THE EUROPEAN

THE JOURNAL OF OPPOSITION

NOVEMBER 1957 Vol. XI, No. 3

Two Shillings and Sixpence

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by ***MARTIN PRESTON***

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Science and the politicians; past history and present facts.

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Number fifty-seven
November - 1957

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Printed by Sanctuary Press, Ltd., S.W.1.

ANALYSIS

SHALL Britain enter Europe, quickly and completely? This is the supreme issue of the epoch; it is the greatest question which has ever confronted British statesmanship. In comparison, nothing else matters. Should not, therefore, every other quarrel in British politics be set aside until this is settled? Should not all those who stand for Britain's rapid and decisive entry into Europe come together? Can not all lesser arguments and controversies be abandoned in favour of united action on this one issue? What else, past or present, can compare in importance? Can we not leave to the future the controversies which will occupy European elections? There will be time enough to argue other questions then. But there will be no future if this present, transcendent question is not soon answered with a great affirmative.

The choice: Britain in Europe, or 49th State of America.

It may be replied that other problems, such as Britain's economic position and our security in a troubled world, are also pressing, and it is true that governments must do the best they can in current troubles; we repeat certain proposals in this issue that are at least clear. But, in fact, none of these problems can, in the end, be solved without European Union. There is no final solution within the limits of these islands (and it is an illusion to

believe that the Empire still effectively exists). This is true of the three main issues of the day, balance of payments, defence and foreign affairs. In final analysis it is true also of lesser questions, because we cannot maintain a reasonable standard of life in modern conditions as an exposed and vulnerable island in a sea of world chaos between two conflicting systems of East and West. Britain must either find dry land between East and West, or become attached to one system or the other; the dry land is, of course, a United Europe.

The overwhelming majority of British people would reject Communism. We are therefore in reality left with only one choice: Britain must either turn to Europe or become the 49th State of America. If those in favour of the former do not come together to secure it, we shall drift or fall into the latter. Few Conservatives would vote for attachment to America, but they are the party of drift and that is the way of the drift. Few members of the Labour Party would vote for attachment to America, but that is the way we shall fall in an economic crisis we are unable to meet, and Labour in past history and present policy is the party which falls in an economic crisis because its programme and personnel have no contact with reality. So we shall drift or fall into the position of the 49th State of America, unless those who stand for Europe find the will to fight and win together.

European union can make lesser issues irrelevant.

To fight and win together means a certain self-control, and even self-sacrifice; virtues which are currently out of favour. We must all be ready to set aside matters which divide, in favour of the duty of union to secure Europe. For instance, we ourselves raise bitter controversy with such proposals as our plans not only to syndicalise the nationalised industries, but also other industries as they gradually reach the same condition; further, our proposals to substitute an expenditure tax for direct taxation creates apprehension and long argument. If we thus divide the ranks of those who must unite to make Europe, we may find no industries left to syndicalise, or revenue left to raise by any means. Others who raise other controversial issues might benefit by the same reflection. Should not all be ready to set aside every lesser question and project to secure union for this one supreme issue?

It may well prove to be the case that in a United Europe such issues will become irrelevant for reasons which are already discern-

ible. For instance, it becomes daily more plain that in the end it will be necessary for a European government to act decisively in securing comparable conditions of wages, hours of labour, etc., in comparable industries, and to act similarly in some other economic spheres, if we are to avoid chaos in making the new system with the rapidity which the collapse of the old world imposes. As matters develop, it already appears probable that such necessary economic leadership by government will render almost irrelevant such questions as the ownership of industry. Further, an immensely enlarged market will certainly evoke a mass production with an increase in total wealth and consequently in potential revenue, which will enable reductions in taxation sufficient to obviate all necessity for abnormal measures to check its evasion. In the new Europe we shall above all require the encouragement of enterprise, both in entrepreneur and worker; let both gain far more than they can get today in the creation of new industries, and also in the expansion of the old which the new system will enable. It will be the age of expansion and not of restriction. We must begin to think in terms of the great and not of the small. Let us begin in British politics; away with small minds and small things.

Fixed beliefs and changing facts.

Political thinking today has to move as fast as military thinking. The best weapons are continually out-dated by new inventions, and the best political ideas become out-dated too by the rapid movement of modern events. Above all, we must never fall into the ridiculous position of Social Democracy, which is frozen stiff by the worship of 19th century creeds based on 19th century facts that have no more relation to the second half of the 20th century than the dynosaur. Our creed is living and organic, not dead and petrified; ever dynamic and never static.

Yet no man should be asked to renounce his belief, and that is something we shall never do. Our beliefs stand until fresh facts clearly prove them to be out-dated; then, and not before, we move on to fresh thought and action. In this instance we are not abandoning any beliefs, but we are putting first things first. The first thing is the Union of Europe. If we can win it, the facts of a siege economy, which is becoming necessary to British survival in present conditions, will change to the facts of an ever-expanding economy. The workers, too, may then lose interest in the ownership of industry if they can get all they want without it, because a

government they have elected is giving effective leadership in a mass production economy which has far more wealth to distribute. We would always prefer to see industries already nationalised conducted by the workers in them than by the mandarins of 19th century socialism. But for the rest, it is likely to be more important in a great European economy for government to lead over the whole field of industry by encouraging and rewarding those who create wealth, than to lose time on issues which belong to the age of restriction. The long and short of it is that life in these islands is going to get harder and harder, and the measures necessary to meet it will get tougher and tougher. All facts will change, and consequently many policies can change, when the British people decide to enter the wider life of Europe

Maudling through will not work in time.

But is not this Government pledged to move towards the Union of Europe as quickly as it decently can, having due regard to the Commonwealth, America, the Primrose League, Lord Beaverbrook, and many other considerations which in hard practice will prevent Conservatism entering into Europe from now to the millenium? The time has come for anyone who still thinks the present Government is serious in the matter of Europe to abandon his last illusion. It is becoming increasingly clear that they are not serious people, and least of all are they serious in this. Mr. Maudling was recently appointed with a great flourish to conduct negotiations on Common Market and Free Trade Area,—and he is probably the most competent Minister whom the present government is capable of producing for the purpose. Apparently he works directly under the Prime Minister. Just where the Government has got, or has any hope of getting, was made quite clear by his last statement: "Mr. Maudling stressed that the British Government still considered the Free Trade Area as a complement to the Common Market . . . he was not very hopeful about a speedy conclusion in negotiations on this 'very complex, long term project where one had to think in terms of generations'" (*Financial Times*, 5-10-57). So we can count the present Government out. No real contribution to European Union will come from them in our time; and if Britain does not enter Europe in our time, Britain will either be excluded from an established success or European Union will have finally failed.

The relaxed attitude is becoming so pronounced that the Government will soon be lying down altogether; after all, that is the most

relaxed attitude of the lot. For the rest of us, one thing is now clear—Maudling through will not work in time.*

Conservatism certain always to oppose European Government

The one thing certain is that the Conservative Party will never stand for Europe a Nation. They will never merge British Government in European Government; the whole structure, character and every prejudice of this party is opposed to it. Yet without this, every effort at European union, whether economic or political, will in the end fail.

The Labour Party is equally committed against any effective action in Europe. (The trade unions on the other hand have a more realistic attitude.) The effective union against Europe stretches from Labour's Foreign Secretary designate, Mr. Bevan, to that last repository of the Conservative conscience, Lord Beaverbrook, and the distance between them in other matters is not nearly so wide as the uninitiated may imagine.

Where is the corresponding front between the supporters of European Union? Who are prepared to take the plunge into the water, and then not to float, but to swim, — as Sir Oswald Mosley put it in a recent speech. Who will come together to ask the British people to declare by their votes for a united Europe with a European Government; that is the key question, the dividing line. The object is not the protracted government of Britain which has been rendered impossible in tolerable conditions, but to persuade the British people to decide by their votes on immediate entry into the wider life of Europe. After European Union it will be clear that many old questions and old fears cannot arise in the future government of the diverse and multitudinous peoples of Europe. Such a government could only be conducted by a team of equals drawn from all countries and subject to free and frequent elections. Nearly 300,000,000 people with all

* Credit where credit is due. Since the above was written the Government stepped forward in realistic fashion toward overcoming the illusory difficulties of associating agriculture with the European market. But the time factor described above remains unaffected. and that is the root of the matter. Europe must be made quickly, and this requires European Government. Even after the Paris talks it is clear that Britain is still refusing even the very limited "sacrifice of sovreignty" which the six powers have already accepted (*Financial Times* 18-10-57), and under Conservatism will so continue.

necessary foodstuffs and raw materials at their command, and their own market at their disposal as a complete outlet for their total production, will be entirely free from balance of payment difficulties, and free enough also from all other current dangers to indulge if they so wished even in the excesses of liberty. Nightmares of the past and present will vanish in the light of a really new day. To win it we should set aside all lesser things.

But until we get the simple basic agreement to do this among those who stand for Europe, we should hear what all have to say on European and current British problems. As the national press did not report it, partly by reason of past prejudices and partly by reason of the fear he will do certain things which he has not the least desire to do, we accordingly publish what Sir Oswald Mosley said at his first public meeting this autumn on October 7th at Kensington Town Hall.

A London speech.

" Instead of being the laggard in a plan to make Europe in fifteen years, Britain should be the leader in making Europe in as many months. All present troubles were due to our failure to enter Europe, particularly the balance of payments difficulties. We were becoming a beleaguered island dependent for our life on the export trades to world markets. Any faction in a position to hold up the export trades could hold the whole country up to ransom, and weak government inflated the currency rather than face the situation.

" A government of strength and courage would have no great difficulty in a showdown with the trade unions, but this would not solve Britain's basic problem. Only two measures were at present required: (1) Government should refuse all increase of wages in the nationalised industries, and should ask other industries to do the same, until wage increases were accompanied by a corresponding increase in production; (2) If a strike occurred, government should cut down imports to the minimum necessary for national life, and put the country on a siege economy until it was over. The strike would not take long if the government were also capable of explaining clearly to the whole people what had happened and who was responsible.

" Unless the immediate action now necessary was followed by a great policy, it would solve nothing. We were bound to be faced with a continually increasing competition in world markets, which in the end we could not meet on any fair standard of life. The

deliberate market-dumping of Russia, the coming surplus of American production and the cheap Eastern competition would make impossible our particularly vulnerable position.

" This did not mean that this great country would perish, but it did mean that life would become ever harder if we continued in present policies. Rather than let a great people go under, any responsible government in a real crisis would freeze wages, profits, interest, rent, and put everyone on a subsistence level with the simple principle—who will not work, shall not eat.

" Britain would always win through. But what a folly to wait for such a situation, when timely action could avert it. Why suffer so much when it was quite unnecessary? There would be no balance of payments problems in a completely united Europe-Africa, with a market of nearly 300,000,000 people and with every foodstuff and raw material that man or industry could need. Why take fifteen years to feel their way into the water, with Britain still shivering on the brink? We must take the plunge, because little time was left. To act quickly we required not only a common market, but a common government. We must have a European Government to make Europe a Nation."

Science, satellites and softies.

Meantime the risks of world destruction are diminishing. This is entirely due to the advance of science and in no way due to the efforts of politicians. The paradox of the age is that each increase in firepower increases the chance of peace. It has now become so obvious that a full scale war will mean universal destruction that such a conflict is improbable. Even the lightest finger refrains from the trigger when the old sporting chance of killing the enemy at other people's expense is replaced by the dull certainty that both combatants and all connected with them will perish entirely. The present weapons now in possession of both sides have already produced this situation; fresh weapons merely add to the saturation point of destruction. Sufficient H-bombs, whether delivered by bombers or by missiles of long or short range, can destroy everything, either by direct effect of explosion or by indirect effect of a poisoned atmosphere. After that an earth satellite merely becomes an ingenious toy for convincing the childish of the facts of modern science; facts which apparently they can only appreciate when they see or hear them, because the ordinary processes of understanding by reading and applied intelligence has been denied to them by such

education as they have received. So the Soviets have certainly "knocked them back" with the satellites, and every moron is now all agoggle to admit that Russia is ahead in science.

It is, of course, true that earth satellites can add greatly to the possibilities of constructive science; and, as usual, we find that science all over the world is advancing with fairly even step, because it is now announced that the American schedule is to launch satellites in December and March next. But the short lead of the Russians adds nothing essential to military potential in a world which it is easy enough to blow up with the means already existing; it is, however, a big factor in propaganda to the volatile frivolity of middle-brow opinion and muddled journalism in the West during the struggle for power between two ideas, or rather between an idea and a vacuum. For both the political ideology and the political direction of the West give ever more the impression of being a complete void, in which the grouse's feather falls as swiftly as the golf ball.

The German scientists.

The *Times* of October 10th reported that "half an hour's rocketry with President Eisenhower today failed to elicit any expression of undue concern either at the earth satellite or at the apparent Russian lead in ballistic missiles." The "rocketry" also failed to elicit any regret for a situation directly due to the decision of the Western leaders at the end of the war to withdraw a considerable distance from the point of furthest advance and hand over a large part of Germany to Russian occupation. The results were described in the same interview in the following terms: "With the capture during the war of all the German scientists at Peenemünde the Russians concentrated on the ballistic missile, whereas American experts had been more interested in the aerodynamic missile. It was not until 1953, in the light of atomic developments, that earnest attention had been turned to ballistic rockets." Russia was, of course, always advanced in biology, but it would be interesting to hear of any proved accomplishment in physics, and in the relevant sphere in particular, which was comparable with the achievements of the West, before the Soviets were freely presented by the Allied statesmen with the flower of German science. That decision to surrender civilisation to barbarism may prove to be the most costly crime in history; it was also characteristic of men whose whole conduct of affairs seems to be marked by a ridiculous levity in which

absurdity always turns in due course to tragedy. This age requires men of adult mind.

Free trade with Canada, past and present.

Another example which is doom-laden with past memories is the recent flare of nostalgia in the hope of obtaining a great Canadian market. British Government felt baffled in Europe by the failure of their attempt to secure advantages without the disadvantages of a common market (and the disadvantages were only the necessity to make unwonted exertion of mind and will!). The long whine to secure rights without duties, the old dream of aristocracy in decadence, fell on deaf ears, as the beginning of a new economic order began slowly to take practical shape. So a diversion had to be found in a hurry, and the Empire was remembered again. Unfortunately we had a most instructive dress rehearsal of the whole Canadian performance some twenty-seven years ago in the halcyon days of Mr. J. H. Thomas. That worthy was charged to deal with unemployment, and decided to interrupt his more humdrum duties by a political tour of Canada at the public expense. For several weeks a good time was had by all concerned, and the ministerial commercial traveller eventually returned to inform the duly impressed industrialists of Britain that as the result of his exertions the Canadian market was at their disposal. All went merry as a marriage bell at the first conference to discuss the details, until a pertinacious representative of the coal industry insisted on inquiring at what price British coal could be sold in Canada as a result of the new arrangements. The Minister brushed aside the petty queries of small minds as irrelevant to his grand design. The questioner persisted, however, in pointing out that the industry knew already that it could sell coal in Canada if it could meet the American price; unfortunately, owing to the long haul and other factors it was unable to do so, and a considerable price disparity existed. Were the Canadians prepared by tariffs or other means to make good for Britain the difference in price, and in doing so to pay more for the coal they used in industry and hearth? The Minister, with rising choler, again swept aside the tedious details. But the questioner persisted with the terse observation: "it is useless to discuss the matter further until we know the price at which we can sell our coal in Canada; what is it?" The Minister, now thoroughly nettled and rattled, retorted: "That is a most impertinent question." The gathering then broke up in a confusion from which Britain's

mythical market in Canada never recovered. The question was the whole point, but in his weeks long tour the Minister had never discussed it. We have, unfortunately, every reason to suspect that the present discussion on free trade with Canada will stick at the same point, when present Ministers clear their minds sufficiently to reach it.

The real fact is, of course, that the only hope of keeping together what is left of the Empire is speedy entry into Europe. The facts of trade now talk louder than sentiment, and what Canada lacks is a market for her wheat. These islands are too small to provide it, but all Europe, particularly Europe on a high living standard, is quite big enough to offer a market which would make it more than worth while for Canada to accept a large volume of manufactures in exchange. Canada, like Britain, in modern conditions will be drawn by the magnet of one economic mass or the other; America or Europe.

The politicians and the scientists.

These reminiscences may be deemed out of place by some of the bright and hopeful. "Things are different now," we sometimes hear. But are they? Take a paragraph appearing in *New York Herald Tribune* of 17-10-57 relating to the rocket programme. Answer by the President: "I have provided to the limit of my ability the money that they asked for, and that is all I can do." "The President is correct from where he sits," Dr. Furnas said today, "There were requests for more money, but they never got past the Secretary of Defence office." The uninitiated might conceive when the fate of the world lies in the balance, that the chief executives of all the Western States would by now be "living and working with scientists as the Medicis lived and worked with artists." Would it not be more normal for them to meet every day representatives of sciences with the vital question: "Where have we got to now, where has the enemy got to? What can we do to help? Where is the money needed? Where can we speed things up?" Not a bit of it, apparently! A few days after Russia's successful test of the first ICBM, a leading scientist in America wandered into the press and observed that it does not much matter, because they will have twenty minutes' notice of its arrival on their radar screens and can probably calculate its trajectory and intercept it in time. In that case, why were hundreds of millions spent on something so useless? Why was mankind kept in suspense so long? Is a casual

press conference the right place to reveal these world shaking facts? Of course, it is not so simple as all that. But the whole procedure in the West gives an impression of slap-happy casualness and total absence of grip and drive at the top.

As always, the impression given to the public is the opposite of the truth, and it may well be that Mr. Dulles will be regarded by history as the most considerable and serious figure of this epoch; we know nothing of him personally, but his policies on the whole are firm and consistent and the concentrated abuse of all the flighty fannies of press and politics is his best recommendation.

Science and the Establishment.

Judging by results to date—which are our only means of judgment —things are not much better in Britain either. Why should they be? We are still living in the grand old relaxed tradition of the Establishment. The world has changed but the old gang has not. We are not far from the days when Sir Oswald Mosley battled on the National Executive of the Labour Party to put a large and definite sum of money into the Labour programme for scientific research in medicine and industry. He was met by the indignant negation of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, who affirmed it was against all the principles of the British Treasury to approve the allocation of money unless it knew exactly what the money was for, and what benefits it would obtain. " Can you tell us just exactly what your scientists are going to discover? " inquired with heavy sarcasm the man who was about to become Prime Minister for the second time. In vain was any attempt to acquaint him with the elementary method of pure research, in vain even to quote to him recent examples of scientists looking for one thing and discovering something quite different but of even greater value, in vain finally to reduce the discussion to a level which even the simplest family man could understand, and inquire: " Before you pay the school fees for your children, do you insist on a guarantee they will pass the exam? " The divorce between politics and science was complete, and so was the divorce between the modern mind and the Establishment. This was but one of the many events and incidents, major and minor, which contributed to the break with the old system and the birth of Fascism. Since then we have learned much, can they learn nothing?

Wanted: the adult mind.

What is the lesson of it all? It is that clarity, precision, decision,

are the essentials of modern government. The old slap-happy muddling through is quite inadequate to the age of science. We moderns are equally strangers to the long, slow, happy evenings of port and faro, which prepared Whig and Tory for a classic oration in the small hours of the morning to a mellow House of Commons, and to the chattering confusion of the street corners from which Communism graduated to Marx's laboured and jaundiced survey of the long surpassed facts of the 19th century in the seclusion of the British Museum. Events of the 20th century move so fast that they require a statesmanship of an altogether different order of mind and will. They are at present never foreseen, and certainly never controlled by the politicians who breathlessly trot behind them. They only thing that has so far saved us at all is the apparent absence, also, of the necessary qualities on the other side. Mr. Khrushchev is as adept at propaganda to the cruder elements of the mass as Mr. Macmillan is skilful in managing the Conservative Parliamentary party. Both in different ways are masters of the relaxed attitude, but a bibulous bonhomie and an ersatz elegance do not reach beyond the basic emotions of Communism and Conservatism in pub and parlour, to contact the tense realities in the laboratories of modern science. The decision of the future will rest with cold, concentrated, driving intelligence. The cause will win which first commands it; may it be the cause of Europe. And that cause of Europe should surely command at present all the diverse and richly varied abilities of the West, for the future of man depends on its triumph and in that service all lesser things should be set aside.

EUROPEAN

THE CASE FOR A NATIONAL LOTTERY

by MARTIN PRESTON

NEARLY everyone enjoys gambling. Some are addicted to football pools, others back horses, or buy a raffle ticket to help a local church or club. Four out of five people in this country gamble, either regularly or occasionally. This is not a vague generalisation, but a statement which can be supported by statistics. Despite the warnings of a small puritanical group, represented by the Churches' Committee on Gambling, people are convinced that there is nothing wrong with a 'flutter,' or with regular gambling providing it is not an obsession.

They are equally convinced that a national lottery would be a good idea. Since the war the *Daily Express* has conducted two public opinion polls on this question. In 1945, 71 per cent. favoured a national lottery. By 1948 this figure had increased to 90 per cent., and the pollsters, Mass Observation Ltd., reported: "For the most part disapproval indicates simply unconcern rather than active hostility. Only one person in 20 appears to express complete and dogmatic disapproval of the idea of national lotteries." The protagonists of the scheme already have, then, the support of public opinion, usually so conservative. Yet despite convincing proof that a national lottery would be in the public interest, the ruling minority, with typical cowardice, has refused to introduce it through fear of offending the tiny but vocal group which opposes it, and the gambling moguls who would suffer from its competition. Mr.

Macmillan was the lone exception when, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he introduced the Premium Bonds. They were intended to cope with a serious situation which faced him in his former office—steadily declining national savings, the result of a lack of confidence in saving brought about by insistent, nagging inflation.

The Premium Bonds scheme has certainly been a success. In its first two months. £54 million worth of bonds were sold, and a further £20 million worth were sold in the first half of this year. Nevertheless, there are several basic weaknesses in Premium Bonds. Firstly, although the increased saving aids the national economy, in that it tends to damp down inflation to a slight extent, there is no direct benefit to national revenues and no attempt to harness the immense annual investment in gambling to some social purpose. What is more, there is even a slight charge on the national revenues, for the staff which runs the scheme from Lytham St. Annes draw their salaries from funds provided by the ordinary taxpayer. Interest itself, of course, which provides the prizes, is also a charge on national revenues, but one which can be defended.

Premium Bonds can be criticised from the punter's angle. Strangely, the fact that one cannot lose one's stake tends to cool interest in the scheme, as it removes the 'win or lose' element in gambling which quickens the pulse and makes it such an attraction, especially to the regular gambler who is responsible for most of the nation's gambling expenditure. The scheme also lacks in that it holds no interest other than a purely mercenary one. National lotteries abroad, in Norway, Denmark, Sweden and Eire, for example. have found that selection of prizewinners by sporting results adds interest. 'Investors' are much happier following the fortunes of horses or football teams than awaiting the decisions of a piece of complex machinery with such a long name that it has to be called "Ernie."

The Premium Bond top prize of £1,000, again, is small compared with those offered by football pools. Then the average gambler is not prepared to stake as much as a pound a time. A vast amount of two and three bob gambling remains to be harnessed by a national lottery. In the 1949-1950 football season, for example, only 3 per cent. of the 14 million who betted on football pools staked over 10s. a week, and 65 per cent. of all stakes were less than 3s. Those who bet on horses and greyhounds are generally habitual gamblers. but nevertheless the average amount staked per attendance at greyhound meetings is only about 13s. On horse-racing the Royal Commission

on Betting, Gambling and Lotteries reported: "The average bet is between 10s and 15s . . . (but) there has been during the past years a steady increase in the number of 2s. tickets sold."*

Before proceeding with a few suggestions on how a national lottery could be organised in Britain to fill the gaps left by Premium Bonds, it may be well to consider those who maintain their opposition to such a lottery, to outline what other countries are doing, and give some idea of the scope of gambling in Britain.

What do its opponents find so objectionable about gambling? On moral grounds they say it encourages the spirit of something for nothing. This is true. This is a spirit which pervades our society, and spreads with the declining influence of religion and the absence of fearless moral leadership in our national affairs. But the Churches need to tackle this unfortunate spirit, not gambling, which is only (and only partly) an effect, not a cause. People turn to gambling as an outlet for their frustration in a society which taxes ability to an appalling extent and restricts opportunity, which is cursed with constant inflation and an atmosphere of insecurity. The critics of gambling should tackle these faults which cause much gambling, or better still. they should fight for a society in which materialism is relegated to its proper place. Meanwhile. however. gambling as an innocent expression of popular frustration should be harnessed, not suppressed.

The religious grounds on which anti-gamblers base arguments are highly questionable. Although nonconformism here is generally strongly anti-gambling state lotteries exist in most other nonconformist countries. The Roman Catholic Church has never opposed gambling in moderation, and lotteries exist in many Catholic countries. In any case. someone is always against something on religious or moral grounds and opposition constantly has to be overruled if government is to be effective. Incidentally, why do nonconformists also not oppose insurance, which is just gambling in reverse, and certainly no different morally from Premium Bonds.

Opposition to gambling on social grounds was sharply dismissed by the Royal Commission which stated:†

> "From our general observation and from evidence which we have heard we can find no support for the belief that gambling, provided that it is kept within reasonable bounds, does serious harm either to the character of those who take part in it, or to

* Report of the Royal Commission on Betting, Gambling and Lotteries. H.M.S.O.

† Report of the Churches' Committee on Gambling.

> their family circle and the community generally . . . It is the concern of the State that gambling, like other indulgences such as the drinking of alcoholic liquor, should be kept within reasonable bounds, but this does not imply that there is anything inherently wrong in it . . . Much of the evidence suggested that apart from isolated cases the social consequences of gambling are, at the present time, unimportant . . . Gambling is of no significance as a direct cause of serious crime, and of little importance, at any rate at the present time, as a direct cause of minor offences of dishonesty . . . It has also been suggested to us that gambling is an important cause of juvenile delinquency, but we can find little evidence to support this view . . . The great majority of those who take part in gambling do not spend money on it recklessly and without regard to the effect of their expenditure on the standard of living of themselves and their families."

The anti-gamblers say: "A state lottery would have undesirable repercussions on our precarious position as a world centre of banking, trade and finance," and "it would seriously threaten the existing block of national savings."* Yet the Premium Bonds scheme, which has many of the features of a national lottery, has increased national savings. A national lottery would impinge further into the existing field of gambling than normal taxation, and thus further benefit the economy. Some of the country's finest bankers are known to be in favour of a national lottery. They would hardly be so if it endangered the British economy.

To attempt to ban gambling only produces the same effect as banning any powerful human desire—it forces it into illegal, unnatural, and generally far more dangerous channels. Better to accept and harness it in the interests of society. Other countries have realised this, and the benefits of harnessing have been considerable. The Danes have had a well-organised football pool since 1949 which brought in over 270 million kroner in its first five years. Of this, 50 per cent. was returned in prizes, 15 per cent. went into state coffers, and 20 per cent. of this vast sum was doled out to good causes. Sport, which is wholly amateur in Denmark, received nearly 17 million kroner in that period, and Denmark has facilities which are the envy of British sportsmen. A further 12 million kroner was distributed to charities, and many million kroner were put by for education. "There is scarcely a single educational or social purpose which has not been assisted from the funds

* op. cit.

generously provided by Danish ' investors '," states a Danish Government publication. Incidentally, Denmark's scheme was modelled on a system operated in Sweden since 1934.

The Irish Hospitals Sweepstakes are, of course, better known in this country, where tickets are (illegally) sold. Since these draws began in 1930 hospitals and the Red Cross have received £35 million. Consequently, while conditions are so bad in some British hospitals they would shock the nation were they revealed, and while hospital management committees throughout the country are trying to exist on pitifully inadequate grants, Eire has a fine and prosperous hospitals system, although Eire itself is a poor country.

In Norway the emphasis is placed on science, which receives the lion's share of state football pool profiits. Norway also has a state lottery which has been operating successfully since 1912. This is still young compared with Italy's, which dates from 1861. In Australia the surplus from the state lottery is used to build hospitals, roads, clinics, churches and cathedrals. There are also lotteries in France, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Canada, Malta, Gibraltar, Rhodesia—all over the world gambling is being harnessed and doing good which far outweighs its evils.

Britain, however, is a nation bigger than any of these, with one of the highest standards of living in the world. More good could be done here than anywhere. The Churches' Committee on Gambling estimates £525 million were staked in Britain in 1955. Of this, nearly two-thirds was on horse-racing. Although only 2½ million people regularly back horses, as many as half the population are believed to bet on big races like the Derby and the Grand National. Of this £525 million the Churches' Committee estimate that only £42 million accrued to the national exchequer, either directly or indirectly. Charities, sport, science, etc., derived no benefit from this vast gambling expenditure. Science has always been neglected by British Government. Ancient monuments are allowed to decay. Sporting organisations need better facilities for the nation's youth. Many good causes which do not benefit at all from Premium Bonds would benefit greatly from a national lottery, which could be on these lines:—

Full tickets of £1 each, but retailed in units of 2s., would be sold at banks, post offices, tobacconists, and possibly by vending machines, which are being successfully developed in Italy to extend the national game of ' Lotto.' In Italy and other countries tickets are also sold

by disabled people, but I think such an innovation would be unwelcome in Britain. The absence of street beggars is something to be prized. Disabled people undoubtedly need further aid, but this would be best provided out of lottery takings, and should be concentrated on training schools and other institutions which help the disabled to help themselves, rather than as direct charity, which many ex-Servicemen find humiliating. We need a national lottery suited to the British temperament, and attempts to exploit public sympathy in order to sell tickets should be avoided. Private vendors should be strictly licensed.

A national lottery would be better run by a public corporation, under Government supervision, than by Whitehall itself. Draws should be at least at monthly intervals, and winning should be related to sporting results rather than electrical choice. A monthly sale of at least £5 million worth of tickets should easily be attained. The average monthly sale of Premium Bonds for the first half of this year was £3¼ million, and this should easily be exceeded, for the top prize in the national lottery could be £100,000, compared with £1,000 in the Premium Bonds scheme. Half of the lottery takings should be returned as prize-money. This is the same proportion as is returned by the football pools, and similar to the proportions returned by national lotteries in other countries.

In Italy, 37 to 40 per cent. of takings is returned as winnings; in Denmark 50 per cent., in Norway the figure is 64 per cent. As a variation on this scheme, the lotteries corporation might decide to offer as prizes either cash sums or, alternatively, bonds maturing after a short period, with a slightly higher value. This would help the nation's savings.

Out of £5 million taken, administration should not take more than £250,000, or 5 per cent., if other countries are any guide. £750,000 could be allotted to the national exchequer—but with a special reference. That is, the corporation should request the expenditure of this money on hospitals, motor highways, repayment of post-war credits, or in some other way of special social significance.* This would leave £1½ million for direct distribution to good causes.

* According to *Italian Affairs*, an Italian Government documentary, the national revenue from the state lottery increased between 1945 to 1953 from .9 milliard to 31.5 milliard lire, and continues to increase. But this money does not appear to be devoted to any particular social purpose.

some months the money should be given to registered charities, on others to special appeals, like those for playing fields or upkeep of historic buildings, museums, and so on. Then there would be special allocations to meet emergencies. Imagine how useful £1½ million would have been at the time of the East Coast floods, the Lynmouth disaster, or the martyrdom of Hungary!

The idea that the Government should have nothing to do with gambling, admittedly upheld by the Royal Commission, was quashed by a courageous Chancellor. The Opposition squawked hypocritically that Premium Bonds were a "squalid raffle," with their usual facility for forgetting awkward facts; Clarion Pools, or the repayments on the 1919 Victory Bonds, which have been made by chance for years without complaint from Labour. Now that the anti-gambling front has been breached with Premium Bonds, we should press on to harness Britain's vast gambling expenditure.

Incidentally, we have had national lotteries in Britain before. The British Museum was built from the proceeds of one, and so was London Street in Glasgow. One such lottery, before they were banned in 1824, was even presided over by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Lotteries are said to have originated in Genoa in the 16th century, when noblemen and commoners began betting on the results of lot-drawing for the appointment of 120 "fathers" of the city-state from among the Genoese nobility

INFLATION

by P. M. EDEN

FOR years past the threat of inflation has hung over our economy; now it is no longer a shadow but a thundercloud which is liable to burst at any moment, shattering not only the edifices of hypocrisy and wishful thinking which have marked the economic policies of successive Labour and Conservative Governments, but also, of course, wiping out savings at a blow and subjecting us all to the hardships and humiliations which are inseparable from economic collapse.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of the extent of the pound's depreciation in value can be found in a comparison of salaries in 1938 and today. If a man earned £200 in 1938 he must earn £562 now to have the same spending power; if he earned £500 he must now earn £1,406; or if he was in a higher salary group and earned £2,000 in 1938 he must earn £9,698 today, taking into consideration the additional burden of taxation. The pound in 1957 is worth only 7/2½ compared with the pound in 1938.

In recent months the fall in value has accelerated alarmingly, what before might have been described as a serious but gradual process is now so plainly obvious that nothing the Government says or does can hide its true gravity from the public. The seeds of mismanagement, miscalculation and misrule are bearing fruit. Recently it was announced that the price of steel would rise by 1/- in the pound; the increase in the price of this vital commodity has of course, affected the price of a vast range of products, from ships to refrigerators. The previous week the prices of coal and gas were put up, adding an extra £3 million to the nation's gas bill alone, and increasing the price of coal by 9/- a ton. This, of course, will affect

fares and freights, and thus the prices of all goods transported by rail.

The fantastic rise in the cost of living has naturally led people to enquire more closely into the finances of the Government-controlled industries. In one year the coal industry lost £20 million; the British Transport Commission in the same period had a deficit of £31 million, and apparently had so little sense of its responsibility to the nation for this appalling loss that in July, 1956, it bought a large mansion at Windsor, standing in 56 acres, for the purpose of training its staff. The Post Office last year lost £9 million, and on October 1st the postal charges were raised. This is only the beginning. I have taken only one or two of the more striking examples to illustrate the degree to which inflation has gathered momentum. It would take too much space to give a complete picture of Britain's wretched economic condition; it is more important to examine the basic reasons for this tragic decline than to list the evidence which proves its existence.

One thing is certain, the pitiful economic state of the country is not a reflection on the character of the British people, who laid the foundations of industrialism, and were once the 'workshop of the world.' It is reasonable to assume that, given equal opportunities, we should still have been one step ahead of everyone else; but since the beginning of this century we have not been given the same opportunities as our competitors; not so much because our machinery is out of date, or the raw materials we buy from abroad have become more costly, but because these qualities which made us great in the past: national pride, self-confidence. willing co-operation between all sections of the community. and a determination to achieve. have for the past thirty to forty years been suppressed by a group of politicians whose sole interest is the preservation of the present political system. ironically misnamed democracy, 'the Government of the People.'

They represent this system to the people as being a means to an end, a means whereby the wealth. safety and strength of the kingdom is preserved, and they hedge this illusion round with catch phrases such as 'democracy upholds the rights of the individual.' The fact is that democracy is an end in itself, an end which demands the sacrifice of all those qualities listed above; it demands their sacrifice because it cannot exist if they are encouraged and fostered.

If we refuse to be misled by these 'democratic' politicians and think for ourselves we see that the principal objective of both the

Government and Opposition parties in Parliament, and outside it, is to prove the other side wrong at all costs. The Opposition spends its time, not criticising the Government and offering helpful advice, but bitterly attacking any suggestion put forward with the intention of making people believe that everything the Government does is wrong, and that the Opposition party should in fact be in their place; the Government party spends its time trying to counter these attacks and to bring forward any proposal which it thinks may give it popular support and help to win the next election.

The consideration guiding the actions of these politicians is not what is good and necessary for the country, but what measure is likely to gain the most votes. Each party depends on a different section of the community for its support; the Labour Party, broadly speaking, on the working class, the Conservative Party on the middle class, with the inevitable result that the two most important groups in the country are encouraged to work against instead of with one another.

All the serious political and economic problems which beset us, inflation, our declining influence in the world, industrial disputes, are manifestations of democracy in practice as opposed to democracy in theory. It may be objected that we have always had democracy, we became great under democracy. This is what Labour and Conservative politicians would like us to believe, but history is not on their side. The system of Government by which Great Britain was ruled in the 18th and 19th centuries is as different from the system today as is American capitalism from communism.

You can no more set out to solve a country's political and economic problems if your basic political structure is faulty than you can set out to build a house with bad architectural plans. Of course, the machinery in our factories is old, of course we are short of money, of course we have not the resources of America; but none of these things matter if we have the will and the determination, and the right leaders. European Socialism will find the resources, the money and the men to solve economic problems, no matter how complex and insoluble they appear today.

A LETTER FROM MADRID

by J. P. BURY

HAVING passed its thirtieth storey, the Torre de Madrid is now the highest building in Europe. It is some weeks since the slim bescaffolded framework outstripped its neighbour, the twenty-seven storied Edificio de España, and previous claimant to the title. The Torre is scheduled when completed to soar thirty-eight stories into the sky, a tall slender tower that will make the bulkier Edificio look like a squat Sancho Panza beside a lank Don Quixote.

The two giants have come to dominate the skyline of the north-western section of Madrid. The Edificio, completed three years ago, is a vast mass with a front face like a cliff with windows and a baroque bristle of turrets up on the summit: the Torre, across the square from the Edificio, is more gaunt, angular, austere, a white pencil cleaving into a bright sky.

The skyscrapers are only two of the more spectacular among many signs of a transformation and beautification of Spain's capital which is going forward. At the time of writing, the papers are carrying pictures of the destruction of the slum *barrio* of Jaime el Conquistador and the wholesale transference of the 1,000 families who lived there to a specially constructed new suburb, San Firmín. Argüelles, in the north-east of Madrid, was practically destroyed in the civil war, but it is now completely rebuilt. The area for ten blocks west of the Avenida de Bravo Murillo and for fifteen blocks north of the Búlevar Alerto Aguilera is a region of dramatic, lofty apartment houses, none of them older than 1939. And then, beyond Argüelles, there is the University City.

The University City is one of the triumphs of the reconstruction. The old 18th century buildings of the university, on noisy San Bernardo Street in the centre of Madrid, are being closed down gradually, as new accommodation becomes available in University

City. The old Law Faculty was closed down at the beginning of the last academic year: now only the Faculties of Political Science and Biology remain to be transferred. When completed, Madrid should have the university with the finest natural site in Europe. As you walk among the new buildings with their dazzling white colonnades and statues, set among broad lawns and groves of poplars, away on the edge of the countryside, you could imagine yourself in one of the classical seats of learning in Attica or Ionia.

One hears a lot about flamenco, corridas, fiestas, mañana: I think it deserves mention once in a while that Spain is a modern country, too, where much solid reconstruction, social improvement and progress is taking place, even though you do not hear about it in the British press.

I never tire of walking from the Gran Via, where I work, to Argüelles, where I live. The Gran Via is not particularly distinguished—a street of Victorian offices with a jumble of garish signs and a show of domes, quadrigae and twisted chimney-pots up above not unlike Oxford Street or Piccadilly. Deflecting north-west at Callao Square, however, the Gran Via slopes steeply down towards the Plaza de España: where you see suddenly the nearly-finished Torre de Madrid soaring before you. Maybe you have been depressed by the Gran Via—but in the Plaza de España you are in a green square, filled with trees surrounding the Cervantes monument. On the north are the two skyscrapers, and on the south — open country! That is one of the great charms of Madrid—you are never far from the countryside, never totally hemmed in by the urban waste.

Then I proceed to Argüelles up any one of a number of parallel streets. Most of modern Madrid, like American cities, is laid out in a criss-cross: with the result that as you look up the streets of tall houses, uncluttered by intersections, they appear to be disappearing into open sky. In Argüelles, looking northwards you can catch a glimpse, throughout most of the year, of snow-covered peaks—the Sierra de Guadarrama.

There is no more magnificent urban view in all Europe than that afforded from the Plaza de Moncloa, more particularly from the tower of the University Church. From the church can be seen the square, dominated by the vast Air Ministry buildings, modelled on Philip II's Escorial, with its steep roofs and the four spires at each corner a-flash in the sun. Leading out of the square is a great arch of triumph inaugurated at the last fiesta of the Virgen del Pilar,

and dedicated to the victory won in this quarter twenty years ago. Before you is a mass of trees, with the buildings of the University City rising amongst them. Beyond — open country, and at the farthest right, the jagged line of the blue Guadarrama cutting into the bright sky.

Madrid may be hot, dusty and somnolent in summer, when the tourists come; but in the months between September and May, lashing winds come down from the Sierra to give Madrid a healthy, invigorating climate where has flourished an abundant intellectual life, from Velázquez and Cervantes to Garcia Lorca and Camilo-José Cela (of the latter you will hear more). Madrid may be a second-hand Paris, but since Ernest Hemingway discovered Spain, and life in Paris got too expensive, it is a fact that great numbers of the impoverished painters and writers from the English-speaking world —and it is the impoverished, not the well-heeled, who have the Angst to produce—have migrated down here. There are in the older part of the city any amount of existentialist cellars (like the Sésamo), flamenco dives (like the Mesón del Segoviano) and poets' hangouts where you can argue all evening over a glass of wine at two pesetas (4d.), till closing time (3 a.m.), when you can continue the argument in a square beneath the trees and stars.

Madrid is stimulating, invigorating. It is compact: people live in high, dramatic apartment blocks, with the result that the city is not an extensive brick octopus with the daily problem of commuting that wastes millions of hours for the population of London. It is geometric: without the cluttered warren of streets that characterises the shapeless cities of the north. It is gregarious: instead of the furtive, isolated semi-detached desirable residences of English suburbia, there are plenty of green squares and boulevards with open-air cafés along their centres under the trees, where a neighbourly *vida en la calle* is developed. It is open: at no point in Madrid are you further than twenty minutes' walk from the meadows and oak-woods that surround the city.

Spain is financially a poor country, a fact with which the left-wing English journals make great play, though it has more to do with the inadequate rainfall than with the system of government. But Spaniards have many other things—sun, good home-grown food, wine, courtesy—and the left-wing journals can keep their pity. The Madrilenians are developing a new kind of modern city civilisation, where the worse features of Admass living are muted; the English people could do worse than learn from them.

A HEADLAND OF ASIA . . .

by ROY MACGREGOR-HASTIE

> " Europe, though geographically little more than a headland of Asia, has led the world for centuries . . . a fact solely due to the vigour and inventiveness of Europe as a Cultural Community."

TO those who protest that a United States of Europe is a practical impossibility, albeit a ' high ideal.' this quotation from a book written many years ago is the beginning of an answer. Obviously, in many ways, European unity is a fact, not a dream; that the arts have seen this and reflected their awareness of the cultural unity of the continent in their painting, literature and music is no strange thing—traditionally, the poet is the advance guard of the legislators who emphasise and ,' dignify " change. When an Oriental comes to Europe to visit Italy, Germany. France, Spain or Britain, he is conscious of coming to a place so different in atmosphere and historical potential from his own that the petty differences between the states which go to make Europe on the map are scarcely noticeable; were it not for the two language groups, the Latin and the Teutonic, even the languages which compose those groups would seem to him so similar—and so unsimilar to his own—that the subtle orthographic modifications through Spain, Portugal, France, Italy and even Roumania of the original Latin might well escape him.

When Andre Malraux wrote *The Human Condition,* the story of China in the days of the first revolution, he wrote it as a European seeing an Oriental political upheaval and reporting it for his fellow Europeans. The book is not " French " in any exclusive sense which makes it nonsense to a Briton or an Italian. It is in the midstream of the current of contemporary European literature. Picasso, Matisse, even Dali and certainly T. S. Eliot (an adopted European) have only one " nationality "—the one which gives the continent on which they work its name.

The last named of these artists broadcast three talks to Germany in 1956 called *The Unity of European Culture (Die Einheit der Europaischen Kultur,* Habel, Berlin; and Faber and Faber, London);

its title is indicative of the author's conviction that the words British, Italian, German and French are at best out of date. Salvador de Madriaga in his *Portrait of Europe* (Deutsche Verlagsanstalt, Stuttgart; and Hollis and Carter, London) delineated the complex psychological makeup of the people of Europe and the interaction between their national characteristics and values, concluding a Europeanism as a whole. Altiero Spinelli (*Dagli Stati sovrani agli Stati uniti d'Europa,* Firenzel, 1950), Carlo Sforza (*O Federazion Europa o nuove Guerre),* and the published studies of the Comité d'Etudes pour la Constitution Européene, Brussels (1952-53) . . . these are only a few of the literary, academic and political figures who have pointed out that, whether the backward children of Carlton House and King Street like it or not, Europe as an entity exists. All anybody has to do is to emphasise it, and give it practical expression in the formation of a Nation of Europe.

If this " unity " is so obvious, why, then, have there been so many wars between the nations which go to make up this " entity "? Why has no United States of Europe been formed in the past? The answer to that is that a United States of Europe did in fact once exist (albeit imposed from above by an Emperor who united the states around his person); it was destroyed by the advent of capitalism. Linguistic barriers and tariff walls are a consequence of the emphasis of " nationality " for the sake of bigger and better profits for the *international* capitalist associations. As Sir Oswald Mosley, Mr Gaitskell, Einaudi (former President of Italy), as different from each other a collection of political thinkers as it is possible to find, have all said in their different ways—for Britain this temporary halting of progress towards Europeanisation of Europe cannot continue. Our " international capitalism " has been destroyed as an effective force by two hot and one cold (and one phoney) wars. Our only future as Britain lies in our membership of Europe, a membership which would give us as great a chance for exploiting our individual characteristics and native genius as the incorporation of Scotland into the Union did for the Scots; if we are looking for a cultural analogy to illustrate the certainty with which genius flowers in a larger garden than in its own tiny tenantry we have only to ask the Welsh if they think Dylan Thomas would have been as great a Welsh poet as he undoubtedly is, if he had not written in English and lived all his life in Great Britain.

There is no lack of evidence that integration in Europe would confer economic advantages on Britain. Fritz Blade (*Brot für*

Europa Grundlagen . . . der Europaischen Landwirtschaft, Parey, Hamburg) and all the other economists who have given their time to a study of the problems of a Europeanising of our economy, from the Schumann Plan to the present day emergency inquiries, have shown how profitable and inevitable economic integration would be. Even the T.U.C., which is responsible for the material welfare of the greatest single assembly of Britons, has said recently that the following industries would benefit from the Europeanising of our British economy: chemicals, electrical and non-electrical machinery, metal manufacturers, aircraft and vehicles (excluding cars), machine tools and possibly (?) shipbuilding. And these are the industries in which the ingenuity content and the consequently high weight/profit ratio is the highest! Inevitably relations with Commonwealth countries, where these are not already virtually non-existent as a result of the Suez disaster, will be affected—but little to our disadvantage and certainly to the advantage of the countries of the Commonwealth like Australia and New Zealand who have recently (quite rightly) complained that they would get a better deal from Germany and Italy than they are getting from what is supposed to be their "mother country."

If economists say it will pay, politicians know it is the only way to preserve the influence and power for peace of the European peoples, and intellectuals and literati have been saying that its vanguard has already passed into history, what is our Government waiting for?

We in Britain have nothing to lose; the Commonwealth would gain by improved trading terms available in a free European market, America would gain by having the financial burden of European *Dis*-unity off her shoulders and the world would gain what is perhaps its last chance for peace. It is a "heads we win, tails they lose" case, for everybody.

Is it possible that the Establishment, and the new Anti-Establishment Establishment (the hardened soft core of the "social reference poets" of the thirties and their colleagues in Bloomsbury and after) cannot see this? Or is the truth more likely they do not want to see it? Certainly united Europe would be the end of the Establishment, and, with Kingsley Martin and his literary family sans reason for anger and intellectual distress, probably the end of the Anti-Establishment Establishment.

The sooner we are Disestablished the better. And the sooner we realise that in Europe is our history and our future, the better.

MEN AND BOOKS VIII

SWINBURNE'S 'ATALANTA'

(Continued)

by DESMOND STEWART

'ALGOLAGNIA,' a word invented by scientists and unused by ordinary men, sounds more like a medicine than a psychological state—still less, the psychological state of an English poet at work on a Greek play. Yet the word is more precise than 'sadism' or 'masochism.' It denotes an obsession with pain, without implying cruelty, or without limiting the obsession either to the infliction of pain, or its acceptance. It describes with ugly precision a major element in Swinburne's character: an element completely ignored by Sir Harold Nicolson in his biography of the poet, though laid bare, beyond contradiction, by Lafourcade in his masterly and definitive *Jeunesse de Swinburne*.

Throughout his life, Swinburne wished to suffer pain, or its spiritualised equivalent, humiliation, at the hands, or the orders, of beautiful women. At Eton he had been fascinated by the flogging block; at home he wrote dramas and poems in which a thinly disguised persona of himself was whipped, trodden on, bitten, or decapitated by, or sometimes for, heroines of the type that an assiduous reader of Swinburniana can instantly recognise: Mary Stuart, Rosamund Queen of the Lombards, Dolores, Sappho, Aholibah; the Lesbia Brandon of his novel; or the lion-taming Ida Isaacs Mencken of real life. Eight of his most productive years went into an epic-shaped poem on flagellation which moulders to this day in the British Museum.

Swinburne was never attracted sexually by men. And while he and Simeon Solomon had caned each other in a suburban garden,

the Jewish painter's indictment for sodomy brought from the Northumbrian poet an episcopal sense of moral outrage. Yet in a sense the 'algolagnic personality' is unluckier than the homosexual. For while the homosexual is one of many who project their erotic interests on to their own sex (but being a minority are quantitatively 'abnormal'), the masochist or sadist loves whom he loves in a totally abnormal way. Swinburne felt passionately towards women; but the quality of his passion was such that a normal woman would be unlikely to return it. The demands put on her, of playing Faustina or Dolores, would drive out love in a confusion of the ridiculous with the grotesque.

And unresolved conflict, however monstrous, makes art; a resolved conflict makes plaster casts. At the time Swinburne was planning *Atalanta* (whose vitality was to be so evident beside the drabness of his later Greek play *Erechtheus*) his conflicts had not resolved themselves; his interest in de Sade was the enthusiasm of a boy who loves where he does not yet understand; at the same time, the boy still believed in the possibility of loving and being loved.

Sir William Hardman met Swinburne at Rossetti's in December, 1861.

> Yesterday I went with G. Meredith to see Rossetti, the celebrated pre-Raphaelite painter . . . I am going on Friday to his place again, to a social reunion of artists and literary men, short pipes and beer being, I am given to understand, the order of the day . . . Swinburne is a strange fellow, young and beardless, with a shock of red hair; his parents were of two nations, the father Welsh, the mother French,* and this mixture of blood has produced a singular result. Swinburne is strongly sensual; although almost a boy, he upholds the Marquis de Sade as the acme and apostle of perfection, without, as he says, having read a word of his works. Now the Marquis de Sade was a most filthy, horrible and disgusting rascal, a disgrace to humanity—he wrote the most abominable bawdry books that were ever written. No one is fonder of good sound bawdry than I (or you), yet the Marquis completely bowls me over. I tried once to read him, but very soon stuck fast. S—y mixed with murder and hideous cruelty are the prevailing features of his writings. The assembled company evidently received Swinburne's tirades with ill-concealed disgust, but they behaved to him like to a spoiled child. He has a curious kind of nervous twitching, resembling or approaching St. Vitus dance.

* This is not so. The Swinburnes were a Northumberland family, and Lady Jane Ashburnham. the poet's mother, was also English.

At the time this lover 'of good sound bawdry' met him, Swinburne was extolling de Sade, without 'having read a word of his works.' Monckton Milnes helped him to repair this omission. And reading deeply in Milnes' erotic library, Swinburne knew that inde Sade he had found a new master. Always faithful to all his masters, Swinburne did not forget Landor and Shelley. But he looked at them with new eyes. Landor had been an Olympian atheist, hardly bothered by the fictions of the superstitious. Shelley's atheism was nearer to Swinburne's attitude. The anti-theist Chorus in *Atalanta* echoes the imprecations against Zeus in *Prometheus Unbound*:

> But thou, who art the God and Lord; O thou
> Who fillest with thy soul this world of woe,
> To whom all things of Earth and Heaven do bow
> In fear and worship; all-prevailing foe!
> I curse thee! let a sufferer's curse
> Clasp thee, his torturer, like remorse;
> Till thy infinity shall be
> A robe of envenomed agony;
> And thine omnipotence a crown of pain
> To cling like burning gold round thy dissolving brain.

But there are differences in the echoes. Shelley speaks in allegories that champion the forces of reason and brotherhood and love, against unreason, hatred and human schism. To Shelley these spiritual abstractions were as real as anything in the world of nature. And though he rails against gods, the gods he hates are wraiths, creatures of the human mind in its ignorant state, not real entities, puissant for evil. But Swinburne's Chorus believe in the existence of the gods they hate. To them, in simple truth the supreme evil is god, the creator of the world, and of all values. Shelley never believed that the gods who chained Prometheus to the rocks existed outside human minds: a non-believer, he represents the spirit of man in his suffering Prometheus, and the gods which keep him suffering are the evil spirits that dominate him from within. The world of nature was to Shelley beneficent: and fate, too, was beneficent, since light and air must eventually triumph over darkness and superstition. His quarrel was with man, not with the universe. He would never have believed that man came nearest to the purpose of God in being cruel: for he had a Christian conscience and disbelieved in God.

A strange component in Swinburne's conception of a malevolent deity was provided by his study of Blake's mystical writings. With a striking ability to pick those conceptions from an author which were sympathetic to him, and to ignore those that were not, Swinburne constructed an interpretation of Blake that accorded with his own theories, and took from Blake hints and colourings for his own view. Describing the figures that compose Blake's mythology, he gives this magnificent picture of Blake's Urizen:

> Over these clamorous kingdoms of speech and dream some few ruling forces of supreme discord preside: and chiefly the lord of the world of men; Urizen, God of cloud and star, 'Father of jealousy,' clothed with a splendour of shadow, strong and sad and cruel; his planet faintly glimmers and slowly revolves, a horror in heaven; the night is part of his thoughts, rain and wind are in the passage of his feet; sorrow is in all his works; he is the maker of mortal things, of the elements and sexes; in him are incarnate that jealousy which the Hebrews acknowledged and that envy which the Greeks recognised in the divine nature; in his worship faith remains one with fear. Star and cloud, the types of mystery and distance, of cold alienation and heavenly jealousy, belong of right to the God who grudges and forbids; even as the spirit of revolt is made manifest in fiery incarnation—pure prolific fire, 'the cold loins of Urizen dividing.'

In another passage in the same book, Swinburne picks on the spirit of revolt so evident in Blake, and exalts it: "earlier heretics than the author of Jerusalem have taken this to be the radical significance of Christianity; a divine revolt against divine law; an evidence that man must become as God only by resistance to God." And this reflection, and these aspects of Blake's writings, enable Swinburne, in a long footnote, to say something that must have been simmering in his mind at this fervent season: the phrase 'a modern pagan philosopher' concealing, of course, de Sade.

> Compare this fragment of a paraphrase by a modern pagan philosopher of more material tendencies: but given to such tragic indulgence in huge Titanic dithyrambs. "Nature averse to crime? I tell you, nature lives and breathes by it; hungers at all her pores for bloodshed, aches in all her nerves for the help of sin, yearns with all her heart for the furtherance of cruelty. Nature forbid this thing or that? Nay, the best or worst of you will never go so far as she would have you; no criminal will come up to the measure of her crimes, no destruc-

> tion seems to her destructive enough. We, when we would do evil, can disorganise a little matter, shed a little blood, quench a little breath at the door, of a perishable body; this we can do and can call it crime. Unnatural is it? Good friend, it is by criminal things and deeds unnatural that nature works and moves and has her being; what subsides through inert virtue, she quickens through active crime; out of death she kindles life; she uses the dust of man to strike her light upon; she feeds with fresh blood the innumerable insatiable mouths suckled at her milkless breasts; she takes the pain of the whole world to sharpen the sense of vital pleasure in her limitless veins: she stabs and poisons, crushes and corrodes, yet cannot live and sin fast enough for the cruelty of her great desire. Behold, the ages of men are dead at her feet; the blood of the world is on her hands; and her desire is continually towards evil, that she may see the end of things which she hath made. Friends, if we would be one with nature, let us continually do evil with our might . . ."

While enthusiastically exploring such ideas, greeted as they were by echoes from his profoundest being, the young poet became a regular visitor at the middle-class house of James Simon. Simon, of French origin and with French tastes, was a prominent physician whose artistic interests drew him towards the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Dr. Simon had adopted his sister's orphan, an attractive girl named Jane Faulkner, but known to the family and Swinburne as "Boo." Swinburne was always attracted to children. In his old age, babies were to be the chief inspiration of his poetry. Still a young man, he watched entranced while Boo played the piano. He wrote verses, half humorous, half erotic, in the sentimental manner of *Enoch Arden,* yet tinged with something deeper, which only the girl's unusual youngness of mind prevented her from understanding. Finally, in a frenzy, he proposed to her. This was a solemn climacteric in Swinburne's life: a leap, with all his force, at as much of 'normality' as he could conceive.

Boo greeted his proposal with sudden and uncontrollable laughter.

This wound did not heal quickly. More than a wound, it was a moment of savage revelation. He saw clearly, through Boo's laughter, the tragedy of his life. Thirteen years later, in a letter to Gosse, he spoke of the experience as one "which left my own young manhood a barren stock." He was not exaggerating. And the same experience found poetic expression in *The Triumph of Time,* one of his greatest lyrics, where personal sincerity is evident behind the personal rhetoric.

I had grown pure as the dawn and the dew,
You had grown strong as the sun or the sea.

But Boo had been no Faustina or Mary Stuart; she had chosen to be pure, not strong; to remain in the world of Little Dora, not stray in the Arena.

You have chosen and clung to the chance they sent you,
Life sweet as perfume and pure as prayer.
But will it not one day in heaven repent you?
Will they solace you wholly, the days that were?
Will you lift up your eyes between sadness and bliss,
Meet mine, and see where the great love is,
And tremble and turn and be changed? Content you;
The gate is strait; I shall not be there.

Having been rejected by Boo, Swinburne turned to Dolores: whose Arena and self existed, not in the world, but in his brain. The two lines which Christina Rossetti was to paste over in her copy of *Atalanta* come from the same source:

Smites without sword, and scourges without rod;
The supreme evil, God.

Christina Rossetti covered these words because she was a devout Christian, whose own life, as much as Swinburne's, was to be unhappy; but who never projected her own unhappiness into an indictment of the universe. Had she been a Hellenist, she might have pasted them over too. For though in Greek drama, characters may rail again the gods, they are always shown to be wrong. And the Chorus, whose purpose is to show the consensus of rightminded opinion, would never be guilty of such impropriety. Matthew Arnold would never have made such a mistake. But, except for one line, Arnold's *Merope* is without interest: while Swinburne, using rhyme and defying Greek canons of theological taste, produced from an unlikely myth a masterpiece.

How did Swinburne come upon this particular myth?

The death of Meleager had inspired several Greek plays; but of these none survive. There is a reference to the myth in one of the choruses of Aeschylus' *Libation-Bearers*, a play which Swinburne knew almost by heart: and these are the lines which he prefixed in Greek to *Atalanta*:

> . . . Her who slew her son with hate,
> Thestio's daughter desolate,
> How she wrought all her thought
> To one counsel, fiery-blind
> When she burned the brand of fate
> That was twin to him and brother
> From the hour of that first cry
> When the babe came from the mother
> Till the strong man turned to die . . .

The earliest reference to the story is in the 9th book of the *Iliad,* when Phoenix is urging Achilles to suppress his anger and re-enter the war. He twists the history of Meleager so as to make it apt for the occasion. He reminds Achilles how Meleager, having slain the Boar, sulks at ease in the company of his wife Cleopatra. Only when his city is about to be taken does the hero listen to his father, Oeneus, and relent. There is no reference to either Atalanta or Althaea.

The fullest account of Meleager's death, and the one which Swinburne must have used, is given by the prose-writer Apollodoras.

> Althaea also had a son Meleager by Oeneus. though they say that he was begotten by Ares. It is said that when he was seven days old the Fates came and declared that Meleager should die when the brand burning on the hearth was burnt out. On hearing that, Althaea snatched up the brand and deposited it in a chest. Meleager grew up to be an invulnerable and gallant man, but came by his end in the following manner. In sacrificing the first fruits of the annual crops to all the gods, Oeneus forgot Artemis alone. She in her wrath sent a boar of extraordinary size and strength, which prevented the land from being sown and destroyed the cattle and the people that fell in with it. To attack this boar, Oeneus called together all the noblest men of Greece, and promised that to him who should kill the beast he would give the skin as a prize. Now the men who assembled to hunt the boar were these: Meleager, son of Oeneus; Dryas, son of Ares; these came from Calydon: Idas and Lynceus, sons of Aphaeus from Messene: Castor and Pollux, sons of Zeus and Leda from Sparta: Theseus. son of Aegeus from Athens: Admetus. son of Pheres from Pherae: Ancaeus and Cepheus. sons of Lykurgus from Arcadia: Jason, son of Aeson from Iolius: Iphikles, son of Amphitryon from Thebes: Pirithous, son of Ixion from Larissa: Peleus, son of Aeacus from Phthia: Telamon, son of Aeacus from Salamis: Euryton, son of Actor from Phthia: Atalanta, daughter of Schoenius from

Arcadia: Amphiaraus, son of Oikles from Argos. With these came also the sons of Thestius. And when they were assembled, Oeneus entertained them for nine days. But on the tenth, when Cepheus and Ancaeus disdained to go hunting with a woman, Meleager compelled them to follow the chase with her, for he desired to have a child also by Atalanta, though he had to wife Cleopatra, daughter of Idas and Marpessa. When they surrounded the boar, Hyleus and Ancaeus were killed by the brute, and Peleus struck down Euryton undesignedly with a javelin. But Atalanta was the first to shoot the boar in the back with an arrow, and Amphiaraus was the next to shoot it in the eye; but Meleager killed it with a stab in the flank, and on receiving the skin gave it to Atalanta. Nevertheless the sons of Thestius, thinking scorn that a woman should get the prize in the face of men, took the skin from her, alleging that it belonged to them by right of birth, if Meleager did not choose to take it. But Meleager in a rage slew the sons of Thestius and gave the skin to Atalanta. However, from grief at the slaughter of her brothers, Althaea kindled the brand, and Meleager immediately expired.

But some say that Meleager did not die in that way, but that when the sons of Thestius claimed the skin on the ground that Iphikles had been the first to hit the boar, war broke out between the Kuretes and the Calydonians; and when Meleager had sallied out and slain some of the sons of Thestius, Althaea cursed him, and he in a rage remained at home; however when the enemy approached the walls, and the citizens supplicated him to come to the rescue, he yielded reluctantly to his wife and sallied forth, and having killed the rest of the sons of Thestius, he himself fell fighting. After the death of Meleager, Althaea and Cleopatra hanged themselves, and the women who mourned the dead men were turned into birds.

The last sentence in Apollodorus's account gave Ovid an excuse to include the story of the Calydonian boar hunt in his *Metamorphoses.* Ovid's poem has splendid natural description, and Swinburne showed, even when he surpassed the Latin poet, that he was aware of the challenge set him. Ovid was, of course, more of a fabulist than a dramatist, and the aspects that interested him in the story were those that appealed to the Elizabethans who delighted in Topsell's Monsters. Arthur Golding's translation remains a masterpiece.

> And onon she sent a Boare to *Oenies* ground
> Of such a hugeness as no Bull could ever yet be found,
> In *Epyre:* But in *Sicilie* are Bulles much less than hee.

His eies did glister blud and fire: right dreadfull was to see
His brawned neck, right dreadfull was his haire which grew as thicke
With pricking points as one of them could well by other sticke.
And like a front of armed Pikes set close in battell ray,
The sturdie bristles on his back stood staring up alway.
The scalding fome with gnashing hoarse which he did cast astride
Upon his large and brawned shield did white as Curdes abide.
Among the greatest Oliphants in all the land of *Inde*
A greater tush than had this Boare, ye shall not lightly finde.

Ovid's interest is more in the appearance than in the psychology of Atalanta. He gives a full list of the heroes who attended the hunt (how the ancients loved an almanach of heroes!), including Toxeus and Plexippus, the two uncles of Meleager, and then describes Atalanta in a few words that are as pictorial as a bas-relief:

And from the Citie Tegea there came the Paragone
Of Lycey forrest, Atalant, a goodly Ladie, one
Of Schoenyes daughters, then a Maide. The garment she did weare
A brayded button fastened at hir gorget. All hir heare
Untrimmed in one only knot was trussed. From her left
Side hanging on her shoulder was an Ivorie quiver deft:
Which being full of arrows, made a clattering as she went.
And in hir right hand shee did beare a Bow already bent.
Her furniture was such as this. Her countnance and hir grace
Was such as in a Boy might well be called a wenches face,
And in a wench be called a Boyes.

Althaea's part in the story is no less vigorously described:

Althaea going toward Church with presents for to yild
Due thanks and worship to the Gods bycause hir sonne had kild
The Boare, beheld her brothers brought home dead: and by and by
She beate her brest, and filde the toone with shrieking piteously
And shifting all hir rich aray, did put on mourning weede.
But when se understoode what man was doer of the deede,
She left all mourning, and from tears to vengeance did proceede.
There was a certain firebrand which when Oenies wife did lie

In childbed of Meleager, she chaunced to espie
The Destnies putting in the fire: and in the putting in,
She hearde them speake these words, as they his fatall threede did spin:
O lately borne, like time we give to thee and to this brand.
And when they had so spoken, they departed out of and.
Immediatly the mother caught the blazing bough away
And quenched it. This bough she kept full charely many a day:
And in the keeping of the same she kept hir sonne alive.
And now intending of his life him clearely to deprive,
She brought it forth, and causing all the coales and shivers to
Be layed by, she like a foe did kindle fire thereto.
Fowre times was she about to cast the firebrand in the flame:
Fowre times she pulled backe hir hand from doing of the same.

Ovid gives remarkable space to Althaea's speech on the death of her brothers, in which she decides whether pity for them or for her son will prevail in her heart. Ovid was enough of a psychologist to see where the emotional difficulties in the story lay:

One while her looks resembled one that threatened cruelnesse:
Another while ye would have thought she minded pitiousnesse.

Swinburne was to follow Ovid in the length of Althaea's deliberations in the long scene between herself and the Chorus. But Swinburne's Althaea is less hesitant than Ovid's, who is more feminine, indeed more human, than Swinburne's mother, who discusses the rival claims for son and brother for an even greater number of lines, yet is decided and inexorable in her passion. She never reaches—Swinburne would never wish her to reach—the tenderness of Ovid's:

What then shall I stand to in this case?
One while my brothers curses seem to press before my face

With lively image of their deaths. Another while my minde
Doth yeelde to pitie, and the name of mother doth me blinde.

Swinburne's Althaea was not to be blinded from her burning, even for a moment, by the name of mother. Her love is only for her brothers.

Sweet were they toward me living, and mine heart
Desired them, but was then well satisfied,
That now is as men hungered; and these dead
I shall want always to the day I die.
For all things else and all men may renew;
Yea, son for son the gods may give and take,
But never a brother or sister any more . . .

Wherefore I will not that these twain, O gods,
Die as a dog dies, eaten of creeping things,
Abominable, a loathing; but though dead
Shall they have honour, and such funereal flame
As strews men's ashes in their enemies' face . . .

Swinburne's Meleager is Swinburne: he can have found no hint in any Hellenic writer or in Ovid for the near-gratitude with which Meleager accepts his murder:

Mother, I dying with unforgetful tongue
Hail thee as holy and worship thee as just
Who art unjust and unholy; and with my knees
Would worship, but thy fire and subtelty,
Dissundering them, devour me . . .

But one detail in the Ovidian description of Meleager's death did impress Swinburne, and he remembered it in writing his final scene.

Meleager being absent and not knowing aught at all,
Was burned with his flame: and felt his bowels to appall
With secret fire. He bare out long the paine with courage stout.
But yet it grieved him *to die so cowardly, without*
The shedding of his blood. He thought Anceus for to be
*A happie man that dide of wound.**

Swinburne's method was always to diffuse and repeat ideas that appealed to him. Ovid's conception of Meleager is evident in three speeches in the last great scene:

* Quod tamen ignavo cadat, et sine sanguine leto
Moeret, et Ancaei felicia vulnera dicit.

Meleager

Unto each man his fate;
Unto each as he saith
In whose fingers the weight
Of the world is as breath;
Yet I would that in clamour of battle mine hands had laid hold upon death.

Chorus

Not with cleaving of shields
And their clash in thine ear,
When the lord of fought fields
Breaketh spearshaft from spear,
Thou art broken , our lord . . .

Oeneus

Thou shouldst die as he dies
For whom none sheddeth tears;
Filling thine eyes
And fulfilling thine ears
With the brilliance of battle, the bloom and the beauty, the splendour of spears.

In addition to these memories from Ovid, Swinburne wove into the text of his Greek play a number of fragments or lines from the Greeks: rather as a modern architect may sometimes embody in a reconstruction a few fragments of sculpture or brickwork left over from an American air-raid. But except for these, and the myth, the poem is Swinburne's own. It could not have been conceivably written by anyone else. Its music is his, its images are his, its defects are his. And the thought behind the music and the images and the defects are his too. Though few have bothered to search it out. For them the facade has perhaps been beautiful enough to prevent entry into the gloomy temple behind. But a facade without a temple is a sham. And that was one thing Swinburne was not.

A DIARY

AMATEURS of the saga of America's golden age, those, for example, who enjoyed the biography of Harry Lehr ("King Lehr" as with apt literary allusion he was called), will love Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt the Fifth's book about his family: *The Vanderbilt Feud, the fabulous story of Grace Wilson Vanderbilt.**

The author's father, son of a multi-millionaire, was an extremely clever engineer who patented his many inventions and sold them all over the world. But his mother was America's top hostess for fifty years; a very arduous and expensive career.

The older generation of Vanderbilts loathed the beautiful Grace at first sight, and forbade Neily the Fourth to marry her. They more or less cut him off, so that Neily and Grace were obliged to rub along on fewer million dollars than they might have expected. Nevertheless, it was not long before Grace knew all Europe's crowned heads and the King of Siam, as well as everyone else who "mattered," and she never stopped inviting them to her brownstone 70-roomed mansion on Fifth Avenue or her seaside house at Newport. Her son says she was considered very exclusive; he also says that she entertained 37,000 guests in one year, which might appear almost conclusively *in*clusive, when the number of days she spent in ocean liners, cures and nach-cures (*sic*) is subtracted from the number of days in a year.

Reading this book one quickly forms the habit of adding and subtracting. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt is very strong on figures and

* Hutchinson, 21s.

statistics; he knows exactly how much everything cost, from mansions and yachts to long-stemmed American Beauty roses for the dinner table. He also knows exactly how much everyone is "worth" and what the dead ones left in their wills.

Neily did not take kindly to the role his wife assigned to him of man-about resorts as his son calls it, and dinner party host. Eventually this talented man took to the bottle: "Poor darling Neily is *continually* drunk," wrote Grace to her sister. He cleverly designed a lift which could be entered through a door concealed in the *boiseries* of their New York dining room. Sometimes in the middle of meals, when Mother became more than he could bear, Father disappeared into this lift and was not seen again for quite some time.

The secret of Mrs. Vanderbilt's success as queen of society was a combination of money, snobbery, energy and attention to detail. Not only did she remember the individual tastes of her thousands of guests, but "Mother was always careful to silence potentially envious tongues with small acts of thoughtfulness and gentility."

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Grace Vanderbilt had two lovely sisters, Belle and May. May's daughter, known as Baby May, married the Duke of Roxburghe. "Silly old May," I remember Lady Cunard saying one day, referring to Baby May, "no wonder she's tired, sitting up all night playing with her valves." (The Duchess was a keen wireless fan.) An almost exact contemporary of Mrs. Vanderbilt, Lady Cunard was also American and a hostess; but there the resemblance ends. George Moore's letters to this brilliant person are reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

★ ★ ★

"Sister and I were given lessons in proper table settings. Followed by the butler bearing various dishes and condiments on a huge silver tray, Mother led us around and around the gleaming sixty-foot mahogany table. Before I was nine, I knew precisely which dishes remained and which disappeared during a complete seven-course dinner," writes Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Mother's gracious-living lessons took place before the first war, but apparently American parents are still at it, after their fashion.

I read in an American magazine not long ago: "Now I have Anneli, almost ready for it (a meal in a restaurant). In a year she will be a little past five, half-way between the ages of my sister and me when we first sat ecstatically under the ministrations of a well-trained restaurant staff. In spite of the world-sickness that her father and I feel, we still want her first restaurant meal to be good . . . Meanwhile Anneli is being prepared . . ."

Although Cornelius V was being prepared for all the crowned heads of Europe and the King of Siam, and Anneli merely for eating in a restaurant, the principle is the same. Cornelius V reacted rather strongly, becoming a journalist instead of a host when he grew up, and probably four-year-old Anneli will never be able to face anything but fried fish out of a newspaper for the rest of her life if her world-sick parents persevere in their present course with her.

English children, of course, were never allowed near the dining room, let alone a restaurant. A congealed egg in the schoolroom was the best they could hope for.

★ ★ ★

The fuss about the new kind of advertising, where the name of a product is flashed on a cinema screen for a split second, so that though not consciously reading it the subconscious mind is supposed to register it and store it up for future use, seems rather exaggerated. If it persuades housewives to buy soap Y rather than soap Z (which is the most that is claimed for it), presumably Z could advertise in the same way; perhaps then the subconscious mind would get into such a muddle that housewives would give up buying soap altogether.

The idea that it could be politically dangerous and induce people to vote for A instead of B is far-fetched, and if A advertises himself in this way, B only has to look sharp and follow suit. Personally, I am very much in favour of advertisements which are invisible to the naked eye.

★ ★ ★

"Ninety per cent. destroyed," said the hall porter of an hotel in Würzburg when I asked the way to the Residenz. Fortunately this is an exaggeration. The whole of the middle block of the palace,

containing the beautiful ceiling painted by G. B. Tiepolo over the staircase, the garden room with frescoes of the gods and goddesses, as well as the upstairs rooms with their fantastic baroque plaster and marble, are still in perfect condition, though vandals in the last war bombed the two great wings of the building.

Motoring through Germany is a pleasure; the countryside is so rich and well farmed, the beech and oak forests so well looked after, the pastures so green. There comes a moment, however, when one longs to get out of the motor into a train, and never more so than when held up among petrol fumes at a level crossing. It is at this time of maximum frustration that the Austrian railways display their slogan: *Ohne mühe, ohne plage, mit der Bahn in die Urlaubstage*, which might be freely translated: "For travel without fuss and pain, go on holidays by train."

★ ★ ★

Ever since I happened to mention in this Diary how greatly I looked forward to the poems which Lord Hailsham used to contribute to *The Spectator* there has been a stony silence—as far as poetry goes — from conservatism's bathing belle. He probably imagined that his photograph in his bikini on Brighton beach, which I saw in *France-Dimanche*, will carry more weight with the party than "the fragile bark that's me" (see *The European*, No. 51), and that Conservatives will be more impressed by physical heroism (*France-Dimanche* says the sea was icy) than by the courage he showed in publishing his verse. This is disappointing for his fans, and it had unlucky results, for *The Times* reports that he introduced a hysterical note into the proceedings of the Tory Conference.

Small wonder; bathing in the English Channel in October would be enough to make anyone hysterical.

D.M.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Edinburgh: "The Theatre of the Resistance"

by EDWARD BOURKE-HALIBURTON

Four Short Irish Plays by J. M. Synge, Richard Rowley, Lady Gregory and W. B. Yeats.
If You're Irish by John Molloy.
The Flouers o' Edinburgh by Robert MacLellan.
The Queen and the Welshman by Rosemary Anne Sisson.

MANY averred that this was the worst year ever at Edinburgh for drama, and but for two incidents, I would be inclined to agree. Firstly, the Festival introduced to an international audience a young actress of outstanding ability: Mary Monahan of the Pike Theatre, Dublin, who was appearing with the Irish Festival Players. Mary Monahan has the spiritual reserve, the Mona Lisa beauty, the quiet, insistent grace of voice and beauty which reminded me of Peggy Ashcroft of twenty years ago. After some of the artistes appearing this year, the sight of Mary Monahan was like watching a dove descend amidst the swirl of crows.

The other incident was unnoticed by the critics but is deeply interesting to anyone concerned with the political implications of the theatre and the moral and social resolve which this art-form can express. Of thirteen plays seen, seven were political in character and six dealt explicitly with nationalist themes. *The Rising of the Moon, The Flouers o' Edinburgh,* and *The Queen and the Welshman* typified the reactions of the three submerged Celtic nations to the Saxon overlord; three others commented upon revolutionary situa-

tions in Portugal, Hungary and France.

This is a most significant development. For twenty years now, the policy of management has tended largely to try and keep people off thinking realistically when they go to the theatre, or if they must think, to confine it to regions below the navel. Hence the spate of pseudo-realistic plays about prostitutes, perverts, drug addicts, drunks and, of course, the euphoria of crime lore. The second main category of contemporary productions consists of sugary " boy chase girl " comedies, titivations of the matineée fan and female ego, which reflects merely the same illusory mentality in " U " certificate form. I did not see Sartre's *Nekrassov,* which would have given me eight to review under my title. It was described to me by the woman editor of a Turkish political periodical as a very promising satire played as farce, which seems to be a legacy of the bad old days: I have the same criticism reserved for Robert MacLellan's play.

In the past, even where plays political in character have fought for a showing, there was a tendency to side-track to the erotic or amorous by-plot. This occurred in *The Flouers o' Edinburgh* and *The Queen and the Welshman,* although in the latter, the erotic overlay was purposely counterpointed through the mouth of a spy. Productions this year had great unevenness on the script side, the direction was paltry and the message came through in a muddled and distorted form, but there was also the feeling that something was stirring in the great world of which the playwrights were aware. Because of lack of practice in working at deeper levels of consciousness, the aesthetic climate was heavily overcast, as is the political climate. Many complained of an air of foreboding.

IRELAND

Until the arrival in the third week of Barrault, the most substantial offering was from the Irish Festival Players with four one-act plays and a late-night review. The first of the short plays,*The Shadow of the Glen,* is about a woman who makes love to a stranger over what she believes to be her husband's bier in preparation to her husband's wake. As a theme, it has been stuffed out to three-acts in a dozen post-war situation plays and used over and over again as a submerged plea for bigamists. Irishmen are notoriously unsentimental about emotional entanglements: the stark fact—as Synge knew—is that such occurences are never circumstantial. When woman remarries hot from her husband's funeral pyre, she does so because thoughts for the husband's death have preceeded the actuality of death.

I do not know whom the Pike have in mind when they write their programme prefaces. T. S. Eliot is a moral philosopher who has chosen to discourse by the method of free association enunciated by Freud and uses verse and prose forms for this purpose. Surely it is blasphemy to compare him in this capacity with Yeats, the last of the great line of romantic poets to write in the English language, and the last mystic to be also a major poet. There is neither romance nor mysticism in T. S. Eliot, whose admixture of colourless agnosticism makes the worst of both worlds. To describe *Purgatory* as "a savage little masterpiece . . . with the historical interest of having blazed the trail that led Mr. Eliot to *The Cocktail Party*," is like accusing Saint-Just of founding the Directory.

I enjoyed immensely *The Rising of the Moon.* It was gratifying to see the way in which the audience took up the rebel airs and how fast the lines got across. Your man, confronted with arrest during the Tan War, prefers to flannel his way to liberty than escape at the point of a gun. He disappears quietly into the night, leaving the R.I.C. sergeant feeling a bit of a fool and very much an Irishman. This little piece of Lady Gregory's expresses the authentic rebel spirit of the Gael—cheerful, resourceful and appealing always to the repressed idealism in every man; O'Casey with his gunmen in dirty shirts, drunken buffoons and religious cranks is the blotting-out of this spirit.

John Molloy's one-man show (albeit assisted by Mary Monahan) was a feature of Edinburgh's late night entertainment. He is an exquisite contortionist, his sense of timing is superb; I do not know whether he is as yet "Ireland's First Clown." It may well be that there is no finer artist of his kind in Erin, but where in him is the philosophy of the clown? The speaking-from-within, the pathos and romantic irony, which chacterises the best work of Chaplin and Danny Kaye. If I set the highest standard for John Molloy, it is because he promises far. He will not be known as more than an entertainer until he has tested himself, in the capacity of a clown, against the backcloth of the un-funny.

SCOTLAND

Robert MacLellan's *The Flouers o' Edinburgh* was revived at the Gateway. The fluent production and acting justifies the company's adherence to a strictly nationalist policy. The play is a biting satire on anglicisation. After the '45, Lowland society started to bend itself inside out in the effort to be more British than the British;

avaricious Scots underwent metamorphoses, or operations to their personalities, to pass for Sassenachs and lift the easy pickings which George of Hanover's Master of the Bedchamber, Lord Bute, strewed in their path. By true Scots, like Lord Monboddo, and true Englishmen, like Dr. Johnson, it was considered a deeply ignoble period of history; today the transfiguration of the Scot is highly effectual and passes unnoticed. Richard Brinsley Sheridan held classes in Edinburgh to 300 at a time to instruct " the savages of North Britain " in la-di-da English. Ambitious mamas packed off their marriageable daughters in coachloads to the metropolis since " every Scot of wealth or the wit to make it " had taken what Dr. Johnson called the Highroad of Scotland, which is the road to London. Burns was to be plagued by poetasting parsons exhorting him to write in the " language of civilisation." Mr. MacLellan rakes his countrymen for their frantic apings of the English, sparing them not for their supineness in national defeat. When Jacobite Lady Athelstane (Lennox Milne) remarks that her brother was attainted " for his part in the late rebellion," every Scot in the room squirms because the information had been passed before a redcoat officer. Tom Fleming plays Stanebyres (modelled on Monboddo) who finds his native tongue good enough to straaf the peily-wally tactics of the North Britons as his colleagues, Lords Dundas and Braxfield, were to find it later in their judicial function of sentencing to transportation and death by hanging and quartering the rebels of the sheep riots and the United Scotsmen Society. It is here that the " west-endy " conventions which hogtie Scots drama impose their limitations upon MacLellan's plot. The period is the Seven Years War. The Deforcement Acts, which Stanebyres castigates so magnificently, have produced massed risings in Ross-shire and Aberdeenshire. A French invasion force (frustrated temporarily by the victory of Hawke at Quiberon) had thrown an invasion scare into the English comparable with those of 1803 and 1940. The Young Chevalier, not entirely given over to drink, is poised for another fling to recapture his father's throne. The entire action of the play revolves around the fortunes of a Jacobite household. By the middle of the second act we have a situation bristling with dramatic possibilities. What happens? Tom Fleming, the first tragic actor of the Scottish stage, is handed down one great speech on the effect that the policy of enclosures will have on Scotland, by turning the Highlands into a desert, and then is gently shown out of the play. Duncan Macrae, the leading comedian of the Scots theatre, is introduced for one

scene only for the purpose merely of defeating in an election Stanebyres Anglified son (Bryden Murdoch). Where historical licence is needed, it seems likelier that Macrae's nabob would seek to enter the Westminster Parliament as a secret adherent of the Stewarts, or as a radical throwing down to the line to Muir of Huntershill, than as the solitary nominee of a maharajah. Everything has built up for a third act in which we want to see on the stage Fleming's Stanebyres, Macrae's nabob and Lady Athelstane's exiled brother (Brian Carey); no other character sustains interest. The manservant (Walter Carr), with his dirty turban and runkled stockings, has exhausted himself as a butt after the first act. So has Young Stanebyres; we can hear that incredible accent, with the mouth sounding full of butterscotch, any day now in Edinburgh's cocktail bars. MacLellan has thrown away, or had thrown away for him, a chance to provide a grandstand finish for a first-rate political satire. The plot is truncated to make way for an improbable ending in which Young Stanebyres, his parliamentary ambitions thwarted, falls back into the arms of his childhood sweetheart—a stunted slip which even that capable young actress, Pamela Bain, cannot make seem more than childish. Everything gives way to an artificial "lad and lassie" denouement, after which the audience can go home in their fur coats.

WALES

The Welsh contribution was the presentation by the London Theatre Group of *The Queen and the Welshman.* It is instructive to compare it with the Irish and Scots version on the same theme. Lady Gregory in *The Rising of the Moon* formulates the point of view of a nation on the offensive when the men at the bottom will be at the top. Robert MacLellan in *The Flouers o' Edinburgh* counterpoints with classical irony the mentality of a people striving to adjust themselves, whether they are fully aware of it or not, to the humiliation of a defeat in war, whose only weapon is wit. This romance of Rosemary Anne Sisson's goes no further than attitudinising. It is made to appear quite natural that a Welsh knight—a veteran of Agincourt—should, after a token tribute on the subject of honour. allow himself to be mewed up in a clandestine affair with his former chief's widow. The circumstances of Owen Tudor's marriage to the Dowager Queen Katherine, former wife of Henry V, is a question with which the play does not deal, although it was of much concern to a descendant of that issue when he was seeking

to have himself proclaimed Henry VII. The elaborate mind of Gloucester (Edward Burnham) may well suppose Owen Tudor (Edward Woodward) to be a secret adherent of the House of Mortimer capable of raising a Welsh army at his back: a top-level plant in the Queen's household. Gloucester, deeply anxious for the preservation of the House of Lancaster, is thinking as a statesman and not a Ferdinand. He need not have feared. Owen Tudor has repudiated publicly his vocation as the leader of his people to go to stud for the English succession. He is even prepared, when faced with death on the scaffold, to renounce all claims which his children may have to the succession, and thereby their birthright, which would appear the only tangible result of the mesalliance. It is a world well lost for love, and Miss Sisson appears to have counted on the support of the majority of her sex in expressing, through her central characters, this viewpoint. The spy Villiers—a strongly contoured part sensitively played by Jack Rodney—denounces Owen Tudor in terms which find at last the right context, which is honour sacrificed to a soft job as the Dowager Queen's gentleman-in-waiting. Small wonder the man was considered not worth killing. Nevertheless, the evening was most enjoyable as entertainment. Hilary Liddell's Katherine was pathetically appealing; Frank Finlay gave a humane little study of the sort of jailer we would all like to have. I was very interested in the introduction of ballads which served to heighten, instead of arresting, the dramatic sequence, and the use of lighting on the sets which I have never seen done better.

CINEMA

Film-making in Paris

and

An Affair to Remember

ON a recent trip to France I renewed acquaintance with the backstage of film production by visiting one or two studios. The first, very difficult to locate, was Photoromor, on the outskirts of Paris at Asnières. After frantic driving about with helpful Parisians succeeding only in putting me way off the scent, eventually a barn-like structure, in what looked like an old timber-yard, turned out to be what I was looking for. From the publicity hand-outs I gathered that work at the moment was on a scene from a film called *Rafles sur la Ville*, and Charles Vanel and Mouloudji would be involved in that day's shooting. Into the barn I went—and found it pretty sizeable. It had to take a saloon-car body jacked up on bricks, a large screen just behind it for back-projection, and an arc-projector with a forty-foot throw directly behind that and beyond into the depths of the barn. Most of the activity was going on in the foreground around the car-body. About twenty men were standing near, or moving the battery of lights surrounding the car, the camera with its nose pointing full at the windscreen, or the soundboom waving haphazardly overhead. Only the director, Pierre Chenal, sat quietly to one side on the left of the camera, apparently half asleep. Two stand-ins were already in position in the front seats of the car, and the semi-circle of lights narrowed and broadened as constant adjustments were made. The barn doors opened. Charles Vanel and Mouloudji entered and took up the places just vacated by the stand-ins. Mouloudji persisted in fooling about, raising the steering-column above his head and taking a great delight in the phoney fitttings.

Chenal lurched into action. A bad reflection from the windscreen meant that the whole screen had to be removed and just the frame

put back. Men were now passing cardboard squares to and fro in front of the lights to simulate movement along a street at night. Chenal had a last word with the players as the microphone began to dangle over the top of the roofless car, and men with tape-measures moved from camera to face and back again. 'Silence'—a bellow from Chenal—répétition complète. Red light and first take, but Chenal cut to explain a facial expression to Mouloudji, who was then liberally sprayed with sweat. Action again—'coupez' from Chenal —more sweat for Mouloudji. Take three — Vanel turned to Mouloudji, who was driving, to inform him of 'cops' on the road and to warn him to drive straight on. 'Bien joué' from Chenal. Mouloudji was now literally dripping. He shook his head like a dog coming out of water and grinned. 'Je vais éternuer,' but he didn't. He was laughing as the next take began, his expression gradually changing to one more fitting to his film character.

'Transparence' from Chenal, and the arc spluttered back there in the gloom. This time we had a full take with back-projection pictures of Montmartre flashing on the screen. By bending and peering through the windscreen frame one could see how the shot would look in the finished film. Vanel suddenly looked over his shoulder out of the rear window as the take began. 'Coupez!' An argument now between Vanel and Chenal about the naturalness of this gesture to open the take. Another take, this time as Vanel wanted it. 'A good one' — this English expression from Chenal surprised me. There was a break and I managed a word with him. A word was just about all I got, for the final take was being lined up and was almost ready. I mentioned his early version of *Crime et Châtiment*, and he was pleased to hear it was still going around film clubs in this country. A question about technique simply brought a laconic 'c'est mon métier!' and that was that. His burly figure was again on the set when I left.

Since my return it has been my misfortune to view one of the most determined efforts at sentimental tear-jerking for a long time. **An Affair to Remember** is the latest film of Leo McCarey (responsible for, amongst others, *The Bells of St. Mary's*), a story that might have found a place in any of the cheaper women's magazines. A rich play-boy (Cary Grant) on his way by luxurious liner to a fiancée in New York meets and falls in love with an unknown but attractive young woman (Deborah Kerr) on board. They agree to break with their respective ties (she has a boy friend in New York, of course) and to meet on top of the Empire State building in six months' time. The breaks are made on both sides, but, starry-eyed and head uptilted, she runs straight under a car outside the building and is rushed off to hospital, whence she emerges, months after, a cripple in a wheelchair, tended by her ex-boy-friend, who still remains faithful(!) The final scene takes place on Christmas Eve when *she* is stretched out on a couch in her flat having a gloriously miserable time and *he* walks in (gasps from female members of audience), fails to notice she is crippled, presents her with a shawl from his late

grandmother (there is a sub-plot about a doting grandmother) and is about to leave (gasps!) when something strikes him and he discovers a back room simply bursting with his paintings, which means she really loves him and would have been up the building if she could. Final embrace (sobs from audience).

The mainly female audience was really carried away by the confected emotion. Grant and Kerr pray together silently for several minutes in a chapel; the crippled Kerr becomes a schoolteacher and the class of young children serenades her at Christmas time; Grant returns to his grandmother's palatial residence and for what seems an eternity listens to voices and music from the past (memories of Kerr and his grandmother). There are moments of humour in the first half-hour, but later on levity is not allowed. The long, repetitive duologues occupying the first hour (on board the liner) finally bore, and one begins to wonder how the next 55 minutes can possibly be filled in. The ingenuity of Hollywood scriptwriters is past all belief, however, and one had the feeling 45 minutes later that really the whole thing could have gone on for ever. Human endurance had to be reckoned with, though, and so the final clinch came to the accompaniment of audible sobbing from all round. I predict success for this film.

NEW BOOKS

Cuir de Russie by Jacques Lanzmann (Julliard, Paris).

ACCORDING to rumour, M. Jacques Lanzmann has been temporarily suspended from the French Communist Party for having published *Cuir de Russie*. It is a frank and amusing account of a cruise in the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, during which he visited some Russian ports and notably Odessa. For this reason the book is something of an event in the history of present-day attitudes. The marxists and their allies are indignant with a "traitor" who has not scrupled to laugh about the Soviets just as he might laugh at the French, or the Americans. As always in such cases, for marxist critics M. Lanzmann, once highly praised for his sharp wit and lively style, has now suddenly become nothing but a sacreligious fool whose versatility has led him to deny his faith, his leaders, the holy land and its prophets. In non-communist circles, on the other hand, M. Lanzmann is being celebrated as a great man; a generous soul whose generosity was abused until a lucky chance took him to Russia for a week and delivered him from his illusions.

Needless to say, there is truth in neither of these extremes. First of all, there is no possible doubt about M. Lanzmann's talent. He is a born writer. Short, pithy sentences, a natural elegance which makes even his rather frequent carelessness delightful, and a manner of telling his story so lively that it serves to sharpen the interest, make his style admirable. He is one of those whose wit makes it possible for them to say anything and everything with grace and charm. He can be compared with the artisans in the great periods of art who, fashioning the most everyday utensil, always made a lovely object.

Ironical, mocking, always joking, M. Lanzmann takes his place among the free-thinkers who, great and small, have represented a considerable part of French literature. From Saint Evremond to Roger Peyrefitte, they have all written in the same sort of manner, and have a way of thinking and a style in which perfect manners and a refined taste are countered in a certain measure by a shallowness of character and even, sometimes, of intelligence. In this context the example of Voltaire is instructive. That great man had exactly the kind of talent which is hailed as genius. Yet his character was somewhat shallow, and his intelligence, though brilliant, was limited.

While not suggesting for one moment that M. Lanzmann has these defects, it remains true that he belongs to the category of *petits maîtres* whose wit is entirely cynical. The manner in which he tells of his liaison with a Georgian girl, and their love-making, gives him a choice place in any anthology of erotica. Amusing though it is, cynicism remains cynicism, and paradox can easily be overdone. It reminds one of blasphemy, which is only the other side of the medal of worship. Such things quickly pall. Spices are delicious, but one cannot live on spice.

But we must not be ungrateful, and undoubtedly *Cuir de Russie* is very amusing to while away a couple of hours. That, it appears to me, is about the limit of what can be said in its praise.

As "evidence" for either side in the great controversy of our day, it seems to me to be of slender value. M. Lanzmann, who kept a litttle corner of his mind idyllically devoted to communism as the ultimate truth, and to the U.S.S.R. as a land of happiness, went there, and came back cured. We can rejoice that this talented writer has at last learned to recognise the virtue of simple truths. Had he been a little more talented, it would not have been necessary for him to cruise in the Black Sea in order to discover that marxism is the very last thing to accord with a mind such as his.

JULES VAN ERCK.

George Moore: Letters to Lady Cunard (Hart-Davis, 27s. 6d.).

"DEAREST Maud, dearest Primavera! I do not know what primavera means, or if I have spelt it sufficiently for you to recognize the word. It means Spring, doesn't it? It means joy, the joy of green leaves with the flutter of wings among the leaves. And you, dearest, mean all these things to me, for you are not, I am convinced, a mere passing woman but an incarnation of an idea . . . You are at once the poet and the poem, and you create yourself not with silks and pearls, though these things are beautiful upon you, but by your intense desire of beauty and life."

"I gave you all the love I was capable of. I never cease to think of you . . ."

The first passage quoted above was written by George Moore when he was fifty-two and had been in love with Lady Cunard for ten years. The second he wrote twenty-five years later. His love for her lasted from their first meeting until his death forty years after. She destroyed most of his letters; all that remain are in this volume.

Lady Cunard was a great admirer of George Moore's books: he was a fervent admirer of her astonishing personality. "To Maud

Cunard," he wrote, "a woman of genius. Her genius is manifest in her conversation, and like Jesus and Socrates, she has refrained from the other arts."

The audience for this marvellous, intelligent, inconsequent conversation was formed by her luncheon and dinner guests, and although she invited clever men to her house some of the company was not as amusing as it was fashionable. "There are people about that are of no interest to me, as little intelligent they seem as squeaking dolls," complained George Moore.

None of Lady Cunard's letters to her faithful admirer have been found, yet her portrait is clearly seen in his to her, from her marble eyes and gold hair, to her worldliness, her love of musuic, her brilliance. She would descend unexpectedly upon the old writer in Ebury Street, like a bright humming-bird, then rush away leaving a purple orchid for him to treasure.

She was everything that he could never be, and as he sat year after year writing and re-writing and revising his books, there is no doubt that she, brought him something uniquely precious. He was naturally, a little bit jealous. "I was glad to see you brightening as usual the lives of dull people," he once wrote, with a nip of sarcasm.

D.M.

A Father and His Fate by I. Compton-Burnett (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.)

IF once the door opened to admit a breath of air, would Miss Compton-Burnett's characters lose their reality? It is quite possible, as they live in a tightly shuttered world of their own, where no outside influence seems to exist. But within that world the characters live intensely.

A Father and His Fate is no exception to Miss Compton-Burnett's usual method of confining her action within a tightly knit household. The patriarch dominates, at times bullies, his all-female family. The biblical tone of Miles Mowbray's opening conversation sets the atmosphere. The only male member of his household is his nephew Malcolm, who must one day inherit his estate. He has exchanged his nearby home with a dominant, enquiring mother, for his uncle's rule. For once Miles and his wife, Ellen, must leave their family, and on their journey disaster befalls them. Miles returns, presuming himself a widower.

To the dismay of his family, Miles announces his intention of marrying Verena, a newcomer to the household who was to have married his nephew. The family must accept the young intruder as their stepmother. But the return of Ellen alters all this, and it seems as if the household can return to its previous position. With

the strength of a patriarch Miles is to assume his unquestioned position at the head of the family, Verena and Malcolm mustmarry as previously planned, and return to live under the same roof. How thankful is this strangely united family that no change after all must take place within their house. "To think that we shall live in it, in our old world," is the eldest daughter's thankful cry at the news of her mother's return. To Miles, the head of the family, things that might have happened will not count. He says, "They have come and gone in a dream." But we know that life cannot move as simply as that. There must be some consequence to our actions.

The conversation centring round the position each is to take at the family tea table when the nephew and his young wife return to the house where she was so nearly mistress is brilliantly done. The whole of this household lives in our imagination; and yet why is this so? In Miss Compton-Burnett's unique style there is little if any description. The characters, the very house itself, live only through conversation, the interplay of thoughts and words between each member of this enclosed family.

Verena, the young newcomer to the family, "cannot undo the past." hers is the one dissentient voice, which cannot accept life now as if Miles's presumed widowhood had never existed.

"Experience," says Miles, "may go as deep in a quiet lfie as in any other." Certainly, although the action of this story never extends beyond the quiet confines of a single household, it is full of emotional and human experience.

Cleverly, the story ends with a double irony. Eliza, Malcolm's mother, whose sole object in life is to know and tell all, is left oblivious of the final twist which Miss Compton-Burnett gives to her novel.

C.G.

A Legend of the Lebanon

by ALAN NEAME

ONCE when the Mother of God
was on her way to Antioch
To preside at a primitive session
of the Catholic Women's League,

Reaching the halfway point
she gazed at the mountains of Lebanon
And sighed with a veteran's fatigue:
"I should like a house up there."

Weary of women's work
weary of taking the chair
Weary of General Councils
and procedural intrigue

Weary of Church finance
agenda, motions and minutes,
She sighed for a one-room cottage
overlooking the Great See,

Sighed for a one-room cottage
Where she could be free to think
Of thirty-three strange years
and watch the sun sink.

But after Antioch, back
to Beyrouth, Sidon and Tyre,
Foundation-stone and reception
or fund-raising bazaar;

Samaria and Jerusalem:
  " Our very distinguished speaker . . ."
" Many of you will remember . . ."
  discussions with S. Peter,

Memoirs to be dictated
  and sittings twice a week
For her portrait in twenty
  different manners by S. Luke.

And even after the Assumption
  at the age of sixty-three
Coopted perpetual president
  of Heaven's bureaucracy:

Instructions to the Church Fathers
  messages to the Pope
Visits of State to Walsingham,
  Czestochova, Guadeloupe;

Her wardrobe dispersed:
  Her hat to Apulia,
Her girdle to Ephesus;
  and distracting hyperdulia

Everywhere. Even her own house
  On Mount Zion sequestrated,
Flown piecemeal to Loretto
  and unrecognisably renovated;

Not until she had had to
  organise a pilgrimage to Lourdes
And another to Fatima
  did Her Son Our Lord
Give her a seaside basilica
  at Harissa as overdue reward.

LETTERS

MAJOR-GENERAL FULLER AND THE WAR

To the Editor of *The European*

Sir,

In twelve pages of *A Military History of the Western World** (Vol. III, pp. 364-376), Major-General J. F. C. Fuller has summed up the origins of World War II, and what is even more remarkable, he has been able to get it published in the U.S.A. and distributed to many public libraries here. The summary is in the form of a page-long report by Count Jerzy Potocki (Polish Ambassador to Washington in 1939) to the Polish Foreign Office. It shows how Roosevelt, Felix Frankfurter, Morgenthau, and others, whipped up enough hatred in the U.S. to divert attention from internal problems, and " . . . by creating a war-panic . . ." (III, p. 373). This is strong-arm stuff, but Fuller on the Atlantic Charter fraud is even better: " Had it been adhered to, it would have been impossible to implement; as it happened, all it did was to delude the world. Nevertheless, until it was scrapped at the Teheran Conference, it was first-class propaganda, and probably the biggest hoax in history " (III, p. 453).

These passages are by no means the sole merit of these volumes, but it seems likely that the last 400 pages of Volume III will be read a hundred years hence as real, unexpurgated history. The ' Historical Black-out ' has, inexplicably, let through a chink of light, and the wardens have missed it.—Yours,

Boston, Mass. OMAR TUCKER.

* Funk and Wagnalls, New York, $18.

EDWARD I AND THE JEWS

To the Editor of *The European*

Sir,

It is a fallacy to assume, as Alan Neame would appear to do, that between their expulsion by Edward I in 1290 and the Resettlement of 1656 there were no Jews in England. They began coming here in early Tudor times, shortly after their expulsion from Spain in 1492, settling chiefly in Bristol (where the congregation was sufficiently large to necessitate a secret synagogue) and London. In Queen Elizabeth the First's reign there was a prosperous colony of nearly 100 in London alone.

A typical settler was Gonsalvo Anes, who arrived from Lisbon in 1542, adopted the English name of Dunstan, and became a rich merchant and a Liveryman of the Grocers Company. His son-in-law was the famous Roderigo Lopes, who became a surgeon at St. Bartholomews and later confessed (after torture) to planning the poisoning of the Queen for Spanish gold. He was executed at Tyburn amid scenes of public rejoicing, and is generally believed to have been the "original" of Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, and also of Shylock.

Yours, etc.,

D. J. IBBERSON.

9 Brady Street, London, E.1.

Next month in

The EUROPEAN

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by

JOHN HAYLOCK

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