

Austria back her soul, her faith in her own future,' concludes Dr. Schuschnigg.

In the adjoining room a small red devotion lamp burns before a *Mater Dolorosa*, which a Tyrolean officer gave to Dollfuss after the first attempt on his life and which later stood on his writing desk. It now marks the spot where he fell, in a building in which never more a Congress will dance,

consecrated as it is by his memory.

Such is the atmosphere of the Chancellery where Kurt von Schuschnigg assumed—gradually and unostentatiously—his firm guardianship of the Austrian State, and gained the admiration of the world. Here he has succeeded in giving the independence of his country a new significance; finding it a subject of speculation, he has made it a dogma of European politics.

## II. SKI-HOTEL

From *Time and Tide*, London Independent Weekly

SKI-HOTEL, 5,000 feet up, its nearest village a sheer drop of a thousand feet below. 'So nice, coming to Austria,' said the New York woman, 'every country seems to be getting so difficult. French strikes, Spain's Civil War, Germany, Italy—where can one go? But, thank heaven there are no politics in Austria. They just let visitors enjoy themselves.'

I carelessly hummed the *Internationale* as the ski-man fastened my buckles. 'Don't do that,' he implored, 'it may get us all into trouble.' An Austrian girl in the hotel had been in England. She had sent home a Low cartoon about Dollfuss, while he was alive—innocent enough, but stressing his smallness. Two years later, in a raid on students the police found this cartoon among her brother's papers in his desk. . . . Brother imprisoned for six weeks, dismissed from the university, not allowed to study or teach in Austria.

The mountain area round this hotel, I was told, was overwhelmingly Nazi. One reason given was that the Nazis were against the priests. The Catholic

Church controls every detail of life in the valleys. Schuschnigg is regarded as the mere instrument of the Church. 'The Vatican is working out methodically the Ratti dream of a Central European clerical State,' said a professor staying at the hotel. 'Austria, which the Vatican holds, is one buttress. Spain was intended to be the other.'

It sounded odd to a stranger, but there was no doubting the local reaction to it. In the village, the posters of Schuschnigg's Fatherland Front were not only behind glass, but thick glass protected by strong wire netting, firmly padlocked. All the civil servants had had to agree to a deduction from wages to pay for the inevitable plaque in the inevitable Dollfussplatz. The heavy padlock seemed to symbolize how the Fatherland Front held its power. But the American lady driving down in a sleigh to dance at the Sport-hotel wouldn't notice a little thing like that. There are no politics in Austria!

'What do these peasants think they will get from the Nazis, and what do

than whether the hot water would hold out, and the cleaning of skis and boots. They didn't hate England—on the contrary—but as far as their problems were concerned they simply counted England out. So what rival has Nazi Germany?

Someone brought in a copy of the Viennese *Neue Freie Presse*—we were entirely dependent on such casual incidents for our news. Some prominence was given to a speech by Mr. George Lansbury. A Hungarian doctor—quietly reactionary in his conversation over coffee—brought this to the English table. 'That is the only sense that is being talked about Europe in your country,' he said. 'Half the money the English have already spent on armaments—not even that but just a willingness to help the hungry—and there would be no need for your battleships. England is building to keep what she has got. The hungry nations will drag her down to perdition with them.'

The 'hungry nations, the hungry people'—over and over again the phrase was used, at the *skiraum*, in the kitchens, on the stairs, wherever the politically-minded English visitor would stop and talk in confidence. Here is the key to the tangled situation. While we talk about 'have-not

nations' in England, clever men write articles to prove that colonies don't benefit anyone. Britain just arms to keep hers out of pure altruism. But these sinking peoples are not hungry for colonies. They want bread and work. 43,000 rations in Vienna for food distribution and only the poorest need apply. How will colonies heal that sore?

'Something must be done.' It echoes from the little shops, from the kitchens, from the fortunate few who can earn by keeping visitors happy—and there are so many mouths to feed from those precious tips.

'Shall I have to tip these servants? The 10 per cent is all that is needed now isn't it?' said the well-to-do New Yorker. And I thought of Anna, and Luke, and Gerhardt, and how little even of the 10 per cent actually filtered through to them. How eagerly they gave extra service, just in the hope.

'But would it really inconvenience you to give some individual tips?' I asked her, surveying all the costly equipment gathered at the sleigh. 'It's the principle of the thing, my dear,' she replied. 'And besides, they don't really like you to do it. Austrians are so proud.'

#### IT JUST HAPPENED

Surely everyone knows that the most remarkable thing about this great Empire is the fact that nearly all our overseas possessions literally fell into our lap, and in many cases were acquired with the greatest reluctance.

—Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, in a letter to  
*Royal Central Asian Society Journal*

*you* expect?' I asked a harassed student, trying to earn his college fees by hotel service.

'Austria is too small; we can't stand alone.' He brought me cuttings from the local paper; 43,000 rations of goulasch and bread distributed by the Army in Vienna. Only class A—the very poorest—were given tickets. 43,000!

'And Vienna is not the worst,' said the student who came from Styria. 'The unemployment and hunger in our town are frightful. To whom can we turn? Britain gives loans to the clerical reactionary Government of Schuschnigg. France will do nothing. The Socialists were crushed. They might have taken power if they had really wanted it—now they are helpless. Where can we turn? Tell me.'

And what could I suggest? The League of Nations has done a lot for Austria in the past, given it everything except the land which could feed Vienna. Hopelessly I named it. Another student—from Geneva—roared with laughter. 'The Swiss are expecting the end of the League any time now,' he explained, 'They have even named the doctors and staff who will take over the League buildings as chief military hospital when war breaks out.'

The students from Switzerland were full of that country's rearmament. 'Look for the little metal squares on every important bridge in Switzerland,' they said. 'We can blow up every bridge electrically now.' They spoke of the anti-tank defenses on the road from the end of the Basel tram-lines, all the way to Neuchâtel. Iron gates that can be lifted by machinery in front of an invading army have been placed on the roads near the frontier.

'German Switzerland is torn between their Nazis, and the growing fear of Germany,' said the very sober professor who was not himself Swiss. Clearly he felt the pull of the German magnet growing stronger. He made no protest when the students talked enthusiastically of the armament in the St. Gothard area: 'Food and munitions stored for at least a year,' they declared.

No doubt, skiers gaily sailing over those slopes will come back to say how peaceful is Switzerland. No politics; the only interest is to make money out of visitors. Or another repetition of the old cry 'The Italian trains run on time since the Fascists marched on Rome.'

## II

It is impossible, when in Central Europe, not to feel the tension. And it is only secondarily political. Sheer hunger in some districts, poverty, insecurity in others is the driving force. 'Our young men have to go away,' wail the women. 'There is no work here.'

The fuss our M.P.'s have made in the Commons about anti-British propaganda seems curiously inept here. No one is worried much about anything the Italians say on the radio. Anyway it is not necessary.

'The name of Britain doesn't count here now—not because she is weak, but because she is selfish. We know she won't help anyone. The Fascists do at least help their own side, but who has lifted a finger to save democracy in Austria?' said the man who had come on skis, from somewhere over the hill. The staff was eager to talk to any English visitor who seemed interested in other things

A tale of the Irish countryside in the struggle against the Blacks and Tans.

# *The Women of Magheraliffe*

By JIM PHELAN

From the *Left Review*  
London Marxist Monthly

DOWN in Magheraliffe there was crying. At Ballaree, far away on the Clare side, there had been an ambush the day before. Three lorries of the Imperial Force had run into a barricade of stones, built across a bridge. While they struggled to extricate the cars, a land-mine had exploded below, sending bridge, lorries and men into the air in a tangle of wreckage and death. The survivors had been sniped by the revolutionaries, only two surrendering.

That was in Ballaree, over by Clare. But in Magheraliffe there was crying. For early that morning two lorries had whirled into the village, spouting death. Death and destruction and fire were behind, as the lorries drove away. Three hours only it had taken to rape the village, for the men were away nearly all. Over on the Clare side, maybe.

Sean O'Mulan had not gone to the hills with the men of the rebel column. He would not fight on the side of the rebellion, nor on any side,

he had often said. Because he was fearless in his pacifism, the hard-eyed gun-boys had respected his refusal. Now his mother sat in a wreckage-strewn kitchen and cried. Over a poor broken thing, twisted and limp, with the black blood all sticky on it, and the dust of the lorry-dragging still on its rags, she cried.

Mihail Leregan had not gone with the boys either. Mihail was old, and he lived alone and kept the law. The priest had said that revolutionaries were accursed, and Mihail had never forgotten. Because he was old and afraid of the law, the boys had never pressed him, but left him to his beads and his books.

There was no crying in Mihail's house, for the ruins were still aflame. But on the road outside, a group of women knelt and prayed for his body in the blazing ruin.

All over Magheraliffe it was the same that day. Where a house was not in flames, there was death inside. Sometimes a house blazed, and there