattering ban. . . .'

In 1946 the great god Pan began to spread ruin and scatter ban, down by the river Thames. The semi-anarchic period of rule by ministerial edict under 'defence regulations' gathered speed.¹ The governmental 'We' fell into disuse, and ministers used the personal pronoun in announcing measures resembling those of the Hitlerist leaders. These actions often went far outside

¹ 'Even more dangerous to liberty is the increasing practice of ministers acting by administrative orders, most of which have never been discussed in Parliament' - the Archbishop of York, September 25th, 1947.

their nominal field of authority and into that of national policy. The Minister 'for Fuel and Power', in the bitter winter of 1946-47, not only forbade people to heat their dwellings; he forbade 'weekly periodicals' to appear.¹ He reimposed the wartime blackout, a symbolically evil thing, at a cost in nuisance and gloom much greater than the niggling economy. He darkened Big Ben's clock-face, too, at a saving in power-cost computed at a shilling an hour! This seemed another symbolic act, for the value of Big Ben's gleaming visage is incalculable in cash; I remember my joy when I saw that jovial yellow countenance reappear, smiling, over London as 'victory' approached.

The Minister 'for Food' did things of equally grave political implication, within his sovereign empowerment. In December 1946 a man in Birmingham, for whom three doctors had prescribed two ounces of fat daily, was refused this by the local 'Food Officer' (acting 'in accordance with the recommendations of the Minister's Medical Advisers') and immediately died. Questioned in Parliament, the Minister said such applications for extra food were automatically referred to a 'Special Diets Advisory Committee' attached to his ministry. He did not know how often it met, its eleven members included no general practitioner, and none of them ever saw the patients concerned (doctors in private practice have been struck off the Medical Register for giving medical certificates without seeing patients). The Minister (not a medical man) said this patient 'died of inoperable cancer' and his 'advisers' (who had not seen the sufferer) 'informed me that the grant or refusal of an extra fat ration can have no influence whatever upon the course of this tragic disease'. He added, in the personal pronoun, 'I could not possibly change the system'.

This seemed to me to be drawing near to the theory of 'mercy-killings', in the ill-name of which Germans were then being sentenced.² The movement in this direction was evil, though not

¹ If this was a collective governmental act I presume another minister would not later have called it 'a mistake'.

² At that very moment two German women, a doctor and a nurse, were being guillotined in Berlin on such charges, their plea that they were compelled to become State servants and carry out State orders being disallowed. They were

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surprising, since the Father of British Socialism, the great Friend of Man in the twentieth century, not long before, in a letter to *The Times*, had recommended 'State-contrived euthanasia for all idiots and intolerable nuisances' (Mr. Shaw humanely proposed, however, that these mercy-killings should occur in 'a quite comfortable lethal chamber'.)

The Régime of the Three Ministries

After bread-rationing began the British island thus moved towards rule, less by the Prime Minister and government, and more by the new Ministers 'for' Food, Fuel and Power, and Housing (or Health). Plainly, if the citizen's birthright were to be abolished in these vital matters, his submission would also be enforced, under 'defence regulations'. By January 1947 there were 380 'Food Enforcement Officers' whose powers of entry and search, according to a London magistrate, 'exceed those of the police in cases of murder'. This information was elicited in Parliament after a police-court case which showed that a 'sanitary inspector', bound on some investigation of his own, entered an empty dwelling, found some stale bread and fetched his 'Food Enforcement' colleague, who happily discovered An Offence. An early martyr of this regime was the nervous woman clerk who tried to destroy a mildewed crust on an office gas-ring and burned herself to death.

For the moment these powers were temperately used, but the menace was clear: the first shadow of the secret police spread over

forced into a 'National Health Service' and then had to execute Hitler's decree that certain human lives ('The State' decided which) were not worth prolonging. At the same period twenty-three German doctors and scientists were tried at Nuremberg for 'inhuman and unprofessional conduct'. Their victims were criminals condemned to death and those of the accused who actually made experiments on them pleaded that they 'would have died anyway'. The others were members of higher bodies (possibly 'Advisory Committees'), never saw the victims, and claimed that they merely obeyed governmental authority. London newspapers reported, with surprise, that these accused 'showed no sense of Nazi guilt'. Yet there seemed but a narrowing gap between the practice introduced under Hitler in Germany and that, revealed in the House of Commons, of the refusal of additional nutriment to patients by a distant unqualified minister on the ground that they 'would have died anyway'.

England.¹ At the 1945 election Mr. Churchill warned the country of this and was derided, the hack-writers crying that such cries of 'Wolf' were worth many votes to the Socialists.

When the bitter winter came the Minister 'for Fuel and Power' followed the Food Minister's lead. The citizen's right to warm his home was suspended; to enforce this ban 'Fuel Enforcement Officers' were appointed.² In March 1947 melting snows swelled the rivers and flooded many areas. A woman of Halifax, whose bridal home was flooded three weeks before her wedding day, used electric heat to dry it when the water ebbed. A 'Fuel Enforcement Officer' entered the empty house and found the raw material of his parasitic livelihood: An Offence. She was fined £10 for 'using electricity during prohibited hours'.

The Minister 'for Health' (and Housing) extended the new system. Macaulay, a century ago, pictured 'some traveller from New Zealand, in the midst of a vast solitude, taking his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's'. In 1947 London Bridge was not yet fallen down and St. Paul's still proudly stood, but there were unattended ruins enough in London and on one in High Holborn I saw a placard of the Borough Council inviting citizens to inform on any neighbour whom they suspected of carrying out 'unauthorised' repairs. To me it looked like the hateful notice of a foreign conqueror; it might have been headed 'Achtung' and have been signed 'Der Stadtkommandantur'. This spirit would ruin London, and England, quicker than any foreign invader.

In February 1947 the Prime Minister, questioned, said *seventeen*

¹ In October 1947 the following remarkable statement was published by the *News Chronicle*: 'Lord Nathan's private army of airport police continues to grow . . . Lord Nathan has 650 policemen on his pay roll, most of them stationed at London Airport and Northolt. This is but a beginning. It is planned to have 1500.' Lord Nathan was 'Minister for Civil Aviation', another new ministry. This information was printed without comment, in the manner of the day, but the newspaper added that these 'airport police' were 'formerly security police'.

² One newspaper, the *Daily Telegraph*, later announced that these new intruders were *not* to have right of entry save in the company of police with a formal search-warrant, but the confusion existing under this regime of emergency powers is now so great that I have been unable to verify the report, and only coming experience can test it. If it is true, somebody in the Cabinet conclave won a rearguard action for the chilly Englishman in his crumbling castle.

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of his Ministers, and their subordinates everywhere, now had power to authorise inspections and investigations involving entry into private houses and premises without a magistrate's warrant, although only nine of these were 'at present' authorised to carry out such enterprises. Thus the shadow lengthened.

This pest spreads quickly, once the germ is let loose by government. Six hundred years ago the spy-informer was hated in England. Chaucer, Piers Plowman, Wycliffe and Gower joined in loathing these 'summoners' who collected evil reports from neighbours and hailed the victims before ecclesiastical courts. They were the minions of an arrogant Church then; these creatures will serve any master who pays them, whether Church or State, in any age. They chiefly caused the Peasants' Revolt of 1381. Three hundred years later Cromwell brought them to England again; the hatred he ultimately enjoyed was largely due to them. Reptilian by nature, they are always just below the surface, waiting to be used. I saw them build the Gestapo State in Germany. In England, in 1947, a Chief Constable 'appealed to private citizens to inform the police of any instances which come to their notice of wastage of electricity by householders . . . Names and addresses will have to be given, but they will be treated as confidential by the police'.

In the name of 'a world food crisis', 'a severe winter' and 'Planning', the great humane achievements of centuries were thus attacked and nearly ruined. Two hundred years ago William Pitt said: 'The poorest man in his cottage may bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown. It may be frail — the storm may enter — but the King of England cannot enter; all his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement.' Proud words of the eighteenth century tossed away in the twentieth!

The Treasury's Hand

The three new ministries which set the pace in this movement towards dictatorship were supported by others: the Treasury and the Board of Trade, which worked together to empty the public

pocket and to prevent trade. The money-power, especially, was against the British islander.

The mysterious 'Treasury' appears now to be almost a separate government, able in various directions to thwart proclaimed State policy. It might be easier to search for something it *cannot* do than to discover what its powers are. In 1938 it produced that Sir Horace Wilson, 'Chief Economic Adviser to the Cabinet', who was hardly known to the British public, yet accompanied Mr. Chamberlain to Munich and there 'handed the Czechoslovak representatives a map on which the areas of Czechoslovakia were outlined which were immediately to be occupied by Germany. To Dr. Mazarjik's objections he replied twice, formally, that he had nothing to add to his statements, and he paid no attention to our remarks about towns and districts that were important to Czechoslovakia. He then left the room' (see *Disgrace Abounding*).

The British ultimatum to Czechoslovakia and the Reichstag fire remain the decisive events, for worse, of this century; the ultimatum destroyed the last hope that Germany would destroy Hitler. Today the interventions of 'the Treasury' seem as mysterious as then. It is able, for instance, at will to nullify the proclaimed policy of the Foreign or the Defence Minister. Mr. Bevin, alone among the leading Socialists, appeared to have freedom in his blood. In 1946 he said his foreign policy was 'to go down to Victoria Station and go where the hell I like without a passport or anything else'. The words contained a whiff of refreshing truth more powerful than Carlyle's whiff of grapeshot. Moreover, by his efforts some of the barriers-between-peoples were cast down. The pettifogging 'visa' was in several cases abolished; travel became simpler; a small corner of the free life we last knew in 1914 appeared again.

'The Treasury' effortlessly cancelled his work by refusing the citizen money for such journeys. The Board of Trade launched thunderbolt-like bans on foreign trade which upset foreign relationships. The Foreign Minister was like a captain on a bridge from beneath which the ship had slipped. Both these ministries recruited their shadow-secret-police. The quaint duty

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of 'The Treasury's' Prevention Officers was to stop gold and valuables from entering, as well as from leaving, this island. Soon at the seaports, airports and railway stations were endless disrobings and probings, lengthening queues of travellers who awaited these inquisitions. I had seen it all before: in Germany.

As 1947 passed the British island began to take the shape of a sea-girt concentration camp. If the powers of the new ministries continued to grow, and their supporters in the government and government-party to increase, the British future was plainly like to be that which Mr. Strachey desired in 1937: 'a free republic of an at first European and later worldwide Union of Soviet Republics'. Its freedom would be as wide, its republicanism as pure as those of Poland; its people would be as proud as galley-slaves and as happy as serfs. It would have to learn anew that the hunger for liberty exceeds the body's need for food. It would have to begin its ancient struggle all over again.

Those Who Would Not See

If this dark end should come, the future student would interminably ask why the free British islander suffered such an intolerable and unnecessary fate. He had not the excuse of the oppressed Russians in 1917, that they thought a tyranny was being ended, or the motive of the defeated Germans in 1933, that they thought they could at a second attempt win a lost war. He was free, victorious, and his island was in good shape.

I wonder how the future historian will explain something which a contemporary cannot. In the belly of a well-fed man there is no pang of hunger, and among these freemen, during these months, I could detect no active craving for liberty. I met some who were alarmed, more who were not. Hardly any understood the pattern of events or related them to happenings elsewhere in these thirty years; nearly all thought of them as quite separate from anything that had gone before or might come after, and as something confined to the British island. Only a very few saw the whole process of the twentieth century, leading from Russia through Germany to England.

THE SMOTHER: 1945-1950

The British people were not cowardly or indifferent. They doggedly promoted the ruin of their liberties. They had one great safeguard and resolutely trampled on it.

The by-election is the perfect natural defence of the people in a parliamentary state. Since all parties break their promises, it is the citizen's only means of exercising current supervision, of checking his government if it goes too far, or spurring it if it lags. For long ages British by-elections kept ministers responsible and parties prudent. The years 1945-47 brought a phenomenon; the government could not lose a by-election. The clearer its ominous intentions became, the more stubbornly electors voted for it.

I saw the marvel happen but cannot be certain of its causes. It is an astonishing thing for a free island folk to bare its back to the knout, and this one for six years had its blood curdled by tales of the monster it now bowed down to. These seem to me the reasons:

First, the British islander is dogged and loyal and, having put what, he deluded himself, was 'The Labour Movement' in power, he would loyally and doggedly submit to be devoured by it, rather than own a mistake. Secondly, the army of officials who clambered on the nation's back during the war, and now wished to remain there, was very large and represented a substantial vote. Thirdly, there is in all countries a fairly large group of people of the baser sort who like and batten on dictatorship. Fourthly, there are the envious who will always vote for 'soaking the rich'; these donkeys never see that the man who suffers most, when universal impoverishment begins, is he who has little, for from him, like the Russian peasant, is taken even that which he fiath.

Yet the chief cause, I think, is that the mass of people who might have cried 'Hold, enough!' as the curse came upon them, had no real choice! Into this central mystery of the years 1945-47 the future historian should delve.

The Complicity of The Opposition

The political contest of 1945-47 was a sham battle. The Opposition did not in truth oppose. It railed at the Socialists' deeds, but

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not at the evil *doctrine*. It complained of the miserable failure of The Plan, but it was by now plain that The Plan was a malignant one to enslave England, and in that light, most successful. Yet Conservative and Liberal leaders, by-election candidates and newspapers never said that; they merely accused the government of 'delay', or of 'half-measures', which was equal to saying, 'What you are doing is *right*, but you are not doing enough of it quickly enough'; or, in other words, 'You are poisoning us; give us stronger doses of poison more frequently'. To state but one instance: in August 1947 at ancient Verulam a Conservative peer, Lord Balfour, said that while the country 'waited to respond to a blaze of courageous leadership, all it receives is Mr. Attlee's flickering candle of hesitancy and half-measures'.

Half-measures! Never had an ancient nation's liberties been so wholly and consistently attacked. There seemed no leading man (save Mr. Churchill on a later occasion) who would say: 'These are wholly wrong and evil measures; we need wholly different measures to restore our liberty to live, work, build and trade.'

The opposition parties shunned the word liberty as if it were shameful. Disguise it as they might, what they really said was 'We accept the State almighty but would like office'. The British islander discerned that, and I think it is the reason for the by-electoral successes which accompanied the Hitlerist or Stalinist process. What *men* controlled the Conservative Party, still great in numbers, or the Liberal Party, reduced but big with the possibility of new life, the citizen could not discover. Nearly all Opposition speakers and newspapers in fact declared, even while they railed at the Socialists, that 'controls are inevitable', 'new cuts are inevitable', 'direction of labour is inevitable' at each turn of the screw. This cry of 'inevitability', from those who most loudly protested, made nonsense of the argument and bewildered the people.¹

¹ A typical example of this confused thought was contained in a speech of the Archbishop of York at Scarborough on September 25th, 1947. He spoke gravely of 'the threat to freedom' and likened the island to 'Gulliver bound by the strings of Lilliput', but said also: 'Without a planned society we should not survive. If

Inexplicably, then, there was *no* Opposition policy. The Conservative one plainly should have begun by invoking Mr. Churchill's unredeemed pledge of 1940, in respect of the 'emergency powers' under which England was being enslaved: 'Parliament stands custodian of these surrendered liberties and its most sacred duty will be to restore them in their fullness when victory has crowned our exertions and our perseverance.'

This root of the matter was never mentioned! On the contrary, the managers of the chief Opposition party quite plainly devoted their strength to thwarting the demand of Conservative voters for the formulation of a fighting policy, and above all to resisting pressure to raise the cry of 'Liberty'. The future historian will find that the clamorous demand of the constituencies for 'a programme' was repeatedly rejected by the party managers, and that the louder the complaints about the Socialist attack on freedom became, the lower 'freedom' descended in the recommendations of Conservative leaders.

Thus while the lifeblood of liberty drained away, these Conservative leaders, in default of a programme or a policy, produced lists of 'points' which revealed no real enmity to Socialism, or friendship for freedom at all. During 1946 Mr. Eden, for instance, expounded a 'ten-point creed for Conservatives'; the eighth point was 'we must not be tempted to fall into the pit of doctrinaire anti-Socialism'. Earlier, at the 1945 election, Sir Walter Womersley had set out 'seven Conservative points', the *last* of which was, most ambiguously, 'the greatest possible liberty for the individual'.

Then another Conservative leader, Mr. Richard Law, who was the son of a Conservative Prime Minister and a leader of the memorable revolt of 1940 against Mr. Chamberlain, said: 'The supreme test of the Tory Party is not to fight Socialism.' By the time the second post-war Conservative Party Conference met (at

industry is not to be in chaos and mass unemployment is to be avoided planning is inevitable.' It was by this time beyond doubt that 'The Plan *was* a threat to freedom'; to say that 'planning is inevitable', therefore, was equal to saying that Gulliver ought to submit to the very bonds of which His Grace complained.

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Brighton in October 1947) the ideal of liberty had apparently been denied altogether by the managers of the party, for by that time the *last* of Mr. Eden's new 'seven points for Conservatives' was 'to streamline the controls'. If this meant anything, it can only have meant 'to polish the chains'; it was the intimation that the Conservatives would not, if they had the power, undo the damage the Socialists had done to the liberty of the individual in England.

It seemed clear, in fact, that the Conservative Party remained firmly in the hands of its managers, and that these were in the main the same men who managed it during the disastrous Thirties. The fact that Mr. Churchill, on whom they then vented their chief hostility, was now its titular leader did not alter that, nor did the applause they now awarded him in the place of the earlier abuse. At the annual conference, and at major moments in the quickening drama of 1945-47 (such as the passage of the Dictatorship Bill), his voice rang clear above the tumult, speaking in the great tradition of British statesmanship and sounding the immemorial call of 'Liberty'. But he was, after all, moving towards eighty, and the student may verify the fact that his eloquence left no impression on the policy of the party he led, which at this time was to avoid having a policy.

The wisdom of not having a policy, indeed, even he repeatedly affirmed, although, alone among the Conservative leaders, he proclaimed principles which *were* a policy. The other leaders were always schooled to deny the need or possibility of one. For instance, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, in November 1946, said: 'The Socialist Government has been a shocking administrative failure . . . As to the Conservative alternative, a programme can only be related to the actual problems when a Conservative government again has office.'

Anxious Conservatives clamoured for 'a policy' at the annual conference of 1946 (at Blackpool). The *Daily Express*, however, reported that 'although the demand again and again got the loudest cheers of the day, the party managers had clearly arranged the agenda in a way to dodge the issue'. The pressure from the

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body of the conference, nevertheless, was so great that the managers had to beat a strategic retreat. A committee was appointed, and this in time produced a pamphlet called 'The Industrial Charter' (*industrial*, not political; thus the shameful issue, liberty, was avoided). Its key proposal was for 'strong central guidance' and its detailed recommendations were for a genteel form of Socialism. By the next annual conference, that of Brighton in October 1947, this document represented as much of 'a policy' as the party managers could be induced to state, and perusal of it explains why 'the restoration of liberty' had no place in Mr. Eden's 'Conservative points' announced there, while 'the streamlining of controls' appeared among them.

It was in fact the acceptance of Socialism, and from this moment Socialist M.P.s, if they found themselves challenged by Conservative ones in public debate, smilingly produced a copy of 'The Industrial Charter' from their pockets and said, 'But you are in favour of Socialism', a retort to which their professed adversaries had no rejoinder.

The moral corruption of *all* parties became apparent. At the Brighton conference in October 1947 the great mass of the Conservative delegates were enthusiastically in favour of 'The Industrial Charter' and were already deriding those who warned against it as 'reactionaries' and the like. They believed that their party would return to power and now welcomed the prospect of succeeding to those 'emergency powers' and 'controls' which the Socialists had awarded themselves in the wake of the war. The Conservatives no longer upheld the principle of liberty; they told each other that, when they were in office, they would show the country how to 'manage' the controlled State. They were again on the slippery path which led to the second war and to their own fiasco of 1945. In the Thirties their weakness lay in the secret admiration of many of their leaders for 'strong leadership' and 'central guidance' in its Hitlerist and Mussolinist form. Now they were yielding to the same temptation in our domestic affairs.

The Conservative Party was clearly in the hands of men who would not promise to govern the country differently, but were

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themselves infected with the disease of the twentieth century: the greed for power over persons and property. •

What, then, of the Liberals. Did *they* offer a clear alternative, or stand for a plain principle? Their decline began with Mr. Lloyd George, the first of the emergency potentates. It brought them down, as they forswore the cause of liberty, from a *majority* of 356 (the greatest ever known in our parliament) in the 1906 Commons to a tiny *group* of a dozen members in that of 1945. Nevertheless they still polled over two million votes and if they returned to the ideal of liberty the door to recovery and leadership was wide open to them; only dictatorship could shut it. As the door began to close masses of people looked hopefully to them. Here was their chance. What was 'Liberal policy'?

During the war mass-propaganda was used (by a predominantly 'Conservative' coalition) to create in the public mind a blind infatuation for 'The Beveridge Plan'. Its author was a leading Liberal, a learned and humane man. What deluded him to think that forced labour (his Plan recommended it, though cautiously) could be married to the word Liberal? I wrote at the time that this Plan for Social Security was, by reason of that clause, one for mortal insecurity, but it did much to bring about those hallucinations, under the spell of which the British islander voted Socialist in 1945. If this was to be his meat, he did not need to vote Liberal to get it.

Bewilderment, then, equally awaited the elector who sought in the Liberals an alternative to the Socialists. 'Liberals' spoke with different voices. The true Liberal spoke when Lord Rosebery (June 1947) said, 'Britain is reaching a position when the only freedom left to the people will be the freedom to remember what it was like to be free', or when Lady Violet Bonham-Carter told a London Liberal meeting (May 1947), 'Instead of applying to our present problems the Liberal prescription of order with freedom, we have had instead under this government the unholy combination of chaos with controls . . . Liberals must rebuild Britain on the foundations which made it great, its freedom and self-discipline'.

But the 'Liberal' newspaper, the *News Chronicle*, said 'planning is inevitable; we must accept labour direction' and its head, Lord Layton, told the Liberal Summer School (August 1947), 'because of Britain's economic difficulties, Liberals must be ready to accept a more severe form of guidance and control than would be palatable in normal times'.

'Necessity' and 'inevitability' again. The only difference between the Conservative and Liberal parties was that the Liberal one *had* an official policy. It might not be worth much, since 'leading Liberals' said such contrary things, but there was a pamphlet, officially published, with the name 'Liberal Policy' on it. If any anxious voter turned to it he found that it began with the orthodox statement that 'The Liberal Party' (whatever that was; no names were given) 'believes in the freedom — spiritual, political and economic — of the individual'. It contained, however, *no* reference to the suspension of the British islander's civic liberties under 'emergency powers' or any promise to restore them. Its opening paragraphs did not even refer to the Briton in his island, but to 'Liberal foreign policy', and showed that 'Liberal policy' did not believe in such tangible things as an island's safety and islanders' liberties at all, for it recommended the surrender of these!

It said the Liberal Party 'believes in the principles of UN' and 'through UN will carry on all negotiations involving territory or armed forces . . . It will work for the establishment of an international armed force under the authority of UN to enable it to enforce its decisions and for the appropriate curtailment of national sovereignty'.

Instead of bread, stones; instead of principles, initials (UN); instead of freedom, surrender. 'Individual man' has no means of protecting his 'spiritual, political and economic freedom' save through his elected government against plotters at home, and his armed forces against enemies abroad. This was not 'Liberal policy' but another memorandum from The World Statesmen.

Thus the by-elections of 1945-47 become explicable. The caucuses which control the parties all offered the British voter

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the same thing: Socialism, The State Almighty, surrender to alien influence. The *Observer* reported of a by-election in August 1947: 'Although most of the electors appear to have strongly-held opinions they are oddly inconclusive. It is as if they sensed the urgency yet had lost the old bland certainty in any single party's rightness or infallibility.'

There was in fact no party for which a man could vote who held strong opinions in favour of his liberty and against his enslavement. Henceforth the fight, if one was waged at all, would have to be fought by individual men and women against *all* parties. All pricked the bewildered British bull towards the red-flagged matador; their common sport was John Bull-baiting.

The Nigger in the Woodpile

The clear fact of the time is that all three parties, Conservatives, Liberals and Socialists, joined hands in 1940 to suspend the citizen's liberties under the plea of war's emergency; and that when the fighting ended, and one of these parties received a monopoly of office, the two left outside merely complained of their exclusion. They never mentioned the *common* promise to restore those suspended liberties, and by this silence consented to their destruction.

Thus the government party and the two opposition parties in reality worked for a fourth party, the Communist one, which alone wanted to destroy British liberties for a declared purpose: to envassal this island to the Communist Empire.¹ This was known. Before the war the French Communist leader, Thorez, wrote that the final aim of Communists everywhere was 'Soviet power'; during the war, in which he deserted to Russia, his actions and those of all other Communist leaders from 'Tito' to Dimitroff followed this law.

The aims of Communism were generally familiar in the Thirties. In the Forties the British and American peoples became confused about them because, when the two European thieves fell out, the huge war-time machine of mass-propaganda was

¹The 'centre of gravity', of which Mr. Strachey had written in 1937, might move from Moscow to Berlin; in that case the real Communist aim would be to envassal us to *Germany*.

switched to disguising the nature of Communism. At one meeting with Stalin, President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill, in the plenitude of their powers, agreed that the countries to be liberated should receive governments comprising 'all anti-Fascist and democratic parties'. The implication, thenceforth dinned into British and American ears, was that the Red one of the Siamese Twins was a democrat! The bones of Demosthenes should have clattered protest from his tomb. 'Liberals' especially delighted to spread this heresy; something in Liberalism makes its followers the easy prey of intellectual seduction and perversion.

This certificate of respectability made it possible for Communist agents, in considerable numbers, to be planted in British and American¹ government departments, broadcasting and newspapers while the fighting-man was sent to 'defend freedom with all your might'. I watched men I knew to be Communists come into England, anglicise their names and occupy key-posts alongside those already entrenched. The mere claim to be 'refugees from Nazi oppression' entitled these visitors, who in any previous war would have remained 'enemy aliens' under supervision, to take the status of 'friendly aliens' and be made free of vital information, political and military. At one time many of the leading articles and reports in London newspapers were written by such men, anonymously or under assumed names. The British newspaper-reader remained ignorant of this infection at the source of his news and views. When occupied populations listened to 'the voice of England' it was often that of such newcomers.

¹'The extent of the treasonable and spying activities of the American Communist Party during and since the war would make the disclosures of the un-American activities Committee pale into insignificance. But our government has not allowed the public even to peep into its bulging files and the general press has hardly scratched the surface of a condition which betokens a grievous malady in our body politic . . . The malady had been forced deep into our bloodstream. A generation has grown up . . . which professes loyalty to one country while secretly serving another. Treason has been made into an art and espionage into a science by the modern totalitarians.' These words, from *Plain Talk*, New York, 1947, are applicable to England. In America in 1947 an investigation was begun, with an endowment of 25,000,000 dollars, to detect and expel these agents from the U.S. Civil Service. In England, such new ministries as those of Food, Fuel and Power, and Health and Housing, having to be filled with new staffs from the bottom up, were particularly open to the planting of Communist agents.

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Living in England during those years, with the memory of an earlier war and of great events in Europe between the wars vivid in my mind, I saw clearly for the first time, that wartime is the heyday of the power-seeker at home. War brings him chances of gaining power which peace could never offer. I watched the permeation of the Communists, behind the back of the fighting-war, into British life and industry. I remember one man who was sent to seek me out under some pretext: he clearly wanted the dossier-material which his party collects. He was young and fit, but after conscription was released and thus left free to mole and burrow in the Midlands town where he lived. I still wonder whether he was set loose by an officer who thought he would be harmful in the army or by an official who was a Communist. The thousands like him in 1941-45 prepared the events of 1945-47. They foresaw the Socialist victory, and knew that the way to control the Socialists was to capture the trades unions.

It was a skilful plan, well executed. In England the Communists deliberately forbore to appear in strength as an open party, knowing that under their own colours they would make little progress. The visible party, with its handful of election-candidates and two seats in Parliament, was merely a blind, set up to divert the public gaze from the main effort, which was bent on corroding other parties from within. The success of this method proved, after 1945, to be astonishing. It became plain that, in the thirty years, the world-revolutionaries at Moscow headquarters had most profitably studied the science of permeation, penetration and capture; of the methods by which an almost invisible minority, working for 'Soviet power', may demoralise and defeat a great majority.¹ Success depends entirely on con-

¹ This science and these methods are clearly explained in the 'Theses and Statutes of the Communist International' as adopted by the 'Second World Congress' of July-August 1920 in Moscow. This document, with other equally important ones, was published in Mr. W. H. Chamberlin's invaluable *Blueprint for World Conquests (Human Events, Washington, 1946)*. It has never been modified and gives a photographic explanation of events in England between 1945-47; it is the operation-order of a battle since carried near to success in this island and other countries. Twenty-six years ago it may have seemed a rambling revolutionary

cealment and secrecy, and the present reluctance of *all* parties and newspapers to expose the process, no matter how violently they once combated Communism, indicates how far permeation has gone in every direction.

The Socialist Party, on paper, refused to accept Communists as candidates and annually rejected the Communist Party's request for 'affiliation'. This was as if the whale refused to affiliate Jonah. Of 393 Socialists elected in 1945 a tenth were known, though unadmitted, Communists; an M.P. gave me the exact number as 38. Had they stood as Communists they would not have been returned; the Socialist Party in fact lent them its cloak. This hidden band was able to recruit a floating company of more than a hundred dim-thinking Socialists for various demonstrations against the government in the interests of 'Soviet power'.

The real Communist strength, however, lay in the body which controlled the Socialist Government from outside Parliament: the trade unions. Trade unions are like all other organisations; the real power is wielded by a committee or board. Like shareholders or members of associations, most trade unionists are apathetic. At the annual general meeting, when the chairman and secretary are elected, a hundred trade-unionists, out of a total membership of a thousand, may attend. Thus fifty-one votes, in a branch with a thousand members, may secure the key-posts, and the all-important one of delegate to the annual conference of the entire union. Communist attendance at such branch-meetings is compulsory. At the national conference, therefore, the Communist elected by fifty-one votes may appear as 'representing' a thousand trade unionists, and will cast his 'thousand' votes for a Communist member of the 'national executive'. Thereafter the trade union's 'policy' is determined, not by the interests of the shipwright or miner, but by orders sent down from Communist headquarters, which receives its own from Moscow; and of 800 men claiming to 'represent 7,500,000 workers' at the great Trade

essay, unlikely of fulfilment and difficult to understand. Current events, however, make it simple to comprehend and it is of the most vivid actuality.

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Union Congress itself, many may be Communists actually 'elected' by a few thousand.¹

At the lower end of the scale, in the workshops and factories themselves, the 'shop-stewards' are often Communists similarly elected. On them devolves the execution of high policy shaped so far away. If it demands go-slow methods in production, stoppages and strikes, they see that the trouble is made. The consequent disturbances or 'shortages' are used, at the higher end of the scale again, for political demands, which are invariably aimed at the individual's liberty. These 'labour troubles', cry the Communists at the top, can only be cured by 'more controls'. At the end they will control the controls, in the interest of 'Soviet power'.

This was the edifice which the moles threw up, while the fighting-men were away at the war and the great propaganda machine prevented exposure. It was a marvellously simple and efficient machine for the capture of political power, and has come near to that achievement. Even the men most responsible for its strength appeared to be blind to it. Mr. Churchill, in one of his inexplicable moments, spoke contemptuously of Communism as being 'in its infancy' in this island (April 1946). Apparently he only saw the two Communists in Parliament.

Five Hitlerist Milestones

The great men of British Socialism, Robert Owen, William Morris and Keir Hardie, when the century began, believed they could preserve liberty when they set up Socialism; they did not foresee what later happened in Russia and Germany and did not reckon with the Communist. Their heirs, when they achieved power in 1945, still cried that they would cherish liberty while

¹ For instance, an important trade union, the United Society of Boilermakers and Iron and Steel Shipbuilders, refused to accept the election to its national executive council of a branch secretary because he was a Communist. He appealed against this decision and a ballot was taken of the 86,000 members. Less than 4500 members troubled to vote, and of these 2255 voted for him and 1937 against, so that he became a member of the 'executive council', with an important voice in the choice of its delegates to the all-important 'Trade Union Congress'. The 2255 who voted for him represented the total strength of the Communists in this union of 86,000 members.

creating Socialism. *They* had seen what happened in Russia and Germany, but showed by their actions that they did not understand those events, or were powerless in the grip of the machine.

They began to destroy liberty and in eighteen months I watched them set up, on that downhill road, five of the very milestones which marked Hitler's path in Germany in 1933. These are they:

(1) Emergency powers. Hitler in 1933 succeeded to these 'emergency powers' outside the control of Parliament; he merely widened them, in order to destroy all liberty, in the name of the Reichstag fire. The Attlee Government put its own, Parliament's and the country's neck in a noose by abrogating similar despotic powers to itself in the wake of a war.

(2) Food-rationing. There is no liberty without liberty to buy and eat food; the plain end of food-rationing is the refusal of food to any who demur against ruthless compulsion. Hitler first introduced food-rationing in Germany in peace (under 'emergency powers'); the Attlee Government, under similar powers, first perpetuated it in peace in England.

(3) Forced labour. This was first introduced to Germany in peacetime by Hitler, and to England in peacetime by the Attlee Government, which thus reverted to the age before the serfs were freed. (It was begun here in wartime, and an inexplicable thing about the Foreign Minister, whose love of liberty is deep, is that he was then misled to give his name to the forced coalminers, the 'Bevin Boys'; these conscripts were not freed after the war and in time, foreseeably, this ancient device of tyranny spread to other groups.)

(4) Exchange control. This was begun in Germany before Hitler came but he first used it, under 'emergency powers', as a major weapon of national imprisonment and impoverishment. It was never known in Germany in peacetime before, or in England, where the Attlee Government perpetuated it at a moment when its chief German exponent, Dr. Schacht, was on trial as a 'war criminal'. Exchange control is the padlock on the prison camp; Germany's foreign trade thrived until, and declined after, it was begun. In England not even the pretence of 'an emergency

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measure' to overcome 'a crisis' was maintained; the Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer made it *permanent* in October 1946.

(5) Conscriptio. This was restored to Germany by Hitler, and introduced in England, for the first time *in peace*, by the Attlee Government.¹

The reader who has persevered to this point may understand why I say that this book is less a sequel to *Insanity Fair* than *Insanity Fair* once more. England was in these eighteen months brought near to ruin by exactly the same moves and milestones, as Germany under Hitler. Despite all the Freedoms promised during the war, there was not freedom from government-by-decree, or freedom to eat, choose a job, start a business, build a house, buy clothes, trade abroad or invest overseas. The miserable German prisoner still held here, if he could still smile, might have smiled to see his Leader's war on England continued, after his own defeat, by a British Government.²

Poison in slow doses causes illness foreseeably leading to death. It was equally plain whither these Hitlerist measures (copied by Hitler from Communism) must lead. The twelve months that followed bread-rationing proved this. The multiplying interferences with normal enterprise and natural energy began to

¹ I merely draw the parallel and do not here argue for or against the theory of *military* conscription. The point is that it was inflicted, not for its military value, but as one more measure of compulsion. The Communists voted for it on that account, but in the interest of 'Soviet power' immediately began to clamour for 'cuts' in the conscript forces. They were so successful in prompting the government in this direction that by September 15th, 1947, the Military Correspondent of *The Times* wrote: 'Demands for retrenchment in the forces have upset forecasts and plans which were in some cases drawn up, with every appearance of finality, only a few months ago. Problem after problem has gone back into the melting-pot. The effect has been to create uncertainty about elements of British policy hitherto considered fundamental... If equipment is allowed to grow obsolete and key stations are garrisoned inadequately or not at all, if resources are so far reduced that nothing can be made of what is left, then military policy ceases to exist. There is no form of expenditure that cannot be cut, but it is important that the consequences should be clearly understood.'

² Among our worst losses in the war was the tradition of chivalry to a beaten enemy. Our leaders were less humane and enlightened than the Duke of Wellington, who wrote: 'When war is concluded, I am decidedly of opinion that all animosity should be forgotten and that all prisoners should be released.' As I write, two and a half years after the collapse of Germany, masses of German prisoners are still in this island, and if they are put to work, receive a slave's pittance of a few pence daily.

breed a creeping despondency. The first symptoms of mortal ailments appeared. About this time a poisoner was brought to book. The British islander followed with interest the story of his wives, who felt themselves growing unaccountably worse, could not understand this, and finally died, reflecting to the end that their husband was a physician, and who could have helped them, if not he? The British islander did not see in these unhappy women the image of himself, or in their fate the one that approached him.

The outward scene repeatedly showed signs of slow recovery and improvement. Had the malignant restrictions ceased England would have thrown off the war's effects like a healthy man a cold, for as Macaulay said a century ago: 'No ordinary misfortune, no ordinary misgovernment, will do so much to make a nation wretched, as the constant progress of physical knowledge and the constant effort of every man to better himself will do to make a nation prosperous. It has often been found that profuse expenditure, heavy taxation, absurd commercial restrictions, corrupt tribunals, disastrous wars, seditions, persecutions, conflagrations, inundations, have not been able to destroy capital so fast as the exertions of private citizens have been able to create it.'

But the restrictions were *increased* at every sign of recovery, and 'the constant effort of every man to better himself' ruthlessly beaten down wherever it showed; and public resistance weakened. There was loud outcry at first. Master-bakers, housewives and public alarm almost averted bread-rationing. But they yielded and after that each new infliction passed with diminishing protest, until great slices were slashed off the island's liberties without much complaint. Hitler's teaching (in *Mein Kampf*) of the bit-by-bit method of reducing peoples was applied with perfect success. The British islander had long laughed at the German's 'love of regimentation' and servile submission to 'dragooning' and derided the country where 'everything is verboten'. But if the Germans were *all* guilty of what befell them because they did not rise against it (as Mr. Attlee and his Attorney-General declared) the British people were more guilty of their own ruination; for two years, at all events, they endorsed it step by step. Thus the picture

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of England became that given in the first Letter of Junius, who attacked the Duke of Grafton's government in 1769:

'The ruin or prosperity of a State depends so much upon the administration of its government that to be acquainted with the merit of a ministry we need only observe the condition of the people. If we see them obedient to the laws, prosperous in their industry, united at home and respected abroad, we may reasonably presume that their affairs are conducted by men of experience, abilities and virtue. If, on the contrary, we see an universal spirit of distrust and dissatisfaction, a rapid decay of trade, dissensions in all parts of the Empire and a total loss of respect in the eyes of foreign powers, we may pronounce, without hesitation, that the government of that country is weak, distracted and corrupt.'

The Last Defences

Five smashing blows were dealt at the foundations of the British house by those Communist-Fascist measures: rule by emergency decree, foreign trade control, food control, forced labour and military conscription with a motive of compulsion. Some pillars of liberty, however, remained strong, though not intact. There were still Parliament, parties which might yet be reinvigorated, and the hope of another election. There was still large freedom of the spoken and written word, though this was limited by hidden restraints and by the denial of paper.

Above all, there was still British justice, founded at Runnymede seven centuries ago on a man's right to public trial and to the protection of judges and magistrates against detention or punishment without one. Liberty everywhere in the world rested on that ancient British achievement and safeguard. It was the one which tyrants and dictators in all ages most loathed; it was the one which the Socialist Government, on the path it was following, would beyond doubt be pressed and prompted to destroy.

The blow would not be openly struck. The memory of recent events in Russia and Germany was too recent and the present plight of those countries too terrible for unashamed emulation.

This guilty knowledge visibly went with the government on its way and haunted its ministers, so that they always convulsively tried to disguise or deny the identity of their measures with those of Communism and Fascism by giving them different names, (labour direction sounded better than slave labour); or if they could not gainsay it, they explained that they would *apply* these measures with decency and discretion.¹ Yet the future deed was clear; foreseeably and certainly, they would be urged to commit it.

In t'ic war this freeman's right, laid down in Magna Charta, was suspended. Under 'Defence Regulation 18B' men were put away without trial. This was the only one of the lost liberties which was given back; before the 1945 election Mr. Churchill's coalition cancelled Regulation 18B, and if England is yet to be saved, it was saved that day. Under Mr. Churchill, Mr. Herbert Morrison was then Home Secretary, and his is the credit. He said in September 1947 (when he was unhappily taking more 'powers' from Parliament): 'I had the most extraordinary powers as Home Secretary and I was not sorry when I lost them, and I lost them as quickly as I could after victory in Europe . . . It was right that these exceptional powers should cease.'

But today Mr. Morrison is not Home Secretary, and he has left the door open for this right to be wronged. In my judgment the struggle behind the political scenes at the present time ultimately turns on the effort to get Regulation 18B, or something like it, reintroduced. I foresaw in *Lest We Regret* that this would be the mortal danger to England after 'victory' was won and the unseen struggle still goes on. Dictatorship is not complete until political opponents can be put away without trial, and the battle over this issue, though it is hidden from the public, dominates these

¹ In October 1947 a Mr. E. W. R. Clark reported in a letter to the *Daily Telegraph* that, having received a letter from an old, non-Nazi friend in Germany who expressed 'a certain amount of alarm at the many similarities between your Socialist government and our lately departed regime', he replied observing that many Britons also viewed with alarm so many Fascist tendencies among our rulers. This letter was returned to him with a note saying that it was forbidden to discuss politics with Germans. To the best of my knowledge no announcement of any such ban was ever made, and I do not know any law under which one could be imposed. Under the anarchic system of government-by-emergency-power, however, all things are possible, and this is a good instance of the kind of thing that happens.

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years. It is between those frontal veterans, like Mr. Morrison, who cling to the illusion that they can preserve liberty while destroying its foundations, and those behind them who consciously desire the total dictatorship. As I write, this unseen conflict approaches its climax.

Though this lethal power was relinquished after the fighting stopped, the structure of British justice was much impaired during the war. The damage, still unattended, was done by abolishing the citizen's right to appeal to judges against wrongs done to him by officials acting in the name of The State. Agricultural Committees, for instance, were empowered to expel farmers from their land and homes, and these had no redress *at law*, but could only appeal to the chief official — The Minister.¹ The Attlee Government prolonged the rule of these committees after the war; they may have done much good work, but a principle of British justice was ruined when their orders were placed above the law and through them a later government could, like the Soviet one, dispossess every smallholder in the land.

The same thing is true of the 'Rent Tribunals' set up with powers of eviction and confiscation (save against the State, if the State were landlord). The rapacious letter of rooms needed curbing, but the orders of these tribunals were exempt from appeal to *law*. Thus the Agricultural Committees and Rent Tribunals were Hitler's and Stalin's 'People's Courts' in embryo, and could so be used by a later government.²

The Attlee Government used 'the necessities of war', though the war was over, to undermine the rule of law in England in such matters. Another new minister, he for 'Town and Country Planning' (the title assumes a divine prerogative) could dispossess a freeholder, merely by claiming that he wanted to 'plan' the area.

¹ An early victim was the Hampshire farmer who, refusing to be evicted by such a committee from his home in 1940, wounded four besieging policemen before he was shot dead.

² 'Parliament has chosen to make the tribunals masters of the situation and to leave the decision of these cases to them without an appeal, assuming that they will act properly. We have no power of controlling them as we have in regard to other inferior courts' — Lord Chief Justice Goddard, stating his lack of authority to grant a writ against a decision of a local Rent Tribunal in March 1947.

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The Food Enforcement, Fuel Enforcement and Prevention Officers and informers all were above the law; no judge could punish their intrusions.

In this all important question, when various ministers and their subordinates were above the law, it was impossible to discover what principle the Government followed, or if there was a single government policy. Deeds moved always towards lawlessness and anarchy. Words were sometimes fair, but then were contradicted by another minister, or belied by his actions. In the government were two men who, under the Prime Minister and subject to collective Cabinet decision, should have upheld the tradition of British justice. They spoke with different voices. Lord Jowitt, the Lord Chancellor, was the senior in rank, achievement, service and reputation; his office, firmly held at such a time, could be more important than the Prime Minister's. The junior, Sir Hartley Shawcross, was not famous publicly, in politics or at the bar, before he was made Attorney-General. Consider their respective utterances, and observe the great battle behind the scenes:

At the Lord Mayor of London's banquet in 1946 the Lord Chancellor stood up: said, 'My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, the English Bar is the inheritor and the trustee of a great tradition of independence. We have fought for that independence against kings. We have defended it against kings. And we are ready today to fight for it against the Executive'; and sat down.

No clearer allusion was ever made. The firmness of the words, from the holder of this ancient office, was comforting. But in July 1947 the junior said the opposite. Sir Hartley Shawcross spoke to the Haldane Society about 'the growing intervention of the Executive in matters which some people consider more appropriate for the legislature or the courts' (in English, this means matters which ought to be decided only by parliament or judges). He continued: 'If the view is accepted that the economic and social circumstances of our time necessitate increased intervention by the State . . . it follows that we must, I do not say reduce the power of the legislature, but alter somewhat its exercise, and must increasingly submit the administration of the legislation

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which is passed to expert tribunals outside the hierarchy of the ordinary courts of law. Administrative law has come to stay.'

The doctrine of inevitability, once more, invoked to justify the rape of the law by the State. Hitler's 'People's Courts' were infamous and none denounced them more loudly than this Sir Hartley Shawcross. Merely give them another name, however ('administrative law'), and he will deem them good for England.¹

There was no unity of thought or word among these ministers and the government could only be judged by its actions, which led always towards the destruction of liberty and of law. The course it followed was clear, only the pace remained in doubt. Twelve years passed before the Germans drank to the dregs the cup which was put to their lips in 1933. That German scene of ruin, degradation and hopelessness (in 1945) unquestionably awaited the British islander at the end of the road on which this government moved, whether the process took five, ten or fifteen years; only its reform or overthrow could alter that.

The Tragi-Comedy of 'British Labour'

By 1947 the survivors of those who set out with the idealistic 'British Labour Movement' at the century's beginning were bewildered by the scene around and the prospect ahead. One of them, a brilliant journalist, Ian Mackay of the *News Chronicle*, on May Day 1947 looked sadly back on fading radiance:

'When we got up on May morning to paddle in the dew-drenched meadowsweet the whole world seemed to glow with the golden glory of resurgent youth. For we could hear jangling, just over the horizon, the cap and bells of Blatchford's "Merrie England" . . . Every river was radiant with the flash of kingfishers,

¹ Sir Hartley Shawcross was sent to Nuremberg to prosecute the German leaders for such acts as the suppression of justice in favour of People's Courts; he said there that 'individuals have duties which transcend the national duty of obedience imposed by the laws of their own States where to obey those laws would constitute a crime against the law of nations'. There is, however, no 'law of nations'. There is only the law of each nation, and the most civilised and prosperous ones of the world modelled theirs on the British law which this Attorney-General would by stages set aside.

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every waterfall had a rainbow sparkling in the spray, every silver cloud was clamorous with larks, and there on his soapbox at the street-corner could be seen our silvery Socrates, Mr. Shaw, in Mr. Churchill's inspired phrase, "that nimble Jack Frost dancing be-spangled in the Socialist sunshine". It was a wonderfully simple world then, in which all capitalists were "bloated", financiers "crooked", businessmen "big", trade union leaders "burly", police "brutal", workers "exploited" and the masses generally "downtrodden". . . May Day, then, to my eager young mind, was the great annual festival of freedom when the quenchless spirit of the common man was continually refreshed and rededicated to the endless quest, "the visionary gleam", of a new life of love and friendship, liberty and peace among all the peoples of the world. How hopefully we marched behind our billowing banners to the Park, the Square or Glasgow Green . . . As I marched through the dull streets behind the pipers or the bellicose brass band, like Hardy's wizard-haunted wanderer on the road to Lyonesse, there was "magic in my eyes". Beyond the banners and the shouting of the slogan fanciers I could see far-off, like Christian in the Bedford Tinker's tale, a shining city where all men and women would be free and happy and clean in body and soul, where all the mean and petty wickedness of hunger and greed would be shameful memories, and mankind for the first time could advance harmoniously on to the gleaming uplands of the brave new world. . . .

'How many of us ever dreamed, as we marched starry-eyed behind the flags, that Labour would capture power so simply or so soon; and how many imagined, as we plodded on towards our proletarian paradise, that we should find it so rigorous and austere? Where we waved our flags and plastered the walls of the land with our slogan, "Work or maintenance", how could we have foreseen that, when Socialism triumphed at the polls and took over the seats of the mighty, one of the first things the Labour Government would do would be to rub out the "maintenance" and run up at the masthead instead the cruel workhouse slogan, "Work or Want"? How, in the shades where all good Socialists go, the great spirits of Ben Tillett, Tom Mann, Keir Hardie, John

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Burns, Philip Snowden, Blatchford and Jimmy Maxton must be shaking with what Homer called "inextinguishable laughter" at the way their splendid dream has dissolved into a nightmare of shortages and shedded loads, coupons, queues, closed shops and unofficial strikes . . . But May Day can never die . . . One day, in spite of everything, Keir Hardie's dream will come true.'

Thus spoke one of the survivors. He had never believed that the silvery Socrates meant what he said: that Socialism led to penal servitude and death (Mr. Shaw, in 1921, wrote in the *Labour Monthly*, 'Compulsory labour with death as the final penalty is the keystone of Socialism'), and now was amazed at the dark valley he found himself in. (For that matter the nimble Jack Frost himself seemed by this time dubious about Socialism, for on his ninetyeth birthday in 1946 he wrote to the *Labour Monthly*: 'I subscribe faithfully to the *Labour Monthly*, but I never read it. I cannot read books or articles on Socialism: I know too much about it; and the writers mostly know too little . . . Don't ask me to write about it. I'd rather die. Very likely I shall.') Few other jesters in the world's story did so much harm as this one. He malformed many young minds, and bears great responsibility for the grim fiasco of the Forties.

I look back on a long road, like Ian Mackay; mine also began in mean places and I dreamed of Merrie England over the horizon. But some instinct kept me from the delusion that Socialism led to it. I divined, long before I learned in Germany and Russia, whither that flag led, and the only one I ever marched behind was my country's own. The England I saw after the second war, with its reviving countryside, better homes and healthier people, *was* Merrie England at last. This was the especial bitterness of the years that followed. The Socialists did not deviate from a path that *would* have led to Merrie England; they began to destroy Merrie England when it had been reached.

How was it possible? Those loyal followers of the Blatchfords and Hardies, Manns and Maxtons, did not see, as they marched, that the leadership of 'British Labour' had passed into different

hands, and that the new leaders wanted a martyred England, not a merry one. The faith of their youth was an all-blinding infatuation in their middle age. I think it is possible to trace the influences which dominated 'British Labour' and were able, when it attained power, to prompt it to actions constantly hostile to the British islander's liberties.

The Party within The Party

The Socialists arrived in the 1945 Parliament with 393 seats, a great majority. But these 393 were not all men and women united solely in the aims of 'British Labour', or of socialising Britain. Among them were some who did not seek exclusively to better the lot of the British workmen or of the British family (even by measures which could only worsen it). There were some who were preoccupied with causes outside, and openly hostile to, Britain and British interests. These were the secret Communists. The ministers of the façade all, on occasion, publicly referred to these masked enemies within their ranks in words, reproachful but too vague for the citizen outside politics to understand.

The aim of Communists, everywhere, is to increase 'Soviet power', to the expansion of which the free British family is the last great obstacle. Proof of this, if it was needed, was available, but the ministers of the façade, again, did not press it on the British people.

Just after the war's end one Igor Gouzenko, an official of the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa, terrified by an order to return to the Communist prison, fled to the shelter of a Canadian citizen's dwelling (while Soviet avengers ransacked his own abode) and then threw himself on the mercy of the Canadian Government. To justify his fears and appeal he produced secret documents from the Soviet Embassy. These (the Canadian Prime Minister said) 'revealed as serious a situation as ever existed in Canada at any time'. The conspiracy disclosed was not limited to Canada and so alarmed Mr. Mackenzie King that he secretly flew to the American President and the British Prime Minister. Further, he charged two judges of the Canadian Supreme Court to

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examine the documents and persons implicated. Their Report (June 1946) said:

'The evidence has revealed the existence of an organisation constituting at least a threat to the safety and interests of the State;

'Some witnesses holding strategic positions' (the activities revealed occurred during the war, when Soviet Russia was a pledged ally of America and Britain) 'have made the significant statement under oath that they had a loyalty which took priority over the loyalty owed by them to their country;

'Perhaps the most startling single aspect of the entire Fifth Column network is the uncanny success with which the Soviet agents were able to find Canadians who were willing to betray their country and to supply to the agents of a foreign power secret information to which they had access in the course of their work, despite oaths of allegiance, of office, and of secrecy which they had taken;¹

'Of paramount importance is the fact that Canadians were willing to give secret information no matter what its importance, and were carrying out their agreements . . . The most important thing is the agreement of certain Canadian Communists to work

¹ The reference to 'Canadians' and 'Canadian Communists' seems to me slightly misleading. The two persons chiefly involved, a Canadian M.P., who was convicted and imprisoned and the leader of the Canadian Communist Party, who disappeared, had plainly obtained Canadian *naturalisation* in order to disguise and facilitate their activities. They both came originally from Russia and were Jews. Again, another person involved was a British scientist, Dr. Alan Nunn May, who betrayed secrets of atomic research. In sentencing him to ten years imprisonment, Mr. Justice Oliver said: 'How any man in your position could have had the crass conceit, let alone the wickedness, to arrogate to himself a matter of this sort, when you yourself had given your written undertaking not to do it, and knew it was one of the country's most precious secrets, when you yourself had drawn and were drawing pay for years to keep your bargain with your country — that you could have done this is a dreadful thing. I think that you acted not as an honourable man but as a dishonourable man. I think you acted with degradation. Whether money was the object of what you did, in fact you did get money for what you did.' Dr. May received the trivial gifts customary in this organisation; the degradation of these perjured men was made more wretched by the petty bribes which, for their complete incrimination, were contemptuously pressed on them. Gouzenko's documents spoke of 700 dollars and two bottles of whisky going to Dr. May. He himself, in the dock, said: 'The man gave me some dollars, I forget how many, in a bottle of whisky, and I accepted these against my will.'

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under foreign orders in a conspiracy directed against their own country.'

These Canadian judges also recommended that their findings be 'communicated to the proper authorities in the United Kingdom and United States', and this undoubtedly was done. There was no need, then, for the British public to be kept in ignorance of the Communist conspiracy against itself and its methods. Yet the House of Commons never debated the matter and this momentous Report, which was but scantily noticed by the British press, might never have become publicly available here at all but for a modest effort of mine. I obtained it from Canada and published long extracts which gained wide circulation. A consequent question in Parliament moved the government to bring over a few copies and place them on sale in H.M. Stationery Office.

Nevertheless, the publicity given to it was inhibited and uninformative and most people here remain ignorant of the most important political document of recent years. Months after it appeared Mr. Churchill most misleadingly said: 'The Communists are hardly big enough to make it worth while hitting them as far as the nation is concerned.'

Within the great Socialist Party of 1945 were the secret Communists. Communist teaching is that every facility of parliamentary government and democracy must be made use of to destroy parliamentary government and democracy; only for that reason were they there. They were hidden from the public by the Socialist cloak and by the unaccountable reluctance of the government to debate such illuminating documents as the Canadian Report. In these circumstances Mr. Attlee's or Mr. Bevin's occasional cryptic reproaches to the 'crypto-Communists' within their ranks were unintelligible to the British islander. Yet these people were numerous and skilful enough repeatedly to prompt the government to smashing blows against British liberty.

The Zionists

Inside the Socialist Party of 1945 was another group much preoccupied with a foreign cause which, though by no means

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treasonable like the Communist one, had assumed a violently anti-British nature. These were the Zionists.

The 393 victorious Socialists of 1945 included more Jewish Members than Westminster had known before. Not only were the Jews more numerous in this Parliament, but they were ranked *en masse* with the Socialist Party; not more than an odd man out remained in any other. In this way British Jewry (for these Jewish M.P.s may surely be assessed as representative of it) identified itself with the Socialist attack on British liberty during these years. It was perfectly entitled to do so, if it wished, but the future historian is equally entitled to marvel over the paradox: the mass of British Jews descend from those who came to this island in search of, and here found, the liberty which they claimed was denied them, especially in Russia, and now they joined in the attack on it.

The number of Jewish M.P.s in the 1945 Parliament appears to me difficult to determine. Jewish newspapers have given it as twenty-eight, but if this includes only professing Jews the picture is far from complete. During a Palestine debate (that of August 12th, 1947, which followed the strangulation and subsequent hanging of two kidnapped British sergeants by Political Zionists) a Member, Brigadier Mackeson, was reported by *Hansard* as referring to 'Sixty or seventy Jewish honourable Members of this House on benches opposite who hold Zionist views'.

Whatever the figure, it is much greater than the Jewish share of the population of this island, which the reference books estimate at less than 1 per cent. That so small a section of the community, and one living almost completely enclosed behind its ban on intermarriage, should appear in Parliament in a strength thus greatly exceeding its proportions in the population, would be politically interesting at any time. But this was not any time. It was the time in which Political Zionism emerged in the world as a most powerful force, with political and territorial ambitions of the first importance. Moreover, its organised strength was openly turning (I foresaw this in earlier books) against this country. The Jews of the world were divided between those (a diminishing

band) who adhered to the ancient religious faith, with Jerusalem as the rough equivalent of the Christian's paradise, and those who rallied to the new teaching that Jewry was a nation, with tremendous claims. This second group, the Political Zionists, was everywhere gaining power over Jewry, frequently by methods of intimidation resembling those of Communism and National Socialism.¹

Jews who feared Political Zionism seemed to be fighting a rearguard action, like the peace-loving German in the Thirties, the liberty-loving Englishman in the Forties, and all other men of goodwill in this ill-omened century. Their number was decreasing, for their sons, like the young Germans and Italians of the Twenties and Thirties, followed the tempting voice of racialism. For that matter, even the Gentiles seemed against them; Gentile Presidents and Prime Ministers, in Britain and America, were misled to set up the Political Zionists, as they set up Communism in half Europe.

When the fighting-war ceased the entire wealth and strength of Political Zionism immediately turned against Britain. The thing was foreseeable but the British islander was surprised, as usual, to find that he, who had been told while he was away fighting that he was the foremost liberator of the Jews, was portrayed, now the fighting was done, as more depraved than the Nazis, while his country's flag was besmirched, its soldiers and servants murdered, and its conduct vilified in advertisements, books and plays. This was because the British Government, after its predecessors had taken half a million Zionist immigrants to Palestine, demurred from making yet another war on the native population there; the warnings from Palestine were too grave, the bereaved families at home already too many.

Who can complain, in this mad century, if few protests against

¹ The Jewish owner of the *New York Times* said he disliked the 'coercive methods' of Zionists in America, who used economic weapons to silence Jews of differing views. He added that he, an American of the Jewish faith, 'would probably get into trouble for making these views public'. My own experiences of getting into trouble for making my views public in this matter, incidentally, will make a most amusing book one day.

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this treacherous attack came either from the great families¹ or from the masses of British Jewry, or if none but a courageous individual Jew here and there arose to express horror of it? In thirty years the Russians had not found the strength to throw off Communism; the Germans went down almost without a struggle to National Socialism; the British people continued to vote themselves towards destruction and dictatorship even after they saw what they had done; the Jews could not be expected to show themselves stauncher, wiser or more resistant to the madness of the twentieth century than the Gentiles.

Yet they had found such a home in England that it was sad to see with what passivity some of them accepted, and with what venom others supported the campaign against this country which was now unloosed, in America, by the Political Zionists converged there, many of them from Eastern Europe. Political Zionism sought to implant in Jewry a fanatical hatred of England, as it had formerly fostered one of Germany, and before that of Russia.

The Zionist mind was as hostile to the British island as the Communist one, though for different reasons. How many of the Jewish Members of Parliament were Zionists and how many were not? The reader must study their speeches and form his own opinion.

Whether they were or were not Zionists, the phenomenon remains: when the Attlee Government wanted a majority vote for one of its deep incisions into British liberties, such as the Dictatorship Bill, the bulk of the Jewish Members went into the 'Aye' lobby. None had demanded liberty more stridently than their forbears, and surely no country did as much as this one to give them it. If it was now to be destroyed, Gentiles and Jews, foreseeably, would suffer equally, but neither the masses of British Jewry nor the organisers of Zionism saw that, or would believe it. The Jews, clearly, were no more exempt from the lunacy of the twentieth century, or proof against the methods of the great mass-manipulators, than the Gentiles.

¹ Lord Reading said in the House of Lords: 'I have seen many statements asking the Jews of this country to use their influence with the Palestine terrorists, but alas, they have not got that influence. I only wish that we had some influence that we could use, because it is not an attractive position for the Jews here.'

The Spiritual Homes

It appears to me that the Attlee Government would not always have obtained its majority for those blows at liberty (in other words, that it might have been defeated early in its career) but for the Jewish votes, added to those of the phalanx of secret Communists, whose reasons for wishing to destroy liberty in England were obvious. Together, these may have been enough to tip the scale.

But the state of mind of a government which continues inflexibly on a ruinous path long after the mirage of its promises has faded and the reality of ruins lies on either hand, also cries for explanation. In the lunatic Thirties the hackney-phrase users liked to compare 'The Tories' with the Bourbons, and as the needless war drearily approached it seemed true enough that these could neither learn nor forget anything. But in the mid-Forties the first great Socialist Government of this island showed that it could far outdo the Tories in massive inanity. To have given a trial run to its youthful illusions, and to have discarded them on discovering their absurdity, would have been reasonable. To continue for years, as matters went from bad to worse, in the attempt to improve England by forbidding people to feed, heat, clothe, house or transport themselves is to my mind the most astounding example of political lunacy even in our century. 'The Tories', after all, had some excuse, in the Thirties, which were a decade of illusions. But since then we are all ten or fifteen years older and have had so many lessons. Today all men must know whither dictatorship leads.

The utterances of many ministers (for instance, the pathetic one which I have quoted about the abolition of bread-rationing after the record harvest of 1946 in America, and other, self-contradictory ones about such vital matters as forced labour) suggested that they never saw where they were going, although the direction was clear to elementary students of politics. This can only be accounted for by their state of mind; it seems to me that they lived in an intellectual hangover from the youthful illusions which Ian Mackay described in the passage I quoted earlier. They could not shake off old hallucinations or the

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memory of rapturous debating successes in earlier days, when office was a dream. Even as they brought it about they did not perceive that Socialism, as their mentor Shaw had told them, meant 'compulsory labour with death as the final penalty'. 'Socialism in our time' had for so long looked to them like a lovely virgin; now that they found themselves with a skeleton in their embrace they still would not admit that it was not a maiden warm and fair.¹

Their minds were formed in spiritual homes, where these hallucinations were bred, and periodically renewed, in them. These places were public in that they rented offices, published literature and could be traced in reference books. They were, however, in a way semi-secret, because the average British islander knew little or nothing about them, their aims, their motives, their controllers, or the part they played in his affairs.

There were three chief ones and innumerable smaller offspring. These three had this in common: that many Socialist Ministers were earlier associated with them and spiritually shaped by them. 'Colonel Blimp', of the Tory Thirties, was supposed while he lived to remain the bondsman of his old school tie. The Socialist ministers seemed to carry a similarly unending intellectual bondage.

The ones I mean are the Fabian Society, 'PEP' and the London School of Economics. I doubt if one citizen in a hundred knows anything about them, though they apparently wield much influence over his life and affairs.

The Fabian Society was born in 1884, when all our troubles were beginning, as a coterie which brought together in mutual admiration the Shaws, Wells's and Webbs. Those Fabians have passed, but the Fabian Society goes on. What was it when its nurslings took office in 1945? A Mr. Thorburn Muirhead (who left it and the Socialist Party to join the Liberals) wrote in the *Evening Standard* in November 1946:

¹ I rather like a remark which Miss Eve Curie, in *Journey among Warriors*, Heinemann, 1943, states that Mahatma Gandhi made to her about Sir Stafford Cripps: 'Sir Stafford has good intentions. But Satan uses honest people for his own ends.' This seems to me to apply also to many other members of the Socialist Government of 1945.

'Of the 390 Socialist M.P.s, 230 (including 41 members of the government) belong to the Fabian Society . . . The Society is organising a programme for a second five years of office that they hope the present government will enjoy. May the Lord preserve us from further results of the Socialist intelligentsia plan! The Fabian Society have a large leavening of foreign refugees, decrying most things British and arbitrarily prescribing for Britain's conduct in the world arena. Meanwhile they sing the Internationale and worship Russia, and try to tear down every sound old institution.'

The *Society* is organising a programme for the *government*; if these words are correct they shed a bright light on the way politics are made. The ruling dogma in this resort, if the description is accurate, appears to be that all is bright and beautiful in Communist Russia;¹ or perhaps that to go there from the decadent West (as Mr. Strachey once declared) is to pass from death to life (having been there myself I feel that the opposite of reality was seldom so precisely stated). The young Socialists of 1900, when they became Socialist ministers or M.P.s in 1945, had spent nearly a half-century in this kind of atmosphere, 'listening to sermons from mystical Germans' and absorbing views from Zionist Jews.

Another of the spiritual homes was 'PEP' (Political and Economic Planning). It came into being during the first of those 'world economic crises' (1931) which, in our century, have repeatedly been invoked to destroy *political* liberties. Dr. Brüning was then Chancellor of Germany and took 'emergency powers' to master 'the crisis'; later Hitler inherited the 'emergency powers' and used them to master the Germans. Similarly in

¹ In that country such 'obsequiousness to foreigners' is officially discouraged; that is, its practice is a penal or capital offence. In August 1946 a M. Kovalev was put up to speak on 'Soviet national pride' to 'The All-Union Society for the dissemination of Political and Scientific Knowledge'. He warned it against 'obsequiousness to foreigners' and said: 'Soviet patriotism rests on the profound understanding of the superiority of the Soviet Socialist system over the bourgeois and all other class systems.' Obsequiousness before foreigners was a 'relic of the past'. The Soviet Government's *Pravda* menacingly reinforced his warning. 'Servility before foreign things', it said, 'is a most harmful survival of the past which can still be found among a certain section of our intellectuals and will be utterly destroyed.'

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England 'emergency powers' were taken to master the Germans; later the Socialist Government inherited them and used them to master the British; and each time new *political* penalties were devised for the British islander the government merely declared that there was another 'economic crisis' and clamped them on him. As long as people are ready to believe that a bad harvest can be bettered by putting the farmer in the stocks this method will be completely successful in reducing nations to slavery.

A phenomenon of the twentieth century is the now open claim to intervene in public affairs which is advanced by sets of initials. In the preceding eighteen centuries such initials could not have hoped to achieve political power. There were always visible *men* in whom the peoples could identify the threat of tyranny or hope of might: Caesar, 'the King', 'the Emperor', Cromwell, Talleyrand, Napoleon, Bismarck, the Kaiser, Lenin, Hitler or Mussolini.

Yet in the Thirties and Forties British newspapers baldly announced that 'PEP' recommended this or that, and none seemed to ask 'Who and what is PEP?' PEP was presented and accepted as if PEP's name, fame and authority were as self-explanatory as God's.

In September 1938 war was daily expected (though in the event delayed for a year). 'PEP' then wrote (*Planning*, October 4th, 1938): 'We have started from the position¹ that only in war, or under threat of war, will a British Government embark on large-scale planning.' It added that 'emergency measures should as far as possible be framed in accord with the long-term needs of social and economic reconstruction . . .'.

This is the only public statement I know that war may be useful or desirable for the promotion of specific political ambitions. In 1938 the nature of those ambitions was not clear, but in 1948 it is: 'large-scale planning' has in practice proved to mean an attack on the liberties of England. The statement is also a

¹ This un-English and meaningless phrase reads as if it had been literally translated from a German original, starting *Wir sind von dem Standpunkt ausgegangen . . .* What was apparently meant is, 'We have assumed that . . .'.

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photograph of what later happened: 'in war' emergency powers were taken and these were prolonged for 'long-term needs' when the war was over.

After the 1945 election PEP appeared to become more openly powerful. Early in 1946, for instance, it recommended 'continued food-rationing' even *after* that 'world shortage' ended, in the name of which bread-rationing was begun. At that time the British public never dreamed that *permanent* food-rationing would be clamped on it in the name of a bygone war. Today it should know, though it probably does not, that this is in fact its future lot, unless it can defeat or discipline the government of 1945.

Then something still more remarkable happened. In October 1946 the government announced an inquiry into the state of the British press. The liberation of the press from hidden influences was urged by the proposer in Parliament, Mr. Haydn Davies, M.P., and by the Minister, Mr. Herbert Morrison, who promised the inquiry. When the Royal Commission on the press met (June 1947) it announced that oral evidence would be kept secret! And the first witness invited was PEP!

Now PEP was neither a journalist nor a newspaper-owner. Nine years before, however, it had published its 'plan' for the press. This Report so impressed the Royal Commissioners that they felt bound to call PEP first and editors, proprietors, journalists, or any other parties professionally concerned afterwards.¹

All this secrecy, surrounding a Commission charged to expose secret interferences, troubled the M.P. who first suggested the inquiry. Mr. Haydn Davies, an experienced journalist, wrote to *The Times* 'as the mover of the resolution in the House of Commons calling for an inquiry into the press' to express 'disappointment at the decision to take oral evidence in private. At no point in my advocacy of the need for such an inquiry did I ever contemplate secrecy . . . Surely a body inquiring into the freedom of expression should lead the way by insisting upon the public

¹ 'The authorship of this widely known and respected Report is still a close secret and not even the Commissioners' (in their search for hidden influences) 'will be allowed to meet the full team that wrote it', stated the *Evening Standard*.

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hearing of witnesses, freedom of speech and full publication of it'.

Ah, surely! These sad words of the Twentieth Century. It was by now clear that this three-lettered body, PEP, was influential; but what *was* it, why did it work in anonymity, why did the government pay such respectful heed to its counsel, and what did it want? Those were things, in my opinion, which the British islander, citizen and elector deserved to know. Such information as I can gather tallies with the following, from an article, 'The Facts about PEP', published by the *Evening Standard* (possibly the invitation to the three initials, to become chief witness before the Commission to inquire into the press, prompted this newspaper to inquire into — PEP):

'Founded in 1931 by the coalescence of various public men who were alarmed at the desperate economic plight of their country, PEP set out, as an all-party, non-profit-making group, to undertake factual research of a practical kind. Chief aim was to discover the facts behind current problems. *But if practical conclusions arose from those facts, PEP was determined to face them . . .* PEP forms private working-parties to study the problems of the day . . . A group of ten to fifteen experts is summoned from the panel of 200 voluntary working-members to consider a specific subject. The group will include Civil Servants from the government departments concerned, employers and unionists directly engaged on the work, economists to give the theoretical answer, and perhaps an intelligent layman to represent the consumer. *The membership of each group is kept a close secret. Consequently Civil Servants are not bound by official policy, unionists are freed from their chains, and the employers have nothing to "sell" . . . All the reports will, of course, be issued anonymously.* But it is possible to shed a little light on the shadowy figures who run PEP. . . .'

The italics are mine. The picture, with its anonymous reports and shadowy figures, appears to me that of a semi-secret organisation, the motives and aims of which cannot be publicly scrutinised; and through the deference paid to it by the government, for example in the matter of the press commission, it appears to wield a measure of power without any responsibility.

The third of the three spiritual homes is the London School of Economics. Its economics are those which we are now seeing translated into *political* practice: they lead to the reduction of civic liberties; and several of the leading Socialist Ministers of 1945 were formerly associated with it.

I found it to be well known to Communists in Berlin, Vienna and Prague before the second war, and some of these young men did not disguise from me their belief that it could be used by Communists who wished to pursue their political activities in England under the respectable mantle of 'economics' and studentship.

The Fabian Society and the London School of Economics were, indeed, in my experience better known abroad, particularly in that twilight half-world where the intelligentsia move, than they are in England, and their intellectual inspirations, in the nature of things Socialist, have always been largely alien. It seems to me that a government tied by long association to such bodies as these, and PEP, is the captive of prenatal influences, when it is delivered from the electoral womb into the cradle of power. These formative influences outside Parliament, in my reading, produced the clouded state of mind in our governors of 1945-47 which brought the British island to the brink of serfdom.

The thing was put in a nutshell by a writer in the *News Chronicle* (April 1947) who escaped from the doctrine of 'Inevitable planning' long enough to say: 'Many of the troubles in which ministers have involved themselves are due to their absorption in the Fabianism of the Nineties; they are so busy redeeming their pledges to the Webbs, to Bernard Shaw, to Graham Wallas and Sydney Olivier that the housewife at the end of the queue has become forgotten.' (This newspaper continued thereafter to uphold successive measures leading to greater hardships for the housewife at the end of the queue.)

Or (as Mr. Alfred Edwards, a Socialist M.P., remarked), Socialist ministers were busy 'firing ammunition made twenty-five years ago at targets that are no longer there'. Such was the way their minds had been moulded in those spiritual homes.

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The Penalties of Defeat

After two years of peace the Government, thus spiritually moulded and physically impelled, had inflicted on the British islander many of the punishments which a conquering Hitler would have imposed.

The citizen had no right to food or clothing unless he had 'registered' and received his 'identity card' and 'ration book', and then only to a diminishing dole of either; soon his fingerprints, too, were likely to be taken. His freedom of movement, in or outside his island, was limited by petrol-rationing and money-rationing. He was liable to military conscription and labour conscription clearly approached. If he had a dwelling he might not buy furniture, a bed or bedding without a permit, unless he purchased used articles. The manufacture of new furniture and household linen in the better qualities was only permitted for export, and for him in inferior kinds, then procurable only with an official's consent. He might not build a house. He was admonished to save, but for what, since he could not buy the things men need? When one government department (the 'National Savings Movement') issued an advertisement showing a happy British householder enjoying the reward of such thrift ('Lucky chap, with a little place of his own in the country; how grand to own a few acres!') it was immediately withdrawn at the demand of another, the Ministry of Town and Country Planning. This one, under 'emergency powers', could override freehold, while the Ministry of Health was about to forbid the building of houses for private purchase. To come, by thrift, to 'a bit of land of his own', was just that which Fabianism, PEPism, and economics of the London School sought to deny the British islander.

There was one precedent only, in the great Western countries, to this extraordinary regime in England: the period of Prohibition in America. That freakish and puritanical attempt by some to prevent sinfulness in others collapsed under the weight of its own absurdity. It bred an enormous industry of lawbreaking, and since the law was patently unnatural, the public had not the inner repugnance against these lawbreakers which it felt for common

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criminals; the fact that most of them *were* common criminals did not alter this. Masses of people held them in effect to be performing a useful function by supplying an article placed under a capricious interdict.

The same thing foreseeably happened in England, on a smaller scale, because prohibition was not total; goods were 'rationed', not completely withheld. A thriving class of lawbreakers arose from whom anything which authority withheld from the citizen could be had, at a high price; money was never so powerful in England as during the period of 'fair shares for all'. These people were awarded the names of 'spivs' and 'drones'. The public felt no marked hostility towards them because it instinctively knew that the laws they broke were unnatural ones. The Communists, however, made great play with the names 'spiv' and 'drone', calling for increased powers of 'labour direction' over the people in order that they should be put to work. The intention obviously was to gain such powers over the whole population; the 'spivs' and 'drones', thrown up by governmental action, were merely taken as the pretext for demanding more drastic governmental action against the honest and hard-working citizen.

It was obvious that the 'spivs' and 'drones' would not be caught by forced labour, since it was their calling to evade such drag-nets. It was equally obvious that their number would multiply as the cuts, restrictions and bans multiplied, and that they would develop into dangerous criminals of the Chicago type if and when the vetoes became complete; minor gunmen, in fact, were already numerous and murders of the kind familiar in Chicago in prohibition days began in London, which had not known them before.

In one of his bleak speeches Sir Stafford Cripps admitted that his 'further austerities' would 'tend to put an even higher premium on black market activities in industry' and that 'the more stringent conditions will make it even more profitable to be dishonest'. He thus perceived the dazzlingly obvious, but seemed not to have studied Prohibition in America, since he hoped that public reprobation would bring the remedy: 'The great body of honest producers must join with us in stamping out this conduct which

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might, if extended, gravely embarrass the Export Plan. Black markets only exist because ordinary people are prepared to deal in them. Some quite respectable people seem to think it is no disgrace to pay exorbitant prices . . .’ etc. etc.

Sin unhappily exists, and unnatural restrictions unfortunately breed both ‘spivs’ and law-abiding folk who deal with them. The thing is unaccountable, but should be taken account of by people who set out to make Plans, because the Plans break down if such things are ignored. The only way to destroy the ‘spiv’, in practice, is to fill the shops with goods, and that Sir Stafford was resolved to prevent.

The Coup de Grâce?

By the late summer of 1947 the time was ripe for an attempt on the remaining half — the better half — of British liberty. For this a greater instrument was needed than the secret societies outside, and the hidden groups inside Parliament. To break down the great remaining barriers (impartial justice, freedom from capricious arrest, freedom of the written word, and freedom to choose a calling and place of domicile), an organisation capable of causing mass-dislocations, and of confronting the government with great political ultimatums, was necessary. It was waiting, in the form of trade unions permeated and captured by the Communists.¹

In the Thirties I had impotently watched while those habitués of Fabianism, the Snowdens and Lansburys, cried that ‘Hitler is a friend of peace’.² The shape of coming events was clear, the means to check the process simple, but in every post where a man of conviction and principle could have arrested it stood one of

¹ I have earlier described the method by which this was achieved, and here give but one more of innumerable examples. A well-known writer, Mr. George Edinger, in the *Daily Telegraph* of September 29th, 1947, said: ‘The iniquitous resolution carried in the name of the National Union of Journalists at the Trade Union Congress in 1944, demanding that no trade union function should be reported by any journalist not a member of the N.U.J., was passed at a meeting of the Central London branch attended by less than 60 members out of 2500. The meetings of this branch are held at an hour which makes it quite impractical for most working journalists, and particularly for anyone out on a story, to attend them.’

² For that matter, the great Liberal leader too. Mr. Lloyd George said in 1936, ‘Hitler is a born leader; yes, a statesman. He is not in favour either of re-armament or conscription. He is the saviour of Germany.’

clouded vision and weakness. I then compared the needless debacle with a Greek tragedy, a simile which, unhappily, later became hackneyed.

In these Fortics I felt that I watched the continuance of the Greek tragedy in England, but it was more maddening now because the players moved among other corpses, those of Germany and Russia, and yet obliviously put the same phial to their lips. About this time an ageing Socialist crept as witness through the Nuremberg courtroom. Karl Severing, who up to 1932 competed with Otto Braun for the title of 'the strong man of German Socialism', and then was thrust from office by Papen's two corporals, described Germany when Hitler came to rule it: 'What was good was not new, and what was new was not good.'

What was new, in the things the Socialist Government now did, was the replica of things Hitler did in Germany, and it was not good. Was it possible that the Attlees, Bevins and Morrisons did not even see that spectral figure at Nuremberg? Had they looked, these ministers of the façade might have seen the shapes of two corporals, or two commissars, or even of Cromwell's forty red-coats, loom before them. The attempt to complete Hitler's victory over England plainly impended.

The future historian may search the British newspapers of this period almost in vain for any explanation of the plight of England as it truly was. However, there were a few warnings, as at all phases of the Greek tragedy. Mr. W. J. Brown, M.P., formerly a Socialist and now an Independent, wrote in the *Evening Standard*:

'Communist penetration of the trade unions, the Labour Party and other organisations has gone very far . . . The Communist parties of the world are instruments of Russia. Democracy is an obstacle to the spread of Russian power. The Communist hates it as much as did the Nazi. That hatred was one of the many points the two philosophies had in common in Germany, and which made it possible for mass-transfers to take place from one side to the other. Wherever in a union the Communists capture power, what you get is a secret conspiracy to use the union, its

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funds, its machinery and the rest, to further the Communists' end, which is to control the entire Labour Movement and to put it at the service of Russia . . . Never will you find the Communists pressing for the removal of controls . . . The capture of the trade unions has already gone so far that they calculate that a few more years will give them control of the Trade Union Congress . . . Communist control is used to precipitate political strikes to the desired end.'

A Socialist M.P., Mr. Alfred Edwards of Middlesbrough, repeated the warning: 'The niggers in the woodpile are the Communists, spreading not the gospel of Communism but a black shadow of disaffection. They exist in small numbers but exert a considerably greater influence. Why? They are glad to do the job in their union and on committees with which the average working-man does not want to be bothered. They creep into posts of some responsibility in their unions in this way and gather a certain amount of influence. These are the men who can do harm to our party and hurt our country. Their subtle management of unofficial strikes has already cost the country millions of pounds. And I am convinced that they have led reasonable fellows into false positions where they have forced submission to their claims by threat of starvation for thousands of men, women and children who know nothing about their dispute.'¹

Similarly a newspaper of Socialist trend, the *People*, said:

'Several Labour leaders, both in Parliament and the Trade Union Congress, suspect the existence of a politically criminal conspiracy against themselves. They have come to the conclusion that extreme Communist elements, operating as "fifth columnists" under the cloak of Socialism, are out to wreck the whole recovery programme . . . If, as I believe, the government and the trade

¹ Mr. Brown was Parliamentary General Secretary of the Civil Service Clerical Association; he complained in Parliament that its executive committee attempted improperly to influence him in the exercise of his parliamentary duties and in September 1947 was 'placed on leave' by it until September 1949, when he was due to retire. Mr. Edwards stated that after his warning he was prevented from speaking at the Margate Conference of the Labour Party (which nominally refused to accept Communists as members).

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union leaders are now resolved to hunt the heretics in their own ranks and unmask the fifth columnists, they will have the support of all men of goodwill and common sense.'

Thus the warnings, in the Forties as in the Thirties. The conspirators, however, were not unmasked; the Socialist cloak was drawn closer round them, and beneath it, as these dangerous months passed, they prodded the frontal leaders ever faster on their downhill way. The Government either did not understand a Communist-dominated Trade Union Congress, or was riven by disagreements which always ended in the victory of those ministers whom the Communists applauded.

For the process of permeation-and-capture, from the bottom up, had brought the topmost body of all, the great Trade Union Congress, under increasing Communist sway. It was now to be used for launching political ultimatums. Just as the old 'British Labour Movement' had been supplanted by an alien-inspired one, so now the trade unions marched away from their original aims. Every step the corrupted trade unions now took led towards the working-man's enslavement and penury; every demand they raised was for another slice from his hard-won liberties. The Tolpuddle Martyrs might have risen from the grave in flabbergasted protest.

The Channel is the British island's throat; coal is its heart. The coalminers' union is consequently the most important in the Trade Union Congress. In 1946 it elected a Communist as general secretary. The warnings of Mr. Brown, Mr. Edwards and the *People* had hardly sounded before this Mr. Arthur Horner told a Communist meeting in Hampstead: 'Knowing what I do, I can say if there was a possibility of war with Russia the coalfields would stop.'

This was the open declaration that if England could not be invaded and subdued by water or air, it could be through coal. It meant, 'The hand that controls the coalfields is on England's throat, and if England should dare to engage in war with a certain foreign power the hand will squeeze'. This was one of

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the few revelations of political truth which broke through the bedlam of the political scene; the picture it conjured up was that of the French collapse in 1940.

A Socialist M.P., Mr. Stanley Evans of Wednesbury, was stirred to make reasonable reply to an apparently treasonable threat. He said: 'The nation notes the activities of Mr. Arthur Horner. The government has honoured every pledge it has made to the miners. Nevertheless we find that because Mr. Bevin sought information as to the position in Hungary, Mr. Horner, speaking at a Communist meeting, said that if there was a possibility of war with Russia the coalfields would stop . . . We must remind Mr. Horner that this country has never taken kindly to king-makers or mysterious persons who try to wield power by stealth from behind the scenes. If Mr. Horner has ambitions in the role of Foreign Secretary, let him place himself before the electorate. Parliament and people will not tolerate any person using a position of power to blackmail and coerce, to wield authority without responsibility.'

Parliament, however, did later tolerate this; The People were excluded from any say in the matter; from my own observation I must say that the nation was not 'noting the activities of Mr. Horner' but those of the South African cricketers; and such patriotic warnings dwindled, while Mr. Horner's voice grew ever louder. Moreover, he could hardly be charged, after that open threat, with 'wielding power by stealth behind the scenes'. From this moment he was in front of them and, not stealthily but stridently, made great political demands, which were conceded.

Thus, while the great 'Labour Party Conference' assembled on Sunday, May 25th, 1947, at Margate, and Mr. Attlee read the lesson in the parish church, Mr. Horner (being debarred as a Communist from Monday's meeting) proclaimed 'the Communist programme' from a hotel there. The chief demands were that 'the government should declare an emergency situation and take powers to mobilise the nation's resources as seriously as was done after Dunkirk', that foreign holidays should be banned, and that discriminatory privileges in food, housing and other matters

should be awarded to those coalminers who were to stop work if their country waged war with Russia.¹

Within three months the Government 'declared an emergency situation; took powers to mobilise the nation's resources as seriously as was done after Dunkirk', as Mr. Horner in May had demanded; and complied with his other demands. The sequence of cause-and-effect, from May to August, from Communist ultimatum to governmental compliance, was not exposed by any newspaper but the Communist one. The 'Communist programme', however, was accepted and its execution begun.

Climax

This brings me to the decisive period (I mean, decisive until next time; there are no permanent decisions in politics) which began in August 1947. A battle as important to the world as those of Waterloo and Britain was begun in the semi-darkness of cabinet rooms and political lobbies. In two years many of the oaks of British liberty had been felled. The assault was on the giants that remained: freedom from illicit arrest and freedom to work.

The essential condition of this grand attack-by-night was merely another 'emergency'. Coincidence is ever on the side of the conspirators, in our century, and this emergency broke (or was announced) when the dispersal of Parliament approached. Since the crisis was so grave, Parliament clearly should have remained in session until it was overcome. The citizen's holidays were being curtailed daily, and he was being threatened with destitution if he did not work harder. Parliament, however, by the vote of the parties within the Party, was sent away for ten weeks, during which no troublesome debates would impede ministers. Before it went the Government declared Mr. Horner's 'emergency' and took Mr. Horner's 'powers to mobilise the nation'. The 'Supplies and Services (Transitional Powers) Bill'

¹ Mr. Horner was general secretary of the coalminers' union, and its president was nominally his superior. This Mr. Will Lawther reproved Mr. Horner, saying his statements were not authorised by the executive of the union and that in future such declarations would not be made by any of its officials without such approval. The reproof may have reassured the public; the sequel showed how empty it was.

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compressed its existing 'emergency powers' into one sentence, which all the dictators of history should have risen from the dead to applaud:

'The whole resources of the community are available for use, and are used in the manner best calculated to serve the best interests of the community.'

Thus the powers over all persons and all property, taken in 1940 'to win the war', were prolonged to infinity, both in scope and time. The Government's highest legal adviser, the Lord Chancellor, told the Lords that he doubted the necessity for the Bill, while the only justification he could imagine for the seizure of these powers was 'that they shall never be exercised'! *The Times*, in a belated awakening, said that 'for the appeasement of the more Socialist sections of the Labour Party' (an allusion, too vague for the inexpert reader to understand, to the two groups I have described) 'it hints at the possibility of more drastic modes of State action; obviously this invites the demand from the Left later that the bond shall be honoured; the risk of abuse remains, in spite of Lord Jowitt's assurance, and meanwhile, suspicions have been aroused'.

I hope 'suspicions' *were* at last aroused; the comment, however, reminds me of an earlier one, when a trunk containing the dismembered remains of a human body was discovered in a left-luggage office, that 'foul play is suspected'.

The mind of one of the ministers of the façade may be studied at this perilous moment. Mr. Herbert Morrison, in 1940, had opposed the surrender of vast powers to a wartime government, saying:

'I think any minister is capable of being wicked when he has a body of regulations like this to administer . . . Therefore let us put aside the cant in which we engage, that we are sure the present Home Secretary would not do wrong, but that we are not so sure of his successor. We believe that the present Home Secretary is capable of being wicked and therefore the House should be guarded and careful as to the powers which they give to him . . . These regulations give really extraordinary sweeping powers under which, it seems to me, anybody whom the Home

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Secretary did not like could be hung, drawn and quartered without any reasonable or proper means of defending himself . . . The House is entitled to a statement from the Home Secretary indicating the reasons why he thinks the regulations are essential. It will then be for the House to decide whether we shall agree to them or not.'

In 1947 Mr. Morrison, asked to state the Government's reasons for taking renewed powers, said: 'My answer is the same answer as I gave on the Second Reading, that is, no answer . . . We require these powers for the defence of the country against economic misfortune . . . I say that we are entitled to them because we are the government of the country.' Compare this again with Mr. Attlee's statement of 1937, which I quoted earlier.

When England was in mortal danger in 1940 forty Tories rebelled against a Tory Prime Minister. Now that England was in mortal danger in 1947 only two Socialists spoke for England. One, Mr. David Grenfell, was a former minister; when Fabianism was breeding those who were to rule England in the Forties he was down a coalmine and his face bore the chip-scars; his known patriotism may have disqualified him from office in the Socialist Government. He said:

'I disapprove most strongly of the entire Bill . . . I think it is highly dangerous that the Executive should be strengthened in the way that is possible under the Bill — that is, by weakening the authority of the House and Parliament itself . . . This Bill in every word and every line so far confers greater powers on the government bureaucracy. I have no confidence in them at all . . . I protest most strongly against the suggestion that the industrial affairs of this country shall be handed over to those who represent very busy and very competent ministers of this government, who have to delegate their authority to civil servants, and wartime civil servants, multiplied by hundreds and thousands, who have no direct knowledge of the things in which they are dealing, and to my knowledge make very grievous mistakes with permanent ill-effects on the prospects of the industries of this country . . . I

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have tried very hard to put my case but everybody on the government front bench seems to be indifferent to my plea.'

The other was a younger man, fresh from the war, Mr. Raymond Blackburn of King's Norton, and his speech belongs to the historic remonstrances which have made our House of Commons unique in the world. He said:

'As I see it, the issue is whether or no the assumption by legislative action of totalitarian powers is a substitute for leadership and for vigour in public administration and in public and private enterprise. I claim that in actual fact — and I am sure the Labour Party as a whole agree with me — the Members of the Labour Party who have spoken in support of the Government today care less for liberty than the aristocrats in 1216 who were responsible for Magna Charta.¹

'... In effect this Bill states that the powers which already exist for the transition period can now be used for peace... As I see it, under this Bill and this subsection, the Government can do anything they like to any person in this nation except throw him into prison... We will be told that it is a temporary measure and only for this emergency... We were told that military conscription was an exceptional measure introduced for two or three years during the emergency. Then... the Minister for Defence... referred to the introduction of conscription as a normal peacetime measure. Are we here to see the conscription of labour as a normal peacetime measure? It seems to me that this is completely contrary to the whole faith of the Labour Party and that the majority of its members will disagree with it... Was this in our election programme? Have we any mandate for it? On the contrary, we said over and over again that it was our policy at the time of the general election² — and I challenge anyone to

¹ An interesting point in this connection: the House of Lords, having a Conservative majority, could not be dismissed like the Commons and resolved to meet during the absence of the Commons to examine the government's actions. The Conservative leader was Lord Salisbury; William, Earl of Salisbury, was among the 'noble persons' on whose 'advice' King John signed Magna Charta.

² In a later newspaper article Mr. Blackburn said he would not have presented himself as a Socialist candidate had he known the Socialist Party would introduce forced labour.

deny it — that we stood for a combination of economic and political democracy; no dragooning and no totalitarianism; and that we stood for increasing the freedom of the individual. That is why I fought the general election with the Labour Party . . . There are two kinds of Socialism. There is Totalitarian Socialism in its Communist, Fascist or similar form, and there is liberal, democratic Socialism in which I believe . . . Hon. Members are betraying their election pledges by allowing the Government to have totalitarian powers at this stage. In this issue, let us remember that the pressure seems to come from the so-called “Keep Left” group . . . But who was the leader of the “Keep Left” movement in the 1929-31 government? — Sir Oswald Mosley. I claim that the best friends of the Labour Party are not the people trying to utilise this situation to produce this, that or the other measure which they are trying to impose in a hurry on the Government, but those who stand by the election policy of the Labour Government. I believe the central issue was put 2000 years ago, when the Jews tried to make Jesus of Nazareth accept the view that He was going to stand against Roman tyranny. They asked whether it was lawful that they should pay tribute unto Caesar. He told them to bring Him a penny and then asked whose image, whose superscription was on it. They said, “Caesar’s”, and He said, “Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar’s and to God the things that are God’s”. It is a tragedy of totalitarian governments that they render unto Caesar things that are God’s.’

Mr. Blackburn’s speech was repeatedly broken by the violent protests of those who do not like to be reminded of earlier promises, and he was called ‘a rat’ by a Mr. Driberg.

The Keep Left group carried the day. The young professor who so loudly declaimed against ‘Fascism’ and called on the German ‘workers’ to rise against Hitler, Mr. Crossman, thought the ‘legal significance’ of the Bill less important than its ‘immense symbolic significance’. The only alternative to it, he declared, was ‘mass unemployment’; the *non sequitur* is a favourite argument in such circumstances, and this one was followed by another, ‘the sacrifice of liberty for the sake of a greater liberty’. He wanted to

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see the Bill lead to Socialist planning for a certain market; 'that market is not America, but Russia and East Europe predominantly' (here an external motive appeared). And above all, 'This is not a question of dictatorship; it is inevitable in the modern world. . . .'

Thus dictatorship, if called inevitable, is not dictatorship. The Dictatorship Bill was forced through within a few miles of Runnymede. Mr. Churchill pointed to the truth of the affair in vague words which prevented the British islander from understanding it: 'I see now that neither Mr. Morrison nor the Prime Minister are the men who decide what legislation shall be introduced. They have to take their orders, as I warned the country at the last general election they would have to do, from outside bodies with no elective authority.' The chief of these bodies was the Communist-dominated Trade Union Congress.

As Parliament dispersed the Prime Minister broadcast a funeral oration over the great Plan of 1945 (for which 'emergency powers' had been indispensable). The Plan seemed to have been quite planless, since it foresaw none of the difficulties he now enumerated. Consequently there was now a new 'emergency' demanding a new Plan.

But the two Plans had one thing in common: British liberties must suffer. Had Lord Acton been alive he would have seen the astonishing confirmation of his dictum about the French Revolution: 'The appalling thing in it is not the tumult, but the design. Through all the fire and smoke we perceive the evidence of calculating organisation. The managers remain studiously concealed; but there is no doubt about their presence from the first.'

The situation was that which is the ideal of the revolutionary conspirator. Parliament was absent; when reassembled the majority was under control; despotic powers had been taken; the power to support political pressure on weak ministers by arranging strikes or civil troubles lay with 'bodies with no elective authority'.

What political aims would be pursued in this semi-anarchic situation? In my judgment, there was a minimum and a maximum. The minimum was forced labour and the power to

imprison political opponents (Mr. Blackburn correctly said that 'Under this Bill the Government can do anything they like to any person in this nation *except throw him into prison*'; my italics). The maximum was the complete seizure of power. The minimum may not be reached and this argument may then appear exaggerated. It is not, and the attempt will continue.

Even before Parliament dispersed the Government gave way in one of the two decisive points of the minimum programme: forced labour. This was never fully relaxed after the war, and in my books of 1942 and 1943 I pointed out that while it continued the door to the concentration camp remained open. Mr. Shaw's dictum reveals the true end of it, and the Socialist Government, at the 1945 election, swore it would not do this thing: this was its proof of the difference between 'Socialist planning' and 'Communist dictatorship'. At Bournemouth a year later (June 1946) Mr. Morrison repeated the pledge: 'direction of labour would involve a loss of liberty which we are not prepared to accept'.

Consider how these frontal veterans yielded. One of the principal Trade Union Congress leaders, Mr. Arthur Deakin, on May 29th, 1947, reaffirmed its unbending opposition: 'So far as direction of labour is concerned, the Trade Union Congress will continue to reject any such interference with the liberty of the individual in industry.' On July 15th he announced: 'I am prepared to say now that we must of necessity accept a limited direction of labour. There are thousands of people who ought to be placed in productive industry at once.' Three weeks later the Government announced 'the reimposition of labour direction'.

The Government yielded to the Trade Union Congress, which yielded to the Communists; these alone had from the start cried for this lethal power over people. True, they never said, 'We want every human being in this island made a labour slave'; their method was more skilful. They said they wanted 'the rich' to be put to work.

A 'limited' direction of labour! What value was there in such reassuring limitations when the men who spoke could completely change their minds in seven weeks? The Government was in a

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runaway wagon, and those who put their shoulders to these wheels knew the way to Gadarea. The ministers of the façade reeled downhill under pressures from behind. In June Mr. Attlee said 'freedom of speech, freedom of conscience and personal freedom is the right of the individual whether he is a capitalist or a worker, a Conservative, a Liberal or a Socialist'. What 'personal freedom' could survive under forced labour? Mr. Morrison now found it reasonable. Even Mr. Bevin lapsed into sophistry when, contemptuously dismissing objections to it, he declared there had always been 'direction by starvation'.

The coalminer was chiefly used, by those who employed his name to threaten trouble in the coalfields, to bring about this measure, which menaced the miners more than any. Because they did not attend 'union meetings' they were being taken back three centuries, to the time when a statute of King James I laid down that 'if coalminers should leave their masters without consent, they would be esteemed, reported and held as thieves of themselves and of cowardice for leaving such masters'; these masters were empowered 'to lay hold of all vagabonds and sturdy beggars and compel them to work at the pits'.

170 years after that King George III emancipated the Scottish miners, the last true slaves in Britain (in 1775). 170 years later still the first 'Labour Government' began to reintroduce the conditions of King James I's statute. The tyrant State of 1947 was identical with the tyrant Stuart of 1775.

In his lair the old lion stirred and roared. Mr. Churchill may have begun the attack on British liberty by taking those fatal 'powers' without a sure guarantee of their restitution, but he now unerringly smelt the danger to his native land. 'I warn you solemnly' (he broadcast) 'that if you submit yourselves to totalitarian compulsion and regimentation of our national life and labour, there lies before you an almost measureless prospect of misery and tribulation of which a lower standard of living will be the first result, hunger the second, and the dispersal or death of a large proportion of our population the third. You have not always listened to my warnings. . . .'

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In his long life this master of our language never used words so precisely true. I know from visual experience that misery, hunger, depopulation and death are the penalties which await the British islander if the conspiracy of these years succeeds. The warning in living form could be seen in England in these days: the German slave-labourer. This hopeless man toiled for a few pence; did not know whether his country would be a country again, when he would return to it, or what use continued life would be there if he went. Behind forced labour, as Mr. Shaw said, lies death; also, I add, deportation. Transport overseas, as a slave, is also its logical end.

This warning (should the future historian be interested) did not much move the British people. It was drowned in that 'tumult' which obscures 'the design'. 'Crying wolf', scoffed the 'Liberal' newspaper which Charles Dickens once edited. *The Times* suggested that one should not expect Mr. Churchill to know what he was talking about. Mr. Churchill was the Conservative leader, but the Conservative *Daily Mail* said of labour direction, 'The hard fact is that it is necessary' ('Necessity', 'Inevitability', 'Emergency!'). Mr. Philip Fothergill was the Liberal Party chairman and said, 'The Liberal Party strenuously denies the need to resort to direction of labour and will put up the strongest possible opposition to the proposal', but the Liberal *News Chronicle* said, 'We must accept planning and direction'. These newspapers appeared each day; the political leaders spoke seldom.

The British island was nearly conquered now. At election-time in 1945, obedient to the transatlantic song-plugging" controllers who invisibly controlled its choice of songs, it sang 'Don't fence me in'. For months the sad dirge went up; the vogue was so great that a clergyman took the words as text for a sermon. The millions, however, sang it without any understanding of the words, and passively watched the palisades of the concentration camp going up, as they sang.

'We are an independent and an individual people,' said Lord Montgomery at London's Guildhall, 'our long freedom from oppression has made us self-reliant, and our one passionate belief

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is in the liberty of the individual to go his own way' It was true; but so gradual was the process, so deafening the tumult, that the people did not perceive 'the design'. They had no idea what was happening.

The Plot Quickens

One of the two last oaken safeguards was down: a man's freedom to choose his job. Obviously 'limited direction of labour' would become complete and permanent, like bread-rationing; indeed, it was no sooner announced than the demand for *unlimited* compulsion was raised by those 'without elective authority'.

By yet another foreseeable coincidence, the 'crisis' had barely begun, the 'powers' been taken, or Parliament dismissed, when the Trade Union Congress met (September 1st) at Southport. Now Mr. Arthur Horner, the subject of those springtime rebukes, was by the inscrutable processes of newspaper promotion become 'the most important man in England' (*News of the World*) and 'the dominant figure' (*Daily Express* and *Daily Mail*). As a Communist he could not attend the government party conference; but he dominated that of the TUC, which dominated the government party! While coal strikes lent emphasis to his words, he declared that 'the main cause of the coal shortage is the shortage of British manpower . . . We cannot afford the luxury of conceding immunity from hard or dangerous work to any privileged classes in this country. We need help not only from those who have lost their jobs but from those who have never thought it necessary to do any jobs at all . . . A solution must be found. We must hurry, hurry, hurry'.

Hurry, hurry, hurry! Revolutionary situations do not long continue. Delay might bring opening eyes, counter arguments, even a revival of the national instinct for danger. A German conqueror would have imposed unlimited forced labour: between Adolf Hitler and Arthur Horner was no gap in this matter.

How long would it be before the Government yielded in *this* respect too? It had already fulfilled the other Communist demands. Foreign travel had been banned; the Treasury thus

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cut clean through the Foreign Minister's policy of 'going anywhere I like without a passport'. The preferential-food-dole for the coalminers who were to stop work if the country were at war had been conceded. Moreover, by order of the Food Minister, *striking* coalminers, as well as working ones, now received double the rations of bread and meat drawn by other citizens, and the Minister for Fuel and Power upheld his colleague's action. By order of the Minister of Health the building of new houses (save for the few in construction) was in September stopped unless they were for coalminers or farm-workers.

Mr. Horner's demand was reinforced by others in a letter addressed to the Prime Minister on the same day by the Communist leader, Mr. Harry Pollitt. These were barely mentioned in the national newspapers. They undisguisedly served the joint aim of increasing 'Soviet power' and British weakness. They included 'a national registration of all able-bodied people for industrial work'; '*unlimited* labour direction'; a reduction of 500,000 in the British armed forces¹ and the withdrawal of half of the remaining garrisons in ex-enemy countries (at this time further Soviet expansion into Greece, and from there into Italy and France, clearly only waited on any withdrawal of British and American troops); the negotiation of 'new trade agreements with the Soviet Union and the new European governments' (this aimed at making the British island dependent on the Soviet-controlled area of Europe).

Most important, the strengthening of the Communist hold on the Government was the transparent aim of a demand for the removal of 'the ministers mainly responsible for the present position'. It meant, though no newspaper enlightened its readers about this, that the Communists, with their hands on the trade union machine, were threatening disorders and want in the coming months unless their demand were met.²

¹ In October 1947 a decision to reduce the armed forces by 450,000 men was announced.

² This ultimatum of September 1st, 1947, was renewed in terms of plain menace by Mr. Arthur Horner when he spoke to a Communist meeting at Manchester on October 5th, 1947. By this time the 'general secretary of the mineworkers' union'

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As one Communist demand after another was met, governmental anarchy spread. It was difficult to know any longer who was responsible for what. The frontal leaders agreed that they never would desert the ideal of free speech, or impose censorship; but the Treasury announced that private letters leaving the country would be opened to see if they 'contained currency'. I had seen this system introduced in Germany. Before the Dictatorship Bill was passed the Government, with an eye to the gallery, accepted an amendment of the Liberal leader in Parliament, Mr. Clement Davies, that it would not use its powers to 'suppress any book or newspaper'. Immediately afterwards the Board of Trade and the Treasury banned the import of foreign books, save under permit. The countrymen of Drake,

was addressing the Prime Minister of Britain very much as Cromwell spoke to the House of Commons. Mr. Attlee was making, or trying to make, big governmental changes. He appeared now to have realised the danger to the country represented by the new Ministries of Food, Fuel and Power, and Health and Housing, under the regime of unlimited powers, and it was credibly reported from many quarters that he wished to transfer the three ministers concerned (Mr. Strachey, Mr. Shinwell and Mr. Bevan) to other posts. At this point Mr. Horner intervened with his ominous public remark to a Communist meeting: 'I hope I shall not open the papers and find that certain ministers with mass support among the miners and other workers have been sacrificed. . . .' He went on to threaten 'a great class battle' and referred to 'the possibility of a Communist Government'. Mr. Attlee found himself in the grip of the machine he and his frontal colleagues had created, as it seems, half-unwittingly. He had come very near to the point where ministers appointed by him would refuse to be displaced by him, and where he himself could be forced to surrender by a Communist trade-union secretary and a party with two members in Parliament.

The fate of England depends on the issue of this extraordinary battle of power-politics behind the scenes, of which the mass of the population understood and saw nothing. The changes which Mr. Attlee eventually made were the first major ones since those which included Mr. Strachey's appointment to the Food Ministry in the spring of 1946. A symbolic and significant move was the removal of Mr. Bellingham from the War Office: he was the solitary member of the Socialist Party in the 1939 Parliament who joined the fighting forces and saw action. Another of the frontal veterans of 'British Labour', Mr. Arthur Greenwood, was cavalierly displaced for 'a younger man'; the minister who took his place was, at 78, nine years older than himself. There was wide public feeling, and some hope, that after eighteen months of 'ration cuts' Mr. Strachey would be removed from the Food Ministry; when he was not *The Times* remarked: 'There was never any compelling reason, *apart from possible promotion*, why Mr. Strachey should leave the Ministry of Food.' (The italics are mine.)

Within a few days of these changes Mr. Horner, speaking at Trearlaw in Glamorganshire, demanded further 'changes in the government'.

Cook and Shackleton might not travel abroad; the island that bore Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer and Dickens was to be cut off from the world's literature.¹ This, too, I had seen in Germany and Russia.

As events gathered pace, the pretence was dropped that these inflictions were temporary ones, which would be revoked when 'the crisis' passed. 'Pleasure motoring' (that is, the townsman's brief respite, with his family, from the imprisonment of bricks and mortar, or the country housewife's drive to distant friends) was 'suspended', a thing for which the Communist newspaper had long clamoured. The Minister *for Food* (not the Prime Minister) announced at Dundee, however, that it was *abolished*. He also casually mentioned that 'food purchases from America have been stopped for the time being', adding 'We can manage for some time, if necessary, without buying any more food from that source'.

In reasonable times such a major act of economic warfare could not be committed without debate in Parliament, and even under 'emergency powers' the Prime Minister might have been expected to declare it. Now, not even the American Government (as it announced) was informed. Moreover, this statement destroyed the pretext under which bread-rationing was begun in 1946. It was then introduced in the name of 'a world wheat famine'; when a phenomenally good wheat harvest followed in America, the Minister of Food stated that this would not bring the end of bread-rationing because of 'a shortage of wagons' on the American railways; our dependence on American wheat was so complete that, on December 9th, 1946, he unexpectedly told Parliament that a railway strike in America, which was 'gravely impeding the flow of certain staple foodstuffs to this country', would 'almost certainly necessitate a cut in the bread-ration'.

Now, in the 'emergency' of August 1947, American supplies

¹ Though the parent *Times* betrayed no concern about this, its offspring, the *Literary Supplement*, remarked that 'In effect, what the Board of Trade and Treasury between them have done is to place the British reading public behind an iron curtain quite as effective, in its chosen field, as any political embargo by a totalitarian State . . . The real magnitude of such a decision is perceived when it is realised that this additional ban completes an isolation never before achieved in a democracy.'

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were so unimportant to us that we stopped buying any and 'could manage for some time if necessary without buying any more food from that source'! I had written in July 1946 that bread-rationing would never end unless the British islander could find a different government.

I should say briefly what caused the great 'crisis' of August 1947. It was 'a dollar shortage'. It was by this time clear that, whatever other 'shortages' came about, there would never be a shortage of shortages; one would always be found to cover up the attack on British liberties. An American loan of 1946 had run out much sooner than The Plan foresaw, and now our 'dollar shortage' was so severe that more chains than ever must be put on the British employer, workman and merchant. Only in this way could our foreign trade be increased and 'the gap' between our exports and imports be 'closed'.

Mr. Lloyd George had conjured up this same spectre after the first war ('Our adverse balance at the present time is nearly £800,000,000. We are spending more; we are earning less. We are consuming more; we are producing less. Those are the facts and it cannot last', August 19th, 1919) but the country was able to part company with him and in the Thirties, though 'the gap' was not much smaller, our prosperity was greater than ever before. The 'gap' was more than closed then by those invisible exports and revenue-earning enterprises, investments and services abroad which the 1945 government forbade. In the Forties it would clearly never be closed while that government forcibly prevented the rise of the home market and commercial activity abroad; it would remain as broad, or grow wider.

The economic measures of this government could not be seriously considered as ones designed to lead, at any time, to prosperity. They were equivalent to setting a dog to improve itself by eating its own tail and continuing until it devoured its head. No sane man could believe that this would better its lot. The government's policy perceptibly and foreseeably led and will lead from bad to worse.

Thus every appeal to 'work harder and produce more' was

accompanied by penalties on harder work and more production; every promise to 'increase exports and lessen the gap' was accompanied by some blow to export trade. While Mr. Attlee broadcast his 'work harder' appeal, as 'the crisis' broke, a welder at the Austin motor factory was being fined eighteen shillings by his 'shop steward' for working too hard; this money he had earned by responding to his foreman's appeal to make a special effort, but the union's orders 'restricted men to a specified output and fined them the extra money they earn if they exceed it' (this is the Communist method at work).¹ Similarly, while the Minister for Agriculture broadcast an appeal for 'more home-grown food', and put 'pig-meat' first on the list of dollar-saving products, the potentates of the Surrey 'Agricultural Committee' denied rations for four young pigs to a local smallholder.

The export markets, which we needed so sorely to 'lessen the gap', were handled in the same manner. The fact that default in payment was called 'suspension of the convertibility of sterling' did not change its nature; this, again, was something I had seen in Germany and Russia. It irritated the Argentine Government into suspending meat supplies, and certainly did not increase its liking for British goods. The abrupt ban on foreign travel upset other buyer-countries; the arbitrary suspension of trade with Denmark ensured a baconless breakfast-table in England. The casual announcement of suspended food purchases from America and the punitive tax on American films, were not good sales-arguments for British wares in the wealthiest market. The ban on foreign books was yet another irritant.

Up to this time the most vivid phrase the Englishman knew for a ridiculous or wasteful action was 'taking coals to Newcastle'; now an American minister commented, in words of amazement, on the spectacle of American coal actually being imported to

¹ At this same time a Nottingham decorator told a court that he could not pay his divorced wife the increased allowance which she had applied for because his union would not let him work more than 44 hours a week. 'If I worked longer hours and earned more than the standard £5 10s., I might be suspended by my union and have no work at all.' The court accepted his statement and refused to increase the allowance.

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Newcastle! British high quality cloths for men's garments had for generations been renowned as the best in the world. Now these were denied the British islander, being reserved 'for export' in order to help close 'the gap'; a million pounds' worth of men's suits of inferior quality, however, were imported from France.

In short, this was chaos, the chaos of weak ministers being driven by others towards something they perhaps did not dare to contemplate, but dared not draw back from. The plan behind the artificial chaos was clear. Speaking about this time an American minister, Mr. Averill Harriman, said: 'It is evident that the forces of Communism plan to seize power at the opportune moment, the moment of chaos, and to retain power permanently with the establishment of a police state.' He alluded to mainland Europe but the words applied literally to England. We were watching the Communist plan, to seize power through chaos, in action.

The Oak of Runnymede

Now that all other defences were down, the battle converged on the last oaken stronghold: the British freeman's exemption from illegal imprisonment. 'The powers' stopped short of that: not yet could 'any person in this nation be put in prison'.¹

¹ The reader should bear in mind that once a government takes power, under any pretext or in any form, to imprison or disqualify political opponents, all the remaining consequences automatically follow. For instance, there might still be elections, but never again a genuine one; they would be falsified through this threat. Similarly the freedom of the spoken and written word would cease: even if hardy and independent writers remained, publishers and printers would be intimidated and coerced. This is the eternal importance of the undertaking King John was forced to sign at Runnymede: 'no freeman shall be taken, or imprisoned, or disseised, or outlawed, or banished, or any ways destroyed; nor will we pass upon him, or commit him to prison, unless by the legal judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land'. It is curious to reflect, in 1947, that only fifty years ago the memory and meaning of that act were living things in Englishmen, so that Jerome K. Jerome in 1889 paused on his lighthearted way upstream with two other men in a boat to look at Magna Charta island and summon vividly before him the picture of that day in 1215 when the great pavilion there, and the barons, awaited the reluctant king: 'Slowly the heavy, bright-decked barges work their ponderous way till, with a low grumble, they grate against the bank of the little island that from this day will bear the name of Magna Charta. And King John has stepped upon the shore, and we wait in breathless silence till a great shout cleaves the air and the great cornerstone in England's temple of liberty has, now we know, been firmly laid.'

Mr. Attlee's words on the subject of elections (June 21st, 1947) are worth noting:

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Would the veterans of 'British Labour' stand in this last ditch, or yield this one too? Mr. Attlee had once declared: 'The attempt by one section of the community to dominate all others inevitably means the adoption of terrorism as a weapon.' Now his testing-time was drawing near.

He was in the position of Kerensky in Russia in 1917, whose government, the unhappy Russians thought, would bring them the new dawn after the Great Darkness. Kerensky fumbled and lost. Here is a fascinating point: Mr. Attlee could not be oblivious to that lesson because he had in his government one of the few men in the world who was an eye-witness of it and could enlighten him. One of the three ministers who might warn him of the peril of tampering with Magna Charta and the Habeas Corpus Act, was the son of Kerensky's own secretary. Within the spacious mansion of British liberty Russian-born Frank Soskice, fled from the inferno of 1917, rose to become Sir Frank Soskice and Solicitor General. He must have known what fate hung over England now. He did know, and for that reason was disliked by the parties within The Party. A strange prank of destiny placed this man among the last guardians of British justice. Was his voice heeded?

The danger-point approached. I had foreseen and warned against it in those books of 1942 and 1943. When 'labour-direction' was announced in 1947 I knew that the attempt was at hand and waited from edition to edition, from news-bulletin to news-bulletin, for tidings of it. It came exactly as I foretold. It wore a familiar mask: 'Down with anti-Semitism.'

On January 1st, 1947, the Communist *Daily Worker* had declared that 'the disease of anti-Semitism could be wiped out in England' and that 'laws for this purpose have been framed by Labour legal experts in Parliament. But the Home Office declares new legislation unnecessary, the police stand aside and refuse to act, while the poison spreads and festers. The disgust felt by all decent people in Britain must be translated into action'.

'Wherever you find devices such as having only one list of candidates, wherever you find a secret police or a government that cannot be removed by the method of the ballot-box, there is no true democracy, there is no true freedom.'

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In January 1933 in Germany 'laws' for the purpose of imprisoning political opponents had been 'framed by Nazi legal experts in Parliament', and they were put in force when the Reichstag burned. *The Nazis, however, fired the Reichstag on February 27th, 1933.* This statement of the *Daily Worker* meant that the German situation of 1933 had been reproduced in England, and I then wrote that some faked incident, like the Reichstag fire, might clearly be produced in the same 'design'; I particularly warned against fictitious 'anti-Semitic incidents'.

The political forgers and incendiaries, I judge, were already at work. In April 1947 the Attorney-General's attention was invited to 'an anti-Semitic leaflet published in North London'; the publisher's imprint, however, was found to be forged! In March 1946 the ex-German liner *Milwaukee* was destroyed by fire at Liverpool; the police investigations 'revealed no evidence of sabotage' but the chief officer, at the Transport Ministry's inquiry, said: 'I feel sure the fire was not due to an electrical defect, to a welder's spark, or a cigarette-end. I cannot account for the rapid spread of the fire' (the Chief Officer should read the history of the ships' fires caused by German agents in the first war and of the Reichstag fire). 'I can only make public, for the first time, my private opinion that the fire was deliberate.' In August 1947 a fire destroyed the future home of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip. The police were 'satisfied that no suspicious circumstances are involved and definitely rule out any suggestion of arson; the fire was the result of a carelessly thrown cigarette-end' (*News of the World*). Senior fire officers found that 'the fire started in a cavity wall; there is no question of arson or an electrical fault'.

The House of Commons, St. Paul's, a cinema or a synagogue *may* be capable of being burned down by a cigarette-end thrown carelessly (after midnight) into a cavity wall. The Nazis said van der Lubbe burned the massive stone Reichstag with firelighters. If somebody wearing a label, 'I am a Fascist, down with the Jews', should drop a smouldering vesta near the Albert Hall, it might burst into inextinguishable flames. The point is, that *exceptional laws for dealing with such an event are already in existence.* I do

not know how Members of Parliament or newspaper-writers, who presumably have memories, can venture at such a time to report 'anti-Semitic incidents', and call for their suppression, without recalling the Reichstag fire to their readers.

Exceptional laws on the Leninist and Hitlerist model, nominally directed against some dim group but in fact aimed at the entire population, are the essential basis of dictatorship. From the moment the *Daily Worker* revealed their existence, the danger of the manufactured 'incident' loomed over England. 'Anti-Semitism', nevertheless, obstinately refused to rear its head.

Since it did not exist, it clearly needed to be invented. In this cause the long arm of coincidence was not tired. When 'the crisis' was declared, and 'the powers' taken, and Parliament sent away, 'anti-Semitism' immediately popped up, in the great Trade Union Congress at Southport, where Mr. Arthur Horner was 'the dominant figure'. The delegate of the 'Jewish Bakers Union' declared that 'anti-Semites march insolently through the Jewish quarter in the East End of London, shouting "Heil Hitler" and "Heil Mosley" '; he was supported by other Jewish speakers, and the congress applauded; a deputation, it was resolved, should forthwith be sent to demand 'immediate steps' from the Home Secretary. The 836 cards, fictitiously claimed to 'represent 7,540,397 workers', were brandished as this final ultimatum was prepared, which would complete the destruction of England's liberties.

Once more warnings were heard; did the Prime Minister, the Home Secretary, or any other heed them? Mr. George Gibson, another veteran and a former chairman of the Trade Union Congress, wrote of the growing Communist control of the trade unions and urged their members to 'oppose all political theories that are dictated from abroad and are primarily intended to represent the interests of a foreign state rather than the interest of the people of Great Britain'. A week later yet another veteran of 'British Labour' endorsed them: Lord Dukeston. In the government conclave, Sir Frank Soskice might have told Mr. Chuter Ede what part 'laws against anti-Semitism' played in the Communist ruination of Russia.

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Among the incalculable things which may determine the fate of England as I write is the personality of Mr. Chuter Ede. Here was another veteran of the old, idealistic British Labour Movement; another who was coming under that terrible, unseen pressure. He was a retiring man, little known to the public before he reached his important office, and did not seek the limelight. In many years of political observation my eye only rested speculatively on him once. About the time of Dunkirk, I think, he made an emotional speech, on the note of illusion rather than of reality, about 'anti-Semitism'.

Developments seem to be foreseen, situations thought out, stages set, players selected and parts cast long in advance; the appalling thing, as Lord Acton said, is the continuing pattern. In 1947 Mr. Chuter Ede was the man chiefly under pressure to destroy the last defence of British liberty. I could only pray that he had heard of van der Lubbe.

The most important men of the twentieth century are not the Lenins and Hitlers, but the van der Lubbes. Without the hirelings the great felons could not have reached their ends. At every important stage in the Gadarene tale of our time they appear, from Serajevo to the Reichstag, these shadowy beings who served the hidden schemers and were held by the gaping masses to be 'the guilty men'. While the catspaw exists it will always be easy to arrange 'anti-Semitic articles' or anything else. Since the Reichstag fire, however, no government can be forgiven that outlaws its people in the name of such easily stage-managed affairs. I studied the drugged, drooling and dribbling van der Lubbe for months and am certain he did not know what men put him in the Reichstag.

If the existence of a small, obnoxious group is sufficient pretext for the liberties of a nation to be destroyed, then those who scheme for power will clearly create the small, obnoxious group. Punctually with the arrival of 'the crisis in August, arrived also the anti-Semitic riots', as I had foretold after the *Daily Worker's* article in January.

Something called 'The British League of ex-Service Men' was

alleged to be insulting Jews in North London. At one meeting in Dalston several noisy persons were arrested, among them one or two Jewish interrupters. When these were charged they claimed to have been provoked by talk of 'exterminating the Jews'. All the police witnesses stated that nothing of the kind was said.

On this basis, and from this moment, a great campaign was whipped up to demand 'action' against 'anti-Semitism'. It began, as I have shown, with the Communists months before 'the crisis' was announced. It was supported now by newspapers, professing Conservative or Liberal sympathies, which long had fiercely attacked dictatorship, and especially secret-police methods. For instance, anonymous writers in the *News Chronicle*, *Daily Express* and *Evening Standard* suggested that 'anti-Semitism' was rife and that 'steps must be taken'. M.P.s of the Communist and Zionist groups in Parliament went to the area supposed to be riotous and saw and heard what they might be expected to see and hear.

Above all, 'deputations' began to wait on Mr. Chuter Ede. With Parliament away, 'the crisis' on and 'the powers' taken, the great affairs of England were handled rather like those of Chicago during the prohibition period: mysterious gentlemen called with demands, behind which lay threats. The 'heat' was turned on. These Keep Left emissaries demanded 'a ban on all Fascist meetings, the prosecution of those responsible for Fascist provocation, legislation to make Fascism illegal, a ban on anti-Semitism, and the reincarceration of Sir Oswald Mosley' (the Keep Left leader of 1931). Here was 'the Communist programme' again!¹

Mr. Chuter Ede said these proposals were clearly not within the

¹ It appeared to me clear when I was writing this, as the reader will see, that the great fuss which was made about the 'British League of ex-Service Men' in the Jewish and Communist papers portended that fictitious anti-Semitic incidents might be attributed to it. Six months later a building was blown up in Ben Yehuda Street in Jerusalem. As Zionist terrorists had been dynamiting buildings for months, including the King David Hotel, and claiming the credit, there seemed nothing unusual about this until a sudden loud complaint was raised that this outrage was not a Jewish, but an *anti*-Jewish one. I leave the reader to guess, after reading this chapter, what body was charged with it.

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law 'at present'; that the war-time power of putting people away without trial had disappeared 'and there is now no justification for such exceptional powers'; the fundamental position in the country was that the expression of opinion was free 'but must not amount to sedition'.

This was an excellent reply, save for the qualification 'at present'. If this stand were maintained, all might yet be well. Nevertheless, the practice of receiving deputations from 'outside bodies with no elective authority' in such vital matters, at a time when Parliament was not sitting, is wrong.

However, for 'the present' the situation was saved, and the tone of the campaign immediately altered. 'New powers' (the argument now ran) were not necessary at all, or after all. 'Anti-Semitism' could be stopped under the *existing* laws against sedition (the idea seems previously to have been put into Mr. Chuter Ede's mind, and was now daily hammered home). The goal might be reached through a distortion of the law, if the law could not yet be altered.

By this time the public mind had been 'conditioned', in the modern idiom, to accept the suggestion that some riotous thing existed, called 'anti-Semitism'. (Similarly, the Germans were brought to believe that 'Communists' fired the Reichstag.) The *Sunday Express* (September 27th) announced that its *Evening Standard* would print a regular series of articles on 'Anti-Semitism week by week'. This appeared to establish anti-Semitism in permanence, whether it existed or not.

Miss Rebecca West, who was charged to write the articles, went to the battlefield and found that the British League of ex-Service Men, left alone, 'have about 200 supporters who turn up regularly at all their meetings, none of whom are persons possessed of any influence, and could rope in a hundred or two passers-by who had nothing better to do at the moment'. The meetings were now attended by two or three thousand people, some of whom had been attracted by all the publicity, while the belligerent majority were Communists 'sent to create disorder'. 'These riots', she reported, 'have been coldly and deliberately manufactured to

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persuade the electorate, quite falsely, that it is under a necessity to choose between Fascism and Communism.'

That was exactly what I had foreseen, and warned against, in January. Van der Lubbe had come to London. 'Fascists' and 'Communists', being each other's stooges, always work together to destroy liberty, either in open partnership (as at the Berlin traffic-strike which preceded Hitler's advent to power and the Nazi-Soviet alliance of 1939-41) or in mock-enmity (as in the years 1933-39 and 1941-45). The greater danger however was, and is as I write, that the Communists or Zionists will arrange some greater incident, incendiary or explosive, attribute it to 'the Fascists', and use it to prod a weak, Kerensky-like government to the final, fatal step.

The future historian may find it beyond belief that great nations could be brought near to the dust by such simple tricks, but I saw these things and report them. Incidentally, I found anti-Semitism in England, in the sense of a vulgar antipathy to Jews as Jews, as rare as inter-marriage with Gentiles is among Jews. The British islander stubbornly resists such base antagonisms. I was in populous places in these months, and know. If exceptional laws, or measures, were used against the British people under this pretext, it would be the greatest lie in history. I took close notice of the public mien on the day when a newspaper published a picture of the two British sergeants who were first strangled, then hanged, by Zionists in Palestine. I saw one man after another look at that shocking picture and turn the page without moving a muscle or saying a word.

Edge Hill

In the autumn of 1947, when the Socialist candidate at ominously named Edge Hill once more obtained a majority over all others, we were in a more dangerous position than after Dunkirk. Then our last defence was the Channel, and our last defenders were a few indomitable fighter pilots. Now our last ditch was the Habeas Corpus Act and our last defenders were ministers who had yielded every other liberty and were under great pressure

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to destroy or distort this one. On the first occasion the enemy was visible; on the second, stealthy, within the fortress, and half-unseen. The penalties which awaited us on both occasions, if we were defeated, were the same. They were those a German conqueror would have inflicted in 1940 and those Mr. Churchill depicted in August 1947: starvation, destitution, degradation, deportation, depopulation and death.

It appears to me that the British nation in the last thirty-three years has survived not two, but four wars; or at least, four attempts on its nationhood and liberty. These were the two visible wars, and the two major attempts in the invisible one (which may be understood by studying the 'Theses and Statutes of the Second Communist World Congress' of 1920); the general strike of 1926 and the Invergordon naval mutiny of 1931.

Of these last, the first was an open attempt to seize power through the revolutionary method, and the second, one to bring about the collapse of our national defences. I count the events of 1945-47 to form the third and greatest of these invisible wars. It is the most dangerous, because it is waged through our own parties, politicians, bodies outside parliament and newspapers; the blows of 1926 and 1931 were *against* the government, while this one is being made *through* the government. The first two attempts, fierce though they were, were repelled by little more than a shrug of the massive British shoulder. The third has almost succeeded through its stealth and public incomprehension of the process.

I have been through all these events and earlier understood as little of the pattern behind them as others. In 1926 when I saw riots in the Waterloo Road, I thought them merely to be the unhappy episodes of an unfortunate time, the outward results of spontaneous combustion. As I have gone along I have gathered knowledge, pieced the jigsaw together and know different; I now see the picture. Although my own experience is exceptional, I do not think the design should be difficult for the majority of folk to discern, and my abiding perplexity today is the stolid unawareness of the British islander. As I saw him, he was not perturbed in the autumn of 1947, when the fate of Russia and Germany trod

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on his heels. Fear he showed none; if he could be moved to a little excitement this was only because Denis Compton had beaten Jack Hobbs's record for the number of centuries scored in a season, at the end of which loomed merely the delightful question: would Tommy Lawton play or not play for Chelsea?

Yet he had much to lose, and only one barrier now stood between him and the loss. About this time a woman, Mitzi Zwerenz, died in Vienna; in her youth she first sang Oscar Strauss's 'Waltz Dream'. The changes that had come about in Europe between that famous night and the day of her death were almost beyond living comprehension, but her passing for an instant illumined the huge tragedy and caused a newspaper in tiny, forlorn Austria to cry: 'She sang for a generation which heard the future knocking at the door but never believed that a single shot at Serajevo could bring it all down in ruins. She belonged to a world that we have lost for ever.'

England, in 1947, inhabited the edge of that lost world, was nearly over the brink, and still might restore it, for itself and for Europe. At this time, again, Eros was brought back to Piccadilly Circus, and an eighty-year-old London woman who watched the utility-ceremony recalled the first unveiling half a century before. 'That day,' she said, 'Piccadilly Circus was packed with horse-carriages, donkey carts, hansom cabs and thousands of people . . . It was garlanded and gay with coloured balloons. Everybody was happy, with no troubles. Let's hope Eros will bring back something of the good old days that is missing from our lives just now.'

Popular festivals and public gaiety, then commonplace, have almost gone. Even the wreckers' slogans today are dull and morbid. The French, when they began this process of decay, at least followed inspiring cries (and did not know they were false): Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. Utilité, Priorité, Austerité sadly called the British leaders of 1945-47; 'We work or want' lamented the posters; 'Keep death off the roads'; 'Beware of V.D.'

Nor Never Shall

Is there an instinct of self-preservation in a nation, as in a man?

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While these things went on an eminent writer, Mr. Charles Morgan, foretold that the nation would yet find its own unpredictable way out of 'the closing prison', saying: 'The English have a genius for remedying their own mistakes. They may have voted themselves into the place where they are now, but they did not knowingly pass a life-sentence on themselves and their children.'

Yet, long after that, they voted themselves into the same place, at Edge Hill. By that time it was gruesome to watch the progress of the virus, power, in the veins of those who led them. Mr. J. B. Priestley, who in his time had used the freedom of the spoken and written word as liberally as any man, was by now a leading member of the Press Commission, and might determine whether or not it should remain free. Not the havoc caused by governmental act in these years, he thought, but the press was to blame 'for persuading the people that they are having a worse time than they actually are'.

A worse time? On September 30th, 1947, a new ministry was created, that of Economic Affairs. Sir Stafford Cripps, who was appointed to it, was to have (the newspapers said) 'powers over nearly every aspect of the nation's life'. These powers seemed to me, when I examined them, to resemble closely the ones given to Göring early in Hitler's regime.¹ A fortnight earlier he had told the nation plainly what it was to expect; if the time to come was bad, the description of it was his, not the newspapers'.

It was the worst, I judge, ever plainly promised to a free and civilised people. The Briton's lot was to be that of a coolie, working without prospect of present gain or future happiness; such hopes were ruthlessly crushed. All strength and effort were to be diverted to production 'for export'. The 'standard of living' could not be maintained; the many 'cuts' already made would not achieve that, and if exports were not sufficiently increased, there

¹ One gathered, however, that Sir Stafford would only be permitted to use these great powers *against* the liberties of the British people, and that he would find himself powerless if he sought to uphold or protect these. I draw this inference from his statement, made a few weeks later and reported in the *News Chronicle* (October 29th, 1947): 'I am personally against conscription of labour.' His antagonism to it had no effect, and one is left again to wonder: who decided the government's policy, if the views of such foremost ministers did not? Who, whom?

would be 'drastic cuts in our imports of foodstuffs since there is practically nothing left to cut'.¹

Now, that was all very well if people abroad (whose toes were being daily trodden on) agreed to buy our goods, but what if they did not? Would the unsaleable goods in that case be offered to the British islander? he was asked. *No*, he answered; in that case the materials would be used for something else that *could* be exported.²

I doubt if a more open intimation of State-enforced deprivation has ever been made by a minister to a nation.³

When this news reached America a British diplomat, Sir John Balfour, said: 'Britain's economic crisis has placed her in greater peril than her people have experienced since the collapse of the Roman Empire ushered in the Dark Ages.'

The description of the effect was exact: that was our plight; but

¹ There may be masochistic instincts in a nation, or masochistic moments in its life, when it responds with a curious satisfaction to scourging and threats of bitter want. This is a matter for students of the soul to discuss, but to the phenomena of this time belong the ruthlessly bleak intimations of Sir Stafford Cripps and their public acceptance without remonstrance. At this time, for instance, when the hoardings threatened the people, 'WE WORK OR WANT' in grim black letters, and the people might have answered, 'We want to work - but we can't get a permit', he spoke of the danger overhanging them as that of 'the starvation spiral'. He also remarked that 'It has never been worked out how far a donkey will walk after a carrot permanently held beyond its reach, but there must be a limit to that form of stimulation.' This exact description of the British islander's plight, had it been given by an independent writer, would have been reproached as a malicious attempt to show the situation 'worse than it is'.

² And thereon one of the innumerable minor despots, the 'Hosiery Controller', announced that if stocking manufacturers could not sell their stockings abroad they would not be allowed to sell them at home, and might have their supplies of yarn stopped.

³ The strange workings of these leaders' minds were revealed when he answered another question: whether emigration would be restricted. No, he said, people would not be prevented from going abroad if they wanted to; it had been suggested that this country was to become a concentration camp, but it was not. *In any case emigration was almost automatically restricted by lack of transport.*

I ought to add here that one of the good results of the 1945 government's actions, though it was not intended, was the stimulus given to emigration, which in the comfortable Thirties had almost ceased. The strengthening of British blood in the Dominions and of the family ties between them was urgently necessary. Though some millions of people, probably, would emigrate today if they could, they cannot do so in practice because of 'the shipping shortage'. It should be remembered, also, that a *ban* on emigration is one of the Communist demands not yet conceded, and that continuing pressure to impose such a ban, in one form or another, is being brought on the government.

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I think the cause was mis-stated. This was not 'an economic crisis' but a political one, demonstrably brought about by a series of political acts, done under the exceptional powers of war-time, which quite foreseeably led to it; and I think I have shown the forces, pressures and motives behind these acts. I believe I have displayed the shape of The Plan.

If in the end The Plan is defeated, and England moves into the future still Christian, free and strong, I think this island will undoubtedly have proved itself to be the greatest moral force in the world. It will have succeeded in something that no other great country has achieved: in throwing off the bonds of dictatorship when they were nearly complete. It will have shown by that there *is* after all such a thing as an educated democracy and the spirit of the whole world would vibrantly respond to that example. The shape of the twentieth century, the first half of which has been that of accumulating and increasing evil, will then in the event be determined by its second half, which will be good. England will show that its seven hundred years of gradual self-improvement and slow progress towards human dignity and freedom, do not count for nothing and cannot be swept away by a little political plotting, a few resolute conspirators and a few weak men.

If it all ends like that, how admirable, in later retrospect, will the British islander's way of dealing with his affairs appear! It has been difficult to admire his apparent surrender while it was happening; he seemed quite needlessly to play with the fires of damnation, to toy with avoidable danger. But there seems something in him which tells him not to shun the worst before he has made sure that it is the worst, some gallant instinct which moves him to let danger take mortal shape before he tackles it. He seems to feel so sure of his own strength and ability to put matters right, in his own time, that he will let his rulers go very far in putting them wrong before he intervenes.

As I finish this tale of two years in England the first signs of hope offer themselves. Though the destroyers continue to win their by-elections, there was a distinct rebuke and rebuff to the

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Socialists in the municipal elections of November 1st, 1947. The number of their supporters did not even then diminish, but the mass of their adversaries greatly increased and they lost hundreds of council seats. Since the all-important thing now is to remove a government with such a record, this was a hopeful portent, made more hopeful by the fact that it was a warning, not alone to the Socialists, but also to the strongest opposition party, the next government-presumptive. It was a warning to the Conservatives not to continue the process which has done so much damage to England in these two years, should they return to office, and not to repeat their own fiasco of the Thirties.

The other hopeful sign was the debate in Parliament on November 3rd, 1947, about forced-labour. If only two Socialists protested against the Dictatorship Bill, five now rebelled against the 'Control of Engagement Order'.

The number is pitifully and incomprehensibly small, when one considers that this measure gave a Socialist Government, which likes to call itself a 'Labour' one, the power to send working-men to prison if they refused to take dictated employment. But it is an increase, and may yet grow.

This fantastic measure, too, was passed by a majority (108) which roughly represents the strength of the Communist, Zionist and associated groups inside the Socialist Party. It is significant that the five remonstrants included veterans of the real 'British Labour' movement, men with real mining and working-class experience, like Mr. Rhys Davies and Mr. D. Grenfell. Mr. Rhys Davies's speech, like that of Mr. Raymond Blackburn in the Dictatorship Bill debate, belongs to the historic protests of our Parliament. He said, among other things: 'To those who say I am embarrassing the government by this motion, and trying to bring them down, I say it is better for a government to meet its doom than for individual freedom to perish in the British Isles . . . A pair of handcuffs are not easier to wear because they shine with a Socialist solution . . . The day of reckoning on this problem will come to the government. The Minister of Labour may feel that he is doing the right thing under it, but once this regulation goes out

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of his hands he will not know what is going to happen. If this regulation is operated you will create divisions and hatred within sections of the working class. It will result in neighbours spying on neighbours and workers telling tales on each other. Informers and denouncers will grow like mushrooms.'

Such remonstrances as these, coming from a few men of goodwill in all parties, and in truth directed against all parties, contained, as 1947 ended, the last seeds of hope for this island's future. For the 3rd of November 1947 was the second major date in the story of the dictatorship in England; the 26th of July 1946, when bread-rationing was begun, was the first. Another miracle of Dunkirk, as I wrote earlier, may yet save us; but after the dead of November 3rd, 1947, only one more step remained between this country and the brink.

The staggering fact exists that on this day 252 'Labour' M.P.s, 252 men and women who claimed exclusively to represent 'the working class', 252 Socialists who at the 1945 election had pledged themselves to leave the labouring-man free — that these 252 voted for slave-labour, forced labour, call it what you will. They called it 'The Control of Engagements Order', thus satisfying, in his 78th year, the gay curiosity expressed by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, in his 56th, when he wrote:

'When men return to an old institution which they have discarded, and the proper name for which has grown odious — as we are returning to the enslavement of labour — they are particularly anxious to avoid that name, and spend much energy in getting the old thing under a new title. Thus no one will call compulsory labour "slavery". Nor will even the word "compulsion" or "compulsory" appear on the surface. There will be some other term, and I shall follow with curiosity and delight the evolution of that term' (*The Cruise of the Nona*, 1925).

Mr. Hilaire Belloc understood better, and earlier, than any other save Mr. G. K. Chesterton the great plot of the twentieth century, and was entitled to the rueful smile of the prophet scorned if he compared those words of 1925 with the name which

slave-labour was in 1947 given in England: The Control of Engagements Order. The 252 Socialists who voted against the Socialist Mr. Rhys Davies's motion to annul this lethal Order were men (and women) guiltier far than the men they had long called guilty. They had in just over two years made England walk the plank; by this vote they pushed the country to the very end of it; and thereafter only the drop into the totalitarian void remained.

The scene in our ancient House of Commons that day deserves some words. The Prime Minister did not appear. At that very moment a book by a Socialist M.P., Mr. Douglas Jay, was in the press which contained a foreword by Mr. Attlee.¹ In it the Prime Minister of England declared in effect that the dividing line between democracy and totalitarianism consisted precisely in whether labour was directed or free; when labour was directed, the dividing line between democracy and totalitarianism had been crossed.²

I do not believe that a dividing line can be drawn between 'democracy' in the sense these ministers of the façade appeared to understand it and totalitarianism; Socialism has repeatedly been proved to be a runaway wheel on a slippery slope, and cannot be halted. Assuming for the purpose of argument, however, that a halt *could* be called and a dividing line drawn, Mr. Attlee was perfectly right: this is the line between a free nation's life and death. Once that line is crossed the rest automatically follows.

Mr. Attlee and his leading colleagues, then, knew clearly what they were doing when they did the thing they said they would never do. They never explained why they did it, beyond pleading 'a crisis' and 'a dollar shortage'; dollars, however, are not our island currency, while 'necessity', as Pitt said, has always been the plea for every attack on human liberty. It was obvious, from the

¹ Mr. W. J. Brown, M.P., recorded this fact in the *Evening Standard*, November 6th, 1947.

² Other Ministers who did not show themselves in the House during this debate of November 3rd, 1947, were Mr. Herbert Morrison, whose Economic Survey of February stated that the government ruled out industrial conscription; and Mr. Hugh Dalton, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who at the Labour Party Conference in May had warned his colleagues against anything that even 'smacked of direction of labour'.

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moment of the vote of November 3rd, 1947, that the same forces and pressures to which the government yielded in this fatal matter would urge it to the last irrevocable step. That final step over the brink would be a measure, in some form or other, to disqualify, outlaw, arrest or imprison political opponents; its inevitably attendant consequences would be the suppression of free speech, in some form or other, and the falsification, by some means or other, of elections. As in the case of forced labour, other names would clearly be found for these, but their meaning and effect would be undeniable.

Thus the final phase of the Battle in Britain, of the battle for England, began on November 3rd, 1947. It will be fought, if it is fought, and won for freedom, if it is won, by individual people instinctively rising in protest, not by parties, for these have shown themselves unstable as water.

Whatever the outcome of the grim battle which lies ahead in England, the period from the election of July 1945 to the end of 1947 is the most illuminating of this fateful century, and that is why I have recorded and related its events as clearly as I can. For the first time the shape of the great Plan has become perfectly clear and, whatever the result, after this none need be doubtful about the process of the twentieth century. The world is witnessing a planned, deliberate attempt to reduce a great nation to serfdom, and the unplanned, convulsive, instinctive effort of that nation to evade the closing clutch. It is the decisive stage in the great design which, in the course of a hundred and fifty years, has re-enslaved nearly all of Europe. If it succeeds, not only England, but Europe as we know it, will be finished. If it fails in England, the darkness over mainland Europe will clear and the future open out again.

From the point of view of the contemporary narrator of these events, and possibly from that of the threatened British islander, it is a great advantage that the process of reducing England has been a gradual one, pursued stealthy step by stealthy step. The promoters of the Plan did not venture to introduce total dictatorship in England immediately after 'Victory' and its election. To

have clamped down forced labour, travel-bans,¹ bread-rationing, building-bans, class-rationing and all the rest on England in that moment would have too abruptly revealed the shape of the Plan and its identity with dictatorship in Russia or Germany. The shock-effect on this island and the world would have been too great.

Hitler's teaching, therefore, had to be followed: that if you reduce nations bit-by-bit, and they swallow the first bit, they will never summon the strength to resist each subsequent deprivation and privation. In the case of an ancient and immensely strong democracy like ours, however, this method has weaknesses. It leaves time: time for the informed observer to discern and reveal the course of events; time for the public masses intuitively to understand and rebel against it. This point of public comprehension we have nearly reached as I write. It is a moment both dangerous and reassuring: dangerous because it must tempt the planners, or the plotters as I believe they should be called, to complete their ruination of English liberty before they can be thwarted; reassuring because public resistance begins to mass and express itself.

It is the testing time, when the decision is in the bud; it may have unfolded itself when this book appears.

This island never did, nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.

Shakespeare's lines are often quoted without the third one, and that makes the first two meaningless. In 1945-47 England helped to wound itself, and in 1948 lay nearly under a conquering foot.

¹ As I correct the proofs of this book I am able to add to it one small and faintly reassuring item, which I hope may prove to be a straw borne on a good wind. The Attlee Government has modified its Hitleresque ban on foreign travel, and I think this must be the first of its myriad inflictions to be slightly relaxed. Presumably the obvious likelihood of retaliation by the Swiss and other governments caused this, but it may possibly have had something to do with the fact that the government, just previously, had lost its first by-election. If that is so, the reader may perceive that under a democracy, even one so much impaired as ours, the way to self-salvation is always open. The dictators never modify bans.

CHAPTER 2

THE SECOND INTERREGNUM?

WERE I writing this second *Insanity Fair* in any country but mine, I would foretell the future as confidently as I did in the first. No prophetic gift was needed for that; the successive attacks on Austria and Czechoslovakia, the German bid for alliance with Soviet Russia, and the resulting war were all foreseen by every other whose duty it was to send information home, privately or publicly. The progress of events was as clear to them as the end of a disease to doctors who know the symptoms.

By that parallel, I would say now, when I review the sequence of events since July 1945, that the last fatal step will sooner or later be taken in England and this country reduced to dictatorship, with the penalties which Mr. Churchill literally and precisely enumerated. Not all the camouflage can disguise the fact that the road we are travelling is that which Germany and Russia followed, and the end is beyond doubt if we pursue it further. It would mean a return to the Dark Ages for England, and therewith for all Europe.

But this is the one country in the world, possibly, where this confident assertion cannot be made. Perhaps because nothing else remains to hope and believe, I hope and believe that it will find its own uncomprehended and unforeseeable way out of the corner where it has been put. Our island story offers a previous example:

History may not repeat itself, but it frequently reproduces similar situations. There are extraordinary resemblances between the Sixteen Forties and the Nineteen Forties, between 1648 and 1948, between the Cromwellian period and this one. The Cromwellian ordeal even started at Edge Hill.

Cromwell began as *The Friend of The People*, the champion of Parliament against the King, the bold challenger of tyranny. He

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began by abolishing the House of Lords¹ and the King; and ended by abolishing parliament and setting himself up as king. He, too, destroyed the great safeguards of Magna Charta. He ruined liberty, inflicted confiscatory taxes, threw every household open to his agents, boasted of a massacre in Ireland, crippled trade, seized men's land, homes, goods and chattels, and reduced the nation to a condition of fettered despondency from which no resurrection seemed possible.

Had he had his way, he would have founded a dynasty of dictators bearing his own name.

At his death the whole evil edifice crumbled away. I think this escape and recovery must be unique in history, and hope the British people will repeat it. That the king was restored is not the important thing, and may be a slightly misleading one. *Liberty* was restored, and the king was the outward and visible symbol, nearest to hand, of that triumphant resurrection. The aching passion to be rid of their chains expressed itself in this act of the British nation; that was the cause of the hurricane of joy which swept London on May 29th, 1660. There have been other restorations of kings in history, but never one that meant so much. Cromwell in the Sixteen Forties destroyed the achievements of Runnymede four centuries before, which had needed twelve hundred years to reach. Their restoration in 1660 made them safe for another three centuries — until 1945.

The parliament of 1645 did not do, or understand how to do, what the barons had done at Runnymede four hundred years before: make the king bow to their will and then, when he had signed liberty's warrant, let him rule under their watchful eye. Instead, they forged a weapon against him which was to be used

¹ The Attlee Government appeared to be determined to emulate the Cromwellian regime in every one of its domestic extravagances and inflictions; on October 22nd, 1947, it announced its intention to 'reform' the House of Lords. The presumable wish was to divert the islander's attention from his household privations by producing from the political cupboard, if its mouldering bones still hung together, the most ancient and time-dishonoured skeleton of all: 'The People against The Peers'. As I write it seems doubtful if the British islander can still be induced to forget bread-cards, food-cuts, crushing taxation, forced labour, petrol prohibitions and travel-bans by this hoary trick. Incidentally the 'battle with the House of Lords' was another pet notion of the Communists.

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against themselves. When they looked round they found that Cromwell's New Model Army hated them as much as it hated the king. When they had abolished the office of the king and the House of Lords, and dismissed those Common Law judges who might have protected them, the Army stepped in, sent them home and took over. That is exactly the point which the Socialist Government in Britain approached in 1947. The parliament of 1647 found itself confronted with a new master of its own creation: Cromwell's Army. The Socialist parliament of 1947 found itself confronted with a new master of its own creation: a Communist-dominated Trade Union Congress.

Cromwell's 'Major Generals' (the Regional Commissioners of that day) ruled the country. Any man they called a Royalist ('Fascist') was outlawed. Forced labour was introduced; since motor cars did not exist, men were forbidden to ride horses; they were not allowed to walk abroad on Sundays or even to lean against their door-posts on that day; a ruthless censorship was imposed; one parliament after another was first summoned, then expelled by soldiers; the snooper listened at every corner and tavern for 'disaffection'.

Yet it was not the end, not final return to the Dark Ages, but only The Interregnum. After eleven years the life of England resumed its healthy course for another three centuries. I think I am right in saying that this resuscitation is unique in history. Can it happen again?

There is the rub. Today's unanswered question is not only one of the native health of England, of its inherent power to live through and recover from a second Interregnum. Today an alien hand holds the closing prison door and would not relax its grip again if this were once shut.

With all the resemblances, there is that major difference between the parliament of 1647, confronted by a Cromwellian army with its hand on the sword, and the Socialist parliament of 1947, confronted by a Communist-dominated trade union organisation with its hand on the coalfields. Cromwell, his Major Generals and New Model Army were all patriots for their country. They

enslaved it for themselves, for gain and for power, but not for a third party. For the crime worse than tyranny Cromwell had fitting words:

'This being a more prodigious treason than any that hath been perfected in England before, because the former quarrel was that Englishmen might rule over one another, this to vassalise us to a foreign nation.' The words were spoken in 1648. They are much more true in 1948.

I have no doubt of the power of England to achieve this second rebirth, if only it can see the real meaning of the danger. There is a loose idea about, which is skilfully spread by those who stand to gain, that great nations *must* fall into decay at a certain point, and that this is happening to England. Perhaps the illusion began when Gibbon chose his title, 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire'. The inference which remained in many minds was that at some moment the arteries of a nation harden, that the weakness and fatigue of old age enter into a people as into a man.¹ This seems to me demonstrable nonsense, and certainly is not that which is happening in England.

The condition of England is quite clearly not the result of any such processes of natural decline, but of a deliberate and well-planned assault by political forces, alien in their roots and hostile in their spirit. That is why I think the years 1945-47 so important, and have given much space to their events. What was but a half-developed film in the Thirties and during the second war, is now a sharp picture, visible to all who wish to see. If the attempt fails, it will be carried further and repeated; in either case, the shape of it at last stands revealed.

That is to my mind the enormous importance of these years. Of the native strength of England there is no doubt. This is not rot inside the oak, but an external blow at it.

An Englishman must believe that the attempt *will* fail, and that this nation will somehow break through the second Interreg-

¹ This is a favourite hallucination of American journalists. I know of some who gained renown forty years ago by reporting 'This is the collapse of England' and today, when they are old, still score their one 'scoop' by repeating a tale bred in them, did they know it, by the schoolbooks of their childhood.

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num to a new century, or new centuries, of steady improvement in liberty, in humane thought and matters spiritual, in art and in trade. All these things, which steadily grew through good times and bad, through 'slump' and 'boom', through peace and war from 1660 to 1945, have been repressed by governmental act since 1945 and will not revive while the Interregnum lasts.

There is much to build hope on. There is, above all, the happy outcome of the former Interregnum; good came out of evil then. There are still the remains of liberty and there must be, somewhere deep in the islander's soul, the latent longing to restore them whole. There is still the monarchy which, in a succession of different families, has carried the feeling of continuity and kinsmanship among the British family unbroken through more than a thousand years.

If daily reality becomes meaningless, as it does in a time when cuts are recommended to stop bleeding and leeches are applied to infuse lifeblood, men grope for hopeful symbols. Charles II was more a symbol of liberty and liberation than a king. There may be a symbol of better times to come in the name Elizabeth. By the time the second Elizabeth reaches the throne the ailment should have run its course; England should be ready and hungry for liberty again.

The English feeling for the monarchy, whatever family name it bears at the time, is deep and instinctive, and with good cause. It stands second only to the root achievement of Magna Charta, as an obstacle to the plan which is aimed against England today. That great deed put the British freeman on a level with the king to whom he owed allegiance, and I think this is the reason, felt if not understood, for his deep and continued devotion to his monarchy whatever the House. The edicts of 1945-47, which put ministers above the law, in effect put the British freeman outside it, thus restoring in favour of officials, the state of affairs that existed before Magna Charta.

In the years 1945-47, for the first time in my life, a visible, though subtle, war was waged upon the monarchy. The hidden prompters of anonymous articles and those popular columnists Dan Druff

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and Jack Awl joined to squirt little jets on it, like lapdogs befouling the Nelson Column. I think they found that they offended something deep in the strange British islander, for these excretions diminished; the lapdogs ran away, no doubt to squirt another day.

The government itself was content to ensure that the wedding of the future queen should be held under the drab banner of UPA (Utilité, Priorité, Austerité) by banning the use of timber for stands in the streets. Its philosophy of life seemed to be, don't eat, don't drink and don't be merry, and tomorrow you'll die.

Had it given England new heraldic arms, these might have shown a socially secure citizen *vert couchant*, chained by fetters *gules* to a utility bed *or*, beneath a heaven of priority docketts *azur*; supporters, two officials *austère rampant*.

It was a strange experience during these years to sit among fellow Londoners in a darkened picture-theatre and watch the progress of the king's family through South Africa. Outside bans, 'shortages', queues, threats of hunger, vetoes on warmth and light, 'cuts', unmended ruins, forbidden repairs, warnings, gloom; inside, sunshine, beflagged and begarlanded streets, cheering, joyful people. Far away, at the southern tip of Africa, the feeling of family, the sense of belonging together, the happiness of reunion, were as strong as ever. The people among whom I sat saw themselves as they had been not long before. There was an odd, tangible strain in the darkness. I could not tell whether they no longer recognised their former selves, or felt that it would be disloyal to yield to such recognition, or were unhappy to be reminded of their earlier condition. They had once been like this, able to cheer and rejoice without fear of the morrow; it was the most natural thing in the world for them. Now they sat in a brooding, rather puzzled silence.

Incalculable things shape the thoughts, and perhaps the destinies, of nations. It may be that these pictures, glowing in a dark time, planted in people's minds a sense of what they were losing and the seeds of recovery. (It was after they appeared that the lapdogs paused in their squirting.) These seeds may bear

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fruit in years to come. At the end, men and women want to be free and happy. In these pictures the British islander saw himself as others had formerly seen him; gradual understanding might yet be born in him of that unplanned visit to a cinema.

This man in the darkness was still important to mankind, for the future of the world depended on his surviving the new Interregnum: I am sure of that. In South Africa Field-Marshal Smuts said it: 'I look upon British rule as a safer guarantee of peace than the United Nations itself'; and this was a heartening utterance, for he had done much to build up the dangerous initials.

'It is not that Britain is no longer a Great Power', he added. 'She is an invalid, having been incapacitated by the great effort she had to make in the war.' This, I believe, was not true. It may have been true in 1945, but in 1947 Britain was kept incapacitated and invalid by the acts of its own government, which prevented recovery. But this statesman was right again when he said: 'It is necessary for the peace of the world that Britain shall recover her position and maintain herself as one of the super powers in the world. That will happen. It is merely a matter of time.'

It is not merely a matter of time, but one of understanding the true causes of our plight, and that is the great lack. Churchmen are more often wrong than most others, when they discuss these matters, but the Dean of Chichester fairly pictured the British islander's danger when he said:

'Our beloved country is confronted by a foe still more ruthless than the Germans . . . This foe is endeavouring to destroy us by plot and by propaganda, by open attacks, by secret machinations and by slander and abuse. In every country of the world this foe employs its agents to weaken the influence of Britain. We must strive to avoid the mental indolence, muddled thinking, cowardice and sheer selfishness which brought the danger upon us seven years ago. At that time the Government and the great majority of the British people did not wish to hear about the danger in which they stood and snatched at any excuse for thinking it would all come right.'

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I do not, however, agree that the perplexed man in the cinema was indolent, cowardly or selfish. The identity of the enemy and the nature of the attack were withheld from him by his government, and politicians and newspapers of all parties connived in this.

Thus he could in the last resort only trust to such acts of God as brought him through the first Interregnum and to his own ultimate instinct for the right course. As to this, one of the ministers who was helping to place him in such peril, Mr. Herbert Morrison, said:

‘You cannot stop the British people from doing things for themselves so as to give themselves a fuller and happier life. As long as this is true the British will never be creatures of the State. No State officer or local government official can prevent the people living a life of their own, and any statesman who gets beyond a certain point in trying to order people about and in trying to shape their lives will have a lively time. As long as this spirit exists there will be no Hitler arising in Britain.’

May it be true, though that was said after the Government had struck the deadly blows of August 1947 at the British islander’s hope of a future. If it is true the man in the cinema will in time come out of that darkness and merge once more with the happy people he saw on the screen inside.

Among the instincts which may be shaping the future now are the islander’s deep attachment to kingship. In these perilous years the bearing of the king and his family seemed to me possibly decisive. Kings, queens, princes and princesses do not today determine their public actions or write their own speeches. They are surrounded by advisers, whom the people do not know, and in our century the word ‘adviser’ has taken on a sinister meaning it seldom had before. But in this case we seem to be blessed. The calm and prudent steps of the king’s family were among the incalculable factors of this time, which may have great effect on the future.

I expect many people shared my own feeling of lightened

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depression when they heard a fresh young voice speak from South Africa above the daily tumult of politics, and in that well-advised twenty-first birthday message lay stress on the unity of the British family everywhere and its common struggle:

‘Most of you have read in the history books the proud saying of William Pitt that England had saved herself by her exertions and would save Europe by her example. But in our time we may say that the British Empire has saved the world first and has now to save itself after the battle is won. I think that is an even finer thing than was done in the days of Pitt, and it is for us who have grown up in these days of danger and glory to see that it is accomplished in the long years of peace that we all hope stretch ahead . . . I can make my solemn act of dedication with a whole Empire listening . . . It is very simple. I declare before you all that my whole life, whether it be long or short, shall be devoted to your service and the service of our great imperial family to which we all belong, but I shall not have strength to carry out this resolution alone unless you join in it with me, as I now invite you to do. I know that your support will be unfailingly given. God help me to make good my vow and God bless all of you who are willing to share in it.’

Were England any other country than the strange and lovely one it is, I should say that, having been brought to the edge of perdition since it won the second instalment of the twentieth-century war, its final subjugation, by an alien-controlled dictatorship, was at hand. Because it is England, and has survived one Interregnum, I look forward, against all the rules of reason, to new Elizabethan times.

PART FOUR

THE FULMINANT FIFTIES: 1950-

THE FULMINANT FIFTIES: 1950-

IN 1947 people in England, though the fighting ceased two years earlier, spoke of 'before the war' when they thought of normal times. Subconsciously, therefore, they realised that they were not in a state of peace. Furthermore, when they spoke of 'the last war' they meant the *first* one. Intuitively, then, they knew that the second one was not finished.

That is the truth of the matter. The continuation of the second instalment of the twentieth-century war was arranged while it went on; the transactions about Poland and Yugoslavia chiefly, and foreseeably, effected this. It is no more possible for Europe to remain cut in half than for a serpent to live with a half-engorged rabbit in its mouth; it must either wholly devour or wholly disgorge. The anti-Christian Empire must either swallow the remaining half of the area of European Christendom or surrender it. Though all things are possible, my experience tells me that it will not yield it up¹ and the simple means to make it do so, without fighting, was thrown away when the great Western armies were, helter-skelter, withdrawn from Europe and China at the fighting's end.

Thus while the second act was still in progress the stage was set for the third act of the Fulminant Fifties. What will it be called? Perhaps 'Democracy against Dictatorship' by the one side, and 'Communism against Capitalism' by the other. The lesson of the

¹ I remember writing in *Insanity Fair*, 'I hope I am wrong, but I think Hitler will sit in Prague'. I hope I am wrong now, too. I was a little puzzled when, on September 26th, 1947, Soviet troops withdrew from Hungary, save for some ten thousand left on the Budapest-Vienna road. True, the most important patriotic politician in Hungary, M. Kovacs, had previously been abducted and apparently put to death, and the Soviet armies had set up a terrorist government of the tiny Communist Party under the rule of the Moscow emissary, Rakosi, so that 'Soviet power' was well established. Nevertheless, if this withdrawal were repeated in other countries the whole shape of the future might change, for these countries would quickly throw off the puppet-governments. I cannot imagine that it will be. The Soviet Empire occasionally does things which, when they happen, are not easy to understand; for instance, as I write it has still left a nominal monarchy in Rumania (P.S. Since abolished.—D. R.).

first two acts, however, shows that such names would be used merely to delude the masses and that other purposes would hide behind these masks.

The dictators would clearly spread dictatorship everywhere if they won and call it World Communism; the 'democrats' would plainly seek to spread dictatorship everywhere if they won and call it World Government. 'Mankind' would be offered 'a choice' where no choice in fact existed.

The only thing worth fighting for, however, would be in the Fifties, as ever before, nationhood and national liberty within national frontiers. To complete the destruction of those is the foreseeable purpose of the third act of the Greek tragedy. Since the controlling minds on each side would be possessed by the same thought, they would in reality be allies. The course of the first two acts seems to me to have made plain that there are powerful men in *all* countries who pursue this aim, and I think Hitler may have belonged to them.¹

Chaos Planned or Unplanned?

Have the events of this century, now approaching their climax, been merely episodic ones, as unaccountable and unpredictable in the affairs of nations as earthquakes or volcanoes in those of nature? I think the answer is demonstrably no. We live in an age when all governments announce great Plans (as if to plan were not the only reason for governments), but through them all runs the super-plan and it is a man-made one. There *is* a design behind the tumult; the presence of Lord Acton's unseen managers

¹ The only three Nazi leaders who remained in Berlin and there disappeared, Hitler, Goebbels and Bormann, were declared and enlightened nihilists. The others, with the exception of Speer, who saw the truth in the last months of the regime, were in my judgment confused men and the instruments of purposes they did not understand (like many British Socialist Ministers today). In 1941 Bormann sent a revealing instruction to all Gauleiters: 'No human being would know anything of Christianity if it had not been drilled into him in his childhood by pastors. The so-called God Almighty in no wise gives any knowledge of his existence to young people in advance, but in an astonishing manner, in spite of his omnipotence, leaves this to the efforts of the pastors. If therefore in the future your youth learns nothing more of Christianity, whose doctrines are far below ours, Christ will disappear automatically.' This is purest nihilist and Communist doctrine and can be traced back through the documents of the Bolshevik and French revolutions.

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cannot any longer be doubted; the appalling thing is the continuing and clarifying success of their purpose. The shape of things past is now clear to see, and it throws the shadow of that to come.

A backward glance at the ruination of these two wars, innumerable upheavals and thirty-three years shows that two great purposes, planted before they began, alone have grown greater through them. Through all 'the tumult' the rise-and-fall of states, the collapse of nations and the destruction of liberty, through the three tumultuous decades, these two new forces alone prospered and became more powerful, until today they dominate the scene. No matter what the slogans of the moment, no matter what the apparent clash of other forces, they exclusively throve and became stronger.

These two purposes were Communism and Political Zionism. Both are ambitions new, in their audacity, in the world's history. The first openly demanded world power for its revolutionary doctrine and published the methods it would use. The second demanded territory in one part of the world and an exceptional status (in fact, power) everywhere else.

Both sprang from the same place: Russia. Both became openly powerful at the same moment, namely, October and November 1917, when the Communists seized power in Russia and the Political Zionists' claim was publicly underwritten by a British government. Both, therefore, appeared in the midst of 'tumult'. Both worked hand in hand and promoted each other's aims during the next thirty years (whether in the third act they will separate and strike at each other, or appear to do so, is a revelation reserved for the Fulminant Fifties). Both received the support of British and American politicians, arms and money, in advancing their aims, particularly during 'the tumult' of the two wars. Both emerged from the first war powerful, from the second one much more powerful. Both were helped on their way by the appearance of 'anti-Semitic Fascism' in Germany, and could not have made such progress without it.

A backward glance at the perspective of these thirty years now

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shows that the existence of 'National Socialism' was indispensable to their common advance. This is the point where the mystery of Hitler's origins, real motives, sudden entry and exit become significant. In England today 'the revival of Fascism' is being invented for transparent political reasons.

I believe the fact of their common birthplace is not generally known. Anarchism-Nihilism-Bolshevism-Communism (to give the successive names) was born in Russia in the Eighties and Nineties, or was reborn there; for its doctrine may be followed back to the secret societies behind the French Revolution a century earlier. In Russia the Jews took a great part in that movement; large numbers of them came to this country and America after the unsuccessful revolutions of 1890 and 1905; and such emigrant Jews, returned, predominated in the earlier Bolshevik governments (I have given the authorities in previous books).

The development in the last fifteen years has been curious. Jews have almost disappeared from the front ranks of the Soviet Government in Russia, but have continued to take a leading part in the Communist daughter-parties in all other countries. Often they are the children of the migrants of 1890 and 1905 or later. This fact was confirmed by the disclosures of the Canadian Report, of a trial in South Africa and of authentic information from America, Australia and other countries.

The parallel development of Political Zionism is fascinating to study. Its growth in Jewry much resembles that of National Socialism in Germany. It is not much more than sixty years old; at the start was feared by the mass of Jews; and now has the bulk of them in a grip, sometimes mystic and more often terrorist.

It was in 1882 that one Leo Pinsker published (in Berlin) his *Auto-emancipation, A Warning to his Race by a Russian Jew* (I take 'auto-emancipation' to mean 'self-liberation'). He first raised the cry that the Jews 'must become a nation'.

'Rabbis through the centuries have reminded Jews that they would be committing suicide by establishing a political State,' said a Dr. Rabinovitch in Montreal in 1946 (he described himself

as 'a British subject, citizen of Canada, and a Jew through and through'). But since Pinsker sounded that call very many rabbis have yielded to its temptation. 'Mighty things from small beginnings grow'; I doubt if Pinsker dreamed that within fifty years Gentile politicians in great States would jump at the Zionist knock on their doors and hasten to do their callers' bidding, or that his proposals would have been so stupendously enlarged.

His Warning is sad, even gruesome to read. The Jews *were* everywhere 'emancipated', or becoming so, but he complained that this was not the self-evident recognition of a natural human right, but merely the result of intellectual enlightenment. He wanders into a dim and intricate jungle of dialectics where he may only be followed by those who know something of the unhappy and unappeasable Jewish soul; he seems to dislike those who saw in a Jew merely another being on two legs like themselves even more than those who saw a distinct, antipathetic Jewish being; he detests 'our protectors' more than 'our enemies'. 'We must have' (he said) 'a *home*, if not a *country* of our own . . . The goal of our present endeavours must be not the Holy Land but a land of our own' (not long afterwards the Zionists refused Uganda). He recommended 'the purchase' of a piece of land where several millions of Jews could settle, for instance, 'a small territory in North America or a sovereign Pashalik in Asiatic Turkey' recognised by the Sultan and other powers 'as neutral'.

Even Pinsker's plan, however, contained the fatal germ which was to infect the whole project in the twentieth century. He wanted the Jews to be a nation with a country; but did not want the nation to inhabit that country. He only wanted 'the surplus' of Jews to go there, and the others to remain where they were. He claimed the rights of nationhood for the Jews but would not concede them to others. He claimed that the Jews were not nationals of the countries they lived in, with a faith of their own, but members of a distinct nation, yet entitled to the full rights of other nationalities in those various lands. It was a claim unique in history, or one hitherto imposed only by armed conquerors on enslaved peoples.

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'The comparatively small number of Jews in the Occident, who constitute an insignificant percentage of the population, and for this reason, perhaps, are better situated and even to a certain extent naturalised, may in the future remain where they are.' In his time the mass of Jews lived in the Russian, Austro-Hungarian and German territories; he did not envisage one in which the majority of them would have been transferred to occidental America and Britain.

His proposals found eager response. The 'Lovers of Zion' held their first conference at Kattowitz in 1884; by 1895 Herzl had convened the first Zionist Congress at Basle; the twentieth century saw the World Zionist Organisation in being, and American and British politicians, during two world wars, under pressure from it to conquer Palestine for Political Zionism by force of arms.

The Potent Partnership

The joint root and birthplace of these two tremendous movements I have shown. They sprang from the great Jewish areas of Russia in the Eighties and Nineties. That they originally marched side by side is explicable: some Jews may have seen through revolution in Russia the way to their greater freedom inside Russia, others may have seen in the prospect of Jewish nationhood and a Jewish State the hope of greater freedom outside Russia. However, they did not branch out in separate ways after 1917, but continued each to support the other. Jews took a great part in spreading Communism outside Russia; the Soviet Empire, while forbidding the Zionist teaching *inside* Russia (where there was even a Jewish Soviet Republic), promoted the Zionist plan in Palestine, just as politicians in America and Britain had supported it.

This became publicly plain, though it could be perceived earlier, immediately after the second war. In previous wars the power of government in the country of a defeated enemy was always exercised through the army of occupation and some civil authority sent by the victor. After the second war something new happened. Great power was wielded in the areas of British and

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American occupation by a third party known only by initials: UNRRA. Ninety-five per cent of its huge funds were supplied by the United States, this country and Canada. The British Government contributed £155,000,000 of its taxpayers' money (equivalent to about 6d. in the pound income-tax for two years), without asking them, and the total amount 'distributed without discrimination' as 'a free gift' was £920,000,000. A large proportion of this went, in cash and kind, to Soviet Russia or the Soviet-controlled countries, where the goods donated were sold to the population, the proceeds going to the State budget, or were reserved to official classes.

Thus the prying historian may ask who relieved and rehabilitated whom? If Soviet Russia and the puppet-states were to be the bad boys of the Fifties, they were clearly being strengthened at this instant; but so was Political Zionism. In January 1946 the activities of UNRRA were brilliantly, though briefly, illuminated. A distinguished British officer, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Frederick Morgan, having been lent to UNRRA, was in charge of the appalling problem of the 'displaced persons', those pitiful, homeless victims of the war's ruination. What he saw moved him to an indignant public disclosure.

General Morgan stated that 'a secret organisation' existed to further a mass-movement of Jews from Europe; he was quoted as speaking of 'a positive plan for a second Exodus'. Here, then, was the revelation that great political moves, financed by American and British money, were going on in secrecy.

There was a sudden convulsive movement, like that of some giant hitherto immobile and hidden, but alert. General Morgan had opened Bluebeard's forbidden chamber. A Mr. Lehmann, then UNRRA's director-general, from the other side of the Atlantic demanded his immediate resignation. After explaining that he had no 'anti-Semitic' intention (where was one, in a plain statement of fact?) General Morgan was allowed to remain. In August, however, he made a second, similar disclosure and was immediately 'released' from his duties by the new director-general, a Mr. La Guardia, of transatlantic UNRRA, who

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appointed a Mr. Myer Cohen in his place. (Both the directors-general were avowed Zionists.)

The British Government made no demur at this treatment of a high British officer; indeed, in December it retired him 'at his own request'. By that time, however, a number of British M.P.s, representing the 'Select Committee on Estimates of the House of Commons', had been to Austria to see how the British taxpayer was faring there. Its Report (H.M. Stationery Office, No. 190, November 5th, 1946) said that 'very large numbers of Jews, almost amounting to a second Exodus, have been migrating from Eastern Europe to the American zones in Germany and Austria with the intention, in the majority of cases, of finally making their way to Palestine. It is clear that it is a highly organised movement, with ample funds and great influence behind it, but the Sub-Committee were unable to obtain any evidence who are the real instigators'. This was a complete confirmation of General Morgan's statements, which were corroborated a second time by the Report of a War Investigating Committee sent to Europe by the United States' Senate (or Upper House); this said that heavy migration of Jews from Eastern Europe into the American Zone of Germany was 'part of a carefully organised plan financed by special groups in the United States'.

Thus the facts were clear. 'This great migration came chiefly from the Soviet-controlled half of Europe, which none can leave without Soviet permission, and was not composed of 'displaced persons'. Most of them came from the substantial Jewish communities in Russia and Russian-occupied Poland, Rumania and Hungary; they were sent by the Communist Empire and their passage was facilitated by British and American money. They were being helped to go to Palestine in order to aggravate the situation there. Communism was supporting Political Zionism for its own ends, and so was American finance.

The truth emerged in these fragments, but was quite obscured by the chorus of complaint, in *all* London newspapers, about the refusal of the hard-pressed Palestine authorities to let these persecuted visitors land! At the time I write, many months after

General Morgan's disclosure and the Select and the U.S. Senate Committees' confirmations, the 'hell ships' are still portrayed to the British newspaper-reader as vessels containing people driven from their homes by Hitler who have nowhere else to go.¹ In reality the stage is being set for the third act of the twentieth-century drama and the scene-shifters work in many countries which outwardly protest against each other.

The Invisible Censorship

The case of General Morgan is of the utmost importance to the student of these times. All trained observers knew of the support given to the extreme Zionists by Communism, but this was the first indisputable revelation of it and of its danger to peace. The rights or wrongs of the matter were never discussed. He was reproached with 'anti-Semitism' merely because he had disclosed a great super-national transaction behind the scenes, in which human beings were being used as pawns. The fact that he spoke the truth was irrelevant; he lifted the forbidden curtain and had to go. One can only hope that his subsequent retirement by the British Government was not entirely the abject thing it appeared to be and that his knowledge is being used. Otherwise the outlook for the Fifties would be dark indeed. It would mean that those who rule us were accepting an alien over-governorship which in the next decade would attempt open domination.

When some particularly cruel murders were committed in Palestine (the British Government and newspapers paused to express sympathy with the British victims in the form of words kept for these occasions: 'incalculable harm has been done to the cause of Zionism by these outrages'), a British soldier in Palestine wrote to *The Times*. He expressed 'the general feeling of dis-

¹ On August 12th, 1947, Major Beamish, M.P. (Lewes), asked in the House of Commons if the British Government had made any investigation from the Polish Government as to the reasons for the exodus from Poland. He pointed out that three of the most powerful ministers in Poland were Jews. No information was given. Documents found in one of the 'hell ships' intercepted by the British Navy, showed that the American captain was to have been paid £45,540 (£10 a head) if he had landed his 'refugees' in Palestine. They were not published by the British Government.

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appointment and surprise felt for the attitude his Majesty's Government had adopted towards the killing of British troops . . . What use has the Army for the Government's sympathy? It does not avenge those already murdered, nor does it prevent any further killing. Are we no longer a nation with sufficient courage to enforce law and order where it is our responsibility to do so?'

That was very nearly the plight to which we had been brought. By the acceptance of this secret thralldom we should cease to be a nation.

In my time in journalism, now over twenty-five years, I have seen it spread until it almost blots out the light. When I began, parliament and all the newspapers were open to the discussion of any public affair. There *was* freedom of speech and opinion, if it stopped short of subversion, libel and obscenity; in two decades this nearly disappeared. The state of affairs shown by General Morgan's treatment was general. It had proved possible by stealth almost to stamp out any public discussion of Political Zionism, of the Jewish influence in Communism, and of any affinity or association between the two. This has been done merely by representing any reference to these important matters as 'anti-Semitism'. As I write a strongly organised newspaper campaign is being waged to have it declared 'sedition'.

That Communism and Jewry frequently furthered each other's causes is clear. The first exceptional laws in favour of one section of the community, the Jewish, were enacted in Communist Russia; the object was clearly to silence public discussion of the predominant Jewish share in the events of 1917, but as no subject may be freely debated in Russia, that in itself would not much matter. The important thing is that these laws have in fact, and in varying degree, been stretched far beyond Russia in the last thirty years, and that Communism and organised Jewry join forces in extending them. They apply now throughout the Soviet-controlled area of Europe; in practice they prevail in the American-occupied part of Germany; and in fact, though not in law, they already blanket public information in England and America.

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Their intention, however, is not to protect the Jews but to hide the shape of events. General Morgan's case is the proof. 'The people never give up their liberties but under some delusion,' said Edmund Burke. The delusion that the Jews need to be protected in England is being created in order to further that design of spreading chaos which has been forced upon Europe in the last thirty years; the attack on the last liberties of Britain is once more being opened in the delusive name of 'anti-Semitism'.

It has done duty now, with extraordinary success, for three decades. The label is merely transferred from one country, when its liberty has gone, to another, the liberty of which is next on the list for attack. In the second-hand bookshops of the Charing Cross Road today's wanderer may find dozens of books, written between 1890 and 1917, and often published in Berlin, which portrayed Russia as the satanic enemy of the Jews.¹ On those same dusty shelves may be found as many more books, written between 1933 and 1945 and published in London, in which Germany took the place of Russia. Today the name is being changed again: the name of England has been substituted for those of Russia and Germany in the books now being written and published in New York. The Englishman who looks around him in his island may judge how true it is, and wonder how true the rest was. If 'laws against anti-Semitism' openly came in England, the name would soon change again, I think; America would be the next one.

In all this the masses of Jewry appeared to have as little say as the masses of Russia, Germany or England in deciding their fate. When Leo Pinsker first proposed the 'National Home' in 1882 the masses of Jews in Russia were against it; emancipation was largely a reality. When the mysterious Hitler arose in Germany the masses of Jews there were long since free from any discrimination and loved Germany. In England the native population in the twentieth century had lost all feeling that there was anything

¹ 'The gulf that severed Western Europe from Russia during the latter half of the nineteenth century was dug and kept open chiefly by Jewish resentment of Russian persecution of the Jews' - *Through Thirty Years*, by Wickham Steed, 1924.

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distinct, different or separate about Jews — until the Zionists and Communists raised the cry, 'anti-Semitism'. For the purposes of the Plan this turnip-headed spectre obviously has to be created, since it does not exist.

Yet everywhere the phenomenon has repeated itself: the masses of Jewry have been brought under the grasp of Political Zionism and those Jews who openly see in it (as I believe, rightly) common ruination for Jew and Gentile are a diminishing rearguard. In England and America, as previously in Germany and Russia, a few Jews have been foremost in recognising and denouncing the danger. An American Jew, Mr. Henry H. Klein, described in print the grip over Jewry of the fanatical group known as the Sanhedrin, to which he attributed the plan to destroy the Christian world, an enterprise which (he wrote in 1945) had been largely accomplished. His description of the plan and the motive agrees with that given by Disraeli exactly one hundred years earlier (see pp. 286-7). Mr. Klein suffered persecution and ostracism at the hands of the extreme Zionists, who make no distinction between Jew and Gentile in pursuing any who venture to oppose their plans.

The power to move the Jewish masses about like sheep, and to inflame a fanatical hatred in them, passed into the hands of the extraordinary, half-secret organisation which no Gentile politician apparently dared to oppose, and this organisation worked hand-in-hand with the Communist Empire. Lord Salisbury once said in the Lords: 'It is clear that among a small, extreme section of the Jews in Palestine we are being treated as an enemy of the Jews. They have declared war on Britain.'

The word 'small' was misleading in view of the obvious and enormous power of this organisation, which in any case was not 'in Palestine'. Its headquarters are in America¹ and in the

¹ In this century the bulk of Jewry has been transferred from Russia to America: 'In the generation between 1880 and 1910 not less than 30 per cent of all Jews were on the road from one continent to another . . . And today, 1940, the United States, with approximately five million Jews, has become by far the largest Jewish centre in the world (indeed the largest at any time in Jewish history)' — from an article by Benjamin Gebiner, in the jubilee number of the Jewish *Workmen's Circle Call*,

Soviet-controlled half of Europe. What is not understood among Gentiles, because the knowledge of it is not spread by their newspapers, is the terrorist nature of the 'unseen managers' hold over these shifting masses. I have talked with British officers who were put on board intercepted 'hell ships' in Palestinian waters and they give a fantastic account of people who did not understand by what power they had been set in motion; who had been drilled in the few words they were allowed to speak and beyond these refused to speak at all because they feared for their lives; and who were kept in this literally mortal terror on board by leaders of the most rabid type. The picture was that of a terrorist system more ferocious even than the Communist and Nazi ones.

The Political Zionists, supported today by the present rulers of the land from which they sprang, have in the last thirty years become astonishingly powerful in the world. They were able in the first war, by means of pressures quite invisible to the peoples engaged in it, to achieve an aim entirely outside its declared scope and proclaimed objects. They extracted from a British government the promise of a 'National Home', in another people's land, where they would enjoy full 'political rights' (which were not accorded to the native inhabitants) while retaining their full political rights everywhere else. Between the wars they were able, by the same unseen means, to bring British governments to make war on that native population. After the second one they were able, when British governments at length shrank from the task, to prompt an American President and even 'the United Nations' to support their claims, and the Soviet Power to support them by arranging 'a second Exodus' towards Palestine.¹

¹ Immediately after the Socialist election victory of 1945 the World Zionist Congress met in London and sent a deputation to the Colonial Secretary, who was then Mr. (now Viscount) Hall. Lord Hall, who did not long remain at the Colonial Office, subsequently said in the House of Lords: 'I must say the attitude adopted by the members of the deputation was different from anything which I have ever experienced. It was not a request for the consideration of His Majesty's Government of the decisions of the Zionist conference, but a demand that His Majesty's Government should do what the Zionist Organisation desired them to do.'

Chicago. Since 1940 there has been a further large influx into America, and also the organised one from the Russian areas towards Palestine.

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Tumult and Design

Such light as has now been shed on these dark doings illuminates the shape of the decade to come. Hostilities have not ceased, though the fighting has. Not one, but *two* war situations have been produced for the future, and through them the ambitions of World Communism and Political Zionism, which have often run parallel, will presumably be continued.

The two war situations are in Europe and in Arabia. In Europe there is the artificial bisection, which cannot endure any more than the moon can stand still; it must be ended by the withdrawal of the Communist Empire into its native land or by its advance to the Atlantic, which would make Europe, presumably including this island, a second Soviet continent.

In Arabia there is the Political Zionist ambition, which can only be achieved by force of British or American arms, possibly disguised as 'United Nations' ones.¹

If this island should passively submit to become 'a unit of a European Union of Soviet Republics' (Mr. John Strachey in 1937), the first war situation might conceivably end in Soviet victory without fighting. The *second* war situation *cannot* end without fighting, whether 'the physical authority of the civilised world' (see footnote below) is applied or not. The Arabs, a primitive people, will fight and the resulting explosion, in its spread, might prove the greatest of the century.

This, then, is the infernal machine prepared, during two wars and three decades, to explode in the Fifties, if not before. The renewal of fighting-hostilities could only be prevented now, and

¹ I have often pointed to the importance of articles in *The Times* as accurate indications of coming events, however little these are to be desired. The great cases in point are its recommendations for Austrian and Czechoslovak submission to Hitler, which were repudiated, but subsequently carried out, by the British Government; and its similar recommendation about the partition of Poland in favour of Russia, also repudiated, and equally fulfilled, by the next British Government. On May 14th, 1947, *The Times* wrote: 'Britain's reference of the dispute between Arabs and Jews to the United Nations imposes upon that body the duty of framing an award which can be enforced with the moral, and if necessary the physical authority of the civilised world.' These policies recommended by it, in respect of Poland and Palestine, appear to me certain to lead to the third war, as the earlier ones directly led to the second.

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an end be put to the non-fighting war, by statesmen who would speak openly about, and resist, the half-hidden forces which are clearly manipulating these affairs. As long as politicians in America and Britain cover up such matters as the Canadian Report, the methods of Zionism, and Soviet-Zionist collaboration in preparing the outbreak in Arabia, hostilities will continue and their renewal by arms approach.

It is not certain that the two war-situations will detonate together. The Communist technique was revealed in practice in the second war. It is to declare all wars 'imperialist wars' when they begin and instruct the Communist daughter-parties to sabotage them behind the front¹ and, when it joins in them, to turn them into civil wars: that is, to use the Communists less for military victory than to strike for 'Soviet power' in each country.

This may happen again, if the war-situation in Arabia becomes a fighting-war first. The fact that the Soviet Power has helped to prepare it, and has supported the American proposal to partition Palestine in favour of the migrants sent from Russia and financed from America, would not prevent the Communists from whipping up the masses of the Near East, India and the Far East with the cry that this was 'an Imperialist war'. These masses would not remember, if they ever knew, that the war-situation was produced by the Soviet dispatch of trainloads and shiploads of unwitting Jews to the scene, or that a British general was dismissed when he revealed the process.

British or American or any other troops so employed, however, would be merely serving as the foreign levies of Zionist imperialism, which Soviet imperialism has from the beginning supported. They would go out to set up the Zionist Empire, which would certainly prove to be something much greater than a 'National Home' for 'the surplus' in a small part of Palestine. The enterprise would unloose great upheavals far and wide. The final assault from all sides on individual liberty and national freedom would have begun — for no sophistry could then further cloak the

¹ During the Battle of Britain the Communist *Daily Worker* refused all challenges to answer the question whether it supported armed resistance to a German invasion.

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fact that the British or Americans (even if they called themselves 'The United Nations') were in fact wantonly attacking a small, peaceable and untroublesome people far away. If they began such a battle, it could never be disguised as one for the right, and out of the convulsion which would spread from it could only come ruin and slavery for all. The great Design of the twentieth century would approach completion.

Back to B.C.?

Reduced to simple words, such an enterprise would mean that the men of Christian civilisation would return to the birthplace of their faith and civilisation in order to blot out the entire story of these 1947 years. That is the immense symbolism of the thing: Europe, three parts ruined, only needs that final blow.

Who foresaw that thirty years ago, when a British politician, covered by the empowerment of 'an emergency', dictated a letter blandly, and blindly, agreeing to set up 'a National Home' in Palestine? The story of these thirty years is as amazing as that of the thirty-three which ended with the Nazarene's condemnation in Jerusalem in A.D. 29. Will it in three more years, in 1950, see a similar denouement: a foreign governor there yielding in all matters, against his will, to a noisy clamour? The retreat of British and American politicians before the mysterious Political Zionists during the last thirty years, recalls the career of Pontius Pilate.

The fantastic tale, from that day in 1917 until 1947, should be publicly known now, but is not.¹ Mr. Bevin, who thirty years later succeeded to the full-grown serpent hatched from Lord Balfour's harmless-looking egg, once referred to 'the two-thousand-year-old dispute between Jews and Arabs'. This was one of those bewildering misstatements, from a high place, which curdle the blood of hope in the listener's veins, for they imply that the men who have to handle such dangerous affairs often have no notion of what they touch. Jews and Arabs lived in amity in Palestine

¹ It is best told in Miss Frances Newton's *Fifty Years in Palestine*, Coldharbour Press, 1948, 8s. 6d., and Mr. J. M. N. Jeffries's *Palestine, The Reality*.

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for two thousand years until the Declaration of 1917. Mr. Bevin later came nearer to the truth when he spoke of the Zionist enterprise as a war between Jewry and the Gentiles. Actually, it appears to me to be a war waged by the Political Zionists against the Jewish masses and the Gentiles alike.

First, then, came the original promise, given in breach of other promises to the Arabs. Its results were: the years of enforced Zionist immigration into Palestine; growing Arab protests; Arab uprisings in 1920, 1921, 1929 and 1933; and from 1936 to 1939 the first Zionist war (waged by British troops against the Arabs).

This long and costly war was not successful, and only ceased when the British Government of that day consented to reduce Zionist immigration to a maximum of 12,000 a year.

At that point Arab resistance had brought the Zionist plan to a standstill. Without the simultaneous rise of Hitler and 'anti-Semitism' in Germany, and the second war, a wrongful invasion of a peaceable land would have been checked and the 'design' of the twentieth century would have been spoiled.

Coincidence is in our century clearly a malignant demon; Hitler appeared and the second war began, ran its course and reached its curious end. What happened then? A 'United Nations Organisation' was set up to make 'aggression' impossible in future and to ensure the spread of 'democracy' everywhere.

From that day to this the 'United Nations Organisation' has not succeeded in establishing peace, repressing aggression or preserving democratic liberties anywhere, or agreed on any major issue whatever, with one solitary exception: by an overwhelming majority it decided that the Zionist invasion of Palestine should continue. In the light of this large fact, its other current plans for setting up a 'United Nations Force' and for vesting the monopoly of atom bombs in one of its sovereign committees, ADA, take on a new significance.

It began by sending a committee of inquiry to Palestine. The noble principles of the 'United Nations Charter' (like those earlier ones of the Atlantic Charter) were quite discarded. The terms of reference, by majority vote, included no mention of 'independ-

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dence, democracy and self-determination' for the *native* inhabitants of Palestine, and these, indeed, were ignored altogether; the investigating committee sharply rejecting a proposal that their interests should be considered. The matter of 'Jewish refugees' from Europe (those who were to be sent from the Soviet area while the investigating committee was in Palestine) *was* included, though the Arabs clearly had nothing to do with their transportation.

These decisions were taken in the heart of 'the largest Jewish centre in the world' and Arab voices were as few there, and as little heeded, as in London. The first missionaries of 'The United Nations' fared forth to Palestine and on August 31st, 1947, recommended that the part of Palestine where the imported Zionists, in thirty years, had been made more numerous than the local Arabs should be made an independent Jewish State; also, that 150,000 new immigrants be admitted into Palestine during two years and 60,000 a year thereafter.

Thus the first act of 'The United Nations' after the second war was to declare war! If this does not show 'the design' of the twentieth century, I do not know what can. This was a declaration of war on an inoffensive people; the British Government's representatives on the spot had for thirty years warned it; the representatives of the six neighbouring Arab States, Lebanon, Syria, Irak, Egypt, Saudi Arabia and Yemen, had unanimously told the visiting investigators that it would be regarded as an act of hostility to the Arab world.

The time had come, as *The Times* had foretold three months earlier, for 'the civilised world' to 'enforce physical authority'. The 'United Nations Organisation', however, had not yet its liberating armies or freedom-bringing atom-bombers. Who was to be the stool-pigeon?

This country; the 'United Nations Organisation' declared war in *Britain's* name. 'The United Kingdom shall carry out these measures.' Such was the real result (alongside the partition of Europe) of the second war.

The Socialist Government of 1945, constantly pressed by its

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'Keep Left' group, had announced its decision to withdraw from India and Egypt. Only time can test the inner morality of those great retreats; if they are merely being made in homage to the Fabian teachings of forty years ago they are simple acts of surrender. The one way to make them appear something worse — namely, as arrant humbug from the start — was simultaneously to begin a new invasion of another Muslim country, and that on behalf of an alien overlord.

If it is honestly carried out, the decision the British Government made about Palestine in September 1947 might yet save the future and undo both the fatal error of 1917, the Balfour Declaration, and the great chaos of this century. The government announced that, although it would 'take responsibility for giving effect to any plan on which agreement is reached between the Arabs and the Jews', it would not feel able to do so 'if the United Nations Assembly should recommend a policy which is not acceptable to the Jews and the Arabs'; and, further, that it 'was not prepared to undertake the task of imposing a policy in Palestine by force of arms'. Had British governments of the Thirties taken this line the war-situation of today would never have arisen.

More important still, the Socialist Government announced that, in considering any proposal that it should 'participate with others in the enforcement of a settlement', it would have to take into account 'the inherent justice of the settlement and the extent to which force would be required to give effect to it'.

The momentous words, if they are honoured in the deed, are 'inherent justice', because this quality was absent from the whole transaction since its beginning in 1917. In fact, it was the inherent injustice of the enterprise, and the twisting sophistry which British governments and newspapers had for thirty years displayed in trying to conceal it, which did more than most other things to discredit the conduct of public affairs in England and public esteem for government.

On the frail thread of those two words, 'inherent justice', hangs the future. As soon as they had been spoken Mr. Harold Laski, a former chairman of the Socialist Party, in an American weekly

derided the 'nonsensical belief that Britain would ever move out of Palestine' (the withdrawal of our forces from there had also been announced) 'unless they were absolutely sure that the United States would move in'. The leaders of the 'Keep Left' group in the Socialist Party, Mr. Crossman and others, who had been calling for Britain to get out of Palestine, now wrote to *The Times* that to do so would be a sign of material and moral weakness; by remaining and enforcing partition we should build up friendship with both Arabs and Jews.

The shape of The Plan seems plain. It was that British troops, if possible, and if that could not be achieved, American ones, should begin the new war. Quite clearly, this time, it would not be for any ideal or for British or American interests. It might promote Zionist power and found the Zionist Empire; of these, British or American fighting-men would undeniably be the servants. The supreme ambition, I judge, is to get *American* armies fighting in Arabia. If a carrot were needed for the public donkey, 'vital oil interests' could be dangled before him.

The word 'Declaration' seems ominous in our time and our affairs. The Balfour 'Declaration', which seemed harmless to the war-confused public of 1917, in the event proved to be a declaration of war on the Arabs of Palestine; it led to increasingly costly warfare against them in the Twenties and Thirties. It led also, by direct descent, to the United Nations 'Declaration' of 1947, which in the event, if it is followed through, is likely to prove the declaration of yet another war against them. If the attempt is made to enforce it the hostilities which seem certain to result may be of incalculable spread and prove, in the end, to be the beginning of the third major twentieth-century war, the origins of which will then be seen to lie in the 'Declaration' of 1917. That 'Declaration' would in the event emerge as the declaration of the third twentieth-century war.

As I write, the moment when that will happen cannot be foreseen. After the British Government's refusal all depends on the weight of Zionist pressure which will be brought to bear on politicians, newspapers and the lump of putty called 'public

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opinion' in New York and London; and on the steadfastness or weakness of the Gentile politicians chiefly concerned.

In our day the real meaning of the great transference of Jewish masses from Russia to America has become clear. Since 1882, when Leo Pinsker first raised the cry of 'A National Home', the United States, as I have shown, has supplanted Russia as the largest Jewish centre in the world ('indeed the largest at any time in Jewish history') and the bulk of immigrant Jews have been massed in New York. These Jews, increasingly held in the intimidatory grip of the fanatical Zionists, can be used to manipulate the politics and policies of the wealthiest country in the world in exactly the same way as two thousand Communists in a British trade union of eighty thousand members can be used to control the politics of that union. This is the picture, as given in a recent report (*Daily Express*, October 15th, 1947):

'President Truman has been warned by his Republican Opposition that if he commits American troops to Palestine there will be trouble . . . If he does not promise these troops, he may be in for election trouble from another direction. It should not be forgotten — and it never is by a President or candidate — that two out of every seven New Yorkers are Jewish. The Jews therefore hold the balance of power in a New York City election and New York State can hardly be won without a victory in New York City. Not since 1916 has a candidate won the Presidency without winning New York State. Can you wonder, then, that America's harassed President wants British troops to stay in Palestine until he can find a way — if there is a way — out of his dilemma?'

That, again, is the picture of a master-move in politics, clearly revealed. The movement of Jewish masses from Russia to America, and in America particularly to New York, between 1880 and 1940 was no natural phenomenon (any more than the mass-movements of 1945-48 towards Palestine), but part of the great design. Thus may the actions of great States be brought under control. In America a parliamentary or a presidential election occurs every two years; the presence of this disciplined mass

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in New York gives continuing influence over the mechanism. The method by which an American President can be prompted just after a war 'against aggression', to demand 'the immediate admission of 100,000 Jews to Palestine' becomes clear. Since the seat of 'The United Nations' is also fixed in America, the possibilities of controlling world politics, as distinct from American domestic ones, becomes equally plain.

It remains a mystery that the Gentile politicians of our century do not rebel against these constraints, and that American Presidents yield to them rather than expose them and risk losing an election. These Presidents today seem to feel themselves in the dilemma which Mr. Baldwin described in the Thirties, when he said that if he had told this country Germany is rearming and we must rearm, he would have lost the election. Two things are plain now: one, that it would have been better to have told the truth and have lost the election; the other, that the election would probably not have been lost had the truth been told. The American Presidents do not see that today, any more than he did then.

Thus America, in the Forties, is being drawn into the same dangerous and evil undertaking which for thirty years has brought misfortune to Britain. The United States have as I write a Foreign Minister who looks and speaks like one of the great British or American statesmen of a century ago; General Marshall is simple, strong and upright. Yet he too is drawn or impelled, by those half-hidden influences, into policies and enterprises as mutually incompatible as night and day. Speaking at Boston on October 14th, 1947, with reference to the Soviet annexation of half Europe, he rightly described the imminent danger as that of 'the actual disappearance of the characteristics of Western civilisation on which our government and our manner of living are based'. The basic issue, he said, 'is simply whether or not men are to be left free to organise their existence or whether they are to have their lives arranged for them by small groups of men who have abrogated to themselves this arbitrary power'. Speaking with the utmost gravity, he prophetically said: 'It would be a great folly to assume we can stand aloof.'

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Yet two days earlier his representative at the United Nations Assembly at Lake Success demanded the partition of Palestine, the setting-up of a Jewish State there, and continued alien immigration enforced by a mercenary army recruited under 'The United Nations'!

This would not serve peace, but merely fulfil the ambition of 'a small group of men': the powerful Political Zionists of New York. It was not surprising that, for the first time, the Soviet representative cordially agreed to an American proposal. Obviously the Soviet Power could never be expected to yield up any of its ill-gotten gains in Europe if those who complain of them are about to support such enterprises in Arabia.

There has, however, been one great benefit from these events. In the last two years the process by which American and British governments have been brought to support the fantastic ambitions of Zionism has become visible and is gradually dawning on the comprehension of the public mind everywhere. Mankind is beginning to see the real shape of the Palestine enterprise.

The Money-Power

The quick parallel rise of World Communism and Political Zionism is now clear to see, and the subtle methods by which Communism gains its hold over non-Communist governments, parties and organisations outside parliament are revealed to those who are not afraid to see them. The means by which the Political Zionists have gained such an astonishing hold over political leaders in America and Britain, however, were until recently hard to understand. It is a new thing in history for a British government to promise someone else's territory to a group of people on the ground that one of its leaders made a valuable contribution to the science of explosives (this was an explanation given by Mr. Lloyd George for the original Balfour Declaration). Thirty years later it seemed equally bewildering that an American President, after a brief visit from a few Zionist spokesmen, should issue a public demand for the immediate admission of 100,000 strangers into Palestine.

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One generation after another of political leaders, through three decades, cannot consist solely of chronically weak, incurably deluded, or inveterately ill-informed and ill-advised men. In thirty years Mr. Bevin was the first of them all to utter a forthright and sturdy word in this matter (and the bitter campaign waged against him by the Political Zionists is the result). All the others behaved as if they felt a pistol in their backs every time they handled this material. The weight of unremitting newspaper propaganda, which does produce in masses of people a mental condition resembling that resulting from drugs or intoxicants, accounts for much; the instincts of infatuation and masochism are strong in human nature.¹ But how can one account for the subservience of the newspapers?

I think the ultimate explanation must lie in the power of money, though I do not understand its myriad uses. The last fifty years or so have seen, alongside the rise of World Communism and Political Zionism, and the transplantation of the largest single community of Jews from Russia to America, one other phenomenon unique in the world's history: the transfer of most of the world's money to the country which is the present seat of Zionist power: America.

Gold is money. In the past thirty years about three-fifths of the world's stock of monetary gold, having been dug out of the earth in various countries, has been transported oversea and buried at Fort Knox in Kentucky. The amount now interred there is worth about £6,000,000,000. It includes, I believe, five hundred million golden British sovereigns, which at their current value would cover about eight years' British income-tax revenue.

Who knows how or why all this gold has been assembled in Kentucky? I cannot explain the process, but the results seem clear. The process began, like the others, in 1914, when we last saw our golden sovereigns. Up to that time no man needed to worry about the value of his money, for it changed seldom and

¹ I treasure a letter from an Anglican clergyman who said he thought the Jews superior beings because they were civilised when we ran about in woad and skins; carrying the argument further, I suppose it gives the modern Egyptian or Chinese a still higher claim.

little. A man with twenty-five sovereigns might comfortably travel a large part of Europe, and know exactly what he would receive for them everywhere. As long as we had them there were no travel-bans or trade-bans. There were no ups and downs in purchasing power, only small variations in prices, and a bank-account of £100 meant one hundred pounds, withdrawable in gold.

It is only since the paper came that all the currency illnesses have come, with rates and markets rising and falling like a fever-patient's chart, and bans and barriers going up on all sides. A man with a gold bank account could not be dispossessed by stroke-of-pen; a man with a paper one can be. 'Inflation' and 'deflation' are paper ailments, not golden ones. The great transactions of sudden public impoverishment, which have been a feature of these thirty years, could not be brought about if men had gold in their purses or stockings. 'Dollar shortages' could not be offered as the pretext for abolishing civic liberties in sterling England if we had gold.

The abolition of the national sovereign meant monetary enslavement; those who do not yield to phrases may see whither 'the abolition of national sovereignty' leads.

The last time I heard of any golden sovereigns (the British islander may not legally possess them) they were in canisters falling, beneath parachutes, into the hands of mysterious 'Tito'; no Chancellor of the Exchequer ever told the British people that that would be their destination when they left these shores. In this country a bride (by order of the Treasury) may no longer buy a golden wedding ring unless it is an old one.

How, then, is the money-power used? It seems to me that a demoniac Plan runs through the twentieth century and that the devil sits on that golden throne in Fort Knox. What *men* use the money-power? The gold is in America, but America too has changed in these thirty years since the two super-national giants appeared and the gold began to travel. The great immigration from Russia has changed, if not the heart of America, at all events the face it turns towards the world, just as it has changed ours. An examination of our parliament, parties, press, literature, films

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and plays shows that we have not assimilated this great new influx of foreign blood; rather has it given a new impress to our own outer countenance. The distinctive British traits (or, as General Marshall said, 'the characteristics of Western civilisation') are blurring in our public affairs.

The same thing has happened in America in the last thirty years or so. The America of Ben Hecht, Walter Winchell, 'the President's advisers' and the Hollywood Czars is not that of Mark Twain, Walt Whitman, Emerson, James and the makers of the American Constitution. Whatever its heart, its face and voice have become increasingly those of World Communism and Political Zionism, particularly since the second war, when the departments of its public affairs were thrown open (as in England) to the agents of these super-national enterprises.

The money-power is *in* America, but its actions may not be American any more than the Balfour Declaration was British. If the power to control the affairs and movements of millions far away rests on that immense pile of gold, the use which has been made of it is clear to see. It has been used to strengthen World Communism and Political Zionism. The huge transference of treasure to 'the Soviet Power' during the second war is known; if American and British soldiers are called on one day to press the Communist Empire out of Europe they will be fighting against American and British arms and gold, and may wonder what the money-power will next time be doing behind their backs. The use of the money-power to support the shifting of Jewish masses from Europe I have described; yet this movement is used by 'The United Nations' to justify the declaration of war on the Arabs!

In what other ways can the money-power be used? It seems clearly to have turned against this country from the moment the second war ended and the Zionist declaration of war (these words are literally used; there was one) on this country followed. Mr. Attlee in 1945 gave England a government which chiefly invited, and received, votes on the ground that it was one of Planners, with a Plan. Foreseeable and unnecessary hardships which earlier, non-planning governments had brought on this island (it said)

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would be avoided by it; it would plan precautions against them; that was its especial virtue.

On August 6th, 1947, Mr. Attlee told the nation, from the House of Commons, that there was 'a crisis' and that some of the British islander's most precious liberties must needs be abolished.¹ The 'crisis', however, was not a domestic one, but a monetary one of foreign origin. The government of planners had arranged an American loan in 1946 and expected it to last them 'well into 1949 and possibly into 1950'. But 'prices had risen' in America and now the loan would be exhausted in 1947. 'This is a situation as serious as any that has faced us in our long history' (Mr. Attlee used the identical words with which the Canadian Prime Minister described the Communist conspiracy there, disclosed by Gouzenko's documents).

Consequently British liberties must be abolished; if history contains a better example of the *non sequitur*, I do not know it.

The question thus arises, if the planners' government did not foresee such possibilities as rising prices, did the money-power anticipate them? If national liberties are to be destroyed because a foreign loan prematurely runs out, then the power at the loan's source is a world one: the money-power is a world-overlord, whose motives need to be closely scrutinised. The point is that since the gold migrated to Kentucky these loans have become mere book-keeping transactions, which may be falsified as soon as

¹ One must go back 600 years in English history for a parallel to the government's labour-direction measure; namely, to the Statute of Labourers of 1349, passed after the Black Death, when agricultural labourers were put back to the status of serfs. All history books denounce this Act as the most retrograde in the long history of the British island.

Incidentally, the future historian may chuckle over the following report from a British newspaper in October 1947: 'In Düsseldorf a Mr. W. Asbury, Regional Commissioner of North Rhine-Westphalia, outlined the British Government's scheme for dismantling German factories to silent German officials. He remarked dryly: "I would point out that for the first time in the history of Britain there has been direction of labour, and this having been accepted, there can be no argument that it is unacceptable here." Forced labour in peace was introduced "for the first time in the history of Germany" by Hitler! This choice comment was equivalent to saying that the German worker could not possibly object to Hitlerist measures if they were inflicted on him by a foreign government which, having driven Hitler out as the devil, had imposed them on its own people. It would be entertaining to know what 'the silent German officials' thought.

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they are made by a change in values, such as a rise or fall in prices. Had we not abolished the national sovereign, that could not happen. If we had, or borrowed, gold, loans could not melt like snow. But if it is in the bond that the sterling pound of flesh, when the paper dollars dissolve, is to be cut out of civic liberties in Britain, we ought to understand what is going on. In that case the world is already ruled by the guardians of Fort Knox, whoever they may be.

It appears to me that Mr. Bevin, that unpredictable blurter of truth, came near to the root of all our evil when he said: 'I know these Americans will be upset, but I have always got to upset somebody. My own conviction is that the United States handicapped itself and caused high taxation in its own country by its failure to redistribute the Fort Knox gold. If you found another gold mine in the world it would be a great advantage, but here is gold which has already been mined, and it is doing nothing.'

Near to the root of evil, but not near enough. The accumulation of so much gold in that spot, during these thirty fateful years, is obviously an evil thing, but it does not look to me like just one more unaccountable episode in a chapter of human errors. If it was deliberate, the reasons and results are becoming plain. The gold was certainly not 'doing nothing' if it was the basis of the paper loan, the withering-away of which was given as the explanation for smashing blows at liberty in England. It was doing a great deal.

This utterance brought even more wrath on Mr. Bevin's head than his occasional Nijinsky-like leaps into truth in the matters of Communism and Political Zionism. He had rattled the door handle of Bluebeard's chamber, if he had not seen inside.

The money-power, from its golden throne, like the great god Pan was spreading ruin and scattering ban. Its part in the Design of the twentieth century seems fairly clear today.

The Documents of the Case

It seems to me, when I consider the power of that entombed gold and the pattern of events in the last thirty years, that there

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are great, organised forces in the world, which are spread over many countries but work in unison to achieve power over mankind through chaos. They seem to me to seek, first and foremost, the destruction of Christianity, nationhood and liberty in Europe; that was 'the design' which Lord Acton perceived behind the first of the tumults, the French Revolution, and it has become clearer with later tumults and growing success. This process does not appear to me a natural or inevitable one, but a man-made one which follows definite rules of conspiratorial action. I believe there is an organisation behind it of long standing, and that the great successes which have been achieved are mainly due to the efficiency with which this has been kept concealed.

Are there any proofs? I think the shape of events is the proof. The course of the second war showed, in my opinion, that ways have been found and mechanisms set up to manipulate these wars in the interests of ulterior parties and ambitions, so that the one purpose advanced by them is that of spreading chaos, and destroying Christian nationhood and liberty in Europe. The rise, through both the wars, of causes remote from or antagonistic to those which were said to be, and which the masses believed to be, at stake is clearly worth study in this respect.

There is also substantial evidence, in my opinion, that this is an organised conspiracy of men, changing with the generations and collaborating from many countries, who largely succeed in remaining invisible, anonymous or disguised. The sudden appearance on the scene, at moments of climax, of beings hitherto unknown, like Hitler and 'Tito'; the Communist practice of working under aliases and through ostensibly non-Communist bodies, newspapers and parties; the use of 'Fascism' and 'anti-Semitism' as smoke-screens for the advancement of ulterior aims; all these are examples of the science of secret conspiracy in practice.

There are many instructive documents, too, and the especial energy used to suppress them is to my mind proof both of their importance and of the organised conspiracy. One is that known as 'The Protocols of the Elders of Zion'. In Communist-ruled

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countries it is suppressed under penalty of death. In many others it is violently combated, not by evidential refutation, but by the blanket-reproach that it is 'anti-Semitic', a term of political rhetoric which has played the part, in the debates of this century, of a red whale rather than a red herring.

In my opinion it deserves the closest and soberest study. It was published in Russia in 1897, translated into English by a British newspaper correspondent, Mr. Victor Marsden, who long lived there and returned to England after the Bolshevik revolution, and published here about 1918.

I have, I expect, as much knowledge as any living writer of the methods employed to suppress publication or public discussion of certain matters, and I know nothing to equal the fierce tenacity which is used to prevent the circulation of the book, or to discredit its contents. This is something which has to be experienced to be believed: my own reminiscences of it are already stored for publication one day.

One objection raised against it is that it was pronounced 'a forgery' by a Swiss Court, at the application of the Jewish community of Berne. The findings of foreign courts are not necessarily conclusive for the British islander; this judgment was in any case set aside by a higher court. Another argument used in rebuttal is that a correspondent of *The Times*, many years ago, wrote articles discounting the Protocols. As to that I was for many years a correspondent of *The Times* and am convinced of the authenticity of the Protocols, whatever their authorship, as a document of a secret society engaged in revolutionary conspiracy.

The complaint that they are forged presumably refers to the word 'Zion' in the title. I think the masses of people who are puzzled by the stubborn chaos of our times should read the Protocols, and in this search for truth, in order to be completely impartial, they should strike from their minds, or even from the book itself, this word in the title and any similar references in the text. They should go further, and regard the book as a non-Jewish one, or even as an anti-Jewish one. Let them assume that the book

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was written by Machiavellian plotters who saw in the use or misuse of the Jews and their plaints a good way of spreading strife and chaos in Europe. That is, after all, what is happening in our time; it is obvious that the pretended enemies, Communism and Fascism, only parade this issue in order to simulate a difference between them, though both are more lethal to Gentiles than to Jews; and that the Jewish masses are moved about and manipulated like pawns by some force which they themselves do not comprehend.

If the Protocols are approached, then, as an anti-Jewish document, if all these allowances are made, what remains is still a blueprint, made before this century began, of the events of the last thirty years. From whatever angle the book is regarded, that result is the same. Long before we saw them, long before we would have believed that they could ever be employed, the methods by which our world has been reduced to its present plight are here laid down; here is the formula for the corruption, intimidation or subornation of parties and individuals, newspapers and writers, parliaments and politicians, which have been seen in practice as these three decades have passed.

The book is the blueprint of a world conspiracy which fifty years ago huddled in Russian cellars and today sits in the seats of the mighty and is largely successful. It was published in 1897! There is no need to believe that it is the record of a Zionist Congress held about then; it is much better to disbelieve that and to accept the allegation that it is 'a plagiarism', that is, a rehash of some earlier document. That gives the clue. It means that the Protocols, though they are not *Zionist*, are authentic as the documents of a conspiracy.

This, in fact, appears clearly to be the truth. The thing to get at then is, who were the authors of the earlier document or documents, from which this one descended, and at what still earlier source did they study? It is plainly wrong that so brilliantly illuminating a work should be dismissed merely with angry assertions that it is forged. The point is that its authors, whoever they were and whenever they lived, knew the methods by which

the convulsions of this century would be brought about and Europe, by the middle of it, be almost destroyed.

It is important, then, not to suppress or to attack the book, but to find out whence it came. That might furnish the key to the still unsolved mystery of this century.

I believe the great opposition to any public discussion of the Protocols reveals the strength of the forces which do not wish the key to be found. The Protocols are not uniquely important in themselves. They are but one in a long series of documents which cover nearly two hundred years. But they supply the key. The line of political thought set out in them can be clearly traced from the middle of the eighteenth century until today, and for at least that time a secret organisation, which desires the destruction of Christendom and nationhood in Europe, has apparently been in existence.

The story reaches back to the secret societies which brought about the French revolution. It can first be clearly traced at that point. The 'design behind the tumult' which Lord Acton so clearly saw when he was investigating that revolution of the 1790s, was woven further by the revolutionaries of 1848, by the Russian ones of the 1880s and 1890s and, since 1917, has run through the whole chaos of our thirty years.

This is shown by the invaluable scientific comparison made by Mrs. Nesta Webster (*World Revolution*, Constable, 1921) between the Protocols and a series of other documents: those of the secret societies and sects behind the French revolution of 1790, of the unsuccessful revolutions of 1848, 1890 and 1905, and of the Communist revolution of 1917. This comparison reveals that the Protocols represent ideas which have come down in an unbroken line, while the 'managements' changed hands and the secret headquarters changed countries, from 1775 until today. The Protocols are no more or less important than the rest. They were, however, the first complete revelation of the Plan for a century, and that appears to be the reason for the unremitting attempt to prevent people from studying this publication.

These documents are the scriptures of a black religion, the

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tenets of which are: destruction, dépopulation, deportation, death.¹ It is a doctrine of annihilation (or 'Nihilism').

It is traceable first to the powerful secret society of the Illuminates founded by one Adam Weishaupt, a German, in 1771. Secrecy, like truth and justice, can never be absolute, and its papers were found and published when it was suppressed by the Bavarian Government in 1786.

His teachings and methods are precisely those we see in practice today. The members were only admitted step by step; they took pseudonyms; they were instructed in the art of professing false religious and political beliefs in order to gain entry under a mask into all bodies through which power might be attained. These methods, new then, are familiar in our affairs today. The initiation ceremony was performed with a swordpoint held against the novice's heart and with the words: 'If you are merely a traitor and perjurer learn that all our brothers are called upon to arm themselves against you. Do not hope to escape or to find a place of safety. Wherever you are, shame, remorse, and the rage of our brothers will pursue you and torment you to the innermost recesses of your entrails.' This terrorist method is practised by the Communists and extreme Zionists today; it has been revealed in the frequent murder of suspected dissidents or traitors and in the fear revealed by the people in the 'hell ships' and Zionist camps.

A diagram among the documents of the Illuminates shows that Weishaupt either invented, or had learned from earlier teachers, the master-method of secret conspiracy which is used in the Communist organisation today. It is the cell, or honeycomb system by which no member ever knows more than the one above him and a few below (the use of pseudonyms facilitates this) and under which the destruction of some cells does not break the structure of the whole.

The aims of the Illuminates were by these secret methods to gain power for the purposes of:

¹ The reader may note that these were the penalties foreseen by Mr. Churchill if the British island submitted to 'totalitarian compulsion and regimentation', and that they also represent the doctrine of the three *enlightened* Nazi leaders who disappeared in Berlin: Hitler, Goebbels and Bormann.

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Abolishing monarchy and all ordered government; abolishing private property; abolishing inheritance; abolishing patriotism; abolishing the family (through the abolition of marriage and the communal upbringing of children); abolition of all religion (these are the aims of World Communism today).

'Princes and nations' (wrote Weishaupt) 'shall disappear off the face of the earth; yes, the time will come when men will have no other laws than the book of nature; this revolution will be the work of the secret societies, and that is one of our great mysteries.'

The Bavarian Government of that day published these papers and sent them to every government of Europe. They received as little attention as the Canadian Report of 1946. Small reason existed then for other governments to study them seriously, since the process foretold in them had not begun to show its results. In 1946 such inattention, if it was not deliberate, was inexcusable; when the Canadian Report appeared Weishaupt's Plan had long since taken real and mountainous shape.

The suppression of the Illuminates in Bavaria was like cutting a clump of couch-grass; the roots had already spread far and wide and were sprouting in many places. The society's members were numerous among the plotters in France and prominent among the leaders of the revolution of 1790. Then occurred for the first time the familiar hoax of today: the deliberate creation of 'incidents' in order to exploit them. The student of the Reichstag Fire and of modern 'anti-Semitic' or 'Fascist' apparitions should study the 'Great Fear' of July 22nd, 1789, when at the same hour all over France a panic was created by the announcement that 'brigands' were approaching, that all good citizens must take arms, and that 'The King orders all châteaux save his own to be burned down' (messengers on horseback bore placards with these words).

At this time the red flag first appeared; one, said to be the original, is now preserved in Moscow and the song in honour of it is popular with Socialist ministers and politicians in England of 1947. One of Weishaupt's men among the revolutionary leaders was a Prussian baron, Anarcharsis Clootz. He first taught the

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doctrine of surrender to an invading enemy, which the French Communists put into practice in 1940 and which Communists in England preach today¹ ('As soon as the French army comes in sight of the Austrian and Prussian soldiers they should, instead of attacking the enemy, throw down their arms and advance towards them dancing in a friendly manner').

In 1793 the master-feature of The Plan emerged: depopulation. Mrs. Webster in her two books quoted twenty-two French revolutionaries and an English one to show that the systematic reduction of the French population from 25,000,000 to 14,000,000 or 8,000,000 was contemplated. Students of the contemporary English scene may observe that the same suggestion is appearing here ('This island cannot support its present population . . .', 'Ten million people should emigrate . . .', etc.). The argument was that 'luxury trades' must be destroyed and that as there were too many people for 'works of essential utility' this would create vast unemployment (exactly this process began in England in the autumn of 1947) which must be remedied by depopulation.²

Illuminism was German, not Jewish. In 1793 the *Journal de Vienne* ironically remarked that: 'It is not the French who conceived the great project of changing the face of the world; this honour belongs to the Germans.' Quintin Crawford wrote to Lord Auckland: 'The present crisis is certainly the most extraordinary in its nature and may be the most important in its consequences of any that is to be found on the pages of history. It may decide the fate of the religion and government of most of the nations of Europe, or rather it may decide whether religion and government are to exist, or Europe be plunged again into a state of barbarism.'

That is an exact description of the state to which half Europe has been reduced, and with which the other half, including this island, is threatened in 1948.

Napoleon may have done Europe a disservice by diverting the

¹ Compare Mr. Arthur Horner's statement about the coalfields stopping work in case of war with Russia.

² Compare, again, with Mr. Churchill's warning.

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march of the World Revolution for half a century, during which time the world forgot it. Illuminism went underground and remained latent until his fall, when it sprang up again in Germany under the name of 'The German Union' and in Italy under that of the 'Haute Vente Romaine', which from 1814 to 1848 became its headquarters. There Jewish influence for the first time became strong in it. Before that it was predominantly German.

The next great bid for power came in 1848, when revolutions broke out all over Europe, and by that time the leadership had become Jewish. The revolutionary outbreaks of 1848 are in one way more important than either the French one of 1789 or the Russian of 1917, because they provide one of the most illuminating documents in the case. Four years earlier, in 1844, Disraeli knew exactly what was coming! He put these words into the mouth of his Jewish hero of *Coningsby*: 'That mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany and . . . of which so little is as yet known in England, is entirely developing under the auspices of the Jews, who almost monopolise the professorial chairs of Germany . . . So you see, my dear Coningsby, that the world is governed by very different personages from what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes.'

The 1848 revolution failed, however. Perhaps the memory of the French revolution was too recent for the masses to be ready to imperil their freshly-won liberties; perhaps men were wiser or better educated a century ago. The forces of order, liberty, nationhood and progress held fast everywhere; the conspiracy fell back into Russia, there to carry on Weishaupt's teaching and to prepare the next attempts, the unsuccessful revolutions of 1880 and 1905 and the successful one of 1917.

The passage I have quoted, however, shows that Disraeli was privy to and understood the nature and aims of the conspiracy, whether he himself sympathised with or opposed them. The words I have quoted ring with the lofty superiority of the enlightened cosmopolitan over the ignorant, insular Gentile who does not know what is going on. Eight years later, when the revolution of 1848 had been attempted, Disraeli wrote words of unique revela-

tion. If the passage I quoted above is a lightning-like flash of truth, the following one is a flash twice as brilliant and prolonged; it illuminates the whole dark landscape of our times and in its light the lurking conspirators, whose existence is ever denied, are clearly seen:

'The influence of the Jews may be traced in *the last outbreak of the destructive principle in Europe*. An insurrection takes place *against tradition and aristocracy, against religion and property*. Destruction of the Semitic principle, extirpation of the Jewish religion whether in the Mosaic or in the Christian form, the natural equality of men and the abrogation of property, are proclaimed by *the secret societies who form provisional governments, and men of Jewish race are found at the head of every one of them*. The people of God co-operate with atheists; the most skilful accumulators of property ally themselves with Communists; the peculiar and chosen race touch the hand of all the scum and low castes of Europe! And all this because *they wish to destroy that ungrateful Christendom which owes to them even its name, and whose tyranny they can no longer endure*' (*Life of Lord George Bentinck*, 1852).

This, to my mind, is the most important document of the whole series. It seems absurd to challenge the authenticity of such later documents, as for instance the Protocols, when the fact of the conspiracy, which they reveal, is vouched for by this unique authority; Disraeli was a Jew, a British Prime Minister, and the inheritor of a mind instinctively attuned to such secret affairs. 'The destructive principle', 'destruction of religion and property', 'secret societies with men of Jewish race at the head of every one of them', 'all this because they wish to destroy ungrateful Christendom': the picture he gives is that of Weishaupt's religion of destruction and his secret organisation, come under Jewish leadership.

How came Disraeli to state the case so frankly? I think the answer is clear, and is the measure of the progress of the conspiracy. In his day verifiable facts were published. In ours, the public prints would disguise the fact if, when 'secret societies' formed 'provisional governments', 'men of Jewish race were found at the

head of every one of them'; any allusion to the matter would be suppressed or attacked as 'anti-Semitic'. In Disraeli's time the only thing to do was to admit the fact and possibly to change its shape by giving it a false interpretation. This, indeed, Disraeli did. Having previously appeared to deplore the Jewish part in the destructive process, he finally excused it by implying that 'the tyranny' of 'ungrateful Christendom' was too intolerable for patient men to endure. This was a twisted dialectical flourish; the Jews have complained even more of persecution by the pagan Egyptians, Assyrians and Persians than by the peoples of the Christian era.

Disraeli spoke in 1852 of 'secret societies who form provisional governments' and said 'men of Jewish race are found at the head of every one of them'. The provisional governments of 1848 did not endure. But the 'secret societies' which formed 'provisional governments' *a century later*, when the conspiracy had rested and recovered from the setback of 1848, completely fit his description. The first Bolshevik governments of 1917 and later in Moscow, as well as those shortlived ones of Bavaria and Hungary in 1918-19, were headed by Jews who emerged from 'secret societies'. The same thing happened in Poland, Rumania and Hungary in or after 1945. And in 1945 Mr. Henry H. Klein, another leading Jew, gave the same picture of a gigantic secret organisation with worldwide aims in his paper, *The Sanhedrin produced World Destruction*. He, too, sees the conspiracy as one ultimately aimed against Jew and Gentile alike.

The published papers of Weishaupt's Illuminates, Disraeli's revelations, the Protocols, the 'Theses and Statutes' of the Communist International, many of the papers of National Socialism, and the Canadian Report, all fit into the picture of a conspiracy which now has been growing from strength to strength during two centuries. Nobody who reads them can doubt the plot which Disraeli described.

After the collapse of the 1848 revolutions, the next inheritor of Weishaupt's Illuminism and of his organisation was Karl Marx, whose *Communist Manifesto* (1847) merely repeated Weishaupt's

doctrines: the abolition of inheritance, of marriage and the family, of patriotism, of all religion, and the communal upbringing of children by the State. The *Communist Manifesto* has been represented as the bible of a new political faith, 'Marxism'. It is merely a *consommé* of the teachings of the earlier secret societies, beginning with Weishaupt's (just as the Protocols are a later version).

In 1864 a Russian noble, Michael Bakunin, founded a secret society on precisely the lines of Weishaupt; its first aim was the destruction of religion and the others were those I have previously described. By now the new name was 'Anarchism' (or chaos). The great Plan had by this time been handed down from secret society to secret society, for a hundred years. In Bakunin's and Netchaïeff's *Revolutionary Catechism* occurs the passage: 'The revolutionary must let nothing stand between him and the work of *destruction* . . . Night and day he must have but one thought, but one aim — implacable *destruction* . . . If he continues to live in this world it is only in order to *annihilate* it all the more surely.'

This is Bakunin's description of his partner Netchaïeff: 'In the name of the cause he must get hold of your whole person without your knowing it. In order to do this he will spy on you and try to get hold of your secrets, and for that purpose, in your absence, left alone in your room he will open all your drawers, read all your correspondence, and when a letter seems interesting to him, that is to say, compromising from any point of view for you or one of your friends, he will steal it and keep it carefully as a document against you or against your friend . . . When convicted of this in a general assembly he dared to say to us, "Well, yes, it is our system. We consider as enemies, whom it is our duty to deceive and compromise, all those who are not completely with us . . ." All personal ties, all friendship are considered by them as an evil which it is their duty to destroy, because all this constitutes a force which, being outside the secret organisation, diminishes the unique force of the latter. Do not cry out that I am exaggerating; all this has been amply developed and proved by me.'

This is a photograph of Weishaupt's scientific method of gaining power through knowledge, concealment, deceit, blackmail, theft,

perjury, and terror. It is clearly recognisable in the Canadian Report of 1946.¹

The Bolshevik revolution of 1917 followed the teachings of Weishaupt in every point: the abolition of monarchy, patriotism (*Russian* patriotism was outlawed, save during the period 1941-45; *Soviet* patriotism is taught), private property, inheritance, religion and marriage. In actuality, marriage and religion cannot be abolished, but the first has been dealt blow after blow and the second has been driven underground as far as possible. Of the *wish* to abolish marriage no doubt exists: 'the official and open community of women' is laid down in Marx's *Communist Manifesto*.

The chain of events from the French revolution to the rise of the Communist Empire in half of Europe and the growing, though still hidden, Communist power in England is to my mind clear. Mrs. Webster's great service has been the publication of *documents* proving this chain of bequeathment-and-inheritance through the secret societies, and the proof that the Protocols are only part of a long literature.

Her comparisons are convincing. Similar phrases appear again and again, from Weishaupt in 1776, through Karl Marx's *Manifesto*, to the Protocols in 1897 and to the disclosures of the Canadian Report in 1946.

'Apply yourself to the art of counterfeit, to hiding and masking yourselves in observing others', says Weishaupt.

'He who wants to rule must have recourse to cunning and hypocrisy, we must not stop short before bribery, deceit and treachery, if these are to serve the achievement of our cause', say the Protocols.

'... The Communist parties must create a new type of periodical press for extensive circulation among the workmen; *first, legal publications, in which the Communists without calling themselves such and without mentioning their connection with the party,*² would learn to utilise

¹ Bakunin's open organisation was the 'International Alliance of Social Democracy'; the real one was his secret 'Fraternal Alliance'. He belonged to the unsuccessful conspirators, as far as personal success is concerned. When France collapsed at Sedan in 1870 he leaped from the shadows (like Hitler and "Tito"), and tried to take over the leadership of the revolution at Lyons, but this bid was a fiasco.

² The passage I have italicised indicates the method by which the press is

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the slightest possibility allowed by the laws as the Bolsheviki did at the time of the Czar after 1905 . . .' (the 'Theses and Statutes', 1920).

"Cover names" were used by the organisers . . . Persons who were in a position to furnish secret information, or who might be used as contacts, and who had some inherent weakness, which might be exploited, were selected and studied . . . Money payments were gradually broached to Canadian espionage agents; in other words, a financial incentive was only gradually introduced . . . One purpose of the directors of the network in insisting on paying money, even in relatively small sums, to recruits, would be to further the moral corruption of the Canadians caught "in the net" and thus to assist in their further "development" . . . It seems to be the general policy of the Communist Party to discourage selected sympathisers from joining that party openly. Instead these sympathisers are invited to join secret cells or study groups and to take pains to keep their adherence to the Party from the knowledge of their acquaintances who are not also members of the Communist Party . . . This technique facilitates the achievement of a basic policy of the Communist Party, namely, to get control, through the election of secret members to the directing committees, of as many types of functional organisations as possible, including trade unions, professional associations and broad non-party organisations such as youth movements and civil liberties unions. Similarly, secret members or adherents of the Communist Party may be used to take the

corrupted and such labels as 'Conservative' or 'Liberal' made meaningless. This is a matter in which I have particular knowledge and I can testify to the great success with which the method has been applied. It, too, derives straight from the teachings of Weishaupt ('We must take care that our writers be well puffed and that the reviewers do not depreciate them; therefore we must endeavour by every means to gain over the reviewers and journalists . . . If a writer publishes anything that attracts notice, and is in itself just, but does not accord with our plan, we must endeavour to win him over or decry him' - 1776), which are renewed in the Protocols ('With the Press we will deal in the following manner . . . we will harness it and will guide it with firm reins . . . All news is received by a few agencies, in which it is centralised from all parts of the world. When we attain power these agencies will belong to us entirely and will only publish such news as we allow . . . No one desirous of attacking us with his pen would find a publisher' - 1905). I have pointed to the secrecy surrounding the Press Commission now sitting in this country (a secrecy not intended or expected by those who called for it) and to the obvious danger that it may be used to promote such hidden control.

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lead in organising new, broad, and ostensibly non-political organisations, after which they obtain for themselves and other secret adherents key positions on controlling committees of the organisation. By these means the technique of secret membership is calculated to facilitate essentially dishonest but not ineffective methods of propaganda in the interests of a foreign state' . . . etc., etc. (The Canadian Report).

Mrs. Webster traces the comparisons from the documents of Weishaupt's Illuminates through the Haute Vente Romaine (1822-48), Bakunin's Social Democratic Alliance (1864-69), to the Protocols (1905) and the manifestos of Bolshevism (1917 and onward). For nearly two hundred years, at least, there have been, as Disraeli showed, secret societies of growing power; they are those 'very different personages from what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes' (Disraeli), and those 'unseen managers' behind 'the design' (Lord Acton); the documents of their religion of destruction may be studied and the twentieth century has seen them come near to their goal of destroying Christendom, nationhood and liberty.

The Canadian Report of 1946 appeared a quarter of a century after Mrs. Webster made her scientific investigation and published the results. It confirms her conclusions. The great importance of it is that it gives a photograph of people (in 1925-45) doing, exactly what Weishaupt taught in 1771 and corrupting other people by the means he laid down. It is the conclusive document in the series; the positive print from the negative.

It is difficult to read these documents without a feeling of nausea. Victor Marsden, when he was translating the Protocols, said he could not work on the material for more than an hour at a time because it made him physically ill. Lord Sydenham, when he read them, wrote to the *Spectator*: 'What is the most striking characteristic of the Protocols? The answer is *knowledge* of a rare kind, embracing the widest field. The solution of the "mystery", if it is one, is to be found by ascertaining where this uncanny knowledge, on which prophecies now literally fulfilled are based, can be shown to reside.'

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The student, not only of the Protocols, but of the whole chain of documents in which they are but a link, receives this feeling of all-embracing *knowledge*; all-embracing, that is, in its mastery of the weaknesses and wickednesses of human nature, and of the use to which these may be put by evil but enlightened men intent on power and destruction. It runs right through them, from the papers of Weishaupt's Illuminates to the Canadian Report. The reader has the feeling that he is in the presence of something uncleanly and deadly, as if he were locked in a dark room with a viper.

The answer to knowledge is knowledge. If this plan has gone so far, that is only because men do not know about it. Once indifference was explicable; the thing was too big and seemed too fantastic for the minds of men to grasp in 1786; and after 1793 Napoleon blotted it from their minds. But today indifference is culpable and the efforts to prevent public discussion of the existing literature, or disclosure of new documents, seem to me to point to the present strength of the secret societies, not to incomprehension.

There is, however, a great and growing public suspicion of the truth, and it may break through the stealthy bans. In October 1947 a placid meeting assembled at Brighton for the annual Conservative Party conference. The 'agenda' had been arranged by the organisers, in the usual manner, to avoid discussion of such matters as the threat to liberty in England and the two war situations abroad.¹

A curious thing happened, however. An unknown delegate from the floor, a Mr. Andrew Fountaine from Norfolk, demanded that the Tory Party should 'root out subversive activities'. He said that 'within living memory loyalty to the king, honour, patriotism and common decency has been defamed on every hand' (I doubt if he knew it, but he was quoting Weishaupt's teaching). 'On platforms, in schools, workshops and even from

¹ Mr. Derek Walker-Smith, M.P., wrote in the *Daily Telegraph*: 'An intelligent foreigner looking at the agenda would at once have said: "But the resolutions on foreign policy and Communism are not even included in the timetable! Has your party no view to express on the great struggle between freedom and bondage which fills the minds and clouds the happiness, but steels the spirit, of so many in the world today?" The fact was that these matters were uppermost in the minds of the great gathering on the floor, but the managers of the conference did not wish them discussed.'

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pulpits' (he said) 'the doctrines of pacifism, internationalism and socialism have been proclaimed with ever-increasing bitterness and blatancy, and the great Commonwealth is talked about as if it were something of which we should be a little ashamed.'

This produced among the managers on the platform the same symptoms of unease, embarrassment and reprobation which they had shown, ten years before, if any blurter proclaimed doubts about the peacelovingness of Hitler, the uselessness of feeding him with gifts of territory, or the unwisdom of neglecting this island's defences. At a Conservative conference, an 'intelligent foreigner' would have thought, the statement should have been natural if not platitudinous; it was received as a startling, unwelcome and dangerous interruption by the organisers (and forthwith the all-blanketing cry of 'anti-Semitism' went up). The mass of delegates, however, loudly insisted that the matter, which indeed was the one chiefly needing attention, should be urgently pursued. The organisers were forced to yield; by a great majority they were instructed to 'make public the evidence of subversive and anti-democratic activity in this country'.

Such matters are easily shelved between annual conferences, and I imagine great efforts will be made to avoid any informative publication, but they may again fail. Beyond a certain point, the wishes of The People cannot be entirely ignored or frustrated, and the rising sense of imminent danger in the masses of Conservative voters, and others, was becoming acute. It is possible, therefore, that public knowledge of the great Plot, or Plan, will spread, and this may be the only thing, I believe, which now can thwart its success, for it has gone very far.

If that happens, a little-known Mr. Fountaine from Norfolk may at a late instant have foiled one Adam Weishaupt, who launched the great Plan on May 1st, 1776, at Munich, and of his successors up to this day.

The Shape of the Fifties

It seems to me the case is proved:

(1) The Black Religion and its organisation exists. Its literature

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is available and its teachings, during nearly two centuries, may now be compared with the pattern of events. Its initiates have become powerful in all countries and its ambitions alone have been promoted through the two twentieth-century wars. Hitler and Goebbels preached and achieved destruction, deportation, depopulation and death like Weishaupt, Bakunin, Marx, Lenin and Trotsky. The different name they wore was merely the alias or mask recommended by Weishaupt as the best means to the end (Weishaupt, incidentally, invented, or first used, the phrase, 'The end sanctifies the means').

(2) The secret society exists, in its innumerable forms and branches everywhere. Through success and the approach to power it has become half visible. Its peaks in their various shapes, now appear above the mist, but the mist still enshrouds the broad secret bases, and can only be dispersed by the spread of public knowledge. This, however, has diminished as the conspiracy has grown, and the greatest success of the conspirators has been this phenomenal success in concealment. Here Weishaupt's evil 'knowledge' has proved powerful in application. The corruption of 'the free press' in countries still outwardly free, by his insidious methods, has been not much less effective than total suppression in those openly enslaved. The reduction of independent newspapers and writers through purchase, 'smearing', derision or the mere weight of public infatuations has gone very far. The general line of Weishaupt's teaching, the defamation of monarchy, religion, legitimate government, country, nationhood, honour, patriotism, and common decency is explicit or implicit in a mass of current literature, plays, broadcasting and films.

(3) Now, in the middle of the twentieth century, that situation has been produced which is propitious for the completion of the revolution of destruction, with its attendant results of depopulation, deportation and death. Two volcanoes have been built, one in Europe and one in Arabia, which can be set in eruption at any time. The power of secret men over politicians has been repeatedly proved in the events leading to this situation. Now it extends to nations, or at any rate to those who claim to speak for

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them. The decision, by large majority vote, of 'The United Nations' to resume the armed invasion of Arabia is unique in history. It cannot in my judgment be further doubted that, if and when either or both of these eruptions are begun, different purposes will again be pursued, behind the flame and smoke, from those which would be publicly announced.

What, then, is the shape of the Fifties? I think they will clearly see one of two things: either the exposure and defeat of the Plan, which would mean the restoration of free nationhood, religion and liberty everywhere; or its final triumph, which would mean (as Quintin Crawford wrote in the 1790s, when the Plan achieved its first success in France) that all Europe would be 'plunged again into a state of barbarism'.

The visible agents of the conspiracy are World Communism in the East, and the 'World Statesmen' (with their servants the atom bomb and the buried gold) in the West. Will they appear to strike at each other (as 'National Socialism' and 'Communism' did) for the purpose of The Plan? They both want the same thing: power over mankind. Through all the propaganda, with which we are incessantly deafened, for 'A World State' or 'World Government', runs the perceptible thread of Weishaupt's teachings; behind that smiling mask hides the deadliest dictator of all.

Is this, then, the false cause in which the fighting-war may be resumed? If a recommendation to uphold free nationhood, religion and liberty comes from *that* quarter, if the World Statesmen call on us to destroy 'Communist aggression', the hoax of the second war will be on the way to repetition. The World Statesmen are not to be trusted. In their ranks, if anywhere, Weishaupt's disciples are most likely to be found. Look at bread-rationing, at the proposal to set up Queen Adā as the scourge of the earth; look, above all, at the declaration of war on the Arabs! That cannot be squared with professions of love for humanity, for liberty, for 'democracy'.

Why, before all other questions, is there all this pother about Palestine? The Jews of the earth will not go there; they would need all Arabia to house them, not tiny Palestine. Some Jews are

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being *sent* there, obviously to prepare the new eruption. What is the secret lure of this speck on the earth's surface. Is there anything to interest the money-power? Yes: several things.

It is geographically the centre of the world, roughly speaking. Its natural, but undeveloped, wealth is beyond computation. The value of the chemical deposits of the Dead Sea may be estimated from an official British Report¹ at more than that of all the gold stored at Fort Knox.

The exclusive right to extract these minerals, and to require the cancellation of existing concessions, was granted by the British Government in 1921, without the knowledge of Parliament, to Zionist financiers. The British Government had not the right to do this and in 1925 the International Court of Justice at The Hague (including a British member who was a former Lord Chancellor) sharply declared its action illegal.²

Nevertheless the Zionist group was placed in possession, began operations and in 1930 was confirmed in occupation. The official report of the Palestine Zionist Organisation for 1929 said: 'We Zionists will always remember that Great Britain is giving preference to the man who has our Jewish interests at heart . . . Years may pass until the works on the Dead Sea are in full swing . . . Had we lost this concession our whole future in Palestine might have been endangered.'

These facts suggest that Palestine has attractions not mentioned in its presentation as the natural 'National Home' for a homeless people, and that the reasons why 'the moral and if necessary the physical authority of the civilised world' (*The Times*) are to be used against it are not humane ones. They also throw a new light on the 'second Exodus', the undetectable 'secret organisation' behind it, the hands that financed it, and the part played by 'the unhappy human cargoes of the 'hell ships'. These people,

¹ Production of Minerals from the Waters of the Dead Sea, published by the Crown Agents for the Colonies in 1925.

² 'The agreement, which threatened with annulment pre-existing concessions before the time of expiry, and which interfered with the rights of holders of such concessions to enjoy the benefits of their rights, affected the public interest and the national repute, and was not in conformity with the international obligations accepted by the Mandatory for Palestine.'

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like the British troops who conquered Palestine in the first war, or those who were used against the Arabs between the wars, knew nothing about the living wealth of the Dead Sea.

Its full exploitation obviously cannot begin until, in the name of finding a sanctuary for the victims of Hitler, Palestine has been handed to the Political Zionists. The wealth of this area is not limited to the Dead Sea deposits. Outside Palestine, but not far away, are immense sources of oil. War, once begun, always spreads.

The final shape of the Plan for the Fifties, therefore, seems to me to be this: behind the causes and aims initially displayed to the people, will come the attempt to establish some new State in Arabia, as a geographical centre of World Control, with New York as the centre of World Financial Control; and to subdue all nations to this thrall. Between Fort Knox and the Dead Sea there appears to be a clear chain. If British soldiers, or American ones, are used in Arabia, this is the purpose they will be found to have served. The World Statesmen will attempt their concluding coup.

If anything is unclear in the shape of the climacteric third act it is the part which the chief actor of the first two acts will play. Germany is cut in four, but the Germans are still there, and are numerous. Their obsessing motive will be to regain their own country; some will be prompted to see hope in this direction, and the others in that. In this matter, prearrangement by some master hand again seems discernible.

The only *organised* German force existing now is that of the great army which, by Hitler's curious actions, was left to surrender at Stalingrad. The Soviet Power, though it was so thirsty for the blood of its accomplices at Nuremberg, did not hang the commanders or ill-treat the men of that army. It cherished and re-formed them; Field-Marshal von Paulus became a German Joyce, broadcasting regularly from Moscow; he and his generals encamped with a great force outside that city to await some new Day. I do not know if they were equipped with British or American arms and machines, but that is probable.

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By the time this book appears that army may have become an important factor in shaping the new events. It is likely, I judge, to be sent to Germany and to become the real power, under Soviet control, of a Soviet Western Germany. The government under its sway will harp on the airs of German patriotism and hold out to the Eastern Germans the prospect of happy reunion in a United Germany (The Fourth Reich?) if only they will embrace Communism. Mr. John Strachey, when he was recommending Communism before the second war, foresaw that 'the centre of gravity of Communism may shift westward from Moscow to Berlin'. We approach that possibility, and would then revert to the situation before 1914 and 1939.

The bearing of the British and American governments in their parts of Germany is inexplicable to me, if they wish to avert such a development. Until now their actions have all gone to deprive the Germans of faith in the sincerity of 'The West', to destroy hope for the future, and to impel them, from embitterment, towards the religion of destruction.

For the rest, the shape of events to come in the momentous period that lies ahead is fairly clear. The formation of an advance headquarters of the Communist International at Belgrade (which is the result of that mysterious transaction in the war when British and American gold was sent to 'Tito') gives the clue. Unless some unexpected sign of British or American strength is given, we shall see Communist attempts to create chaos in Italy and France, and through chaos to strike for 'Soviet power'. If the desperate French call on General de Gaulle to save them from their traitors, he may well find himself fighting against British and American weapons: by another wartime transaction great quantities of these were dropped by parachute into the waiting arms of the French Communists, who still hold them.

The Aged Rock

In this great chaos of the mid-century, which must either be reduced to order or destroy us all, there seems to me to be one clear, strong shape to cling to: England. England is still inviolate,

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still unconquerable, still free if it wishes to be free. Its actions and its example will determine the result.

It could bring order out of the chaos and clear the path to the future, which has remained blocked since 1914. The way to do so is to prevent the two war-situations, which I have described, from bursting into flame, behind which the greater plans for universal destruction would be pursued.

In the first one, the right action has been taken if it is followed through. We should undo the misdeed of 1917 by withdrawing from Palestine, or at least abstain from taking part in starting the new eruption by using force against the Arabs. If any is to do that, it should be somebody else and the guilt should be visibly theirs. I think they might shrink from it if we plainly condemned it. The British Government's decision of September 1947 (to withdraw from Palestine, and to take no hand in any further interventions there that are not 'inherently just' and approved by the Arabs) is the one good and rightful act in its history up to now, provided it is carried out in the spirit in which it was announced.

By that means the first eruption may be postponed and finally averted. The second war-situation is that in Europe.

The Communist Empire cannot stop at the bisection-line and can only spread further, as it spread so far, by war. If, for instance, by the time this book appears the Soviet power, under no matter what pretext, has invaded Greece or set up a puppet government in Prague, those will be acts of *war*, like Hitler's annexation of Czechoslovakia; the fighting would only be avoided through the withdrawal of resistance. Once Greece or Czechoslovakia fall, in such a way, the Communist Empire will spread by acts of war, with or without fighting, until this island is compelled to fight or to surrender without fighting.

It is important that the Communist Empire should not spread its dark area, since such expansion means war. To that end, Greece should be held and the bisection-line held. If that is firmly done, the hold of the Communist Empire on the countries that do not belong to Russia will weaken, for the peoples there

loathe Communism. From what I saw and know of the Communist State, it is a giant with feet of clay, and if prevented from easy expansion would in time broaden down to, first, a more benevolent, and later a relatively free regime. The peoples it oppresses outside Russia and inside it, would in time regain liberty and a decent condition of life.

If the two eruptions are prevented, the enormously important *example* of England becomes once more decisive. Few people understand the power and radius of this invisible, spiritual force, which is mightier than any secret conspiracy. The restoration of liberty in England, and a clear renunciation of the road to serfdom, would save all Europe once again.

It has been difficult, during these two years, to hope for that in England. It still rises like a rock from its surrounding waters, but has been left by the second war creeping with licensed treason and masked treachery, riven with bewilderment, and undermined and honeycombed by those who desire its destruction. It has been fantastic to see that the great bulk of its people still think they are merely witnessing, or participating in, a struggle between 'Labour' and 'The Tories'.

Perhaps there is grandeur in this massive incomprehension; perhaps it is a deliberate refusal, not inability, to see the larger shape of danger; I cannot tell. Climax has frequently been anti-climax in England. The people have so often seen mortal peril approach, across the seas or in their own streets, and have averted it with so slight a tensing of their spiritual muscles, that they have grown a native habit of dogged indifference to it. The great ordeals have been overcome with so small a tremor that the people do not know they have survived ordeals. The British sometimes remind me of the acrobat who intentionally fails two or three times in a difficult feat in order to make its final performance more spectacular. In other simile, they remind me of the small boys who try to see how far they can lean over a bridge; the unhappy ending to that tale, however, is that one wins.

These islanders, at all events, seem to me now to face a greater danger than the Armada, Napoleon, the two German wars, or

the two domestic attempts of 1926 and 1931. The attack is now from without and within, and is stronger and more skilfully operated inside the gates than it ever was before. The obvious trend of governmental action in these two years, however good the intentions of the frontal ministers were, has been gradually to weaken our armed defences to a point where they would collapse under test, like the French ones in 1940; and, parallel with that, to break down those civic liberties which are the individual man's last protection inside his frontiers.¹ As the policy of an invading or occupying power, all this would have been logical; as that of a British Government it appears to me incomprehensible.

Nevertheless, I take it that the British people will do what they always did until now: that they will awaken in time, feel the danger if they do not see it, and by some instinctive operation of their ancient constitutional and parliamentary machine, save themselves from it. All their instincts are against the destruction of their monarchy, of ordered government, of religion, of liberty, of the family and of property, however small. I imagine these instincts will yet, at one more eleventh hour, save them from the revolution of destruction.

If that is so, and we return at this belated instant from the evil path to the good one which we left in 1914, they will certainly never know what they missed.

¹ In this situation the safety of England turns once more, as between 1933 and 1939, on the devoted efforts of the heads of the three fighting Services to keep our defences strong in spite of successive cuts in men and funds and against political attack. A great part may be played by Field-Marshal Montgomery, whose displacement is a chief object of this hidden attack. He said on October 4th, 1947, at Coventry: 'It is my job as Chief of the Imperial General Staff to safeguard the Army and I shall do so and prevent our army being slashed about.' He added that, 'the present cabinet' had no dangerous designs. Though he did not emphasise the word 'present' it is obviously the key one in our situation today, since a new one, unless Mr. Attlee can ride the storm, might retire him. The unseen battle to preserve our defences against the peacetime attack from within is well described in Lord Chatfield's *It Might Happen Again* (Heinemann, 1947, 18s.). The most ominous news of the two years 1945-47 was the announcement of October 19th, 1947, that the British Government, without a word said to the people of this island, had reduced the Home Fleet to a condition as weak as, if it is not weaker than, that of 1940.

EPILOGUE

TEN TIMES APRIL

WELL, the ten ApriIs have brought me from the ragman's cellar in Vienna to a sick bed in Natal. I was on my feet when I watched Hitler crash into Austria and wondered whether *Insanity Fair* would ever appear. Now that we have returned from the smoke to the smother I watch affairs for the nonce from my back, which is broken, and wonder, just as I wondered ten years ago, whether the publisher will be able to get the sequel out before the events come about which form its theme. Truly, for me, the more it changes the more it is the same thing. Shall I, in 1958, still be retailing the blindingly obvious to the incorrigibly blind?

We take our spines too much for granted. Unbidden, they do our every bidding; they bow to women, stoop to pick up their handkerchiefs, bend over oars, stiffen themselves in tight corners, flex themselves in romantic ones and perform us some new service at every moment of the day. Only when these faithful retainers break down, after growing old in our employ, do we realise how fully we depend on them, how helpless we are without them. It is a humbling moment for a man when he suddenly finds that that devoted valet, his vertebra, has left him at a second's notice. Then, if ever, should he be brought to a chastened mood; for this is the sharpest reminder he can receive of his own unimportance, fallibility and mortal weakness.

Now, if ever, then, ought I to recant any judgments offered in heat or haste, as I read the proofs of what I wrote last year. If they were crackbrained, my cracked back should help me perceive that. As a careful journalist I am relieved to find that I do not want to alter anything; that the shape of *Insanity Fair* looks the same to me from a horizontal position as from a vertical one; and that the events I foretold, when I was preparing this book in Chelsea in 1947, are beginning to happen now that I correct its proofs at an unexpected halting-place in South Africa in 1948.

If it was still unclear when I wrote the book, it is plain beyond

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denial now that the affairs of our planet are in the hands of Disraeli's 'people behind the scenes' who are able to arrange upheaval after upheaval for their ulterior ends and are now setting the scenes for the greatest commotion yet, which presumably will serve the greatest ambition. This has been shown (as I wrote that it would be shown) by the behaviour of that anonymous committee of a few score officials, located in some American suburb, which, God preserve us, is solemnly referred to on all hands as 'The United Nations'.

This body was set up to heal the wounds, mend the damage and right the wrongs of the second twentieth-century war. It has not even tried to do any of these things. After three years Germany, the largest country of Europe, remains a shambles; there is no sign of an attempt to set it on its legs or restore justice to it. The new aggressor, the Asiatic Soviet Union, sprawls over half of Europe like some great toad. These things might not exist for all the effort 'The United Nations' make to mend them.

On the contrary, the mechanism of that remote committee of officials appears to have been completely captured by those who pursue aims which have nothing to do with the welfare of Europe, or of the world. The 'United Nations' have been concerned solely to declare a new war, not to heal old wounds. The energies of these far-off committeemen, from the delegates of great Liberia and glorious Haiti to those of the United States and the Soviet Union, have been devoted to preparing an attack on the Arabs of Palestine, who must surely be among the most inoffensive peoples of the world, in the interest of the Zionist Jews.

On p. 269 of this book I showed the way in which the mechanism is controlled. In America there is an election, presidential or parliamentary, every two years; New York City is the key to success in any election and in New York City the Zionists hold the balance of power; American Presidents and American party-leaders (who like a Mr. Baldwin fear 'to lose an election') may thus be kept under unremitting pressure; America has the most powerful vote in the 'United Nations', which conveniently meets in America.

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By such methods have the two twentieth-century wars been brought to yield, not peace or freedom in Europe, but 'the partition of Palestine' and the imminent threat of new war in Arabia. Only one decisive step now remains to be taken: it is that the United States of America, which so loudly and justly complains of Soviet aggression in Europe, should send American troops to invade Palestine. As I correct these very proofs the radio from London tells me that the United States, though it will never send troops to Palestine 'to enforce partition', might send them there 'to restore order'.

Ergo, those who desire American troops in Palestine need but produce *disorder* (as the Nazis fired the Reichstag). I commend readers to consider in this light any news of explosions and killings from Palestine.

We are apparently approaching the greatest upheaval of all, and it is being manufactured in New York. Those who deal in biblical prophecies (personally I confine myself to political forecasts) may find entertainment in studying the ones about the battle of the plains of Armageddon, in Palestine, which is foretold to be the decisive struggle. In one of the immense armies converging there (in the belief that they are upholding purposes of their own, but in truth lured there by the power of the devil) they may perhaps identify the American soldiers over whose heads the threat of this expedition now hangs.

A decisive moment clearly impends. Through the subservience of Gentile politicians in our generation the matter of Palestine has come to overcloud the whole future: at last the nigger fully emerges from the twentieth-century woodpile. It may be that the Zionists are approaching a success as great as that which they achieved 1948 years ago (for the condemnation of the Nazarene reformer must at the time have seemed to his enemies a great success, although it brought them no happiness in the sequel). The Gentile politicians of 1948, who have suffered 'The United Nations' to be put to this base purpose, are weaker men than Pontius Pilate himself.

There has been but one good thing in these years that followed

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the second war, years which in all else were more evil than the Thirties: the sudden withdrawal of the British Government from further complicity in the monstrous deed that is being hatched in Palestine. Were the American Government at the last moment to draw back from this abyss, the future would yet be safe. By the time *From Smoke to Smother* appears this question may have been answered once and for all.

These ten years, which have seen a devilish power grow much more powerful on earth, have been for me personally the happiest of my life; that is the unaccountable prank of an individual destiny. As the hope grew less, that the second war might have cleared the foul air of this century of blood and lies, so my own private happiness improved. For myself, I have no resentment against the times; they have been kinder to me than I ever dreamed of. The things I have written, in this sequel to *Insanity Fair*, are therefore not the complaints and misgivings of a mind become habitually rancorous; they are simply the comments, born in much experience, of a faithful reporter of these extraordinary years.

To them I want to add one word. I am not of the knowalls. I have tried, in exposing the deliberately evil intention which I perceive behind the chaos of our times, to set out many facts which are not widely known. On these I have based and offered my own opinions. But I do not think I know all or that I must be right. There is no absolute truth; look at the many colours which the colourless diamond contains. I have probed as far as I can into the puzzles of our times and in offering the solution I have come to I append these words borrowed from an American writer, Mr. Henry Beston:

‘Among the many things for which I remain profoundly grateful is the fact that so much of life defies human explanation. The unimaginative and the dull may insist that they have an explanation for everything, and level at every wonder and mystery of life their popgun formulas but, God be praised, their wooden guns have not yet dislodged the smallest star. It is well that this be so,

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for the human spirit can die of explanations . . . which do not explain. A world without wonder, and a way of mind without wonder, becomes a world without imagination, and without imagination man is a poor and stunted creature. Religion, poetry, and all their arts have their sources in this upwelling of wonder and surprise. Let us thank God that so much will for ever remain out of reach, safe from our universe, inviolate from our touch.'

 Holding that public knowledge is the defence against secretly wielded knowledge, I simply proffer a little information and a few opinions.

Pietermaritzburg, 1948

POSTSCRIPT

IN 1938, when *Insanity Fair* appeared on April 1st, Hitler just three weeks previously had confirmed the book's argument by invading Austria. The book was already between covers when that happened and extra chapters containing my own description of the invasion, and underlining the emphasis it gave to my argument, were separately printed and sent to those who had acquired the early editions.

In 1948 the processes of publication are somewhat slower and *From Smoke to Smother* will appear, not in April but in early summer. This enables me to include in the book itself, by postscript, some reference to the events, confirmatory of the book's argument, which have happened since it was written between April and October of 1947.

These recent months have been filled with a gigantic melodrama enacted partly in the full public gaze but mainly behind those scenes where (as Disraeli said) quite other people govern the world. These months and these events seem to me to have shown plainly that the recurrent calamities of our century are not a huge accident but the stages in a great plan (the apter word, I believe, is plot) for the final ruination of Europe and the transference of power in the world to new hands. This undertaking, already brought so far on the way to success, now appears to be approaching its climax. For the third act of the great melodrama the two war situations, one in Europe and one in Arabia, are essential, and these were duly prepared behind the smoke of the second war.

It has become clear, in my opinion, that the central aim of the great conspiracy lies in Palestine. Europe is only important to these planners as a place to be destroyed, a continent where wars may be brought about, under cover of which other aims may be pursued. In Palestine, or at any rate in the Near Eastern territories surrounding it, the seat of their might is to be set up when the great plan has been completed.

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What open-eyed being can doubt that now? After this second war the victors leagued themselves in a body called 'The United Nations'. Deftly and effortlessly, with open contempt for the uncomprehending public multitude outside, the entire energies of this body were diverted to the conquest of Palestine — a matter quite remote from the aims or causes of the war, in the name of which these 'United Nations' claimed their power. The ruins of Europe and the purgatory of bewilderment and fear in which its millions live, might not exist for all the distant committee which called itself 'The United Nations' did to mend or dispel them. Not peace or freedom, but new aggression against a harmless folk was the obsessing preoccupation of this body.

Can wars be brought about by ulterior parties for ulterior aims? When I look back on the inexplicable Thirties, and the steady approach of the foreseeable war, I think the answer may be yes. That such wars, once begun, can be used by ulterior parties for ulterior aims, seems now beyond doubt and this plainly happened after 1918 and after 1945. The action of 'The United Nations' in declaring a new war (for that is what the vote to partition Palestine meant) was the climax of thirty abject years during which the word 'statesman' lost its meaning and the politicians of the great Western countries, Conservative, Liberal and Socialist, Republican and Democrat, became puppets dancing on a Zionist string.

It was heresy to say that fifteen, ten, even five years ago. Now the thing has been openly flaunted in the face of the world. 'The influence of the Zionist organisation reaches into the inner policy-making groups of nearly every government in the world — particularly into the Christian West. This influence causes these groups to adopt pro-Zionist policies which are often in conflict with the real interests of the peoples they govern. This condition exists in the United States. Its extent is so great in the present administration as to make it a threat to our future.' I quote these words from an American publication;¹ they are applicable equally

¹ *The Economic Council Letter*, published by the National Economic Council New York, October 15th, 1947.

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to the coalition British Government of 1917, which issued the Balfour Declaration, to many of its successors, and to governments in many foreign countries and some British Dominions.

That astounding 'vote' of 'The United Nations' meant, if it was put into effect, permanent war until the final aims of the ulterior parties were achieved. What they precisely are, I do not know. Clearly they go very far beyond the establishment of 'a National Home in Palestine'; that is merely the smokescreen behind which schemes for a central seat of World Government, or some such thing, are concealed. Whatever they are, the one staggering fact is clear: the governments of numerous countries, great and small, sublime or ridiculous, were brought at Lake Success to vote for a new World war!¹

The thirty years from 1917-47, when the almost invisible, and publicly almost unknown, Zionists dominated the governments of great countries, in my view belong to the most astonishing of history. It seems incredible but may be true that the British and American politicians who made themselves the servants of Zionism during those three decades did not see the culminating disaster towards which they led their peoples and the world.

A new era, that of the revolt of the puppets, may have begun in 1947. Under the Foreign Ministership of Mr. Bevin the British Government of the day resolutely refused any further to play the tool's part in Palestine. In earlier British history we fought and won minor wars at less cost in British life and treasure than the thirty years of Zionist treachery and Arab resistance cost us in a cause that was neither ours nor righteous. Nevertheless, 'submission to Zionist demands became so automatic and universal during the thirty years that the British Government's belated refusal in 1947 startled a world bewildered and benumbed by the power of Zionist propaganda.

¹ A most ominous thing was that, after the British withdrawal, all the Dominion Governments voted against the British lead, and in effect for the new war! In the past the enemies of Britain in the Dominions and elsewhere always argued that the Dominions were recurrently dragged by Britain into wars which did not concern them or their interests; in this case the governments of the Dominions went out of their way to vote for an undertaking which, as the British Government had pointed out, could only embroil the world and themselves in a new war.

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I look with horror on the Attlee Government's deeds in England; the cost of its ruinous measures is beyond estimate. But in this supreme matter abroad its action put the Coalition, Liberal, Conservative and Socialist Governments of 1917-45 to shame and revived hope for the future when it was nearly dead. Mr. Bevin won a victory which may prove as momentous as that of Waterloo. The way to final ruination in this century lies in further submission to the Zionist enterprise in Palestine; the only way out of this chaos is to break that bondage.

The next great moment in the melodrama came when America recanted its vote at the puppet-assembly and announced that it would have no hand in partitioning Palestine. Mr. George Marshall, the American Foreign Secretary, stated (March 20th) that he himself had recommended President Truman to this recantation, and told the Foreign Relations Committee of the American Senate that partition would bring about another world war; 'it would be just like touching off a powder keg'.

That the Zionist ambitions in Palestine, if they were supported, would lead to war was the advice offered by competent British and American authorities *in* Palestine to their governments for most of the thirty years. The files of Washington and Whitehall are full of these warnings, which successive British Governments and American Presidents ignored. Mr. Marshall's announcement of March 1948 was akin to the public revelation that the distance from the top of a precipice to its foot is a long drop.

Nevertheless, two important men had now not only seen, but reported the red light. If the twentieth century is yet saved from crashing to the foot of that precipice, Mr. Bevin and Mr. Marshall will share the credit. Mr. Marshall looks and speaks like an American statesman of an earlier time; the present American President has at last a good 'adviser'. Moreover, Mr. Marshall was in favour of that earlier invasion of Europe which, as I have tried to show, would probably have prevented the fiasco of 1945-48 and have led to real victory in the second war.

There were Zionist demonstrations in New York against President Truman and Mr. Marshall; somewhat earlier than I

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foresaw, when I anticipated something of the kind in this book, America began to fill the villain's part (in which Britain had previously followed Germany and Russia) of persecutor of the Jews.

The great Plan suffered a setback just when it was on the edge of triumph. The Zionist scheme in Palestine means war, world war; and I wrote earlier in this book that the obvious intention was to embroil British and American troops in this new world war by having 'The United Nations' order them to go to Palestine and conquer it for the Zionists. With the British and American refusals, this hope collapsed, for the time being at all events.

Immediately a new scheme was hatched. If British or American troops would not do the job, then let 'international' ones do it. Let 'The United Nations' order that 'an international force' be sent to Palestine. If 'The United Nations', after the British and American demurrers, should prove reluctant to declare the new war in this form, then let them be given a face-saving pretext. The 'International Force' would be sent to Palestine, not to subdue the Arabs, God forbid that; but to 'protect the Holy Places' from both contestants.

Believe it or not, then, the new war is being promoted behind the scenes of the great outward melodrama, as I write, in the name of this new cause, of protecting the Holy Places. The powerful Zionists are sending cables and emissaries all over the world to enlist the aid of leading Gentiles in this hoax. The Archbishop of Canterbury himself announced that he had been asked to urge the British Government to leave British troops in Jerusalem for this purpose, and in South Africa, where I wrote this prospect, an urgent call had come to General Smuts to 'appeal for the provision of a token international force for Jerusalem'.

This (the canvassers behind the scenes urged when they approached leading politicians) was in the interest of 'the whole of Christendom', which was vitally concerned in 'the preservation of the Holy Places'. But in my view, which I shall with delight and curiosity compare with events a few years from now, 'the

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whole of Christendom' and 'the Holy Places' alike will suffer ruinously if an international force or British or American troops are sent to Palestine in the service of un-Christian and anti-Christian enterprises.

It is quite clear why this tremendous energy is being spent, in the political ante-rooms and lobbies of the entire world, in getting British, American or 'international' troops sent to Palestine. Men alone are not enough to do the fighting there. Money for it is also needed, and not even Zionist wealth is equal to the cost of the new war which would begin there. The finances of the Gentile governments and their people must somehow or other be hitched to the Zionist star. There is no appeal in an exclusively Zionist-Arab war: the Zionists, after all, do not want to go to Palestine. The great nations of East and West must be embroiled on the plains of Armageddon, otherwise the whole scheme collapses like a house of cards.

Thus, between New York and Palestine, the twentieth century approaches its climax, its decisive third act. The whole weight of Zionist power will be brought to bear against the British and American politicians who have refused the part for which they were cast at this decisive moment. In America the President, who gave so much support to Zionism, apparently without realising the implications of this, will find, now that he has become more cautious, that a new candidate will be produced against him at the election and will be backed by the entire Zionist and Communist machine. Everything possible will be done to bring about the overthrow and removal of those politicians who broke loose from Zionism as they saw the abyss open before them.

The game is changing. For thirty years, it seems, politicians in every country supported Zionism, for the sake of a few votes, thinking it a good bargain to receive these in return for that which cost them nothing: namely, the promise of other people's land. Now the foremost ones among them begin to see that the bargain was not so cheap; on the contrary, there was a price to be paid in British, American, Canadian, Australian or other life, treasure and subservience.

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The moment of redeeming the bond has come and the next few months or years will show the result. The Zionists will seek to knock down the in-compliant politicians and set up a new generation of compliant prime ministers and politicians. If they fail, they will try to re-establish their hold in some other way. Already, as I write, groups and coteries of dupes or infatuates in Britain and America are being prompted to clamour for the immediate establishment of 'World Government' as the only hope of preserving this planet.

The establishment of 'The United Nations', however, *was* 'World Government', and the declaration of war against the Arabs was the first act of such World Government. Those things have shown what World Government would mean, and what kind of use would be made of atomic weapons or British and American soldiers, were those placed under the orders of some committee of 'World Government'.

The events of the autumn of 1947 and spring of 1948 have shown, to my mind, that the crux and centre of this melodrama of the twentieth century lie in Palestine, and that the other war-situation, the one in Europe, is supplementary and complementary to it. I think it will only be allowed to erupt if and when it is thought helpful to the development of the great Plan in Arabia; for these months have also shown, more plainly than ever before, that Communism and Zionism support each other at each move in the game.

I think then that those who wish intelligently to follow their times and to read the signs of the future must watch events in Palestine (or more accurately, *about* Palestine and *in* New York and Lake Success) first, and those in Europe second. If they see that, under one false pretext or another, British or American troops are allowed to remain in or are sent to Palestine, or if forces called 'international' are ordered there by the committee in America, I think they may be sure that the rebellion among the puppets has been stamped out; that resistant politicians have been removed and plastic ones put in their place; that the further development of the great Plan is to be paid for in British and

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American life and treasure; and that the masses of these countries will be embroiled in the new war not for their own interests, but for an alien one.

If the British and American Governments remain resolutely aloof from this guilty enterprise in Arabia, and events move to a renewal of the fighting-war in Europe, this will in my judgment take the nature of a Communist and Zionist vengeance for Western and Gentile stubbornness. There seems to me no doubt that the two war-situations are linked together in the strategy of the great planners who (again, in my estimate) have brought them about.

Since I wrote this book, and while I have been correcting its proofs, there was great outcry about the Soviet Empire's almost noiseless annexation of Czechoslovakia. For the thousandth time in these twenty years I have asked myself, can it be really true that politicians are dumbfounded by these long-foreseeable events? From the moment that President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill agreed to the bisection of Poland, as Hitler and Stalin had agreed on it, it was clear that this meant in fact the bisection of Europe, which would mean the new submergence of Czechoslovakia along with a dozen other countries.

Then why the sudden indignation? I recall now the astonishment with which I heard M. Benes, when he was in London during the war, congratulate himself, in conversation with me, on having come to an arrangement with Stalin in good time, whereas the Poles were still arguing and were clearly endangered. Did even he, with all his experience, I asked myself, think he could succeed in taming the tiger with currant-buns of appeasement? Apparently M. Benes did so deceive himself; the thing is almost beyond belief. He has merely, within ten years, exchanged one Bohemian German jailer, Adolf Hitler, for another, Klement Gottwald.¹

The great 'crisis' of the spring of 1948, when a horrified world

¹ Incidentally, this Klement Gottwald, like 'Marshal' Tito, is of similar age and origins to Hitler. All these three men sprang from the secret societies of Vienna, Prague and Zagreb in the old Austro-Hungarian Empire.

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was suddenly told that the Soviet Empire was in aggressive mood, was in fact foreseeable from 1942 at the latest and the only mystery is, why British and American troops were withdrawn from Germany after 1945, if the intention ever existed to resist the Soviet advance into Europe. Anyway, this new 'crisis' was used to justify the reintroduction of conscription in the United States.

If the British and American Governments are now united in a resolve, even a belated resolve, either by the threat or the use of force to make the Soviet Empire withdraw to its natural frontiers, that would in my view be good and rightful. In that event, and provided they abstained from taking any further part in the attack on the Arabs in Palestine, the prospect of peace and freedom would return to Europe for the first time since 1914. In a straight encounter I believe the Soviet Empire would quickly dissolve, for its feet are of clay and are set among the hatred of the millions it oppresses.

If the fighting were renewed a second time, and if that were to be the shape of 'the third war', we should have nothing to fear and everything to hope for from it. But in 1948 it is all too clear that the wars of the twentieth century are not straight encounters for professed aims, but are used, if they are not made, by ulterior parties for ulterior purposes. In considering the American counter-moves to the Soviet annexation of Czechoslovakia, for instance, enlightened people should remember that (as I have written in this book and as a United States Senator, Mr. George Malone, remarked after hearing the President's conscription speech): 'This is still the same Administration that stopped General Patton outside Berlin and waited for the Russians to take over a large part of Germany. This is the same Administration that wrecked almost immediately after the close of hostilities the greatest military machine the world ever saw — it still does not make sense.'

In the language of honesty and patriotic national policies, it does not make sense. It might well make sense from the point of view of ulterior parties seeking ulterior ends. Who advised the helter-skelter American withdrawal and demobilisation after

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1945? Who advised the appeasement of Stalin by the partition of Poland in 1942-43? Who advised the appeasement of Hitler by the amputation of Munich in 1938? Who forms the policy of governments today, and has the shaping of it passed irrevocably into the hands of people who work behind the scenes for separate ends?

The time when these tormenting questions of the thirty years 1917-47 will be answered is drawing near. The planners and plotters must either succeed, and assume power in a ruined world through their 'World Government' with its political headquarters in Palestine and its gold in America; or the elected representatives of the peoples in the various countries will throw off this secret thrall and return to national interests. I think we shall see very soon now which of these things is to happen, and the clue lies in the Palestine affair: if the British and American Governments keep their hands clear of that, and keep 'The United Nations' out of it as well, the world will yet find the way out of Insanity Fair.

But if, with their own hands or wearing the gloves of 'The United Nations', Britain and America become embroiled in the Palestine plot, I think we shall before long see a renewal of the universal fighting-war both there and in Europe, and before it has been in progress very long it will have been turned against the aims (such as 'stopping Soviet aggression') which will be proclaimed at the start.

The real aim would be to complete the destruction of Europe; to set up some evil 'World Government', straddling the world from Fort Knox to Jerusalem; and to use the men and money of the last great states of Christendom for that purpose.

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