

CURRENT MAGAZINES

THE NAZI-SOVIET ENTENTE*

Has Russia Joined the Axis?—Editorial, in the *New Republic*.

The Myth of A Happy Russia—Mr. Eugene Lyons, in the *American Mercury*.

Stalin in the War—Mr. W. H. Chamberlin, in the *Yale Review*.

The Great Russian Illusion—Mr. F. Utley, in the *Atlantic*.

MR. CHURCHILL has described Soviet Russia as unpredictable. We can appreciate his perplexity, for it besets those not handicapped for interpretation—as he is handicapped—by dislike to the whole Soviet system. Even those predisposed to favor the U.S.S.R. have been driven to their wits' end by shiftings of Moscow policy. They had resolutely got over numerous minor puzzles, when their confusion became worse confounded by announcement of Molotov's deal with Ribbentrop, in August, 1939. Here was a sudden resolve, by the authorities of Bolshevik Russia, to cooperate with a foreign dictatorship whose chief appeal at home had been its hatred of Bolshevism and whose chief project abroad had been the seizure of Russian territory! It sounded like a bulletin from Bedlam.

Stalin's "realism," for which he is so celebrated, is put forward as explanation. Circumstances, it is said, had changed, and the "man of steel" was not to be deterred from meeting the change by any scruple about inconsistency. He is proud of his talent for adjusting himself so, and the sole consistency for which he cares is that of promoting Soviet Russian interests to the maximum at each stage of a changing world development. If he can do this by sudden union with an old enemy and sudden abandonment of an old friend, no bourgeois sense of honor will prevent him from seizing the chance. No thought of a treaty he has signed, pledging him to act the opposite way, will serve as deterrent. One thinks of examples: his dealings with the Baltic States and with Poland; his recent diplomatic manoeuvrings with Bulgaria and Turkey; his successive "Purges," in which his colleagues of yesterday met with the sort of fate he used to reserve for Tsarists. Stalin is said to have conceived a new respect for Hitler when he read of the Munich "Blood Bath" of June 30, 1934. Here too was a realist, not fettered by the traditions of yesterday in the altered challenge of to-day.

* This article was necessarily in type before the outbreak of war between Germany and Russia. There was no time to bring it up to date. Editor, *Dalhousie Review*.

One can explain a good deal from this, but it falls far short of what is needed to explain fully the Nazi-Soviet Pact. Perhaps these two men, the German and the Russian, leading parties which had lived in the main by denouncing each other's ideals, were never personally antagonistic, but rather sympathetic with each other, by reason of an abnormal taste they shared both for intrigue abroad and for discipline at home. But that leaves us wondering about their respective circles of following. It is unbelievable that either of them takes his decisions all by himself. The Hitler-Stalin personal sympathy does not show how the policies of two countries, on the surface so conflicting, have been drawn together with such success.

This enigma has been the topic of many a magazine article. The interpretation I shall here discuss is one which emphasizes fundamental unity, far more important than superficial differences, not just between two individual temperaments, but between the Soviet-Russian and the Nazi-German or the Fascist-Italian way of conceiving human nature. It maintains that the superficial differences were accentuated as a device of tactics: each had to develop its own way, in its own special surroundings, until each was sufficiently secure to acknowledge unity with the other. According to this view, in what matters most for the government of men, Karl Marx had a cast of mind Fascist or Nazi before the time; similarly, despite all their professions of fierce anti-Marxian crusade, the ruling conviction of Karl Marx was just what came to life again as active principle in Mussolini and Hitler.

I shall devote this article to development of that paradox.

I.

Conspicuous during the last few years has been a movement for which Mr. Alexander Werth has coined the apt slogan *Fascists of the World, Unite*. He might have made correspondence with the Marxian motto complete by the addition: *You have nothing to lose but Honor*. How much does honor signify to the Fascists of the World? A Mussolini, a Hitler, a Laval, a Quisling, a Mosley, a Lindbergh, have made the answer all too plain.

Like the Marxians, these men have no real patriotism, no concern for a native land. For them national boundaries are obliterated, in a comradeship not of toil, but of personal domination: those in different countries with a common lust for tyranny are thus forming the strangest of all partnerships, to destroy

everywhere the freedom they alike hate. Against that impulse, once there is a chance to gratify it, patriotism means nothing. In British concentration camps can now be found men whose voices used to be among the shrillest in Kiplingesque passion for "England," but who in the hour of England's crisis thought only of their chance to become Hitler's *Gauleiter*. In France the darkest betrayal of the nation's heritage was carried on by a section of the so-called "Right," under cloak of a red-hot French Chauvinism, contemptuously upbraiding the lukewarmness of the "Left." Communists have often been arraigned for the dishonesty in method known as "boring from within": the acceptance, that is, of nominal allegiance to Labor associations, that they may form, inside, a Communist "cell," and betray the cause they are pledged to promote. Is not the pattern plain for the "Fifth-Column" activity of the agents of dictatorship everywhere, the men entrusted by Berlin and Rome with what President Roosevelt has so well named "an inside job" in foreign democracies?

For several years after the Great War, there was fear of a movement with headquarters at Moscow and emissaries everywhere to bring about a "Communist world-revolution." The *Zinoviev Letter*, which seemed to show a project of Bolshevik tampering with the loyalty of British troops, stirred England from end to end, and registered its result in the overwhelming of Labor at the polls in the election of 1924. The *Third International* was undoubtedly committed to some spacious enterprize against Capitalism everywhere, and Lenin's enquiry when he met Mr. H. G. Wells, about the strange delay in development of a class-conscious proletariat in England, showed how seriously he at least took this particular hope. It is a principal complaint of the enemies of Stalin (such of them as dare to be vocal in Russia) that he is an apostate from this cardinal article of Lenin's faith, that he has ceased to pursue the missionary ideal of Bolshevism, and that for the sake of precarious countenance from capitalist Powers he is restricting the sublime enterprize of "the men of October, 1917" to the purpose Lenin despised as hopeless—that of establishing Socialism in a single country. Despite this Stalinite "modernizing" of the primitive Bolshevik faith, so much of the original alarm remains, that the fight for its own life by the Spanish republic in the years 1936-38 was absurdly interpreted abroad as a Moscow-directed effort, through Spain, at advancing world revolution. And which of us has not been made familiar in Canada, every time there

is a movement for shorter hours and higher wages in a mine or a mill, with the guess that "Moscow" is at work again, stretching tentacles across the ocean?

At all events the agents of counter-revolution, the Fascist and semi-Fascist groups in many countries sworn to frustrate the revolutionary impulse, have reproduced in detail just the same close alliance which they allege to exist among the "subversives." Point after point of this extraordinary similitude might well stir thought. The Fascist copy, like its Communist original, has had its veneer of high idealism, its pretence of scaling heights to which the conscience of predecessors had been inadequate. We can recall how the worst brutalities of a proletariat rising were hidden by Marx and his successors under phrases about escape from ancient bourgeois prejudice; how the Class-War was justified as a sort of growing pains preliminary to the rapture of world citizenship. So too, in the propagandist campaign of World Fascism, we were summoned to solemn thought about the shortcomings of democracy, and about the far finer promise in that "Principle of Leadership" chosen by the verbal strategists of the party as camouflage for despotism.

"Leadership" agents, like Communist agents, creating "cells," have everywhere sought one another out and coordinated their efforts. In Norway, in Holland, in Belgium, in France, in Yugoslavia, the likely material for Fifth-Column was long known to Hitler's Intelligence Department. Some countries had an open organization of this character, with rallies and drills and a press organ. France, for example, had her Fascist and semi-Fascist Leagues, her *Croix de Feu*, her *Jeunesses Patriotes*, her *Camelots du Roi*, her *Solidarité Française*. At service of the same anti-democratic cause might always be found an array of newspapers: *L'Action Française*, *Canard Enchaîné*, *La Flèche*, *Le Flambeau*, not to mention such disgraces to journalism as *Gringoire*. In London one could observe from time to time a parade of Sir Oswald Mosley's followers, among whom a certain Mr. William Joyce, yet to become famous as "Lord Haw-Haw," was developing the talent he was afterwards to place at Hitler's disposal. When the Führer spoke of tokens that "Those of our sort may soon get the upper hand in England," he was thinking very wishfully indeed, but he was not without some quotable evidence. When Rudolph Hess made his wild flight to the point, ten miles from Glasgow, at which he descended by parachute, the Fifth-Column with which he was seeking contact was no mere figment of his imagination. Both in strength

and in opportunity it was far below what Ribbentrop had led him to expect: many of its members were safely in concentration camp, and many of them still at large were paralyzed with fear; but it was an actual, and had not long before been a vocal, party planning for an "authoritarian" Britain, in which insurgent labor would be castigated as it had been in Italy and in Germany. Don't we recall the furtive, excited whisper "England needs a Hitler, needs a Mussolini"? Canadians who, a few years ago, used to note with disgust a paper on sale in Montreal under title *Le Fascist Canadien* were reminded that in London one could buy *The Blackshirt, Organ of British Fascists*, and they tried to believe that such latitude of debate (a sign, as they always told themselves, not of national weakness but of national strength) would serve as safety-valve for a negligible though vociferous minority.

But we should much underestimate the significance of this movement abroad if we thought of it only in its organized forms. Far more dangerous than any conspiracy of *Cagouards*, with its private arsenal of weapons in the cellar of a Paris apartment block, was the persistent disparaging of democratic order, the distrust of republican leaders constantly instilled into the minds of Frenchmen by organs of "The Right," the never failing readiness on the part of certain French publicists to justify dictatorial strong measures—even Hitler's treatment of Jews and Mussolini's use of mustard gas in Ethiopia. This was no mere frank criticism—a practice always wholesome—upon the faults of individual leaders in the Chamber: it was a tireless campaign to destroy the very principle of self-government. Examples come thronging back to memory. When it had long passed beyond all reasonable doubt that the Nazis had themselves set the Reichstag on fire, in order to have a spectacular outrage for arraignment of "Communists," the pro-Fascist group in London and Paris were still rebuking those who hinted such "slander upon a friendly Power." One thinks of those scornful articles about "the Negus" with which a section of the English press tried to pacify Mussolini in 1936, or the tirade in the same press meant as a sop to Hitler two years afterwards about Czech tyranny over racial minorities. Unique perhaps among the impostures of pro-Fascist intrigue was the manufacture abroad of a quasi-belief in the "Committee for Non-Intervention in Spain." It destroyed the Spanish Republic, with results for Great Britain in the Mediterranean that we now know too well. Fifth-Column's greatest success

was surely this one, in view of its difficulties that should have been insuperable, the credulity which had to be fostered, the disproof which had to be explained away. The manoeuvres of Pierre Laval before the Foreign Relations Committee of the French Senate, to ruin all chance of an agreement with Russia about Poland, belong to the same unedifying series. Unfortunately, too, those manoeuvres were not limited to Laval, or to France.

It is this contemptuous antagonism to parliamentary institutions which constitutes the clearest likeness of Fascism and Naziism on the one side to Bolshevism on the other.

One has ceased even to be amused by Stalin's story that the Soviet Union exhibits the sole genuine democratic system now at work in the world. For we know that the real power in Soviet Russia is the Communist Party, in which not more than 1½ per cent of the population is enrolled, and from which periodic "Purges" expel those judged by the Party "bosses" to be no longer suitable. Mere imposture, for democratic enthusiasts abroad, is the tale about local Soviets (i.e. Councils) "elected" at a general or village meeting; about these in turn "electing" representatives to a Provincial Soviet, and the Provincial Soviets through their "elected" spokesmen merging their wisdom in still more widely representative bodies until the Supreme Soviet of All Russia is reached. A pretty picture, that does credit to the artist who drew it: he knew exactly how to work upon the zeal as well as the gullibility abroad in democratic countries at the close of the World War. Democracy had won, and it was to regenerate mankind by its "constitutional" progress everywhere. So those in Russia whose aim was the very reverse of democracy had to impart to their project a democratic color. Over twenty years experience has shown what they had really in mind. To this day there has been no such thing as an election in Soviet Russia: there has never been, and there can never be, unless the régime is completely transformed: there can be no strife of parties presenting rival policies, soliciting public support through discussion and abiding by popular verdict. Anyone who has witnessed a so-called election in Stalin's Russia knows that it is as meaningless as a "vote" in Hitler's Reichstag: the Communist orders are "voted" in slavish submission: no party but one is permitted, and the method with dissent is that of the firing squad. Opponents—to use the picturesque Soviet

word—are likely to be “liquidated.” On such matters consult the report from Mr. W. H. Chamberlin or Mr. Eugene Lyons. They report what they saw.

The theory of such Stalinite action is that popular institutions are folly; that only a very small minority is fit for decisive voice in shaping policies; that, Communism being an esoteric doctrine which only the intellectual élite can appreciate, the Communist Party—a small picked group—acting through its all-powerful head (modestly advertised for foreign taste until a few weeks ago as just “the Secretary”) must issue drastic commands to the populace. As Marshal Pétain, that promising French recruit to the authoritarian cause, told his radio audience in a recent two-minute talk, the “Chief of State” must be obeyed “blindly.” What difference does it make whether these oligarchs are known as Supreme Soviet or Grand Fascist Council or Nazi High Command? The repudiation of all that democracy means is the same.

II

But the resemblances I have mentioned, in method, leave unexplained this puzzle—that two Powers with aims so antagonistic, at least in foreign policy, as the Soviet and the Nazi, have come not only to tolerate but to reinforce each other abroad. Granted that the counter-revolutionaries borrowed revolutionary technique: how does that cast light on the transformation in what they set out to do?

One can indeed scarcely overstate the conflict of purposes originally professed. Hitler's winning card, like Mussolini's, was the pledge to fight “Bolshevism.” It was not, as so often alleged, by exploiting German resentment against the injustices of the *Treaty of Versailles* that he rose to power: so long as he spoke in that vein only (as he did for ten years) he made very little progress, and continued to be thought a mere platform windbag, of whom the leaders of the German Republic had no need to take serious account. What made the real difference to Hitler's fortunes was his change to an anti-Communist crusade, enlisting at once boundless enthusiasm and securing boundless financial help among the great German landowners and the magnates of German industry. Here was a precise repetition of the *volte-face* which had won for Mussolini, the Communist, such support from the purses of Italian millionaires as made him risk complete rupture with the associates of his past.

But the "magnates" could not, by themselves, have conferred upon Duce and Führer such popular acclaim as soon surrounded them. They were invaluable as auxiliaries to one ambitious of dictatorship: but whence came those deafening huzzas of the multitude? The answer is not far to seek. It is not only the exalted social leaders, it is at least as much the middle class in a country such as Germany and Italy that can be frightened by threats of Bolshevism into the acceptance of almost any means of escape. Mussolini and Hitler had uncanny talent for working on just these middle class fears. A statement in *Mein Kampf* is, in general, good reason for believing the opposite of what it affirms, but Hitler's claim there to special skill in propaganda is so corroborated by facts as to seem indisputable, despite its source. Both he and his Italian predecessor (from whom he learned his trick) diffused such myths about themselves, about the danger they had found impending over the middle class, and about how at the eleventh hour they had supplied the only means of deliverance from it, as brought them enormous masses of followers. It was a genuine, a widespread, and by no means wholly groundless alarm about Communism, together with general misgiving in Italy and Germany about the competence of parliamentary government to cope with it, that gave Hitler and Mussolini their chance.

Any British or American or Canadian visitor, who spent a few weeks or a few months in Germany of the years just before the present war, will attest the effectiveness with which this counterfeit public opinion had been formed. "What I heard there on every side in 1937," said one friend to me, "was about the Russian airdromes which were even then being built on the Czech border, and the manifest design of a Communist attack on Germany for which Czechoslovakia would furnish the spring-board." To my query "What sort of Germans were spreading such nonsense?" I got the reply, "One heard it, for example, from professors in Berlin University." And it was obvious that multitudes believed it! No expostulation, no citing of the disproof which had settled the matter for foreign observers, could shake the belief in countless middle-class German minds that, but for Hitler's rise to power, a deluge of Communism would have swept over Germany. The legend that Mussolini had in like manner rescued Italy kept its firm hold, despite the reminder that Mussolini himself had declared all such danger to have been past eighteen months before his "March on Rome." Such was the belief in what the Duce had done, such the fear

of what might result from the Duce's downfall, that appeal for German cooperation to restrain his Ethiopian venture fell on deaf ears. Nothing else so cemented in Italy the new partnership with Germany as the reflection "She stood by us when the League imposed 'Sanctions'." And nothing else so reconciled the average German to Hitler's refusal of participation in "Sanctions" as the thought of impetus to insurgent labor all over the world—above all, in Germany—if "the great man south of the Alps" should lose his grip. What mattered the fate of "those negroes" or "that ridiculous Negus" in comparison with this?

Thus the portal of middle-class German (and not only German) minds was flung wide open to the strangest caricatures of reasoning. Some day, yet another *History of Intellectual Development* will include a mournful chapter on the work of certain publicists—a distinct school in many countries—who wrote not as their reason but as their alarm prescribed. Editors of magazines in the late 1920's and early 1930's knew the public taste well enough to welcome an article with such piquant title as "The Bursting Bubble of Democracy". Distinguished visitors at University Commencement felt the need to warn young minds against separation of scientific enquiry from patriotic purpose, and the foolishness of regarding truth "for its own sake" as a better quest than "truth for use". An archbishop is on record as admonishing a Conference to comment upon only the good side of the Nazi movement, and to keep in mind that an explosive rather than a routine activity may be the more germane to the Christian *ethos*. That last cryptic observation may well one day be quoted as showing twentieth century ecclesiasticism at its worst: memorable like the nineteenth century prelate's epigram "Better England free than England sober". In each case the truth of what was said may be disputed, but hardly the motive of the epigrammatist. To the same future historian of intellectual development one might commend, I think, for analysis a collection of recent literary products: so different and yet so similar as Sir John Simon's speech about Japan to the League of Nations Assembly, the articles by M. Charles Maurras, Lord Runciman's *Letter about the Czechs*, and Mrs. Lindbergh's *Wave of the Future*.

Productions of writers who, in their own way, probably meant no harm. But that does not abate, perhaps it intensifies, their pathological quality.

III

The authoritarian state was thus in certain countries established and in other countries excused as "alternative to Communism." It was a marvellous feat of imposture. But it would have been impossible if there had been no reality at all behind the imposture, no straw out of which all these bricks might be made.

Looking back upon the process, we can now see that from Soviet Russia came the principal supply. Year by year, as the initial horrors of the Revolution passed into the systematic cruelty of successive "Five-Year Plans", as the murderous mobs and the torturing Cheka of cities were matched by deliberate starvation of millions of peasants in Ukraine, a multitude in other countries became stricken with quite intelligible panic. Russian Bolshevism acted upon the British, the French, the German, the Italian people exactly as French Jacobinism had acted more than a century before. It might have been thought that the historians at least, knowing how Jacobinism had arrested abroad all hope of genuine social reform, how it had united in irresistible strength the reactionaries of many countries, would sound warning of a like consequence from flirtation abroad with Moscow. But not a few historians in this hour of their country's need cut the sorriest of figures. Thinking only, when they considered the parallel at all, of how the French Revolution had been long misjudged by reactionaries, and how wise had been the words of Coleridge "The sun was rising though ye hid his light", they avoided one risk at the cost of rushing headlong upon another. No doubt they have little cause for rueful regret in respect of encouraging Moscow, for at Moscow intellectuals—especially foreign intellectuals—were little considered. But their attitude deepened the alarm of their own countrymen: of the average middle-class citizen, whose industry had accumulated some savings, who had been apprized of what was the fate of men like himself in Soviet Russia, and who discovered that leaders of thought in academic centres in his own country were so Soviet-minded. True, when these academic leaders were closely questioned, they commonly said that it was "the element of truth and value" in Bolshevism they had to point out: but they gave no evidence of concern about any other element in that system, and it was of other elements that the frightened enquirer was for the time thinking. So it is small wonder that we have seen of late a movement of disgusted revolt against "the Colleges" in centre

after centre of Canada and the United States. This movement is always, of course, reprobated (by those whom it attacks as "a challenge to academic freedom": on the ground, apparently that academic freedom has a value not only unique but incommensurable with other values, the one interest round which as a constant—all other human interests must adjust themselves as best they can. It is too much to expect or to hope, and happily there is no reason to fear, that such immunity will be conceded to dangerous learning—or pseudo-learning.

Thus during the twenty-year period now beginning to be known as "the interval between the two wars", the reactionary cause was often best served by those whose hatred of it was deepest. How little they understood the elements of psychology in regard to forming public opinion! They so wrote and talked about coming "democratic" changes on the wildest scale, as to scare great numbers into the dictatorial camp. The "strong man"—of Black Shirt or Brown Shirt organization—at least promised middle-class folk security against a horror such as this, and the cautious democrats, even when they did not give it partial countenance, inspired no confidence in their strength to stop it. No reasonable person suspects Germans as a whole of approving the cruelties in a Brown House, or Italians as a whole of approving the dark deeds on Lipari Island. But the moderate public, Italian or German, chose not to know of such inhumanity, or to assume that it had been exaggerated in the telling, because they had made up their minds that their own safety depended on keeping Führer or Duce in power, and that hence they must acquiesce in whatever the dictator commanded. Nor do we need to seek our example of such effective propagandism in a fearful atmosphere far away. We find it in Canada. Every organ of reaction here, whose editor knew his business, played up with arresting headlines the most radical scheme of those who, a dozen years ago, called conference after conference about "economic transformation." What priceless material for such an editor was news of some "open forum" at which repudiation of Victory Loans or of the bonds of the Canadian National Railways was debated as if it were—or could soon be made—a living issue! With what joy did those of Fascist or Nazi temper dwell on the eloquence of a Labor gathering at which "compromise" was denounced, and "mere social reformers" with their "inevitability of gradualness" were held up to hatred as Labor's worst enemy. Nothing suited better the purpose of a reactionary editorial than such strong language from the apostles of thoroughness, telling how

"opportunism"—such as Ramsay MacDonald's—was happily dead, for at length had come the time (and the men) to lay the axe to the very root of the capitalist tree. "Use display type for that headline" was the direction of every editor who had plutocracy to serve, and who knew how to serve it. Like the fat boy in *Pickwick*, he would make the flesh creep for all whose living depended on small blocks of bonds, or a few houses, or a policy of insurance.

One is properly disgusted with indiscriminate use of "Communist" as a mere abusive term, to discredit all social reformers. Even the most naive, upon whom propaganda had played so successfully about the "Communism" of the Spanish republic, became suspicious when they were told that M. Leon Blum's proposal to invade the monopoly of the "two hundred largest shareholders" in control of the Bank of France was a Communist proposal; and when they heard from a like source that President Roosevelt was a Communist, patience would hold out no longer. But the scandal of such artifices to mislead opinion is not relieved, it is rather doubled, by a corresponding refusal to see how reasonably and sincerely the middle class in all countries were alarmed by the Marxian drift of a dozen years ago, and how it was but natural for them then to recall some things that Marxianism had meant in the one great country which had tried it. It is true that a dozen years ago the morning news in a German city often told of murders in the public street by "Brown Shirts;" but it also often told of like outrage by gangs whose label "Communist" was of their own choosing, whose hero was Karl Marx, whose song was the *Internationale*, and whose avowed inspiration was from Moscow. The detached British observer, thankful for a country free from such horrors "in either interest", often failed to appreciate the position of a decent German in Berlin or Munich, who hated this practice of competitive crime, but noted that it was growing continuously worse under "the German Republic", and became hospitable to the idea of almost anything different—if it were only effective—in the machinery of social discipline.

In other countries, not excluding our own, this mood was shared. Not all who shared it were either intellectually or morally inferior to the Left-Wing satirists who abused them.

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The coming historian will find, I think, material of extraordinary suggestiveness in the mental and moral perplexity of the twenty years after 1918. So many well-meaning and

not unintelligent persons were hopelessly distraught, and craft was quick to take advantage of their state. The Pact between Ribbentrop and Molotoff, in August, 1939, which made French Communist workmen sabotage France's war effort against Hitler, and made German steel magnates help Stalin to Bolshevize Poland, will stand long in history as evidence of how strong can be the bond of a common hatred manipulated against a common love.

It is to defeat this combination of groups which, for different reasons, hate democracy, that the British and American democracies are now at war. They are at war to preserve those personal liberties which Hitler and Stalin alike despise, liberties which these men have extinguished wherever their power has reached, and will extinguish everywhere unless they are stopped by force. At war that they may preserve the right of the individual to think and speak and act for himself, subject only to such laws as he has his proportionate share in enacting and modifying after free discussion. Captious and dishonest triflers can easily set forth lapses from this high ideal in the British or the American record, and can affect disbelief that there is anything to choose between the systems of constraint which democracy and despotism in practice impose. But the time is surely past when this nonsense could be heard or read with patience. The Nazi and Bolshevist systems are at length beyond the power of propagandist deceit to misrepresent successfully to the average British or American citizen. Remembering *Magna Carta* and the *Bill of Rights*, the *Declaration of Independence* and the *American Constitution*, he is not likely to read about authoritarian Purges and Blood Baths without appreciating the source as well as the range of contrast.

Though thus fairly secure against the flippancy of "intellectuals", the average British or American citizen is subject to recurring strain from another quarter upon his democratic steadfastness. A petulant conjecture one sometimes hears—that perhaps dictatorship is the better method "after all"—comes to him in moments of lowered spiritual vitality. Faith of every kind has its times when it is over-taxed, and violent explosions of doubt must precede its restoration. Which of us has not heard a tirade from some wretched invalid, ("nothing bettered but rather made worse" by his doctors) proclaiming how his experience has disillusioned him about medicine, and how he now knows pathology to be as great a fraud as the casting of horoscopes? Or from those whom the

misuse of science in warfare has driven to exclaim that so-called scientific progress has been mankind's principal calamity, and that Rousseau "after all" was right when he railed at Prometheus for discovering the uses of fire? It is altogether pardonable if the honest citizen, whose immediate knowledge of democratic institutions has been derived from watching party managers, party agents, party parasites in his own township, explodes from time to time against democracy. In a high temper, which does him credit, he exclaims that anything whatever must be preferable to what he has seen: any dictatorship to the unclean competition for graft which is all that political activity has ever meant for the men he knows best in his district.

A mood not only intelligible but wholesome, if it be transient, like the disbelief in medicine through experience of doctors (who are often incompetent enough to merit almost any contemptuous dismissal) or the disgust with science when one has heard how physicists and chemists have been at work on mustard gas for bombing planes! But science and medicine come back to their place in intelligent esteem, however unworthy one may judge individual scientists and doctors. In like manner it is the triumph of faith in democracy to have survived experience of democratic politicians. To Hitler and Stalin, we are indebted for such unintended service. They have shown the ghastliness of the alternative, and the alternative is the same in each of them. It constitutes indeed the Nazi-Soviet bond.

H. L. S.