THE EUROPEAN

THE JOURNAL OF OPPOSITION

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POETRY IN THE FIRST HALF OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY by ***PETER WHIGHAM***

ANALYSIS by ***EUROPEAN***

Race riots in Notting Hill examined in relation to Mosley's policy and record.

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ANALYSIS

SAY it again, but be ruder the second time, was the advice of John Bright when assailed by a flood of mendacious abuse, which entirely misrepresented his position. This is a principle on which Sir Oswald Mosley has always acted, and will again on this occasion. But the quarrel is with the Government and the Establishment, not with the negro.

It is well therefore to be clear concerning what he said on the racial issues which have excited so much comment since the Nottingham and Notting Hill incidents. These principles have been declared for years past; they are no invention of a transient expediency. They are:

1. It was a great error ever to admit these coloured immigrants to Britain.
2. They should be returned immediately to their homeland.
3. The sugar industry of Jamaica should be restored by action of British Government, as it was previously ruined by action of British Government.
4. The immigrants are the victims of this ruin of their homeland, and should be treated with every sympathy and given a fair chance to find a job at home.

From this it follows not only that there should be no violence against them, but no trace of *bullying* or hostility. Those who are criminal among them should be treated by a rigorous enforcement of the ordinary criminal law; in this matter also the Government have failed in their duty.

This has been the theme for years past of all Sir Oswald Mosley's speeches on the subject, and has been the whole substance of Union Movement's policy. Anyone who denies this can be proved from

long published facts to be a plain liar, seeking to meet with falsehood and distortion a case which he cannot meet with argument. Into this category falls a large proportion of the popular Press of Great Britain, and their proprietors. They prefer to tell direct lies concerning Mosley's attitude on this minor question to answering the major policy described in his book *Europe: Faith and Plan,* whose suppression they have just failed to organise by a complete publicity boycott.

Are we always to retire when electorate agrees?

An honourable exception was the *Times* newspaper which in a detailed on the spot examination of the Notting Hill situation in the issue of September 8th made it absolutely clear that Union Movement had in no way incited to violence against the coloured population, and referred to *Action's* "consistent and laborious fairness toward the negro." The *Times* and the *Times Literary Supplement* had also previously reviewed at length Mosley's real policy described in his recent book.

The only suggestion made against Union Movement by the fair and the serious is that they are seeking advantage for themselves by fishing in troubled waters with the bait of a popular policy. But an active branch of Union Movement has functioned for years in the Kensington area, and has continually declared this policy as a very minor part of the general policy of the Movement. Is it contended that a party should always and immediately close down directly practical experience proves its policy to be true with the result that it becomes popular? Could any hysteria of prejudice and failure go further than this nonsensical demand of our old party rulers, press-lords and money masters? On the contrary, Union Movement will take the very first opportunity of testing the vote of the electorate on this issue in this area. We have fought local elections in this area before with a fair result, and we shall certainly fight elections there again.

Union Movement has been organised for years past in this constituency and in other constituencies of completely different character, for one purpose alone: to enable the British people to express their will by their votes when they resolve on change. This time they began, as the result of practical experience, to want a small change. Before long they will want a bigger change as a result of a wider experience of greater issues. On all such occasions we shall

be there to see the British people get the chance to express their opinion and to exert their will. The degree of the lie and the volume of the abuse which now greet us is merely the measure of the panic among the parties and interests whose long record of failure and betrayal is now approaching its inevitable end.

The "Teddy boy" movement.

What then is the Teddy boy movement as a whole, apart from the criminal elements which the false values and increasing hysteria of a disintegrating civilisation provide in ample measure for all strata of society? Apart from the criminal and violent minority, is it on the whole a deplorable or a hopeful phenomenon? We have no hesitation in giving an answer in the latter sense. It is vital and, in comparison with many of its critics, also virile, which is what youth should be. It has been subject to much misrepresentation and ignorant, prejudiced abuse, which is merely evidence that its members have life and character. Some of those who have suffered the worst abuse as "Teddy leaders" have also high intelligence. It would indeed be interesting to compare their educational qualifications in mathematics, science, languages modern and ancient, with the intellectual attainments of some of the little ink-squirts who have denounced them as illiterate, sub-human apes.

Their reactions are mostly the normal, healthy reactions of vigorous young men. They do not regard the spectacle of white women being paraded half-naked by black pimps with the tolerant, disinterested amusement which is more appropriate to the sexual habits of considerable sections of the Foreign Office and the misnamed intellectual Press. Still less as young workers approaching the labour market for the first time do they regard with equanimity the now almost open boasting of the money-masters that the black immigrants form a useful pool of cheap, increasingly unemployed labour which is essential to keep white labour in its proper place. It is very wrong to react against these things with violence, but it is very right to react with a political agitation to get rid of the Government which permits them.

Both in these relatively small and really large issues they are in fundamental revolt against the corrupt and finally destructive values of a rotten society. What is vitally important is to give them the legitimate outlet of a law-abiding movement which is determined to secure the revolutionary changes which are necessary by the legal

and constitutional means of persuading their fellow countrymen to vote for them. The best place for a Teddy Boy is in a serious political movement. There he can give his energies to a work on the streets and in the homes of the people which brings practical results, and many of these young men thus give splendid service with exemplary conduct. They are quickly taught that street rioting is reserved for the dear young gentlemen at our major universities, who on frequnet occasions of public festivals are apparently free and licensed to knock off as many policemen's helmets, and break as many windows as they like to express the full charm of their youthful exuberance amid the indulgent, paternal smiles of Fleet Street. The young worker on the other hand in the coming period will need the seriousness, self-control and self-discipline of an Ironside, Cromwellian soldier in order to persuade his generation to move without selfdefeating violence to the attainment of a new and higher form of civilisation. Union Movement obeys the law not to organise as an army, but it has the spirit of an army and not of a mob.

The great issues involved.

The great issues involved were dealt with at length in Mosley's recently published book; *Europe: Faith and Plan*, which is now being translated into all the main European languages. In brief and crudest summary his position is the following:

1. The complete union of all the European peoples in Europe a Nation is now necessary to their survival as well as to the attainment of a higher form of life.
2. For this purpose we require the economic organisation of Europe-Africa by methods which are described in detail.
3. The best way to meet the coloured problem in Africa is to divide the area of that near empty continent into room for the development of two separate nations, black and white.
4. We should not only permit but encourage the negro colonies to participate in the creation of the independent black nation.
5. We have derived benefit from these black colonies in the past which we have more than repaid with the vital energies that British people have devoted to their service.
6. To-day these black colonies are nothing but a burden to us, because they require funds for their development which we urgently need for such things as the housing of the British

people, the re-equipment of British industry and the urgent development of our new European and white-African civilisation.

7. Therefore let the Americans employ their surplus of cash, and emotional desire to interfere in the affairs of others, for the development of these black areas.
8. Asia has still less interest for the European peoples. We should certainly not fight the Soviets about Asia. On the contrary the final settlement will probably be: The Soviets have most of Asia; we have all Europe.
9. It is insanity to pour money the British people urgently need into the capital equipment of countries which will inevitably fall into Soviet hands, unless we are prepared to fight a world war to prevent the political victory of communism among primitive, Asiatic peoples; e.g. the enormous sums spent in repaying to India the Sterling Balances, which represented goods sent to us during the war as part of a common war effort, and the still more outrageous suggestion now to make India a large loan. All this is money-masters' policy which makes undue profit by balancing the financial see-saw between the once exploited colonies and the presently exploited British people.
10. The only policy which matters is the making of Europe a Nation within an area of Europe and white Africa large enough to contain both its own raw materials and its own market. Within an area large enough to be insulated from world chaos and the financial control of the world money masters we can progressively raise wages and salaries as science increases the power to produce, so that at last our own European people can have the means to consume and to enjoy their own production.

Many other subjects are discussed in this book, ranging from a new system of government, combining the need for action with the right of liberty, to a consideration of the age-old trend of European philosophy and metaphysic in the modern, simplified, practical terms of a secular creed of life. You may disagree or agree, but, if you dismiss all this with the crude lie that it is an incitement to violence in Notting Hill, you are either a fool or a knave. You are, in short, a press-lord or the pillar of an establishment which is crumbling to collapse beneath the ever increasing load of its now well proven futility and ever more manifest corruption.

EUROPEAN

WELFARE STATE SOCIALISM: HAS IT A FUTURE?

by ROBERT ROW

TALK of a general election is in the air. Who will win it? Will it be the Conservatives again? Or the until-recently much fancied Labour Party? The latter stand for a programme of social advancement loosely called the "welfare state"; they are the leading exponents of "welfare state socialism." If they gained power, would they be able to carry on with their programme? Or are conditions arising now to make that programme untenable?

This question is far more important to the people as a whole than to the Labour Party itself. During the thirteen years of prosperity since the war they have become accustomed to thinking in terms of the welfare state. It is taken for granted as part of the natural order of things. A large majority believe it is here to stay. But the welfare state depends entirely on whether world conditions make it possible to maintain it, and those conditions can change fundamentally.

How was it started in the first place? The post-war Labour Government financed it in a number of ways:

(a) by spending the post-war American and Canadian loan (worth £950 million) and through Marshall Aid (Britain received approximately £1,000 million of this);

(b) by selling the produce of Commonwealth primary-producing countries through state marketing boards, then exploiting the temporary high world prices of those commodities, putting dollars received into London hands and giving sterling balances instead;

(c) by heavy taxation at home;

(d) through financing the nationalised industries by some directly inflationary devices, thus launching a big wage-inflation.

In addition, Britain immediately after the war was able to enjoy a unique export position, while the war-ravaged world needed

goods and our main trade rivals were temporarily out of the picture. This helped considerably to ease conditions in Britain.

What is the position today?

(a) The big dollar loan was spent long ago. Mr. Dalton, Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1945 to 1947, gaily remarked in his memoirs: "We literally smoked the American Loan away." He was speaking the truth. Around £830 million of it went in 14 months. Marshall Aid is also at an end. Other dollar aid is virtually over, so far as Britain is concerned. Even dollar aid in general is being cut down: despite President Eisenhower's most earnest pleas his request for $3,950 million this year has been slashed by $872 million by the House Appropriations Committee.

(b) Commonwealth primary producers no longer command the high prices of the immediate post-war years. From December 1956, when prices were at the "Suez peak", until February of this year, the *Financial Times* index of sensitive commodity prices fell by over 13%. Commonwealth countries, still largely dependent on their raw materials production, are being forced to draw on their sterling balances in London, rather than bolster up the welfare state.

(c) Britain is heavily over-taxed.

(d) It has been the policy of British government since the war to finance the nationalised industries by inflationary devices. The wage demands of the big export industries (such as cars) have also not been seriously resisted. Weak government's main concern was to preserve peace and quiet in industries on which it depended for its export output. But any further inflation at home will drive Britain further out of export markets than it has done in the past. Our share of world trade in manufactures fell from 25.6% in 1950 to 18.3% in 1957, and is about 19% today: Germany's rose from 7.3% to 16.6%. Industrial inflation has undoubtedly played an important part in this amazing decline.

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Therefore, if dollar aid is very uncertain in the future, if Commonwealth commodity prices are a source of weakness and not of strength (while temporarily helping the balance of payments) and if taxation has reached the limit, welfare state socialism in future must depend on Britain's ability to compete on world markets in face of rising competition. How many people realise this?

Leaving aside all question of recession, how can the welfare state be supported on accustomed lines when industrial inflation has so reduced Britain's share of world export trade? Yet inflation is the admitted Labour Party method. Even if things get no worse than they have done in recent years, how could a Labour Government fulfil its election pledges by resorting to its traditional and accepted method?

It must be remembered that the burden of the welfare state has grown enormously since its inception. For example, as Minister of Health, Mr. Aneurin Bevan estimated the health bill would cost £352 million for its first full year (1949/50); its actual cost was £436 million. The estimate for 1958/59 is £604 million (gross figures in each case).

The welfare bill has been growing larger all the time that the ability to foot the bill has been getting progressively less.

All the signs point to Britain's ability getting much less. Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, former Chancellor of the Exchequer, emphasised three points in his resignation speech from office: that Britain has not the means simultaneously to maintain adequate defences, find investment for developing the Commonwealth as it should be developed, and maintaining the welfare state.

The Left-wing has a quick answer: cut defences. That would enable it to build more hospitals and hand out free false teeth, but it would also make Britain defenceless in face of Soviet Russia. False teeth would be of little use if the country had to endure a starvation diet under Soviet occupation, and the new hospitals would soon be full of the victims of another Budapest if Englishmen rose against such an intolerable life.

So we are back to a Britain which must remain armed until science finds the means for full, effective inspection to make disarmament safe. Yet how can the welfare state be maintained in face of the economic trend of events?

Britain's position depends on world trade. This is shrinking. Mr. Adlai Stevenson, American Democratic leader, went so far as to say that world trade was

> "...tottering, and needs only a few more chance knocks to make it founder completely"

while addressing the University of Louisville towards the end of May last.

He continued:

"The old self-regulating system of international trading and investment that Americans have so long taken for granted is in its last stages. We are heading for a new crisis, one no less dire than the crisis of 1947, and no less certain to lead to catastrophe unless we act in time."

Mr. Harold Wincott, assistant editor of the *Financial Times*, writing on June 1 last said:

"A Wall Street broker told a London audience last week that he believes the New York Stock Exchange is embarking on the last phase of the boom which began in 1942."

This was the boom which the last world war brought with it, and which has been prolonged by the additional Korean War boom starting in 1950 and the rearmament which Soviet pressure imposed.

Mr. Andrew Shonfield, economic editor of *The Observer*, showed on June 29 last how that boom worked out:

"The main trouble is the steadily increasing amount of new industrial plant and machinery which is not finding full employment. This is particularly evident in the United States, where even at the height of the boom last year there was a great deal of spare capacity standing idle in the factories. There has for some time past been an increasing gap between available capacity for making manufactured goods and the effective demand for them."

That is the crux of the problem; Sir Oswald Mosley has repeatedly warned against it. The last world war temporarily solved the problem of what to do with the vast output of which modern industry is capable: for six years it went up in smoke. Post-war replacement and the Korean War boom kept things busy after 1945; the optimism engendered by that entirely artificial state of things encouraged enormous investment in new plant and machinery. Today, as demand is becoming satisfied, the new plant is lying idle. There is not enough demand under the present system as things return to "normal".

Shonfield comments:

"Among the various things which influence business-men to

spend more or less, the sight of expensive machinery lying idle is pretty potent."

Once some sections of production start cutting activity, the effect soon spreads to others. Today we have a big recession in world commodity prices. Britain, as one of the biggest raw material importers, has benefitted in the short term from cheaper prices. In the long term, as *The Times* remarked on June 4 last:

> "The countries from whom the raw materials and food are imported have less money to buy manufactured goods, and less inducement to go in for further capital development of their resources, which is another source of demand from manufacturing countries."

So world exports of manufactured goods are bound to be hit. British exports are certain to suffer. The Treasury, in its *Bulletin For Industry* published in May, said the steady growth of actual British exports had come to an end.

Between 1955 and 1956 the volume of exports increased by 6%. Between 1956 and 1957 it increased by 2% The figure for the last quarter of 1957 was barely level, and in the first quarter of 1958 it was slightly lower.

So both Britain's actual exports and Britain's share of world trade are in decline.

Mr. Gaitskell has complained that Britain could do better if unused industrial capacity were put to work. There is an additional reason to the fundamental one just stated why this cannot be done: the crucial balance of payments.

Any steps to increase production would mean higher imports (the present "boom" is being achieved by keeping down import costs). Increased import costs would weaken the gold and dollar reserves, which are being carefully husbanded, and for a very good reason. The Sterling Area's reserves stand today at $3,039 million (the May figure) and they cover only 25% of the year's imports. They would be swallowed up by 3 months' imports for Britain alone if everything had to be paid for in dollars. That is the reason why no British Government dare increase the import bill considerably at a time when the export war is getting fiercer. They prefer to see British plant and workers unemployed.

It must also be remembered that the $3,039 million has been achieved, not so much by trade as by knocking down colonial assets

to the Americans (such as Trinidad Oil), by gaining postponement of interest payments on the American and Canadian loan, and by borrowing $560 million from the International Monetary Fund. The $3,039 million should have about $800 million deducted from it to get Britain's true position.

Further, newly-freed ex-colonies such as Ghana and Malaya are drawing on their sterling balances. They might start pressing to have some of them in dollars instead. They have a strong case: both have contributed prominently since the war towards bringing much-needed dollars into the Sterling Area pool.

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This is the position during the period before the full effect of low commodity prices tells on the Commonwealth markets, and before the full effect of the American depression is felt. What will happen to British exports when the effect of both reaches this country? What will happen to the welfare state?

But perhaps the Labour Party itself has an answer (apart from the Left-wing policy of slash arms and trust Russia). Since losing the 1951 election their theoreticians have had time to do some thinking.

Let us examine Mr. Harold Wilson's proposals over some years. He is Chancellor-designate in the Labour shadow cabinet: how would he maintain welfare state socialism?

In March 1952 he showed what he had in mind. He gave a talk on the BBC, and was reported by *The Listener*:

> "America..... has still to learn the full duties of a creditor nation. In the nineteenth century Britain was the creditor nation: we recognised our responsibilities in two ways. We kept an open door, in the shape of free trade, to the products of the rest of the world, and we invested capital abroad on a prodigious scale, without always seeking the security that it would be repaid."

This, as Oswald Mosley oberved in *The European* for May 1953, is the purest doctrine of old world capitalism, now the big hope of old world socialism. Mr. Wilson, Labour's leading thinker, simply wants to restore nineteenth century capitalism (against which early Labour pioneers fought so bitterly) and he wants America to take Britain's place as chief moneylender to the world, to become the main prop of the welfare state. If America would undertake

this role on a big enough scale, world trade would flow again, Britain could participate and the welfare state would be spared.

So far so good, in theory. But Mr. Wilson wants to spare more than the British welfare state: he wants America to finance by this means a welfare state of world-wide proportions, to judge by his "War On Want" of 1952. In that document he urged Britain and America to be

> "...resolved now to address ourselves to the immense task of helping to raise the living standards of about fifteen hundred millions of our fellow men."

He wanted this doing to such an extent that

> "Precious metals, rare key workers, scarce capital goods which on a short view we should have preferred to turn to our own account, will have to be shared with others in the name of fair shares for all."

But everything depends on America.

Mr. Harold Macmillan also looks to America to keep world trade moving. During his recent visit to America and Canada he stressed the importance of "inter-dependence". Yet no sooner had he appeared with the President at a "jaunty" press conference, and returned to Westminster to the plaudits of press and Parliament, than the American Congress proceeded to cut dollar aid appropriations severely.

If that is the handiwork of the pro-American and half-American Macmillan, how can Wilson do any better, particularly as the friend and colleague of the anti-American Bevan?

In addition to writing policy pamphlets officially for the Labour Party, Mr. Wilson has also written several newspaper articles privately. One in the *Manchester Guardian* of April 8 last was entitled "Getting On Better With China." He advocated closer and warmer Anglo-Chinese relations. That is a view that generally acts on America as a red rag on a bull.

Again, in the *Sunday Express* of March 16 last, he wrote an article praising China and demanding more trade with China. Its title was "We Must Not Snub 600 Million Customers." But America can snub them; and since Red China is clearly destined for a leading position in the Wilson world-wide welfare state, Labour's thinker looks like being snubbed too. If he thinks America is likely to finance her most bitter enemy in Asia Mr. Wilson should start thinking again.

It is incredible that solemn policy statements should be issued in this way, promising heaven on earth, which are based on such very unlikely contingencies as that America will finance communism throughout Asia. Yet the Labour Chancellor-designate does not hesitate to wrap up the fate of the British welfare state with that of the communist world: a certain way to ensure the dollars do not arrive.

Mr. Wilson is also credited with much of the thinking behind the Labour Party's new policy publication "Plan For Progress", which is to be submitted for general approval at the party conference in October.

The emphasis now is on greater investment to bring greater production, and so create the conditions in which the welfare state can flourish:

> "First and foremost, we must turn our attention towards investment, for a high level of investment is central to our hopes of achieving expansion;" and "The first task of the next Labour Government is, therefore, to raise and then maintain the level of investment in industry."

But why talk of greater investment and greater production when there is no mention of greater markets to absorb that production? The immediate problem today is to absorb the productive capacity already brought into existence by the high rate of investment in recent years. If adequate markets do not exist to absorb any further production, then more investment will only intensify the problem.

No new ideas on finding these markets appear to have struck Mr. Wilson and his fellow policy-makers in the seven years since they were last in power. "Plan For Progress" speaks vaguely of expanding exports, yet admits:

> "Since 1951, our exports have risen less than those of any other country in Western Europe except Portugal. In a period of unparalleled expansion in world trade we have been losing markets, even within the Commonwealth, to the Germans and other competitors."

This is partly explained by the information that

> "Other nations are putting a far higher share of their national resources into investment than we are. In 1956 we spent only

15% of our national income on all forms of investment. In the same year the Netherlands spent 25%; Germany 23%; Italy 20% and France 17%."

That is simply another way of saying that there is greater competition for the existing markets of the world; these are now shrinking. Other countries are making greater efforts to win the markets that already exist: none attempts to create new markets. The remedy put forward by "Plan For Progress" is that Britain should fight more furiously for those shrinking markets:

"The possibility must be faced that we shall inherit a situation in which the economy is not merely stagnant, but seriously depressed. If this should be the case, then incentives to industrial investment would have to be used much more vigorously."

Behind it all is the growing threat of world depression, which would make world markets shrink still more disastrously:

"One threat to full employment today is the possibility of a world slump arising out of the present American recession."

Does "Plan For Progress" suggest anything beyond the dogfight for contracting world trade? Back comes the answer: Mr. Wilson's first love, more trade with Communist countries. "Plan For Progress" goes on:

"We shall seek to reduce barriers in the way of greater East-West trade. Recent Soviet technical achievements have robbed strategic restrictions of much of their original justification. Indeed, the Soviet Union and China have recently been exporting goods on the strategic lists such as heavy machine tools and strategic metals. Whilst we lose trade, the main effect on countries of the Communist bloc is simply that they expand their strategic industries."

The reader should pause over this really extraordinary statement: it is a prime example of the muddle that exists in leading Labour minds. Mr. Wilson wants to break through the barriers and have more East-West trade, in order to get away from a threatening world depression which he sees facing the West. Yet in the same breath he says that the Soviet Union and China have become heavy exporters themselves. Their own system is making them formidable industrial rivals in spite of the trade ban imposed by the West.

Is the final hope now that the British welfare state shall exist through the goodwill and kind offices of Soviet Russia and Red China? Are those regimes going to promote an easy time for the British people when that is precisely what they deny to their own people? Strange dreams and illusions must indeed surround Mr. Wilson and his planners if they seriously believe this, after a lifetime of study of the Marxian ideology.

If they do believe it, there is plenty of evidence that communism has other plans. Mr. Khrushchev talked grandly of placing a "shopping-list" worth £1,000 million with British industry when he visited this country in 1956. Half of this list was not banned by any restrictions. Since then Russia has been taking an annual total of £37 million of British goods, about 1% of British exports. If China and other Iron Curtain countries are included, the total rises to only 2% of British exports.

There is a still more ominous picture. Oswald Mosley has long warned that Russia is out to break the markets of the West by a deliberate campaign of selling below Western prices. This is being brought out in their dumping of certain metals. On July 16 last the *Evening Standard* reported:

> "In the USA they are offering aluminium at substantially below current values. They are doing the same here. The UK quote for aluminium is £180 a ton. The Russians are offering it for around £170. This is rattling the Canadian producers, who are our biggest suppliers.
>
> "Platinum is another metal the Russians are dumping. On the Continent they are selling it for £3 an ounce below the market price of £25. Also on their cut-price selling list just now is tin. Round Europe they are offering it at £10 to £20 a ton under the London Metal Exchange price of £730 5s."

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So welfare state socialism looks like becoming a withered bloom in the stormy future ahead. The fact is the Russians won't play, the Americans won't pay, and the welfare state depends on how Britain fares in the struggle to export. It is clear that that struggle is going to be grim.

Yet why should life be ruled by the export theory? Why should prosperity be judged by the amount and value of goods of which

we divest ourselves, in order that others may enjoy them, and not by the amount of goods we enjoy ourselves? Once Britain rejects this out-of-date nonsense and moves into a system where exports are no longer necessary (because it is self-contained in all essentials) then life indeed can be transformed.

This can be done by joining Europe and developing Africa. European industrial power is potentially greater either than Russia's or America's: Africa is potentially one of the great sources of supply. Both can be brought into actual existence through the deliberate creation of demand, a great market within Europe-Africa, based on high purchasing-power of the peoples of that area, which should be one of the main purposes of a dynamic European Government.

The planned creation of a great market by raising the purchasing power of the people as science increases the power to produce would not only solve the West's industrial problem, the threat of slump, so giving Marx his answer: it would also be an incentive to the industrialist to expand his plant, thus expanding production of wealth, which again will be consumed in an ever-widening scientific market system.

Other things are possible, using the technique of the Wage-Price Mechanism. Incentives to primary producers, in high prices for their food and raw materials. Planned investment in Africa, also in under-developed Southern Europe, to raise the standard of life level with that of Northern Europe. Deliberate action by Government to give the scientist and skilled worker the special reward and differential to which their ability and responsibility make them entitled. All these things will be possible through a Wage-Price Mechanism in the hands of European Government. Its market technique is the basis of all.

Then indeed health and other social services can be highly efficient, yet represent a light burden on a Europe with a much higher living standard than at present; even then such services must be contributory and self-financing, never the hand-out system of waste which is a dragging burden on the taxpayer. Once the question of markets is settled these things become easy.

A higher type of welfare state can come, with a rising standard of life within the area of Europe-Africa, and reward according to service and ability, led by a scientific European Government.

THE VALUES OF EUROPE

by J. MUNFORD

RECENT years have seen the birth of the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation, of the Council of Europe, the European Coal and Steel Community, the Common Market, and Euratom. There has been a corresponding growth of European thought, but there is a wide difference of opinion among thinkers as to what it is that is characteristically European. Of three books recommended by the *Association des Instituts d'Etudes Européennes* as being "European", one, John Bowles's *The Unity of European History*, maintains that it is Democracy, a second, Christopher Dawson's *Understanding Europe*, that it is the Roman Catholic Church, a third, André Siegfried's *The Character of Peoples*, that it is "Knowledge, Man, and Technique." Moeller van den Bruck believed that "the more he was a German, the more he was a European." Other writers have said that it is Optimism, or Materialism, that is characteristically European. In view of these widely differing opinions, I think it is worthwhile to try and define, not merely one but as many as possible of the European values.

There is the individualism of Europe, which contrasts with the uniformity of Eastern civilizations. Hinduism and Buddhism abandon the idea, for example, of any individual survival after death: in a Hindu or Buddhist temple one would not expect to see memorials to individual worshippers. Asian ideas of Reincarnation discount the worth of any individual life.

The belief of 150 million Americans in the American Way of Life contrasts with the diversity of individual opinion in Europe, and the drab uniformity of 600 million Chinese, all dressed in the official — recommended uniform, would be unthinkable in Europe. (The contrast between the "grey uniformity of the West" and "the colourful East" would seem to contradict this; in fact, it is remarkable that a much more thorough Industrial Revolution than that through which China has passed, has left the West with as much

colour as it has). In the political sphere, Democracy, which, according to the European Convention on Human Rights, means "the enjoyment by all persons... of human rights and fundamental freedoms," is completely European in origin, and this contrasts with the Asian tyrannies of Genghis Khan and Stalin; though it should not be forgotten that the slavery of Ancient Greece and the despotisms of Renaissance Italy are also part of that inheritance. Nazi totalitarianism claimed to be defending European values. So liberal Democracy is not the only form of government that can be called European.

As a matter of fact the Renaissance saw the rebirth of individualism in other fields, particularly that of the arts; and the Italian despotisms were on nothing like the immense, dehumanized scale of Asia. In some ways, too, the Nazi Leadership principle gave more weight to the individual than does bureaucratic democracy, and government by committee. The Leadership principle means that one individual is made responsible for each task. The Nazi maintained that it was as absurd to expect a committee to run a country as to expect a committe to write a poem. "Individualist" adequately describes the form of government that is specifically European, where as "democratic" does not.

There is a quality linked to the individualism of Europe, that can be called its humanity, its respect for human life. The climate of Europe, in contrast with that of the great civilizations of the East, and that of America, is temperate, with extremes neither of hot nor cold. Great earthquakes, floods, and famines are rare in European history. This kindness of the elements has been returned. Capital punishment, even for murder, has been abolished in many European countries. In Communist China, between 1949 and 1953, nearly a million political opponents of the regime were liquidated; 6,000,000 Russians died in Stalin's battle for collectivization. (It is sometimes said that Europe produced large-scale murders quite as bad as this in Germany's massacres of the Jews; on the other hand, apart from the fact that in certain cases the figures produced at Nuremberg are said to have been grossly exaggerated, it should be remembered that the circumstances of Germany in 1945 were very different from those of the red massacres).

The relatively higher value put on human life in the West is not a purely modern phenomenon. In 1194 the Count of Champagne was journeying in Armenia, and was met by the Grand Master of

the Assassins, who accompanied him to one of his castles. On each of the turrets stood a sentry, who, at a sign from the Grand Master, threw themselves down to their deaths. The Count was horrified, and readily admitted the superior devotion of the Grand Master's servants to that of his own.

Only in the sphere of science and material achievement can it be decisively shown that Western civilization is superior to that of the East. It is true that this has not always been so, and that in the Middle Ages Western science lagged behind that of other cultures, particularly that of the Arabs. For this reason, Denis de Rougemont goes so far as to call the Middle Ages the "Eastern period" of Western culture. But even the Middle Ages saw the notable discovery of gunpowder, although the Chinese also discovered it. Eastern and Western thought is really interested in different things: the Easterner sees life on earth as wretched and of little value, so he concentrates on the eternal; the Westerner sees life on earth as wretched, and for that very reason he feels the need to make it better. To the Greeks there was only a grey, impersonal existence after death; so that each Greek wished to do something which would make his name known and honoured by posterity; for, in the words of Euripides, "this gratitude has long to run." Western science begins with Hippocrates and Pythagoras.

The Christian is promised life after death, but this European value of the material also finds expression in Christianity, the central dogma of which is the Incarnation, in other words, the making concrete of the abstract. Christ was the god who became a man, the Buddha the man who became a god. The Westerner tries to square the circle; the Easterner to make the square into a circle. The Easterner is a pessimist as far as this life is concerned, the Westerner is an optimist, who believes in material progress.

Then there is the empiricism of European thought, and it is this quality, testing new hypotheses until it is seen in what respects they are wrong, that has been responsible for the success of modern Western science: but fearless experiment has always distinguished Western endeavour, both in the material and spiritual fields. Moeller van den Bruck, the author of *Das Dritte Reich*, who once thought of writing a vast encyclopaedia of European values, was right when he said, in disagreement with Marx: "Men set themselves only such tasks as they cannot fulfil... The essence of Utopia is that it is never realized. The essence of Christian hope is that it is never fulfilled."

Columbus did not set out to find America, but the Indies. Hindu thought has always asserted that the earth is millions of years old, but Archbishop Ussher declared that it had been created in the year 4004 B.C. Such an assertion encouraged correction, where the Hindu estimate was vague enough to satisfy everyone. It seems possible that as a result of the mistakes made by fascism, which was nationalistic, racialist, and totalitarian, a new Europeanism will be born. It is true that European empiricism may defeat its own objects: Hellas was wrecked by internecine wars, the immediate effect of Ussher's pronouncement was doubtless to stifle scientific enquiry, nationalism almost succeeded in wrecking Europe; but even from these mistakes we can learn better. Faust is the symbolic figure of experimenting and eternally aspiring Europe; and Faust was saved.

Linked to this there is the quality of eternal growth and expansion, which has spread Western civilization over the whole of the globe. This is rooted in geographical factors: namely, the proximity of almost every part of Europe to the sea, which has made Europeans seafaring peoples; and, secondly, the fact that Europe is situated in a temperate climatic zone. (China, Japan, India, are in the Southern Intermediate, or Sub-tropical zones). Europe has always had to trade with more Southerly regions, first for luxuries, and later for valuable raw materials. The Greeks, the Norsemen, and the British, have been three of the great seafaring peoples of Europe. But this quality of expansion not only accounts for the trading and colonising of the Europeans; it also characterises the religion of Europe, at its best a missionary, at its worst an intolerant one. Hinduism and Buddhism, and to a lesser extent Islam, are not proselytising or intolerant religions. For many years Hindu and Mohammedan lived peacefully together in India. The Hindu sees other religions as complementary, rather than hostile, to his own religion. Since St. Paul, Christianity has been a universal, missionary religion, in strong contrast to the Judaism from which it stemmed. The Crusades, and the post-Reformation wars of religion are as much part of the heritage of Europe as the missionary activity of the Early Church or of the Jesuits. The most important event of modern times, the expansion of Europe overseas from the 15th century onwards, was a result of the geographical factors mentioned above, and also of the proselytising impulse of the Christian church, which had been the contribution of Rome to Christianity.

Columbus is another of the symbolic figures of Europe, and stands for this quality of expansion.

There is the fundamental unity of Europe, and the intergrowth of its different parts. Racially, we are all Europeans. The only racially pure European peoples are the Scandinavians. There is Germanic blood in Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Italians, Celtic blood in Welshmen and Italians, Slavonic blood in Germans and Magyars. Sicily has been settled in turn by Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Arabs, and Germanic peoples. Culturally, not only great artists and composers, but also poets like Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe, belong as much to Europe as they do to Greece, Italy, England, and Germany. Germans are acknowledged to excel in music, Italians and French in painting, the English in poetry. Greek and Latin are both "European" languages, and there is a large stock of words common to all the national languages. Every European language, with the exception of Hungarian, Finnish, Esthonian, and Basque, has a common Indo-European origin, as have Persian and Urdu. Politically, a United Europe has been a reality under Rome, under Napoleon, and under Hitler. From the religious point of view, Christianity unites Europe. Turkey, it is true, is not a Christian country, and yet is a member of the Council of Europe. But only in modern times, and in self-defence, has Turkey been Europeanized; as for the Council of Europe, Spain and Portugal are not members, simply because of an unfashionable political set-up.

There has been diversity and freedom of thought in 20th century Europe; Conservatives, Socialists, Fascists, Communists, Catholics, Protestants, Existentialists; this contrasts with the relative uniformity of both American and Russian thought. (It may be argued that Russian uniformity is the result of pressure from above. Yet uniformity of thought has always marked Russia, Orthodox before it became Communist. Europeans make a mistake when they assume that the individualist form of government suited to Europe is necessarily the best one for the rest of the world). The diversity of outlook of Europe from one age to the next is also striking: from the Age of Enlightenment to the Age of Progress, to the Atomic Age, each age rejecting most of the values of the one before. But this diversity has also resulted in the political disunity of Europe, divided, mainly by language, into some forty states of a few million inhabitants each. (Language has never been a bar to the unity of the great Asian empires; nor was it to the unity of the

Roman Empire). The history of Europe is one of internecine wars. Diversity of opinion has often meant irresponsibility, many thinkers lacking all roots in Western civilization.

There is another quality of Europe, more elusive, and this is the dualism, if not the polarity, of Europe: the dualism of North and South, of Teuton and Latin peoples and of Protestantism and Catholicism. The dualism of East and West, of Greece and Rome, of Byzantium and Rome, of Orthodox and Catholic, of Slav and Teuton, of authority and liberty, of land and sea. The dualism of Zeus and Orpheus in Greek religion, of the Christian and Hellenic traditions, of Christ and Antichrist. The dualism of Classicism and Romanticism.

It is true that India has, or appears to have, a similar dualism: of North and South, Aryan and Dravidian, Muslim and Hindu, of the India that looks to the East and the India that looks to the West. But in India it has never been such an equal fight that the inescapable choice is between eternal conflict or synthesis. The history of Europe is, it is true, the story of conflict between Catholic and Protestan, Frenchman and German, Democrat and Fascist; but it is also the story of fruitful contact and synthesis in the sphere of trade, the arts and sciences, and overseas development. In Africa the white man is not called an Englishman, Frenchman, or Afrikaner, but a *European.* It may be as Spengler, Toynbee, and Barraclough would have us believe, that Europe has destroyed herself through her internecine conflict; that, as Barraclough puts it, the future history of Europe will be like the history of Greece under the Roman Empire. On the other hand, may there not be a chance of a new synthesis even beyond the conflict of our century?

MONORAIL: THE CHEAP ANSWER TO TRAFFIC JAMS

by MARTIN PRESTON

BRITAIN'S haphazardly-built cities are now the most congested in the world. Hundreds of thousands of people, many of them in vital jobs, face crushed, stuffy, hectic journeys in and out of the cities every day. Traffic congestion lowers commercial and industrial efficiency. No worker who arrives at his employment after an hour in the rat-race of an urban rush-hour can be in peak condition, and the congestion of the roads by passenger traffic and parked cars slows down industrial transportation and is a heavy hidden charge on the country's economy.

Passenger transportation differs in many respects from goods transportation; it is a special problem, requiring special solutions. The chief trouble is that passenger traffic is spasmodic. It is eyceedingly heavy for 90 minutes in the morning and 90 minutes in the evening, and light during the hours between. This means the whole weight of overhead costs has to be borne by the revenue collected during three hours of the day, unless the passenger system can share its overheads with a freight system using the same equipment (tracks, signals, engines etc.). The London tube, for example, which is highly efficient and is packed to capacity during rush-hours, nevertheless runs at a loss because it cannot carry freight. The first essential of any passenger transport system then, quite obviously, is that it should pay its way, and this it can only do either if it is integrated with a freight system, or has so many advantages over other forms of transport that passengers are prepared to pay high fares to cover high costs, or overhead costs themselves are low. Overheads can only be low if the system is cheap to build and maintain, and this is especially difficult as the intensive concentration of bricks and mortar and the high land values in our cities make the purchase of wayleave for a new passenger system prohibitive.

The other essentials of a passenger system are a high degree of adaptability — ability to vary carrying capacity greatly from hour to hour to cope with rush-hour and slack-hour traffic; speed and comfort to make the system competitive with the private motor; safety, for passenger transport must be foolproof when freight transport need not be; and lastly good looks, for this is the town planning age (in theory, at least!) and an ugly system would be intolerable.

Passengers can be carried in six ways; by road, on underground, conventional or overhead railways, on the water or in the air. Nothing in the way of road improvement can rapidly solve urban congestion. Our cities are too vast, too badly planned, have been neglected for too long, for even the most ambitious road improvement scheme to transform the situation — and such a scheme could only be carried out at vast expense both in construction and compensation payments.

American experience shows that new roads only attract more cars and create worse jams. The New Jersey turnpike already carries the amount of traffic estimated for 30 years hence. So, essential as road improvement is to the overall transport position, it cannot provide a quick, economical, yet satisfactory answer to passenger traffic congestion. Economics pure and simple rule out the possibility of underground railways as the solution. They cost up to £5 millions a mile to cut, even in London clay; and this figure would be much higher in the rocky strata which underlie many of our great cities. Conventional railways meet similar difficulties. Although they are less expensive than tubes, they are still very costly. The expense of demolishing buildings in our tightly-packed cities to lay many short urban railroads would be prohibitive, quite apart from construction costs. Combined with other high overhead costs (at present 80% of the costs of British Railways are incurred irrespective of the amount of traffic carried), such lines could not operate except stations already operate at such high pressure that it is unlikely they could handle extra traffic. The peculiar layout of London termini, due to historical reasons — the development of railways serving various parts of the country from London by different private companies — already throws the weight of much connecting traffic on the buses and tubes. Air travel, for some years at least, must be counted out as an answer to the problem. Only the helicopter is suitable for short hauls, and these are at present quite uneconomical and extremely

noisy. Water transport can be largely ruled out for the simple reason that few of our cities have suitable rivers in the right places. This leaves us with the sixth alternative — the overhead railway, or more precisely the modern monorail, which eliminates the vices of the ordinary overhead railway. This is the cheap answer to traffic jams.

The monorail is not a new idea. It was first proposed in England, in 1830. In the years that followed several experiments were made, but the only series which led to the establishment of a large-scale public monorail system were those conducted by a German engineer, Eugen Langen, in Köln-Deutz in 1893. His first idea was for a double-tracked suspended railway (similar railways have operated in New York, Chicago and other American cities for years, but are now being abandoned because of their noise and ugliness). But he gave up the double-track design in favour of single-track, which proved more satisfactory for cornering on tight curves.

The city of Wuppertal investigated Langen's experiments and decided to construct his monorail as a solution to the town's special transport problem. Wuppertal stands in a narrow valley through which flows the river Wupper. Buildings crowded upon one another, and combined with a difficult terrain, presented great difficulties to the construction of a conventional railway. The only space for a railway was above the winding course of the Wupper. And so Wuppertal became the first place in the world with a fully developed monorail system — in 1901. In 57 years of operation, during which it has carried over 300 million passengers, the system has only had one fatal accident. Today Wuppertal has 365,000 inhabitants, and although its monorail is old-fashioned compared with the alloy and concrete creations of modern transport planners, it is still responsible for one-fifth of public transportation in the city. The total length of the railway is eight miles, six of which are above the Wupper. There are 18 stops, each about half a mile apart, and the monorail climbs gradients as steep as 1 in 37 — many times the steepest gradient which any conventional railway can take.

The track consists of a single steel rail supported from above by a continuous lattice of girders. This framework is suspended above the river by latticed pylons thrusting out like stilts on each side at roughly 45 degrees, at 50 yard intervals, in an inverted V shape. Where the track runs above ground the supports thrust out

horizontally and then curve downwards, vertically, in an inverted U shape. The railcars, of metal construction, very similar to tramcars, each has a power unit and driving cab in the front, though usually two cars run linked as a 'train'. Each car seats 31, but with standing passengers the most modern cars carry up to 80. Each car is suspended from twin bogies whose steel wheels, fore and aft, run along the top of the rail. During the rush-hour, trains leave every three minutes, and for special occasions the time between trains can be reduced to 2½ minutes. The trains take 35 minutes to travel the route, at an average speed of 14 m.p.h. Their maximum speed is 38 m.p.h., but in practice the trains rarely exceed 25 m.p.h. between stops. On average, the monorail carries 58,000 passengers a day. The trains are electrically powered by a 600 volt D.C. supply.

An official of the Wuppertaler Stadtwerke commented as follows on the success of the Wuppertal monorail in the magazine of the German Engineers Association:

> "The experiences of 50 years running of the Schwebebahn in Wuppertal show that a monorail is wholly suited as a means of swift transport. A monorail built today with better technical knowledge could quite easily meet the demands for mass transport of an ordinary railway. In contrast to Wuppertal, where the carrying capacity..... limits the length of any train to only three carriages..... a structure could be so designed that eight or ten carriages could travel at a time..... at a top speed of up to 200 km.h. (125 m.p.h.)."

These speeds, he went on, could be reached without any undue uneasiness on the part of passengers, provided straight braking stretches were made before stations. The cost of maintaining modern concrete pylons would be negligible, whereas the Schwebebahn's steel pylons were expensive to maintain. Monorail was useful not only for urban traffic, but also for long distance travel, especially over hilly country, or across marshland or narrow strips of water, where the laying of a conventional permanent way would be very costly. The most difficult problem with monorail — a safe and efficient points system — had been solved in two satisfactory ways in Wuppertal, he stated.

So the monorail works, let there be no doubt about that. It is no fanciful creation. If a monorail which is now old-fashioned still functions well in Wuppertal, there is no reason why a modern monorail, designed by engineers with all the resources of modern

science and new materials, should not function even better in other places. In fact the monorail is now being considered by the Ministry of Transport as a possible answer to a special transport problem — moving air passengers from the heart of London out to the airport. At present this is a 45-minute coach journey from the West London air terminal — and to prove the delay this causes two *Daily Telegraph* special correspondents travelled from Fleet Street to Brussels recently by car and sea journey, and arrived sooner than they would have done by Viscount airliner, when the various delays were accounted for. Two kinds of monorail have been suggested for the airport route; one is sponsored by Air-Rail Ltd., the other by International Monorail Ltd.

The Air-Rail system would consist of a two-way track of two pre-stressed, pre-cast hollow concrete beams carried by supports 100 feet apart. The railcars would be cigar-shaped, 40 feet long, and made of magnesium alloy and plastic. They would travel astride the track, either singly or in trains of up to three cars. Each car would be capable of carrying 50 passengers and their baggage, and have a maximum speed of 250 m.p.h., though in practice they would probably travel at about 70 m.p.h. The Air-Rail plan is revolutionary in one respect — they have designed a car which would be able to run right off the rail when it reached London Airport, and drive across the airport like a bus. Each car would be diesel-powered. The track would run alongside or above existing Southern Railway line as far as Feltham, then strike across country to the airport. Its contruction cost would be about £500,000 a mile — far cheaper than conventional railway. Elegant from a town planning point of view, the system would also be noiseless, as the cars would run on pneumatic tyres. Peak carrying capacity would be 4,000 passengers an hour in each direction.

The International Monorail Company has suggested a system different in several respects. Their railcars would be the same sleek cigar shape, but bigger (60 passengers and their baggage) and built of stainless steel. Instead of riding astride the rail, they would be suspended beneath it, and the track itself would be of quite different construction. Instead of a concrete strip, it would consist of a hollow, continuous metal box. Each car would hang from two four-wheeled bogies running actually inside the box-rail, along its lower edges. A split in the centre-bottom of the box-rail would provide a passage for the suspension gear between the bogies and the car. The box-rail would be supported at 100-foot intervals

by concrete pylons, either T-shaped or gantry-type inverted-U pylons. The maximum speed on this system would be 75 m.p.h. — much slower than that possible on the Air-Rail system — but in practice the cars would travel at the same speed — about 70 m.p.h. "Trains" of almost any length could run; length would only be limited by length of platforms. The cost would be £800,000 a mile, assuming the vast cost of buying or leasing sites for the pylons would be avoided by what is called 'free wayleave.' This means the system would run above public roads, and pylon sites would be needed on few private pieces of land; street lamps, telegraph poles and other 'street furniture' would be incorporated in the monorail pylons. This system would also be silent-running, on pneumatic tyres, and its peak carrying capacity would be 4,800 passengers an hour in both directions — this is because International Monorail only envisage a single track on the airport route.

Both these schemes have been planned in considerable technical detail, and the respective companies are ready to start construction work as soon as the Ministry of Transport gives either of them the go-ahead. Both claim their systems could run economically; the journey would be much faster than by motor, and considerably faster than any conventional railway would allow.

These are not the only kinds of modern monorail. The Alweg Monorail Company — a Swedish concern — have already constructed and are operating an experimental stretch 2½ miles long near Köln in Germany, linking the suburb of Mülheim to the town of Leverkusen. If this is a success, more monorail is likely to go up in and around Köln. This monorail is similar to the Air-Rail scheme, with cars running astride a concete track at 26 m.p.h. Construction cost was £500,000 a mile. Mr. G. R. H. Nugent, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport, recently went for a ride on this monorail and reported on his return that he was "most impressed." Another experimental stretch, of similar type to the Wuppertal Schwebebahn, has been erected at Houston, Texas.

All monorails, experimental or projected, have certain common features, although they all differ considerably in technical respects. All are cheap to build; ranging from £170,000 to £800,000 a mile without stations. In the cities of this country, where buildings are at a high density, the cost of obtaining pylon sites at 100 feet intervals would be insignificant compared with the cost of purchasing and clearing land for any other transport system, and

in fact many of the tracks could be run above roads or existing railways, with their pylons on public property at no extra cost.

The second common feature of monorails is their adaptability to cope with floods of passengers in the rush-hours. It has been estimated in the United States that the Houston-type monorail could cope with 24,000 passengers an hour using a ten-car train. This has been compared with an estimated 6,000—7,000 people who can travel a six-lane American highway by motor car in the same time, allowing for the American national average of 1½ passengers per car.

The third common feature is that all monorails are fast. Even the old-fashioned Schwebebahn averages 14 m.p.h. (the average speed of cars in London today is 11 m.p.h.) and the Air-Rail system could operate at 250 m.p.h., though such a speed would obviously be unnecessary on an urban system. These speeds can be reached in complete safety as the frictional surface of rubber on concrete or metal is far better for braking purposes than the steel on steel of conventional railway. Such speeds, combined with comfort, would attract commuters (those who travel regularly from one place to another, usually daily) from private vehicles and other forms of passenger treansport. The low construction and maintenance costs of monorails would enable them to charge fares little different from buses, for better service. Monorails can use various types of power, but electricity from a fixed supply can be used to operate almost all of them, and this is an important factor as Britain moves into an age where electricity, some of it from atomic stations, plays an increasingly important part.

THE DESERT RECLAIMED

by DESMOND STEWART

The following is a further extract from Desmond Stewart's recently published book YOUNG EGYPT (Wingate, 18s.).

THE High Dam project, with its vast storage of water south of Aswan, will make it possible to cultivate another two million acres of desert and fallow land in the Nile Valley. But if the Egyptians are to escape from poverty, they must also escape from the Nile Valley, and the cultivation dictated by the Nile.

There are three directions in which this escape can take place. One is through industry, which takes the minerals of the desert, feeds them into machines and makes of them goods useful to the people, and also exchangeable for foreign products — in both cases directly improving the standard of living. Industry is expected to double the gross national product in the next ten years.

Another is in the northern region of the United Arab Republic, the under-inhabited but fertile plains of Syria; in particular, the Jezira between the Euphrates and Iraq.

The third direction is the assault on the desert itself: to make of the desert productive land.

But the desert must be approached with love, as a husband, not as an exploiter. So insists Dr. Omar Draz, who has done more than anyone else in Egypt to approach the desert. 'Work with the desert, understand the desert, and she will become fertile. Treat her as an enemy, to be conquered and subdued, and she will prove intractable and harsh.' (People who work with the desert seem to use mystical language; no less than four have, so far, used the imagery of marriage).

In the first place, the desert is not uniform: though to the newcomer all deserts, like all spaniels, look much the same. There are deserts which simply need water, to blossom; others which no amount of irrigation will do much for.

Egypt's deserts are numerous, and each has its own personality. Sinai, for example, can be divided into two zones: the northern plain, where wells may be able to bring considerably south the citrus groves of Gaza, and southern Sinai which is dramatically mountainous. There cultivation is only possible with great expense, or in small pockets; some of the monasteries have catchment areas, cisterns, or deep wells. In these parts groups of dedicated people can raise enough vegetables to feed themselves and their guests: it is doubtful if, without the application of atomic energy or the discovery of a cheap method of converting sea-water, these areas would ever be suitable for large-scale agriculture. On the other hand, southern Sinai is a treasure store of minerals: coal, manganese and oil have already been discovered in abundant quantities. (The production of Sinai crude oil was 81,902 tons in 1955; in 1958, the total is expected to rise to 2,500,000 tons).

The eastern desert, between the Nile and the Red Sea, is also unfavourable for agriculture, because of lack of water. But again, nature has filled the rocky mountains with oil and other minerals. Here, some cheap method of drilling sea-water would do much to encourage the growth of industrial communities at such places as Koseir, where there are important iron ore deposits.

The greatest area of desert is to the west: Egypt's Sahara, most of it still trackless and unvisited. Enough is known to suggest, however, that at great depths beneath the Sahara there are water-storing layers which carry an ocean of water from the tropical rains in Central Africa. How else explain the reserves of water in such oases as Kharga and Dakhla, where an artesian well at once gushes with water less saline even than the Nile? The problem in Kharga is one of underpopulation. The people of the oases are different from the people of the Valley, and less capable as farmers. The long-term prospects of enlarging and developing these oases are very good.

But the most promising area of desert development is the coastal plain between Alexandria and Libya. In Roman times, the whole North African coast was a granary; and with the grain, civilisation flourished too. Because of its wealth, the Emperors kept Egypt in a unique position, neither a senatorial nor imperial province; but an imperial estate, directly ruled by the Emperor. And the grain ships whose arrival was so vital to the City brought the produce of the coastal plain, not of the Delta. Cities with temples and theatres, the birthplaces of emperors, poets and later, Christian saints,

flourished where now the eye is merely blinded by the glare of sun on waste, one sweep of wilderness hardly to be distinguished from the next.

The high command of the gentle assault is the Desert Institute. Under the old régime there was the Fuad the First Institute but it was a museum of desert flora and fauna, not a laboratory linked to action. The new institute is in another palace: this one belonged to ex-Prince Yusif Kemal, and is on the outskirts of Cairo. Beyond the curving entrance steps, there is a hall as large as a railway station filled with half the dead animals in Africa: lions, wildebeest, panthers, hyenas, rhinocerus. Dr. Omar Draz sits beneath an oil-painting of the Prince in a fez (otherwise darkly English) leading a hunt of hounds through the green corn of peasants. But there is also a library with rare tomes and maps of Egypt. This Prince seems to have had more varied interests than most.

Draz is a remarkable man, not untypical of the men who have come to the top in the Revolution. His background is both military and scientific: he used to be a vet in the Egyptian army. He has always been a man of hobbies. His chief hobby (besides classical music) was botany: but botanising from a practical point of view. His enthusiasm was for collecting and studying those plants which not only did well in desert conditions (the Army was often stationed in desert areas), but were also palatable to grazing beasts.

On duty in the Sudan, and in the western desert near Mersa Matruh, Draz investigated the various species of plant which still flourished there, despite the desiccation of the land and despite the the nomads with their goats. One plant in particular interested him: a plant which had sprung up in the wake of the retreating Germans in the second world war, and which the Arabs of the region called the 'German grass'. The surprising thing about this plant was that it continued to flourish in the drought of summer. It grew high and strong, and was extremely good grazing. Its colour was a bluish green. The myth that it had been brought by the Germans fell apart under analysis. Experts in Cairo identified it as a species of *Kochia*, and a speciment was sent to Kew Gardens, where it was finally identified as *Kochia indica Wight*. There was no trace of the plant in Tripolitania, where the Germans had had their base. Research finally convinced Draz that this useful Indian plant had reached Egypt via Australia, whence a Mr. Trumble of Adelaide had sent eight species of *Kochia* to Colonel Hatton Bey in 1945: Colonel Hatton had formerly been chief adviser to the

Egyptian frontier forces. (This story shows another feature of desert-lovers: the lack of national parochialism; the arid world, whether in Australia or California, Persia or Timbuctoo, is all one to them). This plant was one solution in reclaiming this part of the desert for grazing: a plant which would be palatable and available all the year round. There were already 900 species and sub-species in the desert, owing their survival to physiological characteristics that were the equivalent of the camel's hump (such as deep and extended roots, and a higher capacity than normal for regulating transpiration), but of them, only about twenty were of use to animals, and these were quickly reduced to runts, or annihilated altogether, by the nomadic herds. One urgent need was for an organisation that could import desert plants from all over the world, where arid conditions posed similar problems, and test them for Egypt.

This knowledge of plants as well as animals led Draz to ask the question asked by all who visit the North African desert: what happened to parch the grainlands, to dry the cisterns, to turn the sown into sand? But unlike the wistful amateur, Draz asked the question busily, not idly. Of course, politics were one cause: the breakdown of the Mediterranean unity. Germany has been frequently divided; but her fields have remained green. There were two main schools of thought: those who argued that the rainfall in classical times must have been far greater than to-day; and those who urged that the cause lay, not with nature, but with nature's parasite, man. Draz came to believe that man's neglect, not nature's parsimony, was to blame. The rainfall of around six inches was not abundant, but adequate. A large-scale map of North Africa shows part of the trouble. An escarpment of higher land leads towards the sea, and all along the coast this higher land is carved out by multiple wadis, in groups, shaped like gloves, the fingers stretching into the higher land, while the wrist lies towards the sea. In winter, when the annual rain does fall, it falls in torrents. The glove becomes an ephemeral lake, its water rushing north. The water is lost and with it much of the soil, and for a week the azure Mediterranean is tinged with brown. What if the wrist were blocked, not by an elaborate dam, but by some simple dyke of earth? In some places, where the palm of the glove was deep, the water so conserved would form a reserve for irrigation outside the catchment; in others, the water would at least seep into the earth, to give rise to a skin of vegetation over the land. And such a skin,

whether palatable or not, was the first necessity in restoring the land to fertility. For an enlarged photograph of rain falling on the desert shows that each drop makes a dangerous explosion: it bursts, almost like a grenade, upshowering a small flare of soil, which then rolls away towards the sea. Only if the soil is covered with grasses and plants can it stay in place, grow, and support new life.

While examining these wadis with such dykes in mind, Draz was astonished that wherever he found a suitable site for an earth dam, one had already been made, centuries ago. The same was true with cisterns. A modern map would suggest a suitable site, and at the very place marked, the remains of a Roman cistern would be found.

Another factor in the destitution of the earth was the goat: who agriculturally deserved his identification with the Evil One. But even against his greedy teeth, plants had survived, showing the ineluctable bias of nature towards life. What if the goats were banished, or controlled?

The Revolution brought Draz his opportunity. The Desert Institute was changed from being a Museum to a laboratory, and Draz was put in charge of it. Its budget was modest (it is currently no more than £30,000 a year) but it sufficed to carry out the first research required. A team of twenty scientists work on geology, hydrology, the study of soil, plant ecology, and botany. And even more important than its palatial quarters, the Institute was given an area of desert to work on as a pilot project. For a royal estate had come on to the market, Ras al-Hikmah, 120 miles west of Alexandria. Here Farouk had had a rest-house built, ostensibly as a base for customs officers combating smuggling from Libya: in reality, as a royal villa where the King could be as alone as he wished. Ras al-Hikmah was a promontory of white and blazing rock that jutted north into the sea. From it, the Mediterranean was blindingly blue, and behind the land was glaringly barren. The only people in the neighbourhood were the tribesmen known as the 'Sons of Ali', nomads who felt themselves completely different from and superior to the industrious farmers of the Nile. The King tapped the water pipeline from Alexandria to Mersa Matruh, both for his bath-water (and Queen Narriman's), and to grow some trees and vegetables.

'Our first aim was to take no more water from the pipeline', Draz says. 'Anyone can grow casuarinas anywhere, if he has a pipeline. We would rely only on the water already there, in wells and cisterns.

We would plant only trees, like the acacia, which can grow without irrigation. Otherwise, it would merely be shop-window dressing, with no reference to the reclamation of the desert. For there isn't enough water in the Nile for the land near the Nile Valley, let alone for all this desert.'

The second project was simply to put a fence around seven thousand acres, and see what happened. Had the wastage gone too far, and would expensive irrigation at some future date, when atomic energy provided the pumps, and sea-water the liquid, alone solve the problem? Or would nature return, and her plants re-populate the desert?

Dr. Draz would not tell me the answer. 'You must see for yourself', he told me. 'Otherwise you may have a false impression.' And whether by accident or design, we arrive at Ras al-Hikmah by night, passing Alamein and other battle-fields. Only as we get nearer to the ex-King's property, after three hours of desert, the headlights show up a line of trees along the way. 'Grown without irrigation, acacia, and they are higher and sturdier than the casuarinas which Farouk watered from the pipeline.' We stop the car in the clear desert night, and inspect the trees. A little further on Draz swivels the car so we can see a long low dyke, built across a shallow wadi running to the sea. But that is all for the moment; the rest must remain till morning.

In charge of Ras al-Hikmah is another man typical of the post-Revolutionary Egyptians. His name is Mustafa Aslan. He is 39, and married — to the desert. So he tells me in the first five minutes. He comes of farming stock from the overcrowded province of Mansura, from the same town as the famous singer, Um Kalthum. When he was twenty-one, he joined the Air Force. 'The next years I spent only in deserts; in Sinai, in our eastern desert by the Red Sea, and in the Western Desert. Then I fell in love with the deserts.' He is tall, heavily built, with a face much more Pharaonic than Arab. He was recommended to Draz when he was still a private soldier, and was seconded from the Air Force to come to work at Ras al-Hikmah. He came in August 1952, and on October 8th work was started: fencing, digging wells, rebuilding the Roman cisterns.

In the morning, after washing in King Farouk's bathroom, I am shown round the seven thousand acres of the project. Often, pilot schemes are as disappointing as archaeological digs: that reveal so much to the expert, but disappoint the layman. But Ras al-

Hikmah must astonish anyone. The fence is such a clear symbol: so neat and firm. 'But not unbreakable', says Aslan. 'I was up in the night, after you went to bed. Some nomads broke through, they wanted their herds to graze here. They come from a hundred miles away to break down our fence.' Ibn Khaldun based his theory of history on the war between the nomads and the settled: this is a new chapter of the war. On one side of the fence, there is the desert, the same desert that stretches from Alexandria to Cyrenaica and right across Libya. There are sparse plants, because this is the winter season, and there has been rain. A boy is minding his goats, who tear at the green. The plants are the size of a child's fist, and they are far apart. Except for a prickly spiny sage-green clump which the goats disdain, and an occasional clump of sour-green asphodel. On the other side of the fence, there is, not a meadow, because a meadow suggests an even surface, of close grass, moist and lush: but a garden of plants, most of which are as large as those leather poufs which tourists bring back from Suez. One whole wadi is yellow and green with a perennial plant which I write down as *Onosis vaginalis*. At once my pencil writes again, *Lotus Argenteus* (all year except one month in September), *Plantago albicans*, *Agropyron elongatum*, and then my writing stops, not only because the jeep bumps, but because I cannot take my eyes off the efflorescene of vegetation. 'And this is not the best season,' says Aslan, sad to see me so impressed. 'Can't you come again in March? Then they will be huge.'

As the plants grow, hillock by hillock round their roots a soil grows too, which can be ploughed and seeded with alfalfa, and crops such as barley. Then, intelligently grazed, each area divided into four, so that the grazing is done by turns, this land can support, not merely the skinny Bedu sheep, but rich Merinos, woolly and fleshy both. There are already 700 fat sheep at Ras al-Hikmah, and another 700 are arriving shortly from Hungary.

About four miles from Ras al-Hikmah, a village has begun to form, Fouqa. Under Fouqa there is a basin of water, above sea-level, held in non-porous rock. It is remarkably free from salt, and windmills and electric pumps are busy supplying water for about ten acres of land, which can thus grow vegetables and other plants which cannot subsist on rain-water. (To irrigate more than ten acres would be to consume the fresh water faster than it can be restored). It happens that the day I visit Fouqa, the governor of Alexandria has sent his representative, a young officer, to open a

market for the local people, the Awlad Ali, where they can sell their sheep, and buy improved ones. It is a simple fenced field, with a nearby drinking place supplied by a windmill. As we arrive, the Beduin begin showing off, and shouting, putting on an act for visitors. This annoys Aslan.

'You work for them, night and day, for five years, and they slaughter you. Still, you go on. In another generation, they will be better. But I ask you, a market, and they treat it like a circus!' A handsome desert boy, the kind whom five generations of Anglo-Saxon travellers have fallen in love with, straddles an enormous Merino, longing to be photographed. The others rush round, shooing the sheep, and thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Draz says, 'Yes, they are only beginning to get settled ideas. But it is for them that we do this work. Only seven thousand acres here, and all supervised by us. But the new law which they are preparing in Cairo, for desert land, will settle ownership on people who spend fifty per cent of its value on improving the land. This is a school, this place. And in time it will prove itself.'

I ask how much usable land there may be along this coast. Someone says, 'At least three million acres of grazing, at least.' But Draz is cautious. 'Less than that, or more. But it needs time, and co-operation, and knowledge. But certainly, the Sahara is the new frontier, which we must push back.'

THE FOLLOWING IS FROM A NEW ANNOTATED ANTHOLOGY CALLED "A HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH POETRY, 1400-1950", TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT SPRING. *A FURTHER ARTICLE WILL APPEAR IN NOVEMBER.*

POETRY IN THE FIRST HALF OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

by PETER WHITHAM

THE POETIC REVOLUTION which took place at the beginning of this century was in many ways similar to that which initiated the Romantic movement: both were reactions against an art which no longer matched the world it was meant to mirror.

When Wordsworth found in the contemplation of a wild flower "thoughts that... lie too deep for tears," he was revealing a world of intuition and naturalness which was the philosophic and aesthetic counterpart of the ideas being urged by the men of the French and American revolutions. When, however, the industrial age had once gripped Europe, man's attitude to nature underwent an irremediable change. He could no longer think of himself as a child of what he was quite consciously either destroying or harnessing for his own purposes. The possibility of a Jeffersonian-agrarian existence, the *laissez-faire* state dear to the *philosophes*, became an anachronism, and the virtues particularly associated with such a life — spontaneity as opposed to calculation, wisdom as opposed to knowledge — were replaced by a worldly wisdom and sophistication, not without ambivalence.

The weakness of much nineteenth century literature was that it did not reflect this change. Thus in 1910 to turn from actual life to an idealised nature was to do so in a radically altered context, and so for very different reasons from those of the early Romantics. All Georgian poetry, because anachronistic, is basically escapist. We are separated from the world of Keats and Wordsworth by the factory skyline. The point about the moderns is that they saw the skyline and, seeing it, recognised that they had to come to terms with it.

Johnson's strictures on the cult of ballad poetry,[1] which was among the first signs of the new poetry to come, were repeated by members of the Edwardian establishment almost syllable for syllable on *Prufrock's* first appearance in 1910. And to-day you can still hear people say, when confronted with the line, 'I have measured out my life with coffee spoons,' "But it isn't *poetry:* coffee spoons isn't a poetic word." That was Wordsworth's battle in 1792: to destroy the conception of a received poetic language. No word, clearly, is inherently more poetic than another. It would be much truer to say that all words have equally poetic possibilities. It is entirely a matter of usage.

The work of the moderns, then, as of the Romantics, was largely a task of cleansing the language of impurities of expression; only this time it was the worn-out rhetoric of Romanticism itself which had to be cut away. This at bottom meant teaching people to see anew. To write in other people's phrases obviously implies that you are assuming other people's attitudes. It is not possible to do this and to create literature.

One of the possible definitions of literature is that of a voyage of self-discovery. That is, by sincere definition of your innermost responses, emotional and intellectual, you reveal to yourself and others the sort of person you are. If you are an interesting person, the revelation, your work, will be of interest. Moreover, since we are each unique, our responses will never be exactly those of our neighbour. In an age of social or religious faith, when people live inside a framework of commonly accepted values, the uniqueness of our responses will appear merely as divagations within the system. In an age such as the present, when the void within the atom is reflected in the breakdown of our religious, ethical, and political systems, when everything seems to have fallen apart from the centre, the emphasis will be precisely on our uniqueness.

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[1] According to the 18th Century, art was one of the highest activities open to civilised man: the more civilised a community, the nobler its artistic products were likely to be. 'Primitive art,' if not exactly a contradiction in terms, was by definition 'paltry art.' In support of this orthodox view Johnson was fond of quoting four lines of doggerel:

'I put my hat upon my head,
And went into the Strand,
And there I saw another man,
With his hat in his hand.'

"If the one is poetry," he used to say, "then so is the other."

In fact, due to the very absence of those values held in common, communication itself may often prove difficult, and some semi-arbitrary framework may have to be constructed to provide the writer and his audience with the necessary field of reference in which they can move and, as it were, find each other. Joyce's Dublin, Proust's childhood, and Pound's great moments of history are examples of such constructions. *Paradise Lost*, written as the last vestiges of the Mediaeval dream were fading in the pragmatic light of our new world, was the first work of this kind. Such works represent an attempt by the artist to fill the spiritual vacuum left by the fall from authority of priest or king. Art is invested with cathartic properties which in earlier more cohesive societies belong specifically to religious or social institutions. When, in primitive societies, one speaks of art as being always religious, one means it has a religious interest, or acts as the handmaid of religion. The tribal dance is both religious and patriotic; but it is not a substitute for either religion or patriotism. In civilised, or at least more modern, communities the equivalent art form nearly always is.

In literature — poetry particularly — the problem of writing in clichés is not so much a question of subject matter as of diction and poetic rhythm.[1] Since every subject requires its own mode of expression, and all art, in just so far as it is art, approaches the conditions of music, it is clearly possible to have rhythmic as well as purely verbal or 'idea' clichés. The important point to remember here is the proposition widely held in this century (and not, for that matter, at all new,) that subject and form are two complementary aspects of a work of art. That is why one can say that the moderns in their search for new forms, new rhythms, new modes of expression, were basically engaged in a reorganisation of thought and feeling. It was necessary to get people to recognise the same statement of power in the gleaming pistons of a locomotive as an eighteenth century sensibility could perceive in Blake's tiger shining in the night forests.

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[1] 'A man who devises new rhythms is a man who extends and refines our sensibility.' T. S. Eliot, in an article called *Isolated Superiority* for *The Dial*, Jan., 1928. The article is on Mr. Pound. Pound himself, in *A Retrospect* from *Pavanes & Divisions* (1918) has the following: "I believe in an 'absolute rhythm', a rhythm, that is, in poetry which corresponds exactly to the emotion or shade of emotion to be expressed. A man's rhythm must be interpretive..."

There is, however, one vital element of the Romantic heritage with which we are still deeply imbued: that is, the doctrine of psychological relativism. When Mr. Eliot, Wyndham Lewis, Mr. Pound, and T. E. Hulme — the men of 1914, as they have been called — were busy forging the new aesthetic and the new language, there is little doubt they thought that they were founding a neo-classical revival. We can see now that this was not so; nor does it appear that for a very long time to come we shall be able usefully to talk of anything resembling a modern classicism. The belief — and none is more widespread today — in the basic relativity of our responses, precludes the acceptance of a commonly shared framework of ideas, — the *sine qua non* of classicism.

This is a much deeper problem than the value to be placed on the individuality of our responses. It is their actual validity, their status in relation to the stimuli by which they are supposed to have been evoked, which the Romantics called in question. The desire to get behind the Romantics has been fruitful in the attachment of so much modern art to the severer forms of linear beauty. (Mr. Pound has written the first epigrams since Landor which, as Mr. Eliot has observed, can *not* be compared to *The Ode to a Nightingale).* But once psychology and, later, semantics confirmed the Romantic artists' notions of subjectivism it was clear that this aspect at least of their doctrine had come to stay. Quite simply, the Romantics found it more profitable, truer, that is, to how life is actually lived, to describe things in terms of their experience of them, rather than in terms of the things themselves. This discovery has had what promises to be an ineradicable effect on all subsequent methods of self-expression. It leads to the belief — again, confirmed by current theories of perception — that our perceptions, if not self-existent, are at least unrelated, in any way we can explain, to external stimuli.[1] In human terms, they can be considered only in and for themselves. *Things* retain an essential inviolability: we cannot reach them: they remain subjective impressions in an ulti-

[1] For instance, when Dr. Johnson, in order to refute Berkeley's theory that material objects exist only as ideas in our minds, kicked a stone with his foot, he might have been less than satisfied with his plain man's approach to philosophic 'idealism' had he known that his foot never in fact touched the stone. According to modern physics, which ironically posits, in all its activities, just such a commonsense attitude as Johnson prided himself on, there was an area from which Johnson's foot was electrically repelled. Little more, it appears, can be said.

mately noumenal universe. At their worst, such ideas result in the language of private symbolism, of literary *sports* such as 'The Baroness' and Gertrude Stein, in planchette writing, and the dead-end of Dada. This is not the place to do more than assert the innate Romanticism of all the great moderns — Lewis included. But with these thoughts in mind, it is indeed difficult, if the term is to retain much of its meaning, to believe in a future classicism.

When we look at the two groups in detail we see that among the Georgians there is no very firm scale of importance. Some are slightly more removed from life than their fellows; some have more technical ability than others: apart from that, the basis of one's selection can be little more than a matter of private fancy. Among the moderns it is easy to pick out the great figures. Few, admittedly, would contest the superiority of Gordon Bottomley over G. K. Chesterton; but it is a superiority which does not necessitate absolutely the inclusion of Bottomley and exclusion (since space is limited) of Chesterton. Auden's superiority over H. D. or Conrad Aiken is of such a sort. Among the Georgians, therefore, selection of author and poem has been governed almost entirely by what the writer has already tested in practice. Among the moderns, on the other hand, the claims of historical importance and known popularity have not always been easy to reconcile; (*Innisfree*[1] is a good example of such a conflict;) and the result has at times been a somewhat misleading representation. This is probably truer of the present section than of the previous ones, for on account of the prejudices one encounters in discussing, let alone trying to teach, modern poetry it seemed wisest to come down fairly firmly on the side of popularity.

These prejudices are in no way lessened by the unfortunate application of the term 'traditional' to Georgian poetry. Most of us are conservative by nature, and like to think we are treading the path our fathers trod. But the idea of a tradition is an essentially eclectic one. It is a matter of preserving; and clearly you can preserve only what is fit for preserving. In this sense the

[1]"A man has just sent me from Australia, with an evident belief that I would like it, an article which he has written commending that damned Innisfree..." pp. 12 & 13, Letter No. 10, 1907, *W. B. Yeats & Sturge Moore, Their Correspondence*. Yeats felt that the disproportionate popularity of this poem, and of a few others, kept people from his better work.

so-called moderns are more truly traditional than the Georgians.[1] We are now far enough from the early poetry of Mr. Eliot to see how justly this distinction applies to him, while there is no one with a more scrupulous respect for what he considers of immediate life-giving value in the past than Mr. Pound. No one in modern letters has more insistently — or at times with more bitterness — compared yesterday with today and found the latter wanting.

Hopkins fits into neither of the groups we have been discussing. Chronologically, he is out of place; and although as a Jesuit priest he certainly lived inside a generally accepted framework of ideas, his language was revolutionary: the intensity of his vision required for its expression something other than mid-Victorian convention had to offer. Bridges, his literary executor, appears to have thought that the language which Hopkins evolved exhibited as much of oddity as it did of beauty. Nowadays, the apologetic preface to the collected poems, which he belatedly issued twenty-nine years after his friend's death,[2] appears sadly out of place. Hopkins' experiments mainly with Old Welsh metric, however odd, resulted in sprung rhythm,[3] which Mr. Herbert Read has gone so far as to indentify with *vers libre*. This question will be discussed in the second part of the book; but it is a fact that, together with Mr. Pound's experiments, both in Anglo-Saxon and other fields, from 1909 onwards, (*The Seafarer* first appeared in *Cathay* in 1915) sprung rhythm was the chief influence on the moderns — particularly the poets of the 30's — in their efforts to mould the new language and new rhythms with which they felt they could reflect the modern age.

Ford Madox Ford, for different reasons, is also an ill-fitting figure, likely to cause surprise by his very appearance. As with Joyce and Lawrence, his presence is due primarily to his general position in twentieth century literature. As a poet he is of course

[1] The whole position is admirably stated by T. S. Eliot in his essay *Tradition and the Individual Talent, The Sacred Wood*, 1920.

[2] Both Bridges' personal position, and the fact that he tactfully inserted one or two of the poems in anthologies, ensured that Hopkins' theories and a fragment of his work did reach a narrow but important public during these intervening years.

[3] See also Coleridge, — the introduction to the 1816 edition of *Christabel*.

quite unimportant, but his influence has been extraordinary. Some time before the first world war he made the now famous remark that poetry should be at least as well-written as prose — and so caused the founding of the Imagist movement. Both by practice and precept he is directly responsible for the Flaubertian development to the modern English novel. *The English Review* which he founded, and edited through its first thirteen numbers, bridges the gap between *The Yellow Book* and *Blast.* As a grandson of Madox Brown and a nephew by marriage of the Rossettis he bestrides both periods. Only Yeats does so in a comparable way; and because Ford's output was so infinitely more varied — and because he was a man of so much wider sympathies than Yeats — it is probably true to say that he had at the time the greater influence. Mr. Pound is on record as stating that it was Ford, not Hulme, who acted as a catalyst for the young men of the 1914 generation.

A DIARY

WHO has not, when learning a foreign language, read a book and laboriously noted down all the unknown words in order to look them up afterwards in the dictionary? And who has not felt rather depressed, when, having more or less mastered the language, he comes across dozens of words in as many pages which he has never heard of? Somebody lent me a book which belonged to a Venetian lending library, a collection of English and American essays published in 1921. It had obviously been used by some keen student of English, who instead of writing down the words he did not understand had underlined them in pencil. Seeing what they were, I resolved not to worry in future when a new and mysterious French or a German word crops up. It made me quite sad to think of anyone taking the trouble to learn the meaning of words like "fain" or "wight", or even "burdock" "burr" and "oriole". Probably in twenty lifetimes he would never have occasion to come across, let alone use, a single one of them. Over one of the words this Italian reader had pencilled the translation. The word was "meddlesome"; above it was written "intrigant". Which only goes to show that dictionaries are a wash out.

★ ★ ★

Personally I never mark books. The only point of doing so is to emphasize something for future reading, and as I dislike reading books where words and sentences have been scored and underlined this, for me, would defeat its own end. But I notice that lending library books often have remarks written in their margins by people who cannot contain their furious irritation or disagreement with the authors' opinions.

In small libraries the librarian sometimes makes a note, to refer to when giving advice to borrowers. This had been done, for example, in Holloway Prison library, where the librarian was a wardress and not exactly what my father used to call "a literary cove". Yet I suppose she had to know vaguely what the books

were about; it would never do if a new prisoner managed to borrow an exciting novel during the very first week. The wardress goes from cell to cell accompanied by a prisoner carrying a tray of books; only boring or at any rate edifying books are supposed to be offered to a prisoner during the early part of a sentence.

In women's prisons books bound in red cloth used to be the favourites, because the prisoners contrived to transfer some of the red dye from the bindings onto their own lips. This is one of those brilliantly clever things, like splitting a match into ten parts each of which will light a cigarette, that convicts learn in a trice. Probably they no longer have to trouble about the shabby old red books; I saw in a paper some time ago that they are allowed to keep ordinary make-up in their cells now. I wonder whether peroxide is also available to them; one of the saddest sights in a woman's prison was the piebald heads, with a few inches of golden, crimped hair hanging down below the black, brown or sometimes grey.

I once borrowed a rather pretty leather-bound edition of Racine's plays, printed about 1840, from Holloway Prison library. The presiding wardress had written on the fly-leaf: *Wonderful language; dull.* If she considered Racine dull, whom would she find brilliant? It is anybody's guess.

Prison has a very special effect on one's taste in reading. Where the surroundings are so desperately degraded, "realism" — which generally means the description of disagreable happenings against a sordid background — is not much cared for. The need is for either beauty, wit and elegance, or else for what Germans call "das Erhabene" (which can be more or less translated "the sublime").

This accounts for the fact that St. John of the Cross was a best-seller to prisoners of war, or so at least I was told by somebody who worked in a bookshop. I wonder if they read him much now that they have returned to the world. There is no doubt that a very light diet, or in other words semi-starvation, combined with a completely sedentary life, tends to direct the thoughts of even a pleasure-loving and worldly person towards contemplation and mysticism. And the untempting temptations of St. Antony as imagined by Bosch might be any light-headed prisoner's dream.

★ ★ ★

Lord Berners used to send me his books as they came out when I was in prison. They gave me great pleasure, but they were

distressingly short; a prisoner wants to look up from a book and discover that several hours have gone by unnoticed — just the opposite of ordinary life when one never has time for all the myriad things one would like to do.

We only had permission to write two letters a week, and mine were always mortgaged up to the hilt to go to children and other near relations. But for writing to a Member of Parliament it was possible to obtain special leave from the prison governor; many prisoners took advantage of this with the idea that an M.P. might summon up courage to raise the whole question of Regulation 18B in general, or of some constituent's case in particular, in Parliament. (One or two courageous M.P.s actually did so). I used to get permission for an extra letter to thank Lord Berners for his gifts by saying that I must write to a member of the House of Lords. As a matter of fact he never took his seat or went near the place; his excuse was that the only time he had been there his umbrella was stolen by a bishop.

The day my arrest was reported in the newspapers he wrote to ask whether he could help me in any way; should he, for instance, send me a little file concealed in a peach? This letter was only given to me months later; it had meantime been the rounds in the Home Office and was riddled with pin holes.

★ ★ ★

In all the editorials, articles and exhortations — furious and hysterical on the left, canting and hypocritical on the right — which have been pouring out of the printing presses since fighting between blacks and whites broke out in various parts of England, I have read hardly a line of sympathy for the original inhabitants of the districts into which the coloured immigrants have come to live.

It seems to me that the high-minded journalists who are made so angry by the thought of a colour bar in dance halls or hotels or clubs are completely missing the point. I do not suppose for a moment that average members of White's, for example, would mind in the very least if some coloured men joined their club — in fact *BLACKS INTO WHITE'S* would be a rather good slogan for the Establishment to adopt. It is not the sight of a dark face rather than a red one behind the *Financial Times* in a St. James's Street window that should upset anyone. What most people would mind, however, is what the white inhabitants of Notting Hill and similar

districts have to put up with: their whole neighbourhood being spoilt, and appallingly overcrowded with people whose habits are different from their own, some of whom use the stairs and landings as lavatories, and throw their refuse anywhere but in the dust-bins. The grating on the nerves of these everyday happenings is probably harder to bear than almost anything else.

Many commentators remark on the song and dance with which West Indians have "enriched" the community. This is all very well in a ballroom, but I dare say most people would prefer not to have next-door neighbours who play trumpets, saxophones, or (if less talented) gramophones all night long accompanied by stamping feet and loud songs.

I say most people, because — as they never allow us to forget — there are those (Father Huddleston and Miss Peggy Cripps spring to mind) who prefer the company of blacks to that of whites. There is nothing to stop them indulging their whim. But only a very little imagination is required to put oneself in the place of the majority of white people, who would prefer to live in an all-white district. Only people who are prepared to invite a minimum of six negroes to share a really small house with them have the right to lecture on this matter to their fellow citizens, and even they must not be too surprised if their sermons go unheeded.

All this has nothing to do with crime, brawling, living on immoral earnings, and the drawing of flick knives to stab people in the back, actions which are equally wrong whatever the colour of their perpetrators.

The newspapers are very free with talk of race hatred and sexual jealousy. Yet it is possible strongly to disapprove of miscegenation without feeling the slightest twinge of jealousy, just as it is possible to wish to keep England white without possessing the smallest trace of hatred of coloured people.

The introduction of thousands of unfortunate negroes into such overcrowded cities was sure sooner or later to end badly. The blacks and their white neighbours are not to be blamed for this; it is obviously and inescapably the fault of our rulers, and their exceedingly stupid and unimaginative policy.

★ ★ ★

It goes without saying that coloured students should always be welcome to come to England and learn, in universities and technical

schools, as much as they please. But to bring thousands of unskilled black labourers into an overcrowded island with an acute housing problem is either crazy or wicked — probably both.

In their heart of hearts it is quite possible that the politicians, and even some of the authors of indignant letters and editorials about the brotherhood of man (writing from the quiet security of luxury flat or cathedral close), may realize that unrestricted immigration has been an enormous mistake. But they have talked sanctimoniously about it for so many years that they have made it hard for themselves to get back to common sense.

Nevertheless, the Conservatives are a great hand at hypocrisy; they must try to devise a formula which sounds egalitarian enough, yet gets them down from the pinnacle of humbug.

★ ★ ★

American warships, I am told, still practise total prohibition. Not a sip of alcohol is allowed to the sailors on board. When they go ashore they are inclined to make up for it; in Venice last month many an inert form was flumped by his comrades into the liberty boat of the "Des Moines" under the very nose of the statue, on the corner of the Doges' Palace, which represents their patron saint (or patron patriarch) Noah, the first man to profit from his return to dry land after a long spell afloat by getting drunk.

D. M.

ENTERTAIMENTS

Edinburgh: Two Studies in Puritanism

Twelfth Night by William Shakespeare.
The Elder Statesman by T. S. Eliot.

by EDWARD BOURKE-HALIBURTON

In what must be the strongest year ever for drama, the Old Vic made a rapturous opening with *Twelfth Night.* This beautifully staged and lighted production by Michael Benthall would have been unmarred by discord but for two features. In an attempt to render explicable and rational the ambivalent Orsino-Viola-Olivia triangular relationship, verse is spoken as prose with resultant loss of pace and imaginative excitement. John Neville defended this aspect of the performance at the press conference, on the grounds that it fixes in the mind the possibility of Orsino's abrupt marriage to Viola by showing that he really loved her (through her boy's disguise) all the time *as a girl.* This Proustian treatment comes apart when we turn to Olivia's infatuation with Viola (again disguised as Caesario) and the equally sudden acceptance of her marriage to Sebastian, Viola's twin brother. If Orsino, a man, is supposed to see through to Caesario's true sex, it is surely all the more certain that Olivia, a woman, will do so. It is a mistake to penetrate too deeply beneath the surface of what the bard intended as situation comedy, written in an age when behaviour between the sexes was different to what it is to-day. There is no advantage in it, poetry and fantasy being sacrificed for improbable " psychological interpretation " .

The central character of *Twelfth Night* is Malvolio, archetype of hypocrisy; so devastating a personification of the national vice that, although the French have Tartuffe, he remains unique in literature. Through Malvolio, the bard aped his detestation of puritanism as a political force. Endowed with the fewest lines of any of Shakespeare's lead parts, Malvolio offers unequalled scope for mime and is a superb test of the comic spirit on the stage. Herein lies the surprising weakness of the Old Vic production.

Wolfit gave us a massive bully, a retired sergeant-major, who tyrannises over all, including his mistress. Olivier's cockney man-about-the-house (as seen at Stratford two years ago) was the Welfare State edition: he might well have seduced into a mesalliance the Lady of Illyria. Both were credible power figures. Both in their different ways enjoyed seeing people cringe before them.

Richard Wordsworth's Malvolio is directed from his entry as a buffoon. Having no height to fall from, he seems unworthy of the elaborate conspiracy Maria has prepared against him. Mr. Wordsworth told me that he had formerly conceived of Malvolio as "awe-inspiring"; made up in the traditional manner of a Spanish grandee with pointed beard, ruffs and long black coat; but was drawn to clowning when they found it so much more amusing to play it that way. It was certainly hilarious: my six-year old son fell from his seat with laughter. Is this a good excuse for upsetting the balance of a play by William Shakespeare? The Old Vic is not competing with music hall, and there seems no reason why it should try to offer entertainment at music hall level with the best part in the play cut away.

Viola is played for "psychology"; Malvolio is sacrificed to slapstick. The slapstick is well done and thoroughly Elizabethan in character. Yet the suspense, the animation, the expectation of a dénouement - all this is lost when Malvolio becomes an addition to Sir Toby Belch's troupe of clowns. It is worth re-considering.

A happier conception is Dudley Jones's Feste, in the pagliacci tradition of clowns: a masqued figure of statuesque misery, with a fine baritone voice to restore the original beauty of the lyrics. John Neville is miscast as Sir Andrew, but as his unhappiness in the part is acclaimed a "deeply moving" performance by at least one critic, he gets away with it. Barbara Jefford, ideally convincing as a page, still more delightful in her re-appearance as the unlimned Viola, is a shrewd and capable actress who will do well when the company goes to the States.

★ ★ ★

Strongly prejudiced as I am against Mr. Eliot's vestures into commercial theatre, I expected to find myself at *The Elder Statesman* (as I was at *The Cocktail Party* and *The Confidential Clerk*) surrounded by an audience uncritical in their acceptance of a play which they did not understand but "good form" necessitated

their applauding: myself alone protesting that Mr. Eliot's characters, instead of wearing metaphysical clothes no one could see, were standing naked without an original thought to rub between them. Therefore I was agreeably surprised to see a large section of the audience in vocal revolt, some of it even walking out at the end of the second act. In Edinburgh, this achievement is the mark of a dramatist.

Hitherto Mr Eliot's exposition of the puritan conscience accomplished less than Malvolio with one twist of a laced ruffle. He was rattling skeletons entirely remote from the live issues which at any time have affected the subliminal depths of his well-to-do coterie. Few of the striped trouser brigade who are his disciples can have been disturbed by the portraiture of hypocrisy surrounding (as in *The Confidential Clerk*) the upbringing of an illegitimate child. They don't know their illegitimate children. But many were perturbed by the cataloguing of youthful indiscretions which went on in the play to-night. Too many in the theatre have allowed the laying of one moral counterfeit upon another, arriving ultimately at the denial of personal faith. Too many, like Lord Claverton, have sold their integrity for a second-rate success and done so without a tremor. No wonder they squirmed in their seats and wanted to walk out.

It is all there under Mr Eliot's pruning fork: the undergraduate scandals daddy got hushed up, the early mesalliance likewise disposed of, the countless petty cowardices, the buck passing, the corrupting of a friend followed by the public hand-washing, the betrayal of confidences, the denial of young enthusiasms. Paul Rogers is consummate in the title role of the retired pundit, idealised by his daughter and associates as the model of probity, yet whose too suave charm bespeaks an uncertain past even before a word has been uttered against him.

Anna Massey plays the daughter Monica with dew-eyed passion, winsomness and virtue mixed. Eileen Peel as the "old flame" is a shade closer to burlesque and the rest of the cast agonisingly one-dimensional. It is hoped that Mr Eliot will not long remain dejected by the commendable failure of his play in Edinburgh and continue to stir up the inky conscience of the snob.

CINEMA

A Night To Remember, The Brothers Karamazov, Les Aventures d'Arsene Lupin, Indiscreet.

by VINCENT MURRAY

A month of adaptations, British, French and Americans, throws some light on script and directorial problems in this most tricky sphere of production. Two of them have taken probably the soundest line and combine director and script-writer in one person; the other, the British one, employs a professional writer to adapt the book. **A Night to Remember** is written by Eric Ambler, a workmanlike script, covering conscientiously and with equal weight all aspects of the tragedy of the Titanic.

I remember the pre-war German film on the same subject, with its ferocious attack on the company owners; a terribly biased but gripping movie. The new version lacks this one vital quality, and suffers accordingly in entertainment value. It is long, painstaking and, I regret to say, dull. Too much is crammed in, the script spreads its emphasis too evenly throughout its numerous episodes and, apart from the set-piece of the actual wreck (which is superbly done), the sequences are not put together as they might have been. Reticence is evident in every shot; the understatement that has meant disaster for many British films spoils yet another. One recalls a similar 'gallant failure' some years ago, *Morning Departure* (also directed by Roy Baker), and one wonders if British national characteristics reflected in film must inevitably prove undramatic. One thing is certain: if director and scriptwriter work closely together drama need not necessarily go by the board. In *A Night to Remember* the director appears to have had little say in the matter

of scripting and the novelist has been allowed his head, with the unfilmic results described above.

Richard Brooks, however, both scripted and directed **The Brothers Karamazov** from the Dostoievsky novel for an American company, and yet the film is not altogether satisfying. Here is a different problem to that of Ambler and Baker in *A Night to Remember*. To reduce a weighty philosophical novel to basic popular terms is surely an impossibility; what the director-script-writer has to do is attempt to recreate the atmosphere of the original, and convey something of the author's ideas. Brooks has rightly discarded this first approach and made a real effort, one feels, to carry through the second method. His error lies in his failure to make his characters live in the genuine Russian background he has recreated for them; i.e. Brooks has selected episodes in which the brothers appear, built the rest of his story around these episodes and relied upon this being sufficient. It has meant sacrificing much important exposition-material, with the result that the complex characters just cannot be fully comprehended. Nevertheless I feel this is to err on the right side in adaptation, for something of the original does remain and there is no impression of the cheapening effect of popularisation. Brooks handles his individual episodes well, with a clear understanding of just how far the compromise between cinema and novel can be taken. The value of a single director-scriptwriter becomes obvious when such distinctions have to be made. The men come off best in their truncated characteriations. Yul Brynner plays Dmitri, Richard Basehart Ivan and Lee Cobb Feodor; they are personable enough to achieve superficial accuracy. Alexei (William Shatner), in whom Dostoievsky portrays the religious side of the Karamazovs, is the most difficult to accept in the film. With no background to assist in the elucidation of the character, the sketch that emerges from the inadequate footage permitted is completely incomprehensible. The feminine rôles (Grushenka and Katya played by Maria Schell and Claire Bloom respectively) are softened and toned down to suit contemporary standards, a complete surrender to the demands of the mass-market.

Décor plays an important part, too, in Jacques Becker's latest film **Les Aventures d'Arsène Lupin.** Adapted (by Becker) from the stories of Maurice Leblanc which have delighted both children (in French school-texts) and adults, the film tells of the activities of the gentleman-thief in Paris early this century. The stories selected show Lupin involved in stealing the President's pictures, bringing off a jewel-robbery, testing the Kaiser's new hiding-place and stealing diamonds from oriental princes. The whole affair is treated in a mock-serious, smoothly stylish vein that is a delight to watch. Becker's direction skims lightly over the surface emotions and rapidly changing situations, and the sense of period in Mondellini's superb sets is impeccable. Robert Lamoureux, as

Lupin, excellently portrays what I personally have always had in mind when reading the stories. All in all a most enjoyable film — Becker's best for some time.

Two months ago I wrote of a dance-director, Michael Kidd, directing his first feature-film *Merry Andrew*. This month Stanley Donen (noted for dance films like *On the Town*) also attempts a story-film with very entertaining results. A Norman Krasna play provides the basis for **Indiscreet** (with a script by Krasna himself), a romantic, elegant, wittily handled love affair equal in its entirety to the delightful first-half of McCarey's *An Affair to Remember*. The same male star plays the lead in both, but *Indiscreet* gives Cary Grant by far the better rôle, as the bachelor who pretends he is married and unable to get a divorce so as to prevent women paying attention to him. Ingrid Bergman plays the woman who breaks through this barrier. Stanley Donen seems to have studied the methods of Zavatini (whose ideas on script-construction have meant so much in Italian neo-realist cinema) and the many long episodes in which significant detail is all-important mark the film out as an unusually interesting one.

The Ingathering Of Love

by PETER WHIGHAM

You are sitting by the firelight in concealed splendour
swiftly and intricately sewing
your mind — elsewhere

or on a path where honeysuckle grows
aimless in a blaze of sun
your hair a part of the sunlight
standing

or after a journey
in the close lull
lighting a cigarette
slipping from one pair of shoes into another
before you reach for the car door
and we both turn and again —
reject life

or it may be that I am standing by the fire, talking,
and you walk over to the fireplace
handing me a drink
offering me a cigarette
and I am at once involved in your legs, arms, throat;
your body, an almond,
glows through the gauze of cotton or shantung,

and you, knowing what you have done,
take with candour my face among your warm snows,
so that I close my eyes
so that the snowstorm whirls in my head.

NEW BOOKS

Georgian Afternoon by L. E. Jones. (Hart Davis, 21s.)

THIS is the third volume of an autobiography. The first two were much praised when they came out; in particular the one about the author's childhood was said to be delightful. As far as I remember Cyril Connolly rather made fun of the second book in which Sir Lawrence Jones had reached Oxford; he thought there was an over-free use of nicknames.

Georgian Afternoon is a collection of separate chapters dealing with various aspects of the autobiographer's adult life: as a prisoner of war, a business man in the City of London, a country squire, and so forth. He exhibits himself, the finished poduct of a conventional English education (in this case Eton and Balliol) to public scrutiny. And, whether consciously or not, he certainly furnishes the critics of the public school system in England with plenty of handy weapons.

Take, for example, the story of the dinner party given by the head of the city firm he worked for. This man he lovingly describes: a particularly charming English gentleman, modest, honest, rich, blue-eyed, cricket-loving, popular, and even envied (by a clever Jew in the firm who, apparently, wished that he also could have been described in the above terms). This paragon had been (between the wars) to Germany on business, where he had been entertained by his opposite numbers.

> "They feasted him, so that when they returned his visit, bringing their wives with them, Bernie found himself in honour bound to feast them in his turn.
>
> "'It *must* be done,' he said, 'but I'll be damned if I'll be seen with them.'
>
> "Not Claridge's, not the Ritz, not the Savoy, not the Berkeley — at any of these places some friend or acquaintance might get a glimpse of Bernie sitting next to a creature with his hair *en brosse*....."

He therefore took his guests to an unfashionable but showy commercial hotel for dinner. And during dinner he allowed them to discover that he had never been there before in his life.

> "'Zo-o!' The grim mouth set fast. The eyes went dead. The rest was silence. Our principal guest had divined the wounding truth. This was not where the Honourable Herr Barrington brought his own cronies. Fortunately the loan agreement was already signed and sealed."

I think it not unfair to blame the ill-mannered self-consciousness of the Honourable Herr Barrington and his colleagues, as illustrated in this degraded little episode, onto the public school system which seeks, and up to a point (though never of course with first rate men) succeeds, in so conditioning its products that they lose their heads completely if they find themselves in danger of even a slight deviation from the norm of middle-class conduct — even, for example, one so slight as "being seen" with a foreigner whose hair is cut differently from their own.

This is, of course, an essentially unaristocratic attitude. No aristocrat, no working man, would dream of behaving so strangely as the city gents described by Sir Lawrence Jones, because neither of them would give a damn what the Sir Lawrence Joneses might think of them or of their guests. It would not occur to them to be concerned as to whether they were keeping up with the Sir Lawrence Joneses or not.

Before the rise of the public schools Englishmen were individualistic; aristocrats were even cosmopolitan. The sin of being different was not yet invented. Were awkward and oafish behaviour, such as Sir Lawrence Jones has described, the only unfortunate result of pouring a whole class into the public school mould it would, perhaps, not matter very much. But it appears to be a symptom of the general decline in manly self-assurance which has been notable in the last fifty years.

Only exceptional talent or exceptional sensitivity, perhaps, enable a man to withstand the blighting, dreary conformism imposed by the public schools on their little victims.

Carried away by these thoughts on the *Vermassung* of a section of the English, I have no room left to mention the stories and jokes which make *Georgian Afternoon* a rather enjoyable book.

D.M.

Letter to Christopher Logue

by ROY MACGREGOR-HASTIE

There is a dust, redbrown off the desert,
dulling the single track, tracing a line
like the last hair on a bald pate
over the place of neither mammals nor birds —
a place of lizards; the line is the link
between the underground of insects and the think
caves we call cities; when the dust dulls it,
destroys it, there is a coming and going of nations,
fractioned intensity of being different, apart,
a flag pumping a hot blood through a heart.
There is a dust, too, more dangerous to being,
a dust off the filing cabinet, books bound
on the cheap dropping to bits, dust in the air
of museums choking the life out of corollaries
making a mausoleum assembly of parboiled conclusion
reducing the whole of thought past to confusion.
You, Logue, are the dead mouse in the coffee bar
leased to the sad sentimentalists of the ULR;
what right have you got to call yourself "red" —

this like the style and title "poet" is something
to be earned, something acquired in the cold
sweat of a mind ordering passionate premisses
into a pattern of thinking-feeling-doing: bowl
down the last overs of Sydney and Beatrice Webb,
stand up in the terrible temple of "progress"
sadly, sardonically, named the Royal Court, shout
abuse, whenever you can say you have bought
your ticket — but don't talk about progresses
other than those from bar to bar, a nonalcoholic
exultation in being a prologue and an epilogue
with nothing in between.
Its no good doing a Lazarus
on the Thirties, raising the pinkish dead, look instead
for the raison d'être now, forget all about Marx G
at the Everyman, buy the collected works of Marx K
from the source — take a trip to Roumania, Poland
or the bortsch cellars in Walthamstow, Berlin
or even Venice. The real menace is not the bone
in the head of the capitalist, whatever that is,
but rather the chi chi of the student hankering
for civil wars in Spain, and all that lot again.
Look what it did to Spender — a year cleaning the drains
and he'd had enough of Forward from Liberalism,
settled down to a life of dollared ease, cultural freedom
with never a random encounter with capital T Truth.

There is an anti-Establishment Establishment today
as old, older perhaps in the head, then Sir Ian Jacob
Sir William Haley, the top people taking the Times
as a hardcover for the Express. Watch out for the New Statesman.
Its not only the back page that doesn't change.
They are as bad as the bright young skiffling things
on the bomb marches — look at the names on the lists
of Committees for this and that, you can recite them
pat — Norman Mackenzie, Collins, Lessing, Victor Gollancz
(how you can muck in with any man who'd print the Outsider?)
A V de Frere, Paul Johnson and Kingsley Martin. One minute
they're saving democracy in France, the next taking the pants
off Hussein of Jordan, then spreading romance about the head
of Nkrumah, rallying the middle pages for justice in Ghana

knocking the Red Army, cartooning the Tories just as they did
when the Nation fell into the aging prima ballerina's arms
became statesmanlike, died a horrible death, a breath
of the mortuary stinking across the Great Turnstile.
They were the first to invent the great Progressive Fallacy
— that no man with an ounce of conscience could consent
to write for any review other than the favoured few
under the Left imprint. A symbol as old as Jesus
of Nazareth knew there was no point in preaching to the converted.
The commonsense of it is—propagate socialist ideals in the perverted
stables of Beaverbrook and the Amalgamated Press — don't sell
refrigerators, even metrical ones, to the Eskimaux, go
where they need whatever you've got in your head to spare
and when you're there and you've worked hard at it for a time
then you can break loose in rhyme or not rhyme, handing
the letters out to your "fellow artists"; they won't mind
— most of them, the real ones, have read it all before.
Still sooner or later, you'll have to go through the door
too — you can't spend all your life at the greasy window.
Mr. Logue, getting mixed up with the Hopkins set wasn't too bright,
sit down and think, feel, do something. Good luck and Goodnight.

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