

Notes and gleanings

Objekttyp: **Group**

Zeitschrift: **The Swiss observer : the journal of the Federation of Swiss Societies in the UK**

Band (Jahr): - **(1923)**

Heft 117

PDF erstellt am: **28.04.2024**

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NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

Readers will have noticed from last-week's issue that "Kyburg" has taken a long vacation to obtain fresh inspiration in Switzerland. *The Swiss Observer* cannot do without his article, and we will continue to deal with references of Swiss interest in the English press, although we must be excused if they are not dispensed up with his customary "mustard and cress"—especially the "mustard."

Young Swiss and England.

A meeting of the Swiss Economic Commission to deal with this important question took place last Friday (Aug. 24). The presence of the Swiss Minister was much appreciated. M. Paravicini detailed some of the numerous cases where the intentional non-observance and violation of the existing aliens restrictions by our compatriots (as regards seeking employment in this country) had thrown considerable and somewhat unpleasant work on the staff of the Legation—a circumstance which was not apt to bring about a modification of these regulations by the English authorities; he welcomed any practicable suggestions contributing towards a solution of the present state of affairs, which is certainly unsatisfactory from the point of view of those of our young fellow-countrymen who are anxious to complete their commercial education by accepting employment in this great business centre. After a lengthy discussion a few members undertook to work out a working arrangement, to be submitted to the Swiss Minister on his return from Switzerland.

The Holiday Season.

If the regular and fascinating articles in the English press are any indication, the season should prove lucrative to our hotel industry, but some reports from the home country are not so optimistic. This summer has certainly been an "ace" as far as fatal accidents are concerned, but in spite of this—or perhaps because of it—the call of the Alps has not diminished in persistency, thus giving the lie to the old Valaisian proverb that "in the end 'the mountains always win.' A lofty description of an open-air service, entitled "How beautiful 'upon the Mountains,' appeared in the *Christian World* (Aug. 16th); here it is:—

Ten o'clock of a radiant Sunday morning on the side of a Swiss valley south of the Rhône. Far below in the deep gorge rushes the river Trient on its way to join the Rhône at Martigny. Here, a couple of thousand feet above it, are hamlets and little fields—tiny horizontal shelves wrested by man's wit and effort out of the perpendicular, banked up with rock and cultivated to the utmost inch. (How they work, these brave Swiss! They never haste, but neither do they rest.) Above and around, the pine forest, and over all the sheer mountain crags, thrusting stark and jagged into blue, with here and there a patch of late snow.

On the lower edge of the forest, a few yards from the pathway leading to the next village, four-score people are met to worship God in the open air. The Swiss pastor has chosen the place with a fine instinct for the beautiful and the practical. It is a little natural amphitheatre, with moss-covered boulders for seats and trees for pillars. He has a tree stump at the base of the semicircle for a reading desk, and to the trees behind him he has fastened a flag and weighted it with stones, so that the red expanse with the wide square cross in white forms at once a background and a symbol. It is not the Swiss flag, which is red on white, but the flag of the French Evangelical Society, centred in Geneva and working impartially in France and French-speaking Switzerland. In the village of Les Marécottes below, the Roman Catholic is celebrating mass in his church, and the Anglican is holding a service in an hotel, while we of yet another form of faith are also free to worship in the way that seems good to us. Not three hundred years ago, across the Rhône yonder, in the canton of Vaud—and it may even have been here in the Valais—the Vaudois are massacred by their overlords, the Duke of Piedmont, because they claimed to have held their form of worship and their faith pure and free from the tyranny of Rome without intermission since the days of the Apostles. In their anguish they called upon Cromwell for aid, and he wrote letters of such force, not only to the Duke, but to other European potentates, that eventually the intolerant edict was rescinded. It was Milton who composed those letters, and the matter stirred him to flaming wrath for which prose was no outlet, and which found expression in a great sonnet:

Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,
Forget not.

And here is God's vengeance—that in those self-same mountains to-day we are all alike free and unmolested, able to worship Him according to our conscience, whatever our nation or tongue or creed, with tolerance and even respect for each other. I do not know if this was the vengeance Milton had in mind; I think probably not. But the foolishness of God is wiser than the wisdom of men.

The Swiss pastor preached for more than half-an-hour without a note—"I beheld Satan fall as lightning from heaven." It was a call to faith and courage, based, not on the ignoring or denying of tragic facts, but on the reality behind them of Christ and the power of His righteousness. He had a beautiful voice, and he spoke with that combination of fervour, simplicity and dignity which is so characteristic of French-speaking preachers. I am struck afresh, every time I hear them, with the wonderful gift of clear and beautiful expression by means of which they convey a passionate and burning conviction. And I am led to ask myself sorrowfully whether French is really so much more beautiful a language than English, or whether our speakers are forgetting the art of using it.

It is an ideal way of worship—in the heart of the most majestic beauty and grandeur, a little company of believers forming a church, their aspirations guided and their adoration voiced by a devout and fervent pastor. There is a sense of immediacy, of unhinderedness, which comes but seldom in cities and buildings. To some of us the glory of forest and mountain, and cloud and river may become symbols comparable to

the bread and wine, and in their midst and by their means we celebrate a communion with the One Omnipotent and Omnipresent God. Medieval theology found an antagonism between Christianity and the happy primitive life of nature which the Greeks personified as Pan; and the legend ran that at the birth of Christ there were heard from rock and pool and meadow wailing voices which cried: "Alas, alas, Pan is dead!" He was not dead; he remained as he has always been, the humble, rejoicing servant of his Creator; and it would be a more beautiful legend which should represent him as entering the stable with the shepherds to bow in adoration before the Holy Child, bringing as a gift all earth's beauty for ever consecrated to His service.

The worldly side finds expression in a contribution to the *Methodist Recorder* (Aug. 23rd) from a member of the "Comradeship Holidays," who describes a day spent in Thun and Interlaken as follows:—

It was a lovely journey, the heat of the sun being constantly softened by the cool breeze of the blue lake. We saw the great giants of the Oberland one by one as we sailed along. The Niessen just above Spiez, from the summit of which, on the Monday, we had seen a glorious panorama of showy mountains; Beatenberg, on the other side of the lake; beautiful Blumlisalp, the best known of all the snow mountains to people who stay in Spiez; and then the wonderful group of mountains which stand like a ring of giants all holding hands—the Ogre, the Monk, the Shrike, the Weather-mountain, and the Young Lady. Those are their real names. Clever people call them the Eiger, the Mönch, the Schreckhorn, the Wetterhorn, and the Jungfrau. The Jungfrau stands towering above Interlaken in the grandest possible stateliness—a magnificent mountain, lovely in shape and constantly changing in its tints and moods. I don't wonder they call it the Young Lady. It is beautiful and interesting in all its changing moods.

In the fine streets of Interlaken we found everybody in holiday attire. Pretty young girls in national costumes, close-fitting bodices of black velvet with embroidery, buttons and beads everywhere, snowy white tops and sleeves and pieces let into the black skirt, white stockings and a head-dress. Well, I think I am pretty good at describing dress or hats. I know what "georgette" is and "tulle" and "chiffon" (and "chiffon") and nunsveiling and "peau de soie" and "delaine" and lots more, but I give those head-dresses up. Imagine a framework of black wire, rising from the shoulders and going right round over the head like a halo round the head of a pictured saint. Stretched on this wire, black gauze or tulle, or pleated and decorated and frilled with embroideries and other gadgets, and a pretty young face in the centre, generally with a crown of golden hair, and you see the pretty sight we saw dozens of times that afternoon. Then there were young men from the mountains with gorgeous plumage in their hats and sleeved waistcoats of black velvet, and embroidery too. They looked picturesque, but not so pretty as the girls.

Home we went for evening dinner to find a very special meal provided. Federal soup (think of that now), salmon caught in Lake Thun, chicken caught in the hen-runs of Spiez, asparagus, and to finish up—guess what! The waitresses all disappeared into the serving-rooms while we looked at our menus-cards and wondered what "chalets glaces" could be. Then a bell rang, and they all trooped forth, bearing each a dish in which stood a dainty little model of a real Swiss chalet, the walls and roof made of chocolate biscuit stuck together, with loads of thick cream. Down came the spoons, the walls fell flat, and inside each chalet was a great heap of glorious ice-cream. By common consent we all clapped heartily when those chalets came on the scene. Then we all rushed to the hotel terrace, where the lovely Blumlisalp could be seen, its snow-fields all bathed in the richest ruddy glow of sunset. Perfectly gorgeous it was!

Some novel hints to women climbers are broadcast in the *Manchester Guardian* (Aug. 23rd), thus:

Thick sandwiches and rough red wine are not poetical accompaniments, nevertheless they make a welcome feast and are indeed a very necessity before the downward journey is begun. For it is almost always the descent which tests the novice, discovering the weak points in her physical armour and quickly revealing what capacity she may possess for becoming a climber of quality.

A novice who finds she has the poise, the sure foot, the steady head, the unflinching nerve, together with a reserve of energy and strength which will carry her through long hours of fatigue, should waste no time in gaining initial practice in difficult "bits" before starting on any long mountain climb. Such experience can best be gained at one or other of such famous centres as Zermatt or the Rifel Alp, Grindelwald, or Pontresina. At these places suitable guides can always be found ready to take out a promising beginner and capable of hastening her progress.

To which we should like to add that staying in a boarding-house in Brighton—the address of which we will gladly supply—and climbing up and down the mysterious stairs to and from one's bedroom should prove an excellent introduction and preparation for mountaineering.

The Spahlinger Treatment.

The *Daily Express* and the *Daily Dispatch* (Manchester) have initiated a vigorous campaign in order to stimulate interest with a view to securing the necessary funds for a continuance of Dr. Spahlinger's work. The agreement between the latter and the British Red Cross Society has had to be cancelled, and although the British Ministry of Health has always exhibited a sympathetic attitude, no financial support may be expected from this source until English medical experts have given their considered opinion. The only hope lies with the Lancashire Insurance Committee, which, subject to the approval of the Government, is inclined to make a grant of £100,000. In the meantime Dr. Spahlinger's establishment in Geneva is being offered for sale in order to satisfy, to a small extent, the creditors who claim something like £60,000. During the sixteen years of bacteriological research the whole family fortune has been sacrificed, Dr. Spahlinger's father possessing at one time over £80,000. What strikes a layman as rather strange is the fact that Dr. Spahlinger has turned

down inflexibly many tempting offers made to him by commercial firms for the joint exploitation of his serum and vaccines; he seems to have a complete and utter disregard of money, in fact, he appears to hate the sight and mention of it. The following pathetic personal note is taken from one of the interesting articles in the *Daily Express* (August 20th):—

Imagine a little garden table set in the grateful shade of a chestnut tree in the cobbled courtyard which fronts a square, white, stonebuilt house. You reach it by climbing up a steep roadway shadowed by wonderful trees. On the one hand the Salève frowns down from its 4,000 feet of height into the Lake of Geneva. On the other the Jura Mountains stretch away along their mighty path.

The house is unoccupied save for a few white-coated bacteriologists, a vast population of tubercle bacilli whose incredible numbers are sufficient to devastate a continent, and a wonderful grey-haired old lady.

A little company such as few dramatists would imagine sits round the table. There is a young English bank clerk. A few months ago he was coughing his way to the grave. Now he is cracking jokes and thinking of taking up golf again.

There is a charming young Englishwoman, well known in London. Less than two years ago she was condemned to a consumptive's death. To-day she sits here smiling and happy. The bloom of health is on her cheeks and the note of laughter in her voice. She has just climbed the hill and is not breathless. Her mother smiles delightedly by her side.

There is a young New Zealander with eyes too bright and cheeks too sunken. He arrived not an hour ago from a 13,000 mile journey to the white stone house where he thinks death will be cheated. His wife sits by his side, and the light of hope shines in her eyes.

There is a gallant old Swiss gentleman who has happily watched his family fortune fortune disappear.

The grey-haired old lady of whom one catches an occasional sight through the windows of the microbe-baden house is his wife.

The white-frocked, young-looking man with the piercing black eyes who darts from house to table and back again is his son—Henry Spahlinger.

The grizzled veteran who chats to him is the famous commander of a Colonial army in the great war. He is one of many who visit the White House of Hope to find out for nations and Governments if the young-looking man in the white coat has conquered consumption.

A couple of monkeys play round the table legs. Their experimental days have ended long ago. All they do now is to make mischief in the sunlight.

A few yards away, hundreds of guinea-pigs run quietly about their pens. Half of them are filled with tubercle. They will die, so that others, like the bank clerk, the girl, and the New Zealander, may live.

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MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

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Trade Outlook.

It is most gratifying to read in *The Times* and other papers little paragraphs about the general improvement of Swiss trade and industry, which is reflected by the steady decrease of unemployment. The figure to end of June last was 39,000, which represents about 4.4 per cent. of the total number of Swiss workers. One of the industries which is doing remarkably well is that for the manufacture of Synthetic Jewels for watches (rubies), electric meters, measuring instruments, etc. The manufacture of artificial silk is another branch where a considerably increased output may be anticipated in the near future.

Muirhead's Switzerland.

The reviewers in the English press are unanimous in their praise of the latest guide-book to the "Playground of Europe"; it belongs to the well-known series of "Blue Guides" (a commendable imitation of Baedeker), issued by Messrs. Macmillan. The only deterrent is the stiff price of 15s., and although one certainly obtains full value for this small investment, it is to be feared that a good many intending visitors will be satisfied with one of the numerous cheap books that deal with the subject. Several prominent writers have contributed some of the chapters, as, for instance, Arnold Lunn, whose articles on mountaineering and winter sports are most interesting. M. William Martin, the eminent brother of our no less eminent Counsellor of Legation, deals with Swiss History, and Art is in charge of M. Daniel Bum-Dauby, Hon. Director of the Musée des Beaux Arts in Geneva. We reproduce part of the notice in *The Times*:—

The guide begins with a sketch of Swiss history. It is no more than a sketch, but it is a timely reminder that Switzerland has a history, and that it did not begin when Whymper climbed the Matterhorn or when the "English" skaters invaded the Grisons. It did not even begin with William Tell—so we learn from the historian, Mr. Martin, for he tells us that "the oath of the Rütli and the episode of William Tell are nowadays reckoned legendary by critical historians." As for the accepted tale that Julius Caesar invented tobogganing when he sent his men sliding down the Julier Pass on their shields, critical historians do not even mention it, as far as the reviewer has been able to discover. But it is these stories and names like "Helvetia" and "Rhaetian" railway which set us asking ourselves questions about Swiss history, and the answers take us farther and farther afield from the history of the little country with mountain passes leading from one end of Europe to the other. Muirhead has a paragraph on the Lion Monument at Lucerne, and that excites the inquiry about the Swiss Guards. Who were the Swiss Guards? How did there come to be Swiss Guards? Where else did they serve? Mr. Martin does his best with fourteen pages, but he has no space for details of the crossing of the passes—St. Ursula and Suvoroff; there would be no end to it. But he contrives to suggest conditions which explain what in these pugnacious times seems inexplicable—that men of different races should ever have been content and proud to combine into the Swiss people. The answer is pressure from without.

Another section of the guide is given to Swiss art. To those interested in the subject a hint may be given: leave the "through" train at either Basle or Zurich; there is much to be seen at both towns; the Swiss National Museum at Zurich is close to the station. There follows a chapter of "Practical Information," in which the facts are clearly stated. We would suggest that in any subsequent edition more emphasis should be given to this statement: "Trunks may be booked and forwarded by any train, whether accompanied by passengers or not." English travellers, as a rule, fret at paying for their luggage, and forget to profit by the advantages of the Swiss system. If one is going on a walking tour of two or three days, it is a convenience to send a bag on ahead to each stopping place, and it can be done with no more trouble than a word to the hall porter. For the purposes of the tourist the country is divided into eight sections—Chamonix, Zermatt and the Rhone Valley constitute one, Lucerne and Central Switzerland another, and so forth.

A word of praise is due to the maps. The first map of Switzerland as a whole is admirably designed for the needs of the people to whom it is addressed. It possesses the supreme merit of not insisting on imparting all the map-maker knows. It contains comparatively few names—quite enough—and they are clearly printed. From it the tourist recognizes at a glance the country he is making for, the country of which the four corners are Basle, the Lake of Geneva, the Italian Lakes, and the Lake of Constance. Best of all, the colouring marks off clearly the essential distinction between the lowlands, with which the tourist is little concerned, and the Alps. A broad mauve band marks off the playground from brown country where the Swiss engage in commerce, and so forth, and a big white patch south of the Lake of Thun recalls that amazing view from the terrace at Berne.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL NEWS FROM SWITZERLAND.

The Swiss insurance companies passed through a period of varied fortunes during 1922, and the results of the year's working were not uniformly favourable. Many of the companies had serious difficulties to surmount. In the majority of cases, however, the net profits realised for the year showed an advance on those of 1921. The companies specialising in reinsurance and transport risks were specially prosperous. They show an average improvement of 45 per cent. for the year. Only one of the important companies—the Bâloise-Indemnité—was forced to pass its dividend, owing to losses sustained on account of the depreciation of foreign exchanges.

The "Zürich" Cie. générale d'assurance contre les accidents et la responsabilité civile and the "Neuchâteloise" increased their capital during the

year, while the "Suisse" company has since raised its capital from 2 to 3 millions, and the Cie. Suisse de Réassurances in Zurich has effected a similar increase from 20 to 30 million francs.

The war and the conditions which have followed in its wake have brought many changes to the Swiss insurance business. Since the German companies have ceased to carry on life assurance business in Switzerland, a wide field of activity has been opened out for the Swiss companies, and it is readily understood that the large accident companies have jumped at the opportunity and started to carry on life business. In this way two new concerns have been formed. The first of these to obtain a concession was the "Vita" company in Zurich. This is a branch of the Zurich Accident Company and has a capital of 15 million francs, of which 3 million francs are paid up. A special contribution of Frs. 1,500,000 was made by the parent company to provide the necessary funds for organising the work. The new company is to work in Switzerland only.

Soon after the "Vita" company had been founded, a second company obtained a concession in Winterthur—a subsidiary of the Winterthur Accident Company. The capital of this concern is Frs. 6,000,000.

In May of 1923 the "Union" Reassurance Company was founded in Zurich with a capital of Frs. 10,000,000, of which 25 per cent. is paid up. This company is a branch of the Munich Reassurance Society.

The Federal Customs receipts for the month of July, 1923, amounted to Frs. 12,799,875, which was a very slight increase as compared with the corresponding returns for the preceding year. For the first seven months of the current year the receipts have reached a total of Frs. 104,421,766, which is an increase of about 15½ millions as compared with the same period in 1922.

STOCK EXCHANGE PRICES.

BONDS.		Aug. 21	Aug. 28
Swiss Confederation 5% 1903	...	—	75.50%
Swiss Confed. 9th Mob. Loan 5%	...	100.62%	100.65%
Federal Railways A—K 3½%	...	78.75%	79.60%
Canton Basle-Stadt 5½% 1921	...	102.87%	103.00%
Canton Fribourg 3% 1892...	...	69.75%	70.25%
SHARES.		Nom.	Aug. 21 Aug. 28
		Frs.	Frs.
Swiss Bank Corporation ...	500	646	646
Crédit Suisse ...	500	668	677
Union de Banques Suisses ...	500	535	534
Fabrique Chimique ci-dev. Sandoz	1000	3280	3290
Société pour l'Industrie Chimique	1000	2262	2260
C. F. Bally S.A. ...	1000	1005	1002
Fabrique de Machines Oerlikon ...	500	—	680
Entreprises Sulzer ...	1000	645	630
S.A. Brown Boveri (new) ...	500	316	311
Nestlé & Anglo-Swiss Cond. Mk. Co.	200	169	170
Choc. Suisses Peter-Cailler-Kohler	100	107	106
Comp. de Navig'n sur le Lac Léman	500	—	482

THE CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF GERMAN-SPEAKING SWITZERLAND.

(A Lecture delivered by Dr. Paul Lang at University College on June 8th, 1923.)

(Concluded.)

Swiss expressionism is, I said—one instance, of which we will hear in a moment, excepted—of a religious rather than a politically active bent. Pulver, Stamm, Bänninger, Steffen are typical of much that is active in present-day Swiss Literature. The purely religious element even seems to have increased of late. Bern and Zurich have produced two new writers who again emphasize this evolution. The "Hymnen" of the Bernese Georg Küffler are not all addressed to God, but a good many are, and many of the early poems of Niklaus Manuel of Zurich deal with religious scruples too. Steffen, a follower of Dostoevsky, has found a disciple in Berne, Alfred Fankhauser, who, if he has not published mystical verse, has at least written a War novel in the centre of which stand a Swiss captain and a Swiss private, whose outer actions are no less incomprehensible than are those of many of Dostoevsky's characters. The inner mechanism of the conscience is what attracts this subtle, psychologizing author. Only, as the writer does not take the reader into his confidence in the good old way, but tries to convey his ideas by giving symbolically-meant scenes in the Spitteler manner, the effect is often bewildering. I have chosen to speak of this apocalyptic novel here, because its atmosphere fits in better with the religious poetry of the second decade than with the rather realistic novels of the first. It stands perhaps for the beginning of a series of romantic novels for which the way might seem to a certain extent to be prepared by Steffen's novels, but also by Spitteler's "Imago." Without "Imago" Fankhauser would never have dared to deal with the amazing case of disintegration of personality as he does in his "Der Gotteskranke."

Summing up all the different elements which we have found active in Swiss literature, we may say that a reaction against the neo-Kellerists, who had their day until about 1900, also perhaps against the intellectual lucidity and the eye-cult of Spitteler, has set in. The young Romantic Movement, as one might describe it, was partly, no doubt, influenced by contemporary German expressionism, but to a far greater extent it is born out of the soil. Quite distinctly it was strengthened by the general public

reaction against the horrors of the Great War. Another thing is striking: whilst the novelist of the first decade belonged for the greater part to matter-of-fact Eastern Switzerland with its highly developed industrial life, many of the outstanding writers of the new romantic movement, which begins to take shape more clearly, have their origin in the Canton Berne. Classic Swiss lyricism came from Zurich—Meyer, Keller, Leuthold were Zurichois—whilst Berne contributed the epic genius of Gottlieb to nineteenth century literature. As by way of compensation, Steffen, Fankhauser, Küffler, Pulver, these new forces, are Bernese. One has too long considered only the naturalism of Gottlieb's epics as typical of this canton. One has overlooked romantic minds like those of Carl Victor von Bonstetten and Carl Ludwig von Haller, who also belonged to that city. A certain nonconformist fervour, moreover, which certainly accounts for some of the feelings of these new writers, was always very strongly expressed in many parts of this canton. If this romantic movement extends further, it may even happen that the literary centre of Switzerland will quite distinctively shift from Zurich towards the West, the more so as Basle, too, with Spitteler, Siegfried Lang and Moeschlin has of late produced three writers who, different as they are in themselves, and much as they may differ from the Bernese, have one thing in common: they are very little influenced by the Zurich tradition of Keller and Meyer. All of them are avowedly of a certain cosmopolitan, better European, trend. Spitteler lived years in Russia, Lang in France, Moeschlin in Sweden.

Whatever, then, the ultimate outcome of this young romantic effusion may be, it certainly goes as much against the local spirit in poetry as did the livelier novelists with the wider outlook. Those writers of fiction of the first decade who interested themselves in other countries as much as in the Alpine scenery of Switzerland found followers in the second decade who went even further. The Thurgauer Alexander Castell, who published his best books between 1910 and 1915, even sought his subjects in the Parisian *demi-monde*. Another novelist, Herbert Moos, has written a bitter satire on the "Bürger," a hitherto too much glorified type; another again, Hugo Marti, wrote a novel dealing with life in Eastern Prussia in which you could not find a single trace of the customary Swiss spirit. A fourth man, John Knittel, even wrote a novel in English on the life of a London sailor (Aaron West).

You see, our full-blooded novelists are out to conquer the world. They march in all directions of Europe. At the same time, the romantic poets proceed with their analysis of the great mysteries of the soul. And yet at the same time, let us not forget, there is a little set of sturdy people building up the dialect literature, endeavouring to endear, more and more, the native soil and its vernacular to the great mass of the people.

Yet, there is still one important aspect to mention. I have not spoken of the drama yet. You know that a Swiss drama of the 19th century is hardly worth speaking about. The repeated, unsuccessful endeavours of Keller and Meyer are noteworthy; Spitteler was no more fortunate with two little plays. Outer and inner conditions seem to have joined hands to make success in this field impossible. The amateur theatre persisted in a state of absolute dilettantism; the good writers kept on writing novels for which they found readers enough. Thus things continued right up to 1914, with the single exception of some plays by the Schaffhauser, Arnold Ott, which were several times produced by the Meininger Bühne. A change became apparent in 1914, when Otto von Greyerz founded a theatre for the Bernese dialect plays, which is managed according to literary principles. Similar attempts were soon made in Basle, where the local poet, Dominik Müller, wrote a number of genre plays in dialect. In Zurich, in 1917, a "Freie Bühne," the nucleus of a National Theatre, was founded by Jakob Bührer, a man who won fame as the author of the first political satire on Switzerland. "Das Volk der Hirten" has had so far a run of 140 days—a success unheard of in our country! During the War an association, called the Zurich Kammerspiele—an organisation which had produced by the *personnel* of the Zurich Theatre some original Swiss plays—did some good towards helping would-be dramatists. Hans Ganz, the only representative of the political active wing of expressionism in our country, had an anti-war play produced, "Der Morgen." It dealt with the conquest of Troy. His violent drama of youth, "Der Lehrling," in which an idealistic and gifted son is shown who, through his growing sexuality, comes into conflict with his narrow-minded mother and slays her, made a sensation. Ganz is with Pulver and the satirist Bührer the most serious competitor in the field of the Swiss drama. As a writer of comedies chiefly we may mention the critic Robert Faesi, who had three plays produced with considerable success. Attempts in this line by Moeschlin and always repeated attempts by a very cultivated Basle writer, C. A. Bernoulli, who is at the same time a great scholar, have not met with great response. The hope is, however,