Cover design by Philippe Jullian
ANALYSIS

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The search for truth has always been the first duty of man. Today it is probably a condition of survival, for we live in an age of great danger and of much confusion, and we can scarcely hope to overcome the danger unless we first achieve clarity. As the shadows deepened, Goethe said mehr Licht: his dying words no less than the wisdom of his sunlit maturity make their contribution to this day. So, in this journal, we shall seek the light of truth wherever it may lead us. The aim is neither commonplace nor pretentious. For to seek truth whatever the consequences to cherished dogma is not the attitude of present political journalism. The assumption that we do not know everything, but must discover the facts, is
The EUROPEAN

nearer to the humble enquiry of science from nature than to the brash assertions of obsolete politicians, each with his private telephone to heaven. In fact, we believe that the method of science must be introduced to politics; the analysis must precede the policy.

This journal therefore is an analytical review of literature, politics, science, art, and of all the diverse components of culture within the living and developing organism of modern Europe.

Opponents Can Reply

The search for truth imposes certain obligations: among them is the duty to give free speech to opponents. So we undertake that any man whose opinions are attacked in this journal shall have ample opportunity to reply. The reference to an attack on opinions rather than upon the man is deliberate, because our policy is to eliminate all personal attacks. We are concerned with measures, not men; and persons are only assailed in so far as they are identified with policies. We believe that all sides should have a fair hearing, if truth is to be found. We deplore the present tendency to suppress unpopular opinions through the power of press, radio or money as much as we deplore the brutal use of force to destroy political opponents; the latter method is at any rate more straightforward, and is free from the corroding vice of hypocrisy. We believe that all such practices are fatal to the discovery of truth, and consequently to the advance of humanity. In the end it makes no difference whether they are applied by a press lord who attacks but denies reply, or by a Lysenko who rules that in the interests of a few political bosses the science of biology must be according to Marx. Repression is the child of ignorance and fear. We do not desire to suppress contrary opinions, because we have sufficient confidence to believe that we can hold our own in controversy. Hemlock was always the response of a ruling class beaten in argument. We shall dare to question everything and we are not afraid to answer every question. When civilisation rocks, its foundations are open to question: and it is only the discovery of facts which can enable a firmer foundation to be built. Let all things be discussed, and let truth prevail.

The Necessity For Clarity

We start naturally with certain preconceptions; but they are usually stated in such general terms as to mean little or nothing. We stand for the union of Europe, and we are opposed to Communism. The great majority of Europeans would say the same thing. It is only when we begin to define the particular meanings of these general terms that difficulty and division arises. Nevertheless, clarity is a necessity; we intend to insist on clarity. The
reason is that confusion of mind and obscurity of speech are responsible for many of the present evils of the world. Muddle is a much greater factor than wickedness in the affairs of mankind; particularly in politics. There are more Falstaffs than Machiavellis among the statesmen of the world; the great disasters are more often the work of clowns than of villains. And the underlying cause is the failure to think clearly and to define precisely what we mean. Beneficent action is consequently paralysed, because clear decision is impossible without clear thought. Nothing effective can be done until situations can be clearly analysed; then a decision can be taken quickly and easily because it is based on ascertained facts. All of this is a commonplace to scientists but a novelty to politicians. It is lack of clarity, even more than weakness of character, which paralyses governments. In time of war it is clear even to the dullest that we shall lose if we do not rapidly produce some tanks and aeroplanes; so we get them fairly quickly. But in time of peace the solutions to any given question are often more diverse and complex. In fact, a problem can sometimes be overcome in several different ways, if clarity of thought replaces party dogma. In the history of this generation it has never been so difficult to find solutions as to get decision and action. Again, the basic cause is the failure of clear analysis; and that initial defeat is turned into a disaster by party partisanship. We believe that governments rest in continuous indecision because of the lack of clear thought in our politics. So, in this epoch of the vague generality and resounding platitude, we begin by insisting on clarity. We present an open forum which is free to all opinions. But we shall question all opinions until they are clearly defined, or cease to exist.

Union of Europe

No subject more urgently requires clear definition than the Union of Europe. All pay lip service to this idea, but nearly all mean different things—if they mean anything at all. Supporters of the Union of Europe are ranged between two extremes. At one end is the position of the British Conservative Government, which is willing neither to enter the European economic plan nor the European army. The Labour Party is certainly not in advance of the Conservative position on this question; for Labour has recently discovered the British Empire (or what is left of it), and has developed its own brand of belated National Socialism in an exclusive nationalism. We live in an age of the “reversal of all values,” and the internationalists of yesterday become the isolationists of today, for reasons little more profound than the usual reluctance of a vested interest to enter into a wider community. Neither of the old parties has yet advanced beyond the attitude which was the
subject of the brilliant and bitter French taunt “If Europe builds
the house Britain might consider entering into possession when
she is quite sure that it is safe and comfortable.” Yet, never before
has Europe so urgently required English influence, particularly in
the promotion of a French-German understanding, on which all
else depends.

In the central position are the Schumann economic plans and
the concept of a European army, together with the special arrange­
ments of the Benelux countries and all that network of inter­
European agreements which is gradually creating a continental
mind. Some form of federation, involving a considerable sacrifice
of national sovereignty, seems the present object of the countries
in a central position, who now include nearly the whole of Europe
except Great Britain. So far, the concept of federation leaves
unsolved many burning questions of national sovereignty such as
the Saar, which seem in the long run to be insoluble within the
terms of an arrangement so limited.

At the other extreme is the radical concept of “Europe, a
Nation,” which claims to solve all such questions with the simple
formula “We are Europeans.” If Europe is an integral nation
there is no Saar question, nor any other inter-European difference
in relation to frontiers or national sovereignties. Questions of
currency, customs, justice, and even foreign relations fall likewise
into place in the simple terms of an enlarged nation and an extended
patriotism. This policy presents a revolutionary logic, but the
English mind is averse to both logic and revolution.

Here, in a bird’s eye view are some things to be discussed and
brought to clearer definition. No-one can deny either that variety
of opinion exists within the ranks of those who support the union
of Europe, or the necessity for further and clearer definition. In
this sphere, and others, it is the ambition of this journal at least
to compel clarity.

How to Fight Communism

We are all opposed to Communism—and are even prepared to
fight it, because we believe that Communism menaces the life of
England and of Europe. In these conditions the number of traitors
and of fellow travellers is limited and diminishing. The question
is not whether to fight Communism, but how to fight it. Here again
we find a remarkable diversity of opinion in the ranks of those
opposed to Communism, and sometimes an extreme confusion of
mind. A military attack by Russia on Western Europe would,
of course, produce unanimity; that is simple. It is, also, not
difficult to agree that the west must be armed sufficiently to repel
such an attack, whether it is likely or unlikely. The only subject
ANALYSIS

of comment is the extreme slowness of the western governments in implementing a plan on which there is almost universal agreement; and it may be argued with force that the national divisions already discussed are chiefly responsible for this. Difficulty begins when we advance beyond the first simplicities. Where will we fight and when; what will we fight for? It is not difficult to declare together that we are in favour of a war to defend Europe, and against a war to attack Russia merely on the grounds that she is a Communist country. We are all ready to defend our own; but we are not so ready to be dragged into ideological wars, if the enemy ceases to menace us. The idea held in some circles that America will, or can, attack a pacific Russia out of the blue, is a delusion which misunderstands the whole nature of democracy. If Stalin switched over to love, brotherhood, concession and understanding, no American government could possibly go to war, even if the Pentagon wanted it; and it is very unlikely that American professional soldiers desire anything of the kind. So these two cases are clear: it is easy to unite the west against Russian aggression, and it is easy to stop western aggression against a pacific Russia. But so far we only touch the fringe of this question. What happens if Russia abandons pressure in the west, perhaps even withdraws from some or all of the occupied lands? Supposing a relaxation of pressure in the west is accompanied by an increase of pressure in the east, would England, for instance, fight for an India who will not fight for her; or would America fight for India? What is the answer to the much more difficult question whether the rest of Europe would fight for India? These are questions which as yet have scarcely been discussed; but they must be considered if clarity of aim and unity of purpose are to be reached. Further questions press for answer: when, where and how, will we fight, if at all, in the Far East? If America wants to fight in China will England and Europe accompany her? If not, what is the agreed defensive line in the Far East? Does it include Indo-China and Malaya, which most of us Europeans regard as old and rich colonial lands on the periphery of Asia, that should be defended; and will America join in that defence? On the other hand how long and how far are we to fight in Korea, which has no particular European interest? Could America be persuaded to adopt a defensive line running through Japan and the Pacific Islands, which could be held by naval and air power alone, and would divert no resources of land warfare from hard-pressed Europe? All these questions require definition, because no-one yet has ventured to tell the struggling and suffering peoples of the west just when, where, and how, they may be expected to fight. And if history affords a clear lesson in this matter, it is that muddle and not clarity of policy takes peaceful nations into war.
Further questions arise which so far have scarcely been discussed at all. In one of his last speeches President Truman made the first suggestion from a seat of power that modern weapons have become so terrible as almost to inhibit war. It is, perhaps, after all even correct to describe America and Russia as the “paralysed giants.” Perhaps the great powers on either side will never again dare to declare open war; but it would be optimism to believe that the use of force in the world will consequently be eliminated. We may be entering a new technique of struggle, which will be nearer to civil than to international war. It is certain that none but Russia will start this process; and she may well begin by relaxing external pressure but increasing internal pressure. She may reckon that the consequent reduction in armaments may introduce an epoch of economic collapse in which strikes, sabotage, and Communist infiltration, culminating in armed violence in each country, may both more closely accord with Marxist theory and with the pragmatic measures of success in new conditions.

The atom bomb may already be obsolete and ready to yield place to the new light weapons with which science will equip the highly specialised guerilla. It may not after all be the physicist but the skilled partisan who decides the future. And as the partisan can only operate effectively with the support of a commanding political idea, the scientific politician may yet replace the political scientist. Perhaps the regular generals finally become obsolete just as popular votes lift them to the seats of power. We may here enter the realm not of remote speculation but of practical possibility within a measurable future. Let us face facts, however terrible; let us see the future with calm, clear eyes. Then we may live.

**Industry**

It is trite to observe that no nation can long withstand Communism whose industrial organisation is not sound. In fact, this is so obvious that it has become a constant preoccupation of western politicians. Therefore, industrial organisation is a prime object of present discussion. Apart from Communism the policies before us fall into three main categories. Orthodox capitalism is clear cut in America and has blurred edges in England—but it reigns in both these countries and in most of Europe under the broad title of “laissez faire.” Outside America it suffers from almost continual crises of conscience, which arise more from a feeling of inadequacy in face of Communism, than from a sense of original sin. In fact, one of the main dangers of the west is the negative approach to reform which arises from fear or pressure. No man walks either firmly or gracefully who only moves at all because he is being kicked behind. The main alternative to this unhappy situation is so far the bureaucratic socialism of the Labour Party.
ANALYSIS

Labour has retreated into nationalism in order to avoid European union — and has thus exposed itself to the gibe that small frogs prefer small puddles. But the adjustment of the new nationalism and of the expensive welfare state of the Labour Party to the traditional international socialism of the movement has yet to be undertaken. Neither from Mr. Morrison nor from Mr. Bevan have we yet had any clear explanation how industries controlled by bureaucracy, and burdened by the taxation of the welfare state, can compete on international markets against the capitalist industries of nations who believe that the returning competition of this world is the life blood of industry and are organised to meet it. This peculiar and dangerous situation will be the subject of detailed analysis in an early issue. It was, indeed, the long-standing paradox of international socialism, attempting to organise socialism in one country while exposing its life to capitalist competition on world markets, that led originally to the birth of the body of doctrine which has developed into “European Socialism.” This concept opposes the syndicalist tradition to the bureaucratic tradition of British socialism in internal organisation. Beginning with unfettered private enterprise in the foundation of new industry and full reward for the entrepreneur, this idea moves through an intermediate stage of joint management to complete workers’ ownership of developed industry with the slogan “industrial democracy.” In external relations it seeks an area sufficiently large for this modern socialism to develop an independence of outside supplies of raw materials and of extraneous competition; particularly that of cheap oriental labour.

The third factor for discussion is thus the idea of European socialism within the framework of Europe a Nation, and pooling of colonies for the joint development of Africa.

“The Fourth Point”

No sphere of present policy requires clarification more patently than the Labour Party’s recent attempt to escape from the dilemma that Socialism, in a small island, may find some difficulty in selling sufficient goods in open competition on world markets to pay for the essential foodstuffs and raw materials which they must import. They have seized eagerly on President Truman’s much discussed “fourth point” in which he advocated some help for backward peoples. British Socialism and particularly the Bevanites, have added a wonderful welter of confusion to this originally modest proposal. We shall have many questions to ask before we can hope that some shaft of light will penetrate this darkness. At present the proposal seems to be that America shall not only pay for rearmament but shall also shower the backward areas of the world with gifts, from which British labour in power will derive even more
The EUROPEAN

indirect benefit than the advantages they recently enjoyed as the
direct recipients of American charity. American finance shall
provide a loin cloth and a bicycle for everyone in the world who
lacks one: these will then be made in Lancashire and Coventry,
and the grateful users will send England food and raw materials
in exchange. It is back to the old Snowden economics — with a
difference — America pays; and it is difficult to see what America
gets out of it except the vague hope of some ultimate raw materials
in a triangular exchange. Many far-reaching questions present
themselves, but we will content ourselves with some preliminary
enquiries. When, where and how are the backward areas to be
helped? Are areas behind the iron curtain to be included (even
this has been suggested)? Are we going to enrich and equip
peoples who may shortly be used by Russia to fight against us?
Is the help to be quite indiscriminate — a dole handed out to anyone
who needs it? Or is the principle of self-help and self-preservation,
as well as that of universal charity, also to be allowed to the west?
Is the whole proposal in fact self-help, or charity? In this hard
life the two things do not always coincide, as Labour would have
us believe. To take two extreme cases: help for a backward
area under Russian control is not the same thing as help for a back­
ward area which is a British Crown Colony. In the first case it
is quite certain that the Russian government would obtain the
benefit of the potential raw materials and general development.
In the second case there might be a reasonable chance of the British
people enjoying that benefit, if they possessed a government which
was even relatively sane.

We shall have more questions to ask, including, whether this
general policy of eleemosynary exports equips and assists our own
industries or those of our competitors?

Africa

Where do Conservatives stand in all this? Do they wish to
spray the whole world with the dollars of universal love pumped
through the hose pipe of British charity — if the Americans will
stand for it? Or do they mean to direct the exiguous resources
of the west to some point where they may contribute quickly and
effectively to the very urgent problems of preserving the life of
England and of Europe? The question would be easier to answer
if Conservatives had not apparently adopted the principle of
"trusteeship" for native interests with the object of ultimate
"self-government" which was invented by the Left. In recent
years they have vied with Socialist spokesmen in saying we were
not in Africa for any selfish motives but would hand over to negroes
directly we had educated them sufficiently. In practice, this principle
has been modified in a hurry when the methods of Mau Mau
imposed less liberal ideas. The potential electors of Kenya had not even reached the amiable condition of the electorate in a certain colonial territory, who demonstrated their loyal support and fervent admiration for their parliamentary representative by inviting him to a banquet, at which they ate their distinguished guest himself in order to acquire his wisdom and virtue. In fact, the Conservative progress towards the next instalment of imperial liquidation has been thrown into considerable confusion by this unexpected atavism in Kenya. But they are still sufficiently far apart from Dr. Malan to make a Commonwealth breach on this subject more than likely. Once more we press for clarity; what is the Conservative attitude now to the native question? Do we go, or do we stay? Mr. Lyttleton has said recently that we stay; but then he was annoyed enough to contradict his previous utterances. Has irritation yet crystallised into policy—as sometimes happens in Conservative circles? Was it not Mr. Asquith who said of the Cecils “they can never reach a decision until they have lost their tempers”? 

In brief survey, three possible policies emerge for the future of Africa. The first is to leave as soon as we can turn the head hunters into head counters. In that event, the remaining whites will have to live beneath the rule of “African democracy.” This process has already begun on the Gold Coast, and we shall soon see whether the result will persuade white men to invest their lives and their money in a dangerous climate, in order to develop its great wealth under these conditions.

The second policy has come to be known as Apartheid and is usually associated with the government of Dr. Malan and with Mr. Pirow. These proposals vary from a simple suggestion for the creation of native reserves, within a white territory to which they would continue for an indefinite period to supply labour, to the sweeping proposal of Mr. Pirow for dividing entirely the white and black races as soon as possible, and creating a negro nation in the tropical zones of Africa while reserving the temperate zones for the white population, which would be rapidly reinforced by a great flow of European settlers to a land with an assured future.

The third possibility could only follow the adoption of the Europe a Nation policy and the pooling of African colonies. If Europe and Africa were treated as one country, the numerical superiority of the whites would be so great that they could afford to extend to the negro the same equality of rights and citizenship which they are granted within the French Empire. At this stage of the discussion the choice seems to be between the Labour-Conservative policy of more or less quickly making another India out of Africa; the Malan or Pirow policy of Apartheid and division of races, or a European policy which follows the precedent of existing French rule and gives the minority of negroes equality of citizenship.
The EUROPEAN

within Euro-Africa. It is worth discussing a topic which may be vital to European survival and is at present the subject of almost universal confusion and division among the white peoples.

Dr. Naumann

All plans for the future, however, are useless if no goodwill exists between the peoples of the heart lands of Europe. If Europe cannot at least agree on united action in face of Communism we shall perish as the city states of classic Greece perished in face of the barbarian. By common consent, Germany becomes the key country of this perilous situation. At the end of the war the Russians entered East Germany and Berlin in a wave of rapine and savagery which has set Communism back for a decade. The Germans had two chances to see Communism at close quarters, in both victory and defeat. The German soldiers saw the shambles which was called the workers' paradise when they penetrated 600 miles into Russian territory; and they experienced the rape of their women by the oriental barbarian in the hour of disaster. The west therefore started with an initial advantage in the race to win German sympathy. But western statesmanship entered eagerly into the competition of stupidity, which they now begin to win. Their brutality was less, but their insolence was greater; and it lasted longer. Years after the Russians were offering German scientists every material prize that life can hold, the allies were making such men sweep rubble in the streets on account of their past political affiliations. Now comes the crowning blunder. On January 13th last the British authorities arrested Dr. Naumann and six other Germans, who had been prominent National Socialists. Four days later a public opinion poll, held under official American auspices, stated that about half the German population had some sympathy with that creed. It may or may not be a wise thing to try to suppress a doctrine by force which about half a great people supports. But, if an enterprise so foolhardy is undertaken it should at least be carried through with some skill, and some semblance of justice. The method adopted was a travesty of all usual procedure of British law. On the day of the arrests the British High Commissioner, Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, was reported by the New York Herald Tribune as saying that British agents had uncovered evidence that the arrested men "were plotting to seize power." If these words meant anything they meant that they were planning a violent coup d'état. Where is the evidence for that statement now? Sir Ivone added "we are not completely certain what they were up to but it was something dishonourable." But can we know that something is dishonourable before we know what it is? Even in this respect he was not so certain of his evidence after all. After further reference to the
"conspirators" he concluded "At the very least they can give away damaging information." The British daily press naturally followed with a storm of abuse against the "plotters" and "conspirators." All this attack on men possibly awaiting trial was made under the lead of a responsible Foreign Office official. For, if the original statement of the High Commissioner had been true, they could certainly have been brought to trial, and it was freely suggested in the Press that they might be. What are we, and what is Europe, to think of a system of law which arrests men, holds them silent in gaol, denounces them to the public in terms best calculated to prejudice their case, and then goes on a fishing expedition to obtain from the victims, or anyone else, any evidence with which they can be prosecuted? Does anyone imagine that such a system, imposed by the British authorities alone upon the whole German people, can endure into an indefinite future? And what will be the effect of this crass blunder upon the union of Europe in face of Russia?

Once again we insist on clarity of thought. If the American public opinion poll be correct in stating that about half of the German population has some such sympathies, only three possible policies exist for the west. The first is to kill about half the German people; the second is to drive the majority of the Germans by constant irritation into the arms of Russia; the third is to try to reach an understanding with the former National Socialists of Germany and to win them for the west. The first policy is impossible; the second is disastrous; so, in these conditions, there remains only the third. In the light of even a moment's thought what becomes of the executive capacity of Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, or of the statesmanship of the Foreign Secretary who supported him? Supposing, however, that the American poll is quite wrong, and that the sadly tried Dr. Adenauer is right in his estimate of German public opinion — can anyone suppose that the position of the Chancellor will be anything but damaged, and the position of the arrested men will be anything but assisted, by the arbitrary intervention of an outside power to arrest and imprison Germans in a flagrant breach of every established principle of justice within its own country? What would the British press say, and what would Mr. Pritt say, if even a member of Mau Mau were treated in that way, even when it was clear that the organisation to which he belonged had committed many murders? What would happen if he were held silent and defenceless in gaol during a considerable period, while he was accused in the Press of every possible crime by authorities who admitted that they were still seeking for some evidence from him, or anyone else, with which to bring him to trial? Even if Dr. Adenauer is right and the opinion poll is wrong, the self-defeating idiocy of the British authorities is doing everything possible to make the victims of today into the heroes of tomorrow.
The EUROPEAN

The right wing press claque in this silly business was led as usual by the Daily Mail, which is always anxious to parade its sound "democratic" principles since the late Lord Rothermere's flirtation with Fascism: "personne n'est plus pieuse que la vieille cocotte en retraite."

Open Forum

Our open forum this month concludes on a controversial note: it is one of our objects to excite controversy. At least we shall not stifle any answer; we shall enjoy too much our own subsequent reply. And again we reiterate that truth can only emerge when all opinions are subjected to the test of question, analysis, and controversy. We shall tend naturally at first to give space to opinions which are unpopular, and consequently cannot be stated elsewhere. There is plenty of room in modern journalism for opinions which are fashionable. But we insist that all sides should be heard. In this number of our journal for instance appears an analytical review of a work attacking a literary figure who cannot speak any longer for himself. It is a public duty to correct partisan attitudes towards those who are silenced; it is a service to truth, to history, and to literature. But our columns are equally open to the opposite point of view, or indeed to any opinion. In truth and in fact, as the lawyers say, we seek to become an open forum. And it is our hope that an ever increasing number of people who seek the truth will look to this journal to find facts and opinions which are not published elsewhere. If the great, or the ignobly fashionable of this epoch should experience "the mutability of human fortune," they will find here the freedom of expression which many a present toady will deny them. And, should Mr. Churchill fall again on those evil days which he has known before in several periods when his voice was silenced, the hospitable columns of "The European" will be open to him as to all other energetic natures, who find themselves temporarily, and on occasion inevitably, in adversity.

EUROPEAN.

Truth irritates those only whom it enlightens but does not convert.
A life of Harold Laski by Kingsley Martin, published by Gollancz, conjures up visions of the late twenties and the thirties when the lefties were in their heyday — popular front, left book club, international brigade, old uncle John Strachey and all. Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, and to be a lefty very heaven. At least that is how it looks from this distance of time; and it is surprising to read how brave and bold they felt, and how much they depended on mutual admiration to sustain them in the struggle. Harold Laski was a clever Jew with an excellent memory and a passion for behind-the-scenes politics. As a young man he had a strange kink which caused him to pretend to be the intimate friend and confidant of well-known politicians some of whom he had never even met, but all of whom he called by their nicknames. A true story, which is not told in this book, concerns the formation of the Labour Government in 1924. While Mr. Ramsay Macdonald was in the throes of Cabinet making, Laski went to H. W. Massingham, the famous editor of *The Nation*, and said Macdonald had asked him to discover whether he would be willing to go as Ambassador to Berlin. Massingham consulted an M.P. friend who strongly advised him to accept, so he called on Macdonald, who received him without much enthusiasm, and after some desultory talk it became clear to Massingham that no thought of appointing him to the Berlin Embassy had crossed the Prime Minister's mind. It was pure invention on the part of Harold Laski. Perhaps he had heard the old story of how Lord Granard became Master of the Horse — or perhaps he simply wished to impress Massingham with his own importance. That he never entirely outgrew this foible is shown by Mr. Kingsley Martin's account of his visit to Moscow as one of a Labour delegation in 1946. The delegation was received by Stalin for the usual stereotyped interview. Stalin reminded his visitors "that the Russians had sent assistance to British miners in 1926" — the year of the General Strike — and there was some jolly lefty badinage, and that was that. But, adds Mr. Kingsley Martin, "Harold also told yarns, for which I have never found any confirmation, about a second, private interview between himself and Stalin." He seems to have suffered from illusions about his own importance which almost amounted to paranoia, and which made him very unreliable.

Laski aspired to be the *éminence grise* of the Labour Party, and spent every moment he could spare from his teaching at the London *Harold Laski by Kingsley Martin, Gollancz 21/-*
School of Economics in what might not unfairly be called forty years of left wing busybodying. An indefatigable worker, with a finger in as many pies as possible, he ran hither and thither from committee to public meeting, from conference to demonstration, from Summer School to Industrial Court, writing innumerable articles and letters to the newspapers and ever ready with advice to anyone who would listen to him. But he had his lighter moments of Socialist relaxation; there is the grim description of him playing ball with H. G. Wells.

Always to the extreme left of the Labour movement, he was a self-avowed Marxist, and the word ‘revolution’ came readily to his lips. As everyone knows, he became famous as the result of the libel action he brought against various newspapers, including the *Daily Express*, in 1946. During the 1945 election he had made a speech in which he was alleged to have said England must have Socialism “even if it means violence.” He denied using these words. He lost his case, and the £13,000 it cost was collected by Mr. Morgan Phillips, who appealed for money in the *Daily Herald*. The strange part of the story is the effect the loss of the case had on Laski. He was shattered by it. “It was illogical for a Marxist, who had always said that the courts would be against a man of his views, it was illogical, but there it was,” writes Mr. Kingsley Martin. Small wonder that Communists despise Socialists, and that Laski’s “propaganda for a working alliance between Socialists in Western countries and Eastern Communists was treated with angry contempt by Soviet commentators.” There would be no room in the Communist Party for a man who developed persecution mania because he lost a libel action in the English law courts. Perhaps some of his colleagues in the Labour Party were not altogether sorry that this ‘bitter blow’ should have fallen, discouraging Harold Laski and stemming the flood of interviews, articles, speeches and letters he liked to pour forth. “I can assure you there is widespread resentment in the Party at your activities, and a period of silence on your part would be welcome,” an embarrassed Mr. Attlee had written him on one occasion, stung by Laski’s irresponsible tactlessness.

Mr. Kingsley Martin tells us that Laski was a witty and effective platform speaker, but the poor little stories he quotes as having gone down so well with audiences seem almost painfully flat and commonplace. The influence he exercised on his generation had nothing to do with his public appearances; his teaching year after year at the L.S.E. and his friendships with men in high places formed its basis. The letters in this book from Roosevelt to Laski are a gift to those Americans who look upon F.D.R. as fellow traveller number one.

One incident from his life affords an almost perfect illustration
of the quick, clever, smart methods Laski liked to employ, and of their essential ineffectiveness. By chance, he was a member of the jury in the O'Dwyer trial. Sir Michael O'Dwyer, Governor of the Punjab at the time of the massacre of Amritsar, had brought a libel action against an Indian, Sir Sankaran Nair, who had written a book strongly criticising him. It is well known that one really determined member of a jury can sway all the others to his way of thinking. Laski, however, by continually jumping up and down with learned questions and clever interruptions (while carefully keeping within his rights as a juryman) so exasperated the entire court that O'Dwyer won his case and every single man of the other eleven members of the jury was against Laski. Mr. Kingsley Martin greatly admires his efforts on this occasion, and does not appear to realise that had he behaved more tactfully and soberly the verdict would very probably have gone the other way. It was Laski's fatality, that while he could never resist a chance to show off, boast, or pose as champion of the under dog, he was yet so clumsy in his every incursion into public life that he was a source of embarrassment to his friends and of comfort to his enemies. Generous and affectionate in private life, with a good brain and a warm heart, but for the streak of exhibitionism which urged him forward in spheres to which he was constitutionally and intellectually unfitted, he would probably be alive how, inoculating yet another generation of students with his materialist, Marxist opinions and rejoicing at the disintegration of the British Empire.

RUMANIA TO-DAY

Izvestia recently published a report signed by its correspondent A. Alexandrov and entitled *Rumania on the Road to Industrialisation*. Here are a few extracts:

"The town of Staline makes an impressive spectacle. Entering this town from the direction of Bucharest you see, on your right, the mighty chimneys of Red-Flag Factory, where for the first time in the country's history ballbearing mountings are being manufactured. A little farther over to the right rises the new building
The EUROPEAN

of the Tractor Factory. Still farther off is the immense Red-Partisan spinning mill. Practically next door stands a glass building of many stories, the Nivea scent factory. A little way on you see cement and soda factories, as well as the country's largest sweet factory.

"The town of Staline seems to embody the New Rumania. Before, it used to be an unimportant town consisting of semi-rural industries blessed with prehistoric techniques. In these few years of Popular Democratic Government it has grown to be an important industrial town. Naturally, the people have renamed it after its best friend, Comrade Stalin. All of Rumania is striving to approximate to the condition of Staline. Rumania, a backward, agricultural country, whose industry was stifled by foreign capitalists, is resolutely committed to the path of industrialisation. In the western part of the Republic, in the town of Hunedoara, they have built a huge foundry. You can just imagine the size of this foundry when you know that one of its blast-furnaces produces more metal than all the foundries of old Rumania put together."

Someone who knows the 'old Rumania' writes: "Before the setting up of the People's Republic, the town of Staline was called Brasov and approaching it from the south, from Bucharest, you could see, on the left, the chimneys of the Astra Vagoana factories (rechristened Red-Flag in 1948) which produced rolling stock, motors, armaments and munitions. The equipment of this 'semi-rural' factory was such that the U.S.S.R. was able to place orders with it in 1945 for luxury carriages, which emerged from the 'prehistoric' workshops at a rate of three per day. Farther to the right was the building of the Rumanian Aeronautical Industry, which from 1941 to 1944 produced fighter aircraft capable of dealing with Soviet-manufactured planes. After 1945 the R.A.I. had to hand over their 'prehistoric' machinery to the Soviet and transform itself into a tractor factory. The 'immense' Red-Partisan spinning mill, before the inception of the People's Republic, was called 'Sherg Textiles.' As for the Nivea factory, this brand is well known throughout all the countries of Western Europe, but not known in the Soviets at all. The cement and soda factories seen by Comrade Alexandrov are in fact the buildings of Nitrogen Chemical Products and of Rumanian Laminate Goods.

If Izvestia's correspondent had taken the trouble to look a little more closely he would not have sited the Cement Factory to the south of the town, for in fact it is, as it has always been, to the north. The largest sweet factory in Rumania, Hess and Company, was founded in Brasov in 1903. As for the blast-furnace at Hunedoara, it was put up in 1943 with the help of German experts."

Though Rumania may be striving to approximate to the condition of Staline, as Mr. Alexandrov declares, it must be confessed
RUMANIA TO-DAY

that nothing has changed since Madame Pauker pushed the country down the road to industrialisation — except the name. An English reader may, perhaps, wonder whether, in the event of England becoming a Popular Democracy, Battersea Power Station might not be acclaimed, under some suitable new name, as a triumph of Stalinist engineering.

AN EXPATRIATE LADY

When the Empire grows tired and life in the metropolis oppressive, it is a recurrent phenomenon for the finer spirits to escape to the periphery, or beyond. Confucius in despair at the indifference of his compatriots, threatened to make his home among the barbarians of the East who for all their uncouthness could not be more virtuous : someone said, 'I am afraid you would find it hard to put up with their lack of refinement.' The Master said, 'Were a true gentleman to settle among them there would soon be no trouble about lack of refinement.' In the latter days of the Roman Empire the poets were to be found in Provincial Gaul, and the last gentleman in Spain. Even in the Golden Age of Louis XIV there was one voice to raise the protesting cry :

Je vais sortir d’un gouffre où triomphent les vices
Et chercher sur la terre un endroit écarté
Où d’être homme d’honneur on ait la liberté.

In an age even more self-evidently Alexandrian, an age when, to use a phrase of Confucius, 'things do not hold at the centre ;' when the residents of Rhodesia are more obstinately British and insular than the inhabitants of the London suburbs, and the Anglican converts of Zululand more devout and apostolic in spirit than the citizens of many an English cathedral city; when American poets take refuge in unfashionable watering-places on the Italian Riviera, and Anglo-American poets shut themselves up on Mediterranean islands; when diplomats and deans shuttle back and forth through iron and bamboo curtains with atomic debates and accounts of bacteriological warfare; when Athens yields place to Antioch, and Eighteenth Century Smyrna gets a big write-up from one of
the Sitwells; the life and opinions of Lady Hester Stanhope no longer give rise to shocked curiosity, but rather offer an advance case-history of the ills of our contemporaries.

One may perhaps wonder at Lady Hester's anticipation, by one and a half centuries, of the malaise now so prevalent; that she should have left England in disgust at a time now looked back upon as one of its more confident and glorious — that is perhaps surprising, just as the *cri de cœur* from Molière's theatre is surprising, in an age when Society was the governing idea and ideal of educated persons and even preached and exalted by the moralists, an occupational group that, as everybody knows, usually figures in the opposition, at any given time in social history.

It may of course be said that after the death of her uncle Mr. Pitt, her breach with her family, and the deaths upon the same day in the same campaign of her favourite brother Charles, and of General Sir John Moore who died with her name on his lips and was certainly beloved by her, she had more than sufficient reasons to feel the need for travel and a complete break with the past; but an examination of her recently discovered letters* to Michael Bruce show a far more fundamental cause, an irresistible impulse to escape not from *England the place* but *England the idea*. In a long letter to Craufurd Bruce, dated from Damascus, September 23rd, 1812, she writes:

'I have told you fairly what I feel. I may have prejudices but when a country becomes so completely commercial as England, it is in my opinion a proof of weakness & old age.'

And she continues:

'Commerce after all at the best is but a bubble, as it depends upon so many events that cannot be guarded against. In short I wd. not sit upon the throne of a commercial country if one was offered me tomorrow, but as England has lived so long upon her trade, I suppose she cd. never do without it, unless another deluge was to take place, to sweep off all the Lord Carringtons Ld. Kendelshams &c &c. for those sort of men are baits to catch others, & living examples that it answers better to be a rascal than an honest man. One thing however astonishes me, that those who consider that the salvation of a country depend upon commerce, that they sh. thus neglect the interests of England...........

Her syntax is peculiar, and who the Lds. Carrington and Kendelsham may have been, her editor does not say, doubtless considering them too notorious already, or too despicable, to be worth the glozing; but there is a symbolic ring about their names. Let them stand for party politics, heavy industry, banking or what they will, Lady Hester Stanhope detected in, or attributed to, them the interests that ran counter to the true interests of her

* The Nun of Lebanon, ed. Ian Bruce—Collins 1951
AN EXPATRIATE LADY

country, and that were transforming her fellow-countrymen for the worse before her very eyes. In the very year of Waterloo, admittedly before she had received news from Constantinople of the victory of the Allies, she was writing:

'The first thing to make France pleasing to me wd. be to shut all the English out, who spoil every place they go to — make people vulgar, extravagant and discontented: and servants impertinent and the places they inhabit expensive, without acquiring the least name; for it is not the master but the valet, who spends the money, and who is the first player.'

A year later she wrote in a similar vein:

'Do not spread amongst the disgusting English in Paris that I am coming to France, if they hear of it let them suppose it is to Paris, which I shall never think of, & so I shall be then safe elsewhere, for I know they would try to make a run against me, if they do they will find they have struck the Devil upon his Horns.'

Were this the only evidence we had to go on, we might be tempted to put her observations down to thwarted ambition and spleen turning to Anglophobia; but, although she refused to second Admiral Sir Sidney Smith in his project to raise a force of 1,500 soldiers (a feat apparently well within her power) for quelling the Barbary Corsairs, it was she who kept pointing out the strategic advantage of Syria as the land route to India indispensable to the holding of the sub-continent or to any new conquistador (i.e. Napoleon) who might look greedily in that direction. There seems every reason to believe, in 1953, that she may well have been right and some good reason to regret that no one in 1817 took her advice about securing goodwill in that part of the Levant.

Or again it might have been a neurotic honor of all English people abroad — a horror reproduced to a smaller degree in most English travellers on the Continent in our own days — were it not that she maintained a cordial correspondence with numbers of Englishmen at home and abroad, to say nothing of her lover and her lover's father.

If we probe further and ask once more why Lady Hester Stanhope wrote so fiercely against her country and her countrymen, we must ultimately conclude that her antipathy sprang from disgust at the passing of the age of Pitt into the age of Palmerston: from the great aristocratic age where 'Mr. Pitt said if I had been a man he would have given me the command of an Army of 50,000 men,' to the age where it seemed an indifferent thing 'to appropriate for a pack of Levantine money-lenders, a pension that had been granted at the desire of her immortal uncle' (The Times, 4 April, 1938).

It was this burning spirit of nobility and pride of race that made her write:
The EUROPEAN

‘You must not take for granted that I am in robust health because I have so much energy, it is my nature, it is the Spirit of my Grandfather for had I one foot in the grave I cd. command an Army, even in Egypt. I am like one of Mahomet's mares, who he ordered to be kept from drinking 48 hours, & when carried to a spring, the moment the battle horn sounded they refused the water before them, & flew to their master. I shall have then done my duty & shall then take my flight into the desert & live amongst people who like (-wise ?) consider it ignomious (sic) to complain save to God. What I have suffered has been at his pleasure, & my mind is superior to circumstances, & the Universe is my country!’

In 1815, after an attack of the plague, that all but killed her, and left her ‘as thin as a whipping post,’ this same burning spirit enabled her to head an expedition consisting (apart from her personal staff and various local dignitaries), of a ‘Troop of Horse, & the equipment in tents, tentmen, torchbearers, watermen, couriers &c, that usually accompany a Pasha,’ and an ancient map, to seek buried treasure in the ruins of Ascalon. Unfortunately, though the map proved reliable and they thoroughly explored the site, the treasure had gone already. The only discovery of value was a remarkably fine marble statue standing six and a half feet high representing as Dr. Meryon, her personal physician, conjectured, ‘a deity or deified person... which would have been the admiration of good judges.’ Lady Hester, her aristocratic spirit seeing beyond the ‘art-world’ as it had beyond commercialism, ‘ordered it to be broken into a thousand pieces, that malicious people might not say I came to look for statues for my countrymen and not for treasure for the Porte.’ Such was her oblique comment on the actions of Lord Elgin when accredited to the Porte some ten years before.

It should not be supposed however that her censures were limited to the state of England and the qualities of the English, or that she exalted other races to the demerit of her own. On the contrary, the validity of her strictures on the English receives, if anything, support from the justness of her observations on other nations, observations which may be easily verified by any traveller in the Near East today.

‘The manners of the Turks, I like extremely they have fine understandings which is expressed in their countenances, & a natural politeness which the best bred English man of the present day cd. not imitate with success; they certainly have an air of importance, accompanied with a penetrating examining look, as if meaning to measuring any one’s mind & persons at the same time...... unaffected easy manners, accompanied with great civility, totally devoid of obsequiousness, is sure to gain the good will of any
AN EXPATRIATE LADY

Turk (sic throughout).

Of expatriate Greeks, and Armenians, she has hard words to say:

' The Greeks & Armenians I detest, the former are beyond description roguish, & the latter tho' generally considered harmless industrious people are deep and interested to the greatest degree; one now & then meets with a benevolent Jew, but I doubt if an Armenian can ever deserve this appellation ....... What they excel in, is fiddle faddle sort of neat work, but they are totally devoid of taste.'

The Jews she dismissed as ' a nation of old clothes dealers.'

For the Arabs she has little but praise.

This candour extends to her own character as well, in which she reveals a strong anti-feminist streak:

' Respecting Society, if you did but know me you wd. be quite easy upon that subject, for I have always shunned as much as possible women of all descriptions, & to have an excuse never to set eyes upon them is rather a satisfaction to me than otherwise.'

But the gem of self-revelation is contained in a letter to her lover's father from the banks of the Bosphorus.—(The italics are hers!):

' Some of them (i.e. the Turks' women) the Georgeans in particular, are beautiful, but a Roman woman & french woman to my mind infinitely more so, their music is abominable, & their dancing by far the most disgusting thing I ever saw. I do not mean this in a prudish sense, on the contrary perhaps it may be deemed a profligate one, but I have no idea of passions being excited except by that which God created for the purpose, a man.'

Her Islamic view of the relationship between the sexes extends even to her own relationship with Mic. Bruce:

' I believe it has never yet been expected that a man sd. be a saint, at least till he is married, & if I most solemnly declare that I never had or ever will have further claims upon your son, than any women he might have picked up in the streets, how can he shock the world ?' —a view which was nothing if not altruistic since Mic. Bruce appears from his letters to have been as poor a fellow as ever lost a woman her good name. He was no great shakes as a letter-writer either. Whereas Lady Hester’s letters read as though they were the rescripts of speeches delivered before huge audiences or a packed and breathless House of Commons, speeches resonant with the inherited oratory of the Elder and Younger Pitt; with all deference to the editor of the Letters (the great-grandson of the young man in question), Mic. Bruce’s contribution to the correspondence is boring to a degree. He wrote one good letter, describing the coronation of Lady Hester as Queen of Palmyra, but even with such rich material he was obliged to fall back on an appeal to the ' descriptive eloquence of Mme. de Staël,' and fell far short of the
The EUROPEAN

The felicities of Dr. Meryon who described the same fantastic scene in his three-volume edition of Travels.

Tiresome and numerous as Mic. Bruce's letters are, the collection is well worth the reading, and the editor, who for the most part is politely self-effacing, has done a lasting service to the fame of the Second Zenobia. Occasionally he slips over his emendations, pardonably enough in view of the age of the documents and their condition after the vicissitudes of post and delivery to addresses like this:

Mic. Bruce Esq.
Travelling in Syria
vel ubicunque,

and in view of the absence of punctuation and the erratic spelling of all the correspondents; but he should not have left Tedercan? on p.236, when from the context it is plain that 'Tedescan' i.e. German, is meant. The glancing reference in a footnote on p.196 to a certain 'Richard Brothers' who predicted that Lady Hester should one day be crowned 'a Queen of the East' is a wonderful opportunity missed for introducing another splendid English eccentric, the self-styled 'Prince of the Hebrews' who by prayer delivered London from Divine Destruction on two separate occasions (January 1791, and August 1793) and who, but for his having been maliciously certified and confined in Fisher House, would have inaugurated the Kingdom of God exactly 322 days, 6 hours, 40 minutes, 23½ seconds from the beginning of the year 1795, by mounting his throne on November the Nineteenth at or about sunrise, in the latitude of Jerusalem. A note too would have been welcome explaining young Lord Sligo's motives for 'enticing two British sailors to desert from a man-of-war.'

In his final paragraph, however, the editor really comes into his own with a prose worthy of his subject:

'The British Consul at Beirut, Mr. Moore, hearing that she was very ill, rode over and he asked Mr. Thomson, an American missionary to go with him...... The vault in the garden was opened, and the servants took out the bones of Captain Loustenau and they were piled at the head. A servant stuck a lighted taper through each of the eye sockets of the Frenchman's skull. In the dead of night, with the terrible heap of bones lit by the tapers, her body was laid to rest and the Union Jack was laid over the plain deal box. The only countryman of hers present was one of her hated consuls and the only other English-speaking person, an American, who belonged to a profession she despised.'

Such was the burial of Mr. Pitt's niece.
Such were the mourners for the Queen of the Arabs.

A. J. NEAME.
Anatole France once said that to write a short article took him too long a time; but, in any case, a long study should be made of *Jean Santeuil* by Marcel Proust, which was recently published through the good offices of Madame Gerard Mante, the writer's niece. To review the book is not enough, for it is badly composed and unfinished; Proust did not intend to publish it, doubtless because he felt that the style and content were juvenile. Among delightful scenes that might have been painted by a Vuillard, he probably felt less happy about certain rather affected passages which, to pursue the analogy with contemporary artists, are more reminiscent of sketches by Helleu than of canvases by Monet. Again, the chapters on the Panama scandal and the Dreyfus case were no longer topical, and he therefore discarded them from the work in its final form. This work, however, is adumbrated in its entirety within this series of sketches; and just as, by studying certain Raphael drawings, one senses the mastery he will show in his Vatican frescoes, so in this rough draft there are pages worthy of the *Temps Perdu*.

There is a long account of his childhood at Combray, rechristened Etreuilles, but sometimes referred to as Illiers, its name on a real map of France. The delicate, nervous child cannot sleep until his mother has kissed him good-night, and the lazy-seeming adolescent revolts with authentic violence against the severity of a father who is pontifical, bourgeois, and reserved. Marcel's parents are here drawn from nature, they are not yet transfigured by the art, and the respect, of the writer. Françoise, as yet merely Ernestine, bullies masters and servants alike with her surly fidelity; the grandmother, who in the final work personifies the loveliest qualities of a devoted and cultivated mother, does not appear, while the grandfather, in his shabby neat clothes, makes the same brief entry. Gilberte Swann, in the person of Marie Kossichef, plays in the Champs Élysées, and reigns despotically over the tender heart of the ailing boy. The delicious, stupid, guilty Odette is briefly indicated in the description of an elegant and frivolous woman; but there is no Swann, he whose social position and jealous love are to be those of the author himself, who has not yet found the fashionable world though he longs for it, but who has already felt the pangs which the wretched lover will suffer as he watches the closed shutters of the rue la Pérouse.

* * *

Masterly are the descriptions of flowers and plants, lovely and attractive as graceful creatures or faithful friends; the lilacs, "invisibles et persistants" companions of future stormy evenings.
are here but a "domesticité silencieuse," shedding "sur le chemin qu'ils ornent tout nouvellement l'offrande modeste mais exquise de leur parfum"; the "bonnes fleurs blanches des pommiers" speak to us "comme quand nous rencontrons dans un défilé une personne qui nous sourit, nous dit bonjour." "Né de la chaleur de l'été" the poppy "amené là par personne, presque jamais vu par personne, laissant passer les heures, ne cessait de briller merveilleusement dans le pourpre magnifique, dans la naïve monotonie de sa beauté," or "une troupe de pervenches, venue en grand nombre boire et écouter la fraîcheur au bord de l'eau, est encore là, pas troublée par notre venue, comme un troupeau de jeunes gazelles, comme une apparition céleste que notre vue a surprise et n'a point troublée." Finally "entre toutes les fleurs qu'il avait devant lui" Marcel chose the pink hawthorn "pour laquelle il avait un amour special dont il se faisait une idée définie." An idea associated with Proustian images of the month of May, the taste of cream cheese and crushed strawberries, memories of "gourmandise, de jours chauds, et de bonne santé." The pink hawthorn remains for him "moins une fleur que la douceur même du printemps, des printemps passés." This mayflower, when the young asthmatic had become the invalid shut up in an airless room, was to symbolise in its "nonchalance gracieuse" the young girls of the budding grove and their too passionate friendships.

The work has not yet achieved its unity; there is no Guermantes Way, and no road in that direction, although the writer "voyant le monde à travers son imagination qui embellit tout" already dreams of it, and does not wait to know of it before speaking of it. He calls it here Réveillon, after the house of the watercolourist Madeleine Lemaire (who perhaps taught him to appreciate and portray the tender and exquisite colours of flowers), where he stayed with his great friend Reynaldo Hahn. The latter becomes Henri de Réveillon, Jean Santeuil's best friend, who introduced him into the elegant and well-born circle to which his musical talents had given him the entry. At a single bound, Reynaldo becomes the son of a duke, and Réveillon an aristocratic home where one of the rooms is called "le salon des adieux" because it was there that "Saint Louis, before leaving Paris, had bid farewell to Geoffroy, d'Aquitaine et de Réveillon." Thus have we flown to the mountain peaks of history where Proust loves to breathe the glories of the past; his interest in great names is part of his love of history and entomology, and he explains the snobishness of Balzac's Rubempré, and at the same time his own, in these terms: "cette société sera pour moi un sujet de peintures que je ferai sans ressemblance si je les fais sans modèle. Combinen
ces vies spéciales, dont la flore psychologique spéciale, à cette région spéciale de la vie et du monde qu'on appelle 'le monde' sont intéressantes pour un psychologue, et la fleur la plus vénéneuse, mais aussi la plus répandue dans cette terre pourrie, le snobisme.' Proust thus anticipates those superficial critics who have always accused him of snobbishness, and confesses without seeking to excuse himself "soit que sa perspicacité se plaise à punir cruellement chez les autres la honte de ressentir déjà ses atteintes en lui, soit plutôt que parler son mal même pour le flétrir, soit encore le nourrir et le flatter, le romancier double d'un snob se fera le romancier des snobs." It would be as impossible to write so well of the comedy of society without playing a part in it, and enjoying it, as to write about love never having been in love. Thus he is gradually introduced to the world of fashion; Bertrand de Fénélon, from whom he drew much of Saint Loup, disdained his aristocratic birth, but "il n'était pas en son pouvoir de se dépouiller de l'élégance aristocratique qu'elle lui avait conférée." He is described leaping from table to table in a café "venant d'un milieu où l'on sait que quand on veut marquer une préférence, une déférence, il n'y a pas de 'cela ne se fait pas'; il n'avait pas une fois dans sa vie su ce que c'était que le snobisme, que le dédain, que le besoin de cacher le snobisme, le désir d'affirmer de dédain; son âme n'avait pris aucun faux pli." This first Saint Loup is as distinguished and graceful as the Saint Loup who, dying a hero's death in 1914, is "si beau en ses dernières heures, lui qui toujours dans cette vie avait semblé, même assis, même marchant dans un salon, contenir l'élán d'une charge." But not only Fénélon, under the name Bertrand de Réveillon, was the original of Saint Loup; Robert de Flers, whom Proust knew at the Lycée Condorcet, gave him his Christian name, and it was Albufera whom he visited at Provins-Doncières, Albufera, whose First Empire name evoked the poetic embroideries on the Iénas and Borodinos, names of victories, and who "observant majestueusement, de ce front qui a été habitué depuis deux générations à gouverner, à pénétrer, à récompenser, tandis qu'ils ne pensent à rien, semblent vous scruter encore de cet œil qui reste vague du regard de l'Empereur qui rêvait." The parallel is drawn between the bonapartist and the legitimist nobility, while he dissects their every gesture and mannerism, as a scientist might compare the habits of the bee with those of the ant. And this only a Proust could do, who was outside both worlds, and observed them with the penetration which, added to the paternal common sense, his Jewish mother's acute perception gave him. It was his oriental sensibility which caused him so to embellish and magnify his characters, just as in the Bible or the Arabian Nights every girl is always the most ravishing and every boy the most radiant, so the Réveillons become the Guermantes,
The EUROPEAN

ladies of his acquaintance "cousines de l'Empereur d'Autriche," Madame Strauss's red shoes the property of the brilliant, rich Duchesse de Guermantes, whose harsh voice and celebrated wit are borrowed from the Comtesse de Chevigné née Sade, who in real life was married to an impoverished younger son. The ebullient optimism of the poet placed his characters in an inaccessible Olympus.

*S*  *S*  *

Sodom, however, still sleeps beneath burning waters; but as the book progresses Jean Santeuil is emboldened to discover it. In the first volume it remains hidden, but it is easy to guess that the establishment whose threshold he crosses "dissimulant son émotion comme un conscrit ne veut pas laisser voir à un ancien qu'il a peur," is not one for commonplace ordinary love-making. The first person he meets there reminds him of a house-maid whom he remembered as being "étrange et terrible... qui sentait le vin comme un ivrogne," and who, dismissed by Madame Santeuil, "l'avait insulée, la cuisinière disait mère battue." "Puis on apprit que, recherchée depuis longtemps pour un double meurtre, elle avait été condamnée à dix ans de travaux forcés." This ambiguous creature, who joins "la vulgarité d'un voyou" to "la scélératesse d'un escroc" belongs only too obviously to the sex which, unhappily for him but to the great good fortune of literature, the masochistic homosexual was already seeking.

Monsieur de Charlus appears later on, with the name Vicomte de Lomperolles, who beneath a curled grey wig, "minaudier et grincheux" affects to hate young men, reproaching them with lack of virility; married since the age of twenty, he does not present them to his wife, who eyes them with suspicion, never speaks of them, but does not seem to like them. Almost at the end of the book poor Lomperolles commits suicide, ruined by a violinist in whom Morel can be recognised, then "par un cuirassier, un vicaire, un danseur, un forçat qui vingt fois aurait pu le tuer d'un seul coup." Here the attitude of Madame de Lomperolles becomes clear to the narrator "ce regard où à la défiance de l'ennemi se mêlait une timidité mélancolique en face du vainqueur qui l'avait dépossédée de ses droits." The veil is lifted, the waters part, Sodom is revealed to the gaze of the curious and of the votary. Less bashful, more usual, Gomorrha breaks silence; a certain Françoise already makes Albertine's disquieting confession, of a sin of which she says "my confessor found nothing to say to me, and my doctor thought I was mad." Sheltering behind her, Proust seeks excuses for his own shame, and suffers all the tortures of his troubled jealousies.
Santeuil is still too young to have seen his generation grow old, therefore he does not depict for us the horror of watching friends we have known quite young slowly deteriorate with age, as in the *Temps Retrouvé*. Odette rocking herself to and fro, Oriane, “poisson sacré chargé de pierreries,” the Duc de Guermantes, “lion devenu vieux;” but even as an adolescent he is too much fascinated by his fellow humans not to study how time can mark a face. Although General de Boisdeffre still looked fairly young, “ses joues etaient revêtes d’une sort de fine lèpre rouge ou violacée comme sont la vigne vierge ou certaines mousses revêtant les murs à l’automne,” and Monsieur Santeuil, sleeping near his wife a few days before his death is no more than a fragile toy, “inconscient et usé.”

Thus we can see the whole of the *Temps Perdu* and *Retrouvé* foreshadowed in this primitive work, which, even though it be less perfect from a literary or philosophical point of view, yet teaches us more than they about Proust the man. In spite of the disguises in which he seeks to conceal his characters, changing the English painter Alexander Harrison, the first Elstir, into a famous writer, while an illustrious old man already called Bergotte, who is Anatole France, becomes a painter visiting his own exhibition, Jean Santeuil remains nearer to the real Marcel Proust. Although he attributes his portrait by Jacques-Emil Blanche to “Le Gandare,” and alters the colour of his suit, there he is life-size, olive skinned, elegant; his family is described just as it really was; Saint-Saëns signs his famous musical phrase and Monet his water-lilies and cathedrals. Even if only for this documentary interest the book would captivate us.

There are also a thousand traces of the author of the first essays, such as Santeuil in the Louvre looking at Van Dyck’s Duke of Richmônd, the “jeune sage ou charmant fou” of *Les Plaisirs et les Jours*. Taken from a page of the *Chroniques*, the Comtesse Mathieu de Noailles, renamed Vicomtesse Gaspard de Réveillon, and (as in real life) a foreigner by birth, sparkles in amusing conversation and in the sombre iridescence of her brilliant verse. Then, forerunner of the minute study of the ray of sun on the balcony, here is the psychological description of a falling drop of water: “la coquette vigne vierge faisait sa toilette et séchait ses feuilles rouges en laissant glisser de temps en temps une goutte, qui tombait sur la terre avec un tintement agréable, bien différent de celui des premières gouttes d’une ondée, et qui est au contraire le timide prélude du beau temps qui revient et du recommencement de la vie au dehors.” Finally, certain pages mark the perfect transition between *Pastiches* and the *Temps Retrouvé*; not yet having read Saint Simon, who was the model for his last pastiche, the author
The EUROPEAN

is steeped in Flaubert and Balzac. These pieces are copies he alone could have made, analogous to those Delacroix painted of certain Rubens pictures, and Manet of Goyas, he imitates devotedly the work which inspires him; and the writer, like the painters, finds the difficult path which leads him towards the discovery of his own genius and the radiance of his singular achievement.

HENRI GILBERT

IMMORAL BOOKS

LADY CHATTERLEY OR THE SHROPSHIRE LAD?

A page in Les Caves du Vatican ended the friendship of Claudel for Gide. Henceforth the consul, trying to convert no longer, would combat as the most pernicious of influences, a case for the exorcist's clyster, not the stamps and writing paper of the apologist. And now that Gide is dead, Claudel's Church has put his works on that selectest of library lists, the Vatican Index. A very different writer from Claudel, Ezra Pound, declares that the dirtiest book in our language is a quite astute manual telling people how to earn money by writing. And Muhammad, thirteen centuries ago, said, Man is judged by his pen.

One takes issue with Claudel, or with the Customs Officers who burnt Ulysses on Folkestone quay, not on the Wildean grounds that no books are immoral, but on the stronger grounds that the moral standards of which these censors felt themselves the guardians were unprecise and shortsighted. If actions can be immoral, that is, against the mores of a society, then books too can be immoral; books as much as actions can undermine the spiritual bases of a society, can diminish health or exacerbate disease. The question is not whether or no there are immoral books: the question is, which are they?

The problem is made harder by the necessity of using abstract nouns: always the most slippery coins, and more particularly so when used for emotional marketing. But if we seize on the word immoral, and refuse to let it escape before it has yielded up all
IMMORAL BOOKS

that it can be exchanged for, we find it has two meanings, rather different: first, that which is felt to be against the mores of a society; second, that which is in fact against them. The first sense is used more widely and is the more dangerous, the more slippery. It presupposes any emotional and commonplace censor; it may come to include anything which any prude, fanatic or Bowdler may dislike—or like too much for his conscience’s good. It may range from ballet to nudity, from playing tennis on Sundays, to, in the Old Testament context, failing to slaughter all the enemy after a military engagement. In this sense, of course, an immoral book is any book which anyone happens to dislike. The second sense, more subtle, though anchored in reality, presupposes intelligent critics, who consult deeply the true interest of their society: a rare species.

(In case this distinction between the two uses of immoral is slithering into abstraction, a concrete example may be useful. In certain areas of the Sudan, it is felt by the custodians of the popular mores that NOT to practise female circumcision is immoral; while among other thinkers it is felt that the practice of this rite is the true immorality. In this head-on clash between two viewpoints both sides will use the word ‘immoral’ until the dispute is resolved.)

For at least a century the word immoral as applied to art has been used for the kind of expression which, in its strongest form, at Pompeii, justifies the guide in extending a more grasping palm for a larger tip. Sex and its environs are the forbidden lands. To walk there, unless in carefully priveted walks, is to ensure litigation and notoriety.

This feature of the present age will no doubt astound the historian of the future. Particularly when he surveys laden library shelves—always assuming those shelves will have survived atomic ‘liberation’—a huge genus of literature, specifically of the Twentieth Century, and unreadable in any other, which was not labelled obscene, immoral, dangerous, or even a waste of time and paper, at its publication: the crime story.

The most respectable Sunday newspaper carries a regular review section entitled Crime Ration: as though in this age, when everything is rationed, crime too were a commodity, like cheese or petrol, which the citizen requires for his continued health. The more popular papers do not review crime: they report it, detailed incident by incident, tear by tear, and there is little space for such serious issues as economics, politics, or art.

Sexual literature—that is, literature in which descriptions of erotic events and erotic emotions play a dominant role—is parasitic on the fact of human reproduction, on human emotional attachments where physical desire comes first. Crime literature—that is, literature in which either the detection of crime or the history
of a crime is the theme—is parasitic on the fact of human death, on the fact that no one can go out of this world without a minimum of pain and struggle, and that some, the murdered, go out with unusual squalor, earlier than they should. Both literatures, therefore, are rooted in deep human realities: the same realities which once fired tragedy and comedy, epic and lyric poetry, but which in our age find their appropriate levels. Both deal in debased forms with fundamentals: the continuation of our species, and our death as individuals. If 'artists are the antennae of the race' their way of dealing with such fundamentals intimately concerns society.

Why do we have censors to whom crime literature is respectable and sex literature caddish? Why do the film spinsters permit coshings, stampings, unbuckling of belts, thrashings, every type of violent and squalid death, who yet limit the seconds of a kiss, and utterly prohibit any word or phrase which fitly describes the facts of sexual life? The censorship in the films on these two facets of human life is so lopsided, that were it stood upside down and applied exactly otherwise, we should have a situation where perversest forms of sexual intercourse would be filmed, nude, unveiled, for the greater part of the performance, whilst the least slap or verbal reference to physical pain or disease would be excised by the censors.

The past patrons of art in England had no particular sexual scruples. They merely accepted the teachings of the religion they belonged to, but were prepared, vide Shakespeare, to see sex shown as frankly as drunkenness or the other human activities. As for death, they liked that too, whether for the Aristotelian motive, or for some less creditable human fascination with the topic. But they did not like the deaths to be pointless: they had to be of the great, and to have some high significance. A play which started with the murder of a charwoman, and whose action was the unmasking of her killer, would have enthralled the groundlings and the courtiers little. They loved to see death so as to rejoice again that they were alive. A decapitated Macbeth reminded them that they, the onlookers, still had their heads, and if they avoided his intemperance, they could make love, beget children, be faithless to their wives, get drunk, and in a word, go on living.

The new patrons of art, and in particular of literature, are the multitude who buy paper-backed editions, who go to the cinema, who listen to the radio, whose grandparents went to Chapel. They are the heirs of those who, whether officer, sergeant or soldier, carved out an enriching empire, while holding a black-bound book before their eyes, to blot out the antics of sexual humanity. Above all, they are the grandchildren of the manse, the parsonage,
the Nonconformist lay-preacher's lodging-house. All that lives most vividly and beautifully is hated, unless it can be used under leash, as an example of Divine purpose. These readers no longer adhere to the Puritan faith. They no longer know the Psalms by heart, would be uncertain whether Habakkuk or Hosea came first, and probably don't go inside a church more than once a lifetime: but they have carried their father's puritanism in a capsule inside them. And just as beauty and its love are suspect, along with pleasure and comfort, so the one living experience in which all men, great or small, can know something of community with thrusting nature is belittled, or explained away as something else. In Scotland, for example, whose people are very much in tune with the 'modern age,' a wedding is still surrounded with rites of studied ugliness, with jokes of crudest squalor, and the only place in most Scottish towns where there is anything beautiful to see is the graveyard.

The graveyard — that is the key. Death is respectable; life is not. 'Yes' is suspect; 'no' is good form.

The poetical career of the late Professor A. E. Housman affords an example of how the Anglo-Saxon permits even perverse eroticism, provided there is enough death about. 'He came into literature with a small volume of verse, A Shropshire Lad, 1896, which at once attracted the attention of those with ears for an original voice in poetry.' Mr. George Sampson himself is puzzled by the fact that 'Housman has attracted two generations of readers and that the publication of his last collection was still regarded as a literary event.' 'Perhaps,' he suggests, 'the fatalism which the Shropshire Lad suggests appealed specially to the generation that had taken Fitzgerald's Omar to its bosom. Here the implacable Heavens were indicted, not in a Persian garden, but on Wenlock Edge...'.

On the contrary, Housman was greeted as a poet of health, because he wrote about England, not Byzantium. With Kipling, he was read as a bard of the Old English school. As to his fatalism: the generation that took Fitzgerald to its bosom was the generation of Rossetti and Swinburne. And besides the fatalism of Omar — even in the inexact translation of Fitzgerald — is something quite other than the onanistic necrophilia of the middle-aged Professor. (Although the persona of the poems seems to be an adolescent, Housman was in his 37th year when, visited by the continuous excitement under which, he tells us, he wrote The Shropshire Lad, in the early months of 1895.) Fatalism of the Persian or Arab kind is similar to that of the Greeks: an acceptance of what must be because it must be; a refusal to complain when the dice roll against one — but not a longing for the dice to roll against one. Hercules, dying in the flaming shirt in Sophocles' Women of Trachis...
The EUROPEAN

rages at losing life, is angry with the wife who, for the best of reasons, has destroyed him, while Housman gloats over the ‘mattress of loam’ on which his love-object will soon be dying: it is the difference between a man’s reactions, a man who has lived and enjoyed living, and a fervent spinster’s.

For Housman’s poems do not show a bitter acceptance of death: they show a delight in it; not the understandable longing of a Keats, to cease upon midnight with no pain; but an obsession with young people being killed, whether by knifing, sabre-thrust, battle, or strangulation:

But fetch the county kerchief
And noose me in the knot,
and I will rot.

Wilde and Housman were both at their most prolific in the ’90’s. Wilde was true to his peculiarities, and went to prison for them, thoroughly censured by the British people. Housman hid his, in verse that those who knew no Greek imagined to be Hellenic, and was considered a ‘healthy’ poet. But the peculiarities are cached under a mere sprinkling of leaves.

The street sounds to the soldier’s tread,
And out we troop to see:
A single redcoat turns his head,
He turns and looks at me.

This is only one instance of the fantasy love-object invariably damned in a further stanza to a bed of clay or a dead man’s knoll. A 100% casualty list is a peculiarity of the Housmanesque army:

... Lovely lads and dead and rotten;
None that go return again.

I did not lose my heart in summer’s eve, the Professor confided in this season of inspiration. In blood and smoke and flame I lost my heart. I lost it to a soldier and a foeman, a chap that did not kill me, but he tried; that took the sabre straight and took it striking, and laughed and kissed his hand to me and died. Of course, death in battle is a theme for poetry. Aeschylus who fought in the Persian Wars, or Whitman who nursed the dying in the American Civil War, or Wilfred Owen, knew what they were writing of and achieved a more than onanistic impetus: a sense of reality, that comes from surveying a thing as it is in itself, not as it is in some frenzied and distorted study-vision, where blood is a farthing a pint, and ideal soldiers take the sabre smiling, rather as schoolboys are supposed to take the cane. Whitman’s Reconciliation for example:

Word over all, beautiful as the sky,
Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time be utterly lost,

That the hands of the sisters Death and Night
IMMORAL BOOKS

incessantly softly wash again, and ever again, this soiled world;
For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead,
I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin —
I draw near,
Bend down and touch lightly with lips the white face
in the coffin.

Aeschylus, Whitman, Owen, write about war — an 'unpleasant' subject — with a truth that makes it bearable. Housman's rant about plumes and smoke is as unbearable as the woman-warrior who gives her sons, or the well-fed bourgeois who extols the virtues of poverty.

The mechanism that makes the professor-poet function is not hard to uncover; there is the intellectual's hatred of the intellect: 'tis only thinking lays lads underground; the sedentary man's love for the assassin, the active ruffian... there sleeps in Shrewsbury jail tonight... a better lad, if things went right, than most that sleep outside. These form a combination not rare in the psychiatrist's casebook. There is hardly a page in the 'Collected Poems' which does not reveal, even to a casual glance, a psychology far more diseased than Wilde's. The following lines, for example, in the much reprinted Shropshire Lad, if translated into literal Arabic, would be at once understood in the East as standard brothel poetry: though not of course as brilliant as that of Abu Nawas. (In fact, I carried this experiment out, and my Arab friend asked: 'If it does not mean that, then what does it mean?')

Say, lad, have you things to do?
Quick then, while your day's at prime.
Quick, and if 'tis work for two,
Here am I, man: now's your time.

Send me now, and I shall go;
Call me, I shall bear you call:
Use me ere they lay me low
Where a man's no use at all;
Ere the wholesome flesh decay,
And the willing nerve be numb
And the lips lack breath to say,
'No, my lad, I cannot come.'

In the whole collection it is hard to find anything but death and this strange kind of love. It is hard to find any real experience mirrored, or any real sincerity of utterance, unless that is we accept Neame's emendation of the last line in Poem XXXV and read Women bore me, I will rise — and for that there seems little justification...

In the present state of the world, the best which we may hope
The EUROPEAN

for is probably the death of all censors: since even in the Soviet Union, where murder and rape are excluded from the newspapers, D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* or Jean Genet's *Querelle de Brest* would be condemned in favour of *Jane Eyre* or the Soviet equivalent of *Mrs. Haliburton's Troubles*. But if the 'city of Dioce, whose terraces are the colour of stars' should ever appear, one might hope that a real censorship would emerge: an encouragement of any literature that showed life as it is, in all its facets; and a rigorous prevention of all literature that merely uses extreme situations as a stimulus to the more destructive human emotions. Such a censorship would surely say that to massacre a pine forest and then turn it into Sunday crime-sheets or mammoth editions of detective stories was unjustifiable: better for the trees to continue growing moss, to stand shelter over beautiful illiterates, than to die thus. But for all that was honest and true, as *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is, and most novels are not, the trees would yield, since in all nature lower forms must give way to higher. But such divine censors are not yet born. And if for nothing more ideal than our own safety, we must repeat: this year, and for the next thousand, a dirge when a censor is born, and a bacchanal when he lies 'on his mattress of loam.'

DESMOND STEWART.

MAKING MEN AND HEROES

It is difficult offhand to think of anyone who takes advice less kindly than the professional teacher. Diplomas and degrees in education butter relatively few parsnips for him; Dewey theories, direct methods and inspectors' recommendations are fitfully canvassed and then tactfully or defiantly disregarded. If ever a man knew best it is the pedagogue. And the apathy of the pedagogue communicates itself in an astonishing dullness to the educational theorist. It comes as a stimulating surprise, therefore, after the tedious Methods of Teaching Mod. Lang., and the Theories of Class Management that clog the common room tables, to find
Professor Emery beginning his *Retour à la culture humaine* with a sharp attack on the teaching profession itself, accusing it of fetichism. Dons, he says, are well enough taken singly; but in cabal display the most jealous pettymindedness and intolerant sectarianism. Even the most jaded academic is bound to take notice of that and notice once taken he will be taken in the net.

Postulating that European culture is now menaced by technology, materialism and Marxism and is worth preserving, and that Humanism is of the very nature of specifically European culture, Professor Emery denounces the vulgarisation of culture begun by Fontenelle, aided by Rousseau and achieved by the scholastic revolution of the 19th Century. He distinguishes sharply between popular instruction and true education, arguing that the scholastic revolution was every bit as much a revolution as the Industrial Revolution itself and represented a complete break, not only with past methods, but also with the very traditions upon which education had been based. When the traditional beliefs and values are rejected, they are soon replaced by others, by faith in technological progress, for example, with its corollary of a realisable Marxist Paradise on earth.

Under the pressure of our mass-productive age, the school has become an industrial concern producing and providing the means for passing examinations. Students from an early age pursue their studies, to change the metaphor, less in the spirit of contemplation than of the steeplechase. *Bachots*, general certificates, degrees and diplomas present themselves as biennial obstacles in the educational stakes, until, the race at length run, with *majors* in botany and biology and *minors* in ballroom dancing and ballistics, the average performer sinks into inert middle age.

But this is not the true function of the schools. The purpose of education is not to stuff the head but to form the spirit. The true school is where the aristocracy of the intellect is to be formed. Without the aristocracy of the intellect no high culture can survive, least of all when it is menaced by a rival. For the preservation of that culture, it is necessary to accept the gulf between the mass and the élite and to cultivate the élite in some degree of isolation.

For the education of this élite four branches of knowledge are sufficient: a knowledge of the cosmos, of history, of the self and an awareness of beauty. With these must be combined an ascetic doctrine of action, an initiation in the fabulous, a training in rational thought and a cultivation of *la vie intérieure*, a phrase so venerable in associations that it defies exact translation out of its context.

It would be doing scant justice to the matter or the style of this very compressed and readable treatise to reduce it to the dimensions of an article in the Reader's Digest, even though by avoiding this
The EUROPEAN temptation the headings of the thesis must be left in the realms of the vague. However, selected quotations from the work, set out under their chapter headings, will serve as indicators to the Professor's line of approach.

In the chapter entitled La Vérité des Fables he urges the value of folklore as the first nourishment for the youthful imagination and also as the foundation of any later vision of the integral universe. He takes as one of his examples the Tree of Eternity, among whose branches the earth and the stars are lodged:

'After all, what is this Tree of Eternity? Surely a symbol of the life circulating from root to topmost branch, out of darkness into light? Let a man think of himself as an insect lost among the branches of this murmuring cosmic forest — there indeed is something to fill his heart with wonder, to give him imaginative stature, to awaken his faculty of respect. It is a curious thing that one should be branded as a lover of the paradoxical for maintaining that a child stands to gain more from musing on images of that kind than from reciting dry formulae lifted from Copernicus.'

Rather than the inculcation of the Ptolemaic, Copernican, Newtonian, and in the cases of the very precocious, the Einsteinian systems, the Professor advocates a thorough grounding in the mythological traditions of mankind, to serve as an Achilles' shield where "the works of men, war, journeys, theophanies, the properties of the elements and the planetary and celestial cycles are all wisely and poetically combined." Only when the sense of the great unity of the cosmos is thoroughly imbibed do we proceed to Rational Education and the Geometric Spirit. But here again the particular must always be taught in relation to the general. The study of Geometry must not be confined to the measurements of abstractions, but must be applied, as in the measuring of distant objects. Only when the student has learned something of the satisfaction of measuring objects outside his text books, hill, churches and trees, should he proceed to the measurement of the Cosmic Tree itself, that bears the world like a fruit in its prodigious branches. Now is the time for Ptolemy and Copernicus and the others. For he can appreciate them in the perspective of tradition and in the light of reason. He can grasp the truth that as one interpretation of the universe has yielded to another in the past, so our latest will be replaced by others in the future: and further, that whatever system receives reverence at any one time, life on our planet goes on much as before; that no one is really one penny the richer, one grain the wiser, or one whit the happier for all the truths or untruths of Professor Einstein or Sir Isaac Newton. This implied caveat against too superstitious a reverence for what is fundamentally of indifferent value to the human condition is later extended to that Mathematic Imperialism, so characteristic of our
own intellectual polis. The freakish Inaudi could do vast sums in his head, but cared, indeed knew, little of the how or wherefore. 'It will be objected that any kind of over-specialisation can lead to disequilibrium. That is certainly so. But while we are still far from supposing that a champion boxer, a virtuoso violinist, or even a brilliant orator has necessarily all that is required to order and understand our societies, we seem more than ready to knuckle under to the claims of statisticians and "experts". We must remember that mathematics neither constitute the sum of human wisdom nor the sum of culture and that the tribute due to them is only that due to a pre-eminent form of intellectual activity.'

The teaching of history comes next in importance. Here a thorough grounding in the nature of the three types of human society, the nomadic, the agricultural and the urban, must precede any more specialised course of studies. But when specialised studies do begin, it is important to bear in mind, at the risk of deviation from the democratic credo, that 'humanity is not an ant hill, but a multitude endowed with intelligence and dominated by men of genius. The more our societies enslave themselves to the Machine and to Bureaucracy, the more unwieldy and impersonal they become and the more urgent it is to react against the extinction of the personality, or its suicide. This can only be done by reviving what Carlyle happily called Hero Worship: using the term in its widest sense, to embrace the heroes of action, wisdom and holiness.' On no account should history be limited to politics and economics, but should give at least equal importance to thought, the arts and religion. Here of course Emery is writing with a lay educational system in view and what he says applies equally well to State Schools in France and England, but this orientation becomes more specifically French when he attacks the chrestomathic presentation of texts in his chapter on Language. This teaching of literature by selected snippets betrays an ignorance of one of the most deep-seated characteristics of man: for better or worse he always reaches out for the whole before examining the parts. In literature there is everything to be said for gratifying this instinct, however much it may be desirable to thwart it in the disciplines of the exact sciences.

On the formation of the aesthetic sense the Professor, true to his humanistic thesis, takes up the position of the traditionalist. Those artifacts that exerted most influence on our European culture are those that can most inspire us as the heirs of that culture; with them we are inextricably bound up and they are the index by which we can best know what we, as Europeans, actually and potentially are.

As mythology laid the foundations for subsequent studies, so philosophy — mythology transformed by reason — must re-integrate
The EUROPEAN

the various parts of the structure we have raised, before we can complete it with wisdom, religion, self-knowledge and morality. Here, as always, the educator is faced with all sorts of difficult problems; in fact, it is time for the pupil to act for himself—under guidance. This guidance is best furnished by an exposition of the three eternal models of human excellence; the hero, the personification of human grandeur in the realm of benevolent or constructive power; the sage, representing that same grandeur in the realms of reflection and judgment; and the saint, an equivalent grandeur in the realms of self-sacrifice and love. But the choice between the evangelic, the socratic and the faustian does not have to be, indeed cannot be, made by the teacher. Once the pupil has understood the terms of the choice, the theory of the choice and the necessity of the choice, the duty of the teacher is done.

The work concludes with a minimal reading-list of exceptional value, ranging from Perrier's treatise on pre-history, through Frazer's Golden Bough, Homer, Epictetus (or in default of him, Seneca, the only Roman author included), SS. Augustine and Thomas, Dante, Shakespeare, Voltaire, Goethe, Hegel, Dickens, Nietzsche and Spengler to Thomas Mann, Huxley, Valéry and Sartre.

Emery as an educationalist stands in the great tradition of Rossuet and Fénelon; like them he can only be rewarded with an ideally intelligent pupil and like them he requires a degree of isolation in which that pupil can develop; unlike them, however, he has the spirit of the century against him. But in providing a blueprint for a revived humanism in France, Professor Emery has at the same time outlined a method for achieving something of far wider import—the requickening of Humanism throughout the West and a restoration of confidence in the European genius.

A. J. NEAME.

* Retour à la culture humaine. Léon Emery, Cahiers Libres, Lyon

Implicit in all serious works of art will be found politics, theology, philosophy—in brief, all the great intellectual departments of the human consciousness.—Wyndham Lewis.
DR. LEAVIS OR MR. POUND?

Since the incarceration of Ezra Pound few writers have attempted to reassess his position as critic. There have been various woolly estimates of his poetic worth (carefully avoiding the more serious ethical implications), but neglect of the enormous volume of his critical work. There are two main reasons for this: firstly, the time necessary to digest the entire corpus (and casual examination of Pound is quite useless) and secondly, reluctance on the part of many critics to face the challenge of Mr. Pound's strictures. I except Hugh Kenner, whose 'The Poetry of Ezra Pound' pays ample homage to Mr. Pound's critical genius and, indeed, demonstrates the impossibility of separating the 'poet' from the 'critic.'

However, Mr. Kenner is an American and we are here concerned with the post-war generation in England and Mr. Pound's impact upon them.

Our two main seats of learning, Oxford and Cambridge, house two formidable opponents of Pound, Sir Maurice Bowra and Dr. F. R. Leavis, each, in his role of expert pedagogue, having great influence. In consequence, a young man attending either of these universities, unless possessed of a very independent and enquiring mind, is likely, if he discovers Pound at all, to be presented with a hostile picture.

Of these two men Dr. Leavis has been the more incisive in attack. Late in the day though it is, it will be useful to consider in some detail a little work of Dr. Leavis': How To Teach Reading, a Primer for Ezra Pound, published soon after the appearance of Mr. Pound's How To Read.

The reason for reviving this ancient issue is that, in such cases, the attacker almost always has the last word: that is to say, a writer of Mr. Pound's eminence has neither the time, inclination or need publicly to engage with each 'enemy.' It is quite possible, therefore, that a young student at Cambridge might glance through Dr. Leavis' 'Primer' before acquainting himself with the work of Mr. Pound. It would take a very tough and sceptical young mind to withstand the 'ex cathedra' pronouncements of the don! Most people have little resistance to the power of suggestion: for every man who has thought about Hamlet, there are five hundred ready to regurgitate Coleridge, Bradley or Mr. Eliot on Hamlet.

Early in his book Dr. Leavis opens fire on Pound's three famous classifications of poetry, MELOPEIA, PHANOPEIA, LOGOPEIA. Here are Mr. Pound's definitions in full:

"Melopeia, wherein the words are charged, over and above their plain meaning, with some musical property, which directs the bearing or trend of the meaning."

"Phanopeia, which is a casting of images upon the visual imagination."

41
The EUROPEAN

"Logopeia, 'the dance of the intellect among words,' that is to say, it employs words not only for their direct meaning but it takes count in a special way of habits of usage, of the context we expect to find with the word, its usual concomitants, of its known acceptances and of ironical play. It holds the aesthetic content which is peculiarly the domain of verbal manifestation and cannot possibly be contained in plastic or in music."

Attacking the term 'Phanopeia' Dr. Leavis writes, "He (Pound) seems to think (it is not for nothing that he has been associated with Imagism) that imagery is adequately dealt with as 'casting of images upon the visual imagination.' But imagery in poetry is not merely visual."

Now Dr. Leavis, in his desire to refute Mr. Pound, wilfully assumes that the latter's definition means that 'Phanopeia' is the only category in which 'images' function. In his apparent disregard for Semantics Dr. Leavis makes a simple but fatal error, an *elementalistic* error, as Korzybski would call it.

This is how Dr. Leavis reads the sentence: 'Phanopeia, which is a casting of images upon the visual imagination.'

And this is how Mr. Pound intended it to be read: 'Phanopeia, which is a casting of images upon the visual imagination.'

One cannot overemphasise the enormity of Dr. Leavis' error. In seizing on the word 'images' and misunderstanding its function in the sentence he has fallen victim to a jejune conceptualism. In this sentence 'image' is for Mr. Pound a word (denoting an object, or objects) of a kind which will stimulate the visual imagination. For Dr. Leavis it is an abstract category (and this is the man who later dubs Mr. Pound 'an amateur of abstractions'). Thus it can be seen that, in his anxiety to refute, Dr. Leavis pounces on a single word, distorts its meaning and sails away on a quite irrelevant tack. This might almost indicate disingenuousness did we not know how sadly we, all of us, can be led astray by our unreasoning likes and dislikes.

Again, "'Melopeia' for instance, the effect of the words as sound, is quite inseparable from their meaning and from the imagery they convey; these determine the 'musical property' as much as this 'directs the bearing or trend' of the meaning. The 'musical property' by itself is an abstraction so remote from the concrete experience of poetry as to be useless and so attractive (see such manuals as Mr. Greening Lamborn's 'Rudiments of Criticism') as to be vicious."

Let us examine the first part of this statement: "Melopeia... is quite inseparable from the meaning (of the words) and the imagery they convey." It is not quite inseparable before the moment of creation.
DR. LEAVIS OR MR. POUND?

Anyone who has studied a song knows that the metrical pattern decided upon (rhymes, assonance, open and closed vowels, etc.) must have directed the 'meaning' to an enormous degree. Dr. Leavis continues, "these (meaning the imagery) determine the 'musical property' as much as this directs the bearing or 'trend' of the meaning."

The trouble, partly, is that Dr. Leavis is speaking mainly as an investigator after the event. If he had more experience as a creator and a good ear he would know something of how a poet sorts out words according to their musical properties. Dante was not talking nonsense when he spoke of *combed* and *shaggy* sounds.

Perhaps the root cause of Dr. Leavis' misapprehension is that Mr. Pound writes with an eye on the 'maker,' the 'doer' rather than the 'consumer.'

Dr. Leavis ends this passage with "The 'musical property' by itself is an abstraction so remote from the concrete experience of poetry as to be useless...."

Setting aside the fact that Mr. Pound has never suggested that the musical property should be considered *by itself*, it is obviously possible to make a musical effect with speech sounds that are quite meaningless on the verbal level. Witness the exclamations in Greek choral odes or the jingles at the end of ballad stanzas.

The real weakness of the whole argument lies in Dr. Leavis' use of the word 'meaning.' His mistake is of exactly the same order as that of which he later accuses Mr. Pound: he speaks of 'meaning' as something which is *contained* in the poem: whereas the whole structure of a poem is its meaning. Furthermore, Dr. Leavis is only considering 'meaning' which can be construed on the verbal level, i.e. more or less translatable into *other* words. A single example will suffice to demonstrate the impossibility of confining meaning to this level.

A jingle like: 'B-I-NGO his name was Bobby BIN-go' effects an organisation in time and space which *is* its 'meaning.' And this meaning is rhythmic and musical.

Juxtaposed we find, "the technique that is not studied as the expression of a given particular sensibility is an unprofitable abstraction, remote from any useful purpose of criticism."

The 'scholastic stink' of this sentence encloses an obvious and well worn truth, but Mr. Pound has never stated anything to the contrary; nor has he in his theorising ever strayed far from the 'given particular sensibility' example (Dr. Leavis had only to turn the pages of *Pavannes and Divisions* to realise that). What Dr. Leavis wishes to infer is that Mr. Pound advocates the teaching of a technique which can be applied indiscriminately to profound or trivial perceptions. Which is nonsense. It is such arrant nonsense that anyone who has read a single paragraph of Mr.
Pound’s must find it difficult to keep calm.

Again, Dr. Leavis writes: “His (Pound’s) essay has certainly the effect of preaching that ‘Melopeia,’ ‘Phanopeia’ and ‘Logo-peia’ can and should be studies apart.”

What does Dr. Leavis think he means by apart? Does he imagine that Mr. Pound is suggesting that an example exhibiting the maximum of Melopeia is without Phanopeia or Logopeia? Or an example of Phanopeia without elements of Melopeia and Logopeia? And so on in all ratios?

It can now be seen that, in a short space, Dr. Leavis has been guilty of a degree of ‘misreading’ quite extraordinary in a man of his pretensions.

Let us now turn on a page or two. “Mr. Pound seems to contemplate competence in at least French, Provençal, Italian, Greek, Latin and Chinese as well as English. And this is no more surprising than his gesture of reassurance: ‘if a man have not time to learn different languages he can, at least, and with very little delay, be told what the discoveries were.’ This ‘telling about discoveries’ can clearly have little to do with the training of a critic (that is, with real literary education)...”

Dr. Leavis is strangely perverse here. Mr. Pound certainly does not expect equal acquaintance with all those languages, but no one can deny that a great deal can be learnt from even a slight acquaintance with another language. The man who can learn nothing of Melopeia from listening to the Greek or Italian he imperfectly understands should not bother with literature. And if ‘telling about discoveries’ has little to do with the training of a critic what on earth has? Without guidance, the embryo-critic or poetaster wanders through the maze of literature and comes out with the knowledge and discrimination displayed in the literary columns of the national press. But Dr. Leavis does not want this; no! he proposes ‘training of sensibility’: we shall come to that later.

And then there comes a very strange piece of writing: “It is plain that his (Pound’s) advice, if followed, would produce not education but a more or less elegantly pedantic dilettantism like that which has its monument in the Cantos (my italics)—indeed, in the general body of Mr. Pound’s work, apart from that great poem ‘Hugh Selwyn Mauberly’ (this is not to deny the limited technical interest of a great deal of it).”

After an interval of twenty years and confronted with LXXXIV cantos of the almost complete epic poem one might have supposed that even the hostile pundit might have amended that astounding statement.* At the time of writing he could have seen at most the first XXX cantos and cleverer men than he had failed to spot the ‘grand design’ (it is puzzling how anyone should imagine it

* Note: Please see page 45.
possible clearly to see the 'design' from the beginning of a work, but too many, Dr. Leavis included, assumed there was not going to be one), but, if he had only seen one canto, the charge of 'dilettantism' only reflects on his lack of critical acumen. And yet he writes, "Everything must start from and be associated with the training of sensibility"—well, where has this 'sensibility' led him? Two striking instances spring to mind. The pupil of so excellent a teacher as Dr. I. A. Richards (with Mr. Eliot and Mr. Empson thrown in) has yet to stop beating the air with his dogged defence of Virginia Woolf on the one hand and his frantic banner-bearing for D. H. Lawrence on the other. This is not the place to discuss the merits or otherwise of those writers, but Dr. Leavis' devotion to them betrays, shall we say, a certain imbalance in his hierarchy of 'greats.' Yet his 'sensibility has been most assiduously trained; what can have gone wrong?

Let me say at once that it is not my purpose to detract from Dr. Richards' valuable work, but merely to illustrate the uselessness of any critical system if the pupil be inept. Dr. Leavis merely likes 'what he likes' and woe betide any pupil of his who demurs: he will be bidden to 'train his sensibility.'

For a moment at one point it almost looks as though Dr. Leavis is reading with a clear mind: "His (Pound's) account (which for its salutary vigour and directness deserves to become a locus classicus) of the function of literature in the state as having to do with maintaining the very cleanliness of the tools, the health of the very matter of thought itself implies a great deal more than he appears not to perceive; it demands expansion and development. The literature that can perform this function cannot be understood merely in terms of individual works illustrating 'processes and modes'; it involves a literary tradition.... mind of Europe.... consciousness and memory, etc." The ray of hope occasioned by the first line has gone and one is about to murmur wearily, 'Pound has not suggested that a literature can be understood merely in terms of, etc...... when, turning on we find, "The relation of the individual artist to others and to the contemporary world and to the past, to be grasped at all must be grasped in some limited particular instances...." And Dr. Leavis has completely contradicted himself. The reason is of course that Dr. Leavis is merely blaming Mr. Pound for not writing the book he did not intend to write: a book to assist the 'complete understanding of literature': the book which he, Dr. Leavis, is so eminently suited to write! This is the oldest critical trick in the world: Mr. Pound

*Note. He has not. "Of the major figures dealt with in the book, Pound, though he has written much since (and is still writing), is the one of whom my general sense has been least modified."—New Bearings on English Poetry. ed. 1950. p.235.
The EUROPEAN

has written a 'Primer,' a preliminary 'guide,' not an exhaustive critical work, but Dr. Leavis chooses to pretend it is the latter.

This is followed up by a quotation from one of Dr. Leavis' own works describing the present state of literature (or purporting to) and then he says, "The passage has been quoted in order to suggest what is lacking in Mr. Pound's preoccupation with letters and to enforce two related points: that one cannot be seriously interested in literature and remain purely literary in interests and that one cannot discuss satisfactorily the 'basis of a sound and liberal education in letters' as a matter of merely the 'culture' of individuals."

Of the first point one can only say that it is utter rubbish. Mr. Pound is so far from being 'purely literary in interests' that it would take some pages to tabulate his activities: he has written a text book and many pamphlets on economics, composed three operas and become embroiled in world politics; and above all there are the superlative cantos, revealing a mind of immense range. If Pound is literary because he cares about literature, Dante was a monk because he wrote about the church!

These assoninities have their pathetic side. There is obviously something in Pound which the don finds temperamentally unbearable. How else explain his constant denunciation of Pound for faults so manifestly his own? 'Amateur of Abstractions!,' 'purely literary in interests!', these are precisely his own failings. Perhaps only the Freudian theory of 'projection' could adequately account for it.

We have talked about 'the training of sensibility'; here is the quotation in full. "Everything must start from the training of sensibility, together with the equipping of the student against the snares of 'technique.' Everything must start from and be associated with the training of sensibility." Remembering the uses to which Dr. Leavis puts his sensibility, and holding our breath, we read on a little further to be brought up short with, "Hopkins, it may be added, offers exceptional opportunities for the beginning of education in English poetry."

The connection between 'sensibility' and Hopkins is plain, but the suggestion that his work should be used for the beginning of education in English poetry is startling! What on earth would a pupil nurtured on such fare make of Chaucer or Arthur Golding? One might as well say that Richard Strauss offers exceptional opportunities for the beginning of education in German music. Of course the study of Hopkins would give the instructor more to talk about.

After discussing the benefit to be gained from comparing 'Antony and Cleopatra' with Dryden's 'All For Love,' Dr. Leavis sums up this section with, "Literary history and knowledge
of the background, social and intellectual, remain, of course, indispensable. They should, and associated with this critical training they can, be made to serve an essential end: the understanding, so lamentably absent in Mr. Pound, of what a literature is and what a tradition."

If the reader of this book has any capacity for amazement remaining, this will surely arouse it. One can only presume that Dr. Leavis has not read 'The Spirit of Romance,' or Pound's paper on 'Mediaevalism,' or his study of Arnaut Daniel. His 'knowledge of the background' is dazzling, as Wyndham Lewis has pointed out in 'Time and Western Man,' "He (Pound) has really walked with Sophocles beside the Aegean; he has seen the Florence of Cavalcanti; there is almost nowhere in the past he has not visited...." Or Mr. Eliot, who wrote in the introduction of 'Selected Poems,' "The people who tire of Pound's Provence and Pound's Italy are those who cannot see Provence and mediaeval Italy except as museum pieces, which is not how Pound sees them, or how he makes others see them.... he does see them as contemporary with himself, that is to say he has grasped certain things in Provence and Italy which are permanent in human nature."

It is wearisome for both reader and commentator to have to refute such 'untruths to fact.'

I would ask the reader to look at Mr. Pound's 'Notes on Elizabethan Classicists' and then at any work of Dr. Leavis' and decide which writer shows understanding of 'what a literature is and what a tradition.'

Now for Dr. Leavis' 'course in English poetics.' "The predominance in various forms, of Milton from Thomson through Gray, Cowper and Akenside to Wordsworth, and allied with Spenser, through Keats to Tennyson, though demanding separate study, must receive enough attention in this scheme of work to bring out the significance of what we have witnessed in our time: the reconstitution of the English poetic tradition by the reopening of communications with the seventeenth century of Shakespeare, Donne, Middleton, Tourneur and so on.... What is meant by this reconstitution should be examined in the poetry of Mr. Eliot, Mr. Pound's 'Hugh Selwyn Mauberly' and such other modern verse as seems to merit attention (opportunity for first-hand criticism)."

This can only be described as a real 'howler.' Regardless of whether this theory (of reopening of communications with the 17th century) can be applied to any group of poets of the last two generations, the one poet it cannot possibly be attached to is Ezra Pound. His search for good 'models' (useful to him) took him far and wide, in fact it took him almost everywhere but to the 17th century of Shakespeare, Donne, etc. One of his avowed
The EUROPEAN

aims has been to free English verse from the suffocating effects of the ‘17th century’ which culminated in the Miltonic blank verse paragraph. So much so that he has succeeded in writing a long poem (the Cantos) in a metric basically trochaic, a feat quite extraordinary considering how readily the English tongue lends itself to iambics and only to be compared with the terza rima of Dante. But perhaps these considerations would be dismissed by Dr. Leavis as ‘technical.’ The fact remains that such a connection as he describes between Mr. Pound and the 17th century is laughable.

Ezra Pound has been justly praised for his insistence on the importance of the classics, in an age when the decline of interest in them has been alarmingly rapid. He has also insisted on the need for drastic revision in the teaching of ‘Greek and Latin.’ In his little treatise Dr. Leavis says, “The common result of a classical training (need it be said that there are, of course, exceptions) is to incapacitate from contact with Literature for life. . . . This is so because the ‘classic’ is trained to regard literature as a matter of manipulating language according to rule and precedent—language divorced from experience. The resulting ‘taste,’ ‘judgment’ and ‘sense of fitness’ (usually so strong in the ‘classic’) are almost insuperable bars to the development of critical sensibility. . . . Arrived at maturity the ‘classic’ admires the prose of C. E. Montague and the novels of Thornton Wilder and Mr. Charles Morgan. The moral is, not that the classics should be ejected from education, but that they must be kept subsidiary to training in English.”

It was, no doubt, with this sort of statement in mind that a critic recently referred to Dr. Leavis as ‘insidious.’ He is so eager to ‘say something’ that he completely misrepresents Pound’s attitude to the ‘classics.’ Dr. Leavis knows perfectly well that Mr. Pound advocates a most drastic selection in tackling classical literature. Apart from the obsessional regard for grammar and syntax in these subjects as taught in schools, few teachers show any real discrimination in their choice of writers: the pupil is taught to regard them all with veneration. Dr. Grierson has spoken of Plato as the first great ‘romantic,’ and if a pupil reads the latter uncritically, not only is he unlikely to make very much of Homer, but he will quite probably grow up to like the novels of Mr. Charles Morgan. Most schoolboys would be unable to say why Homer is so different from Plato except that the former wrote in a more archaic Greek: they have no one to guide them. The man who has been taught his Homer well certainly will not ‘regard literature as a matter of manipulating language according to rule and precedent.’ And Pound has thought about these problems and offered a solution, which Dr. Leavis has not. Mr. Pound has for
instance 'chucked out' Virgil. The sensible reader does not deduce from this that Virgil is just 'no good,' but thinks about why Pound puts other writers first. That sort of judgment provides a starting point; after considering Mr. Pound's arguments the pupil will then consider other writers in the light of them. But if we followed Dr. Leavis' prescription, our approach to the classics would be just the same, only we should not spend so much time on them!

I think enough examples have now been given to show that the level of criticism in Dr. Leavis' booklet is not exactly of a high order. Indeed it is often difficult to decide whether he has twisted Mr. Pound's meaning in order to pave the way for his own asseverations, or whether he just has not understood what he was reading. Neither error is very appropriate to a man of his eminence.

In conclusion, let Mr. Pound speak for himself in the following related passages. The first is from 'How To Read.'

"Make a man tell you first and specially what writers he thinks are good writers, after that you can listen to his explanations."

And this from the preface to 'Active Anthology.' It refers to critics: "The best are those who actually cause an amelioration in the art which they criticise.

The next best are those who focus attention on the best that is written (or painted or composed or cut in stone).

And the pestilential vermin are those who distract attention from the best, either to the second best, or to hokum, or to their own critical writings."

POSTSCRIPT.

Mention has already been made of the fact that, over the years, Dr. Leavis' attitude to Mr. Pound has not changed. Indeed, in addition to the former incomprehension, there is a tone which, from the outset, inspires considerable uneasiness.

The passage already quoted goes on to say (New Bearings in English Poetry 1950 ed. p.236), "To-day it is assumed that if one withholds one's approval from the Pisan Cantos, it must be because one's dislike of the Fascism and Anti-Semitism in what Pound says (and my dislike is intense) prevents one from recognising the beauty and genius of the saying. But how boring that famous versification actually is—boring with the emptiness of the egotism it thrusts on us. A poet's creativity can hardly be a matter of mere versification; there is no profound creative impulse at all for Pound's technical skill to serve. He has no real creative theme. His versification and his procédé are servants of wilful ideas and platform vehemencies. His moral attitudes and absolutsms are bullying assertions, and have the uncreative blatancy of one whose Social
The EUROPEAN

Credit consorts naturally with Fascism and Anti-Semitism."

It is interesting to note that Dr. Leavis uses language here in exactly the same way as does a cheap politician. He cares not what he says so long as he screams.

If the reader will look at the first passage underlined, he will see that Dr. Leavis is saying that the Pisan Cantos are full of Fascism and Anti-Semitism and that those parts where there is genius and beauty of versification deal with Fascism and Anti-Semitism.

In the first place, the reader of the Pisan Cantos (or of any of the other cantos) would be hard put to it to find passages which could be called Fascist or Anti-Semitic: secondly, Pound is not anti-JEW, but anti-Judaic, in the sense that he abhors the barbarous and bloodthirsty parts of the Hebrew scriptures and the influence of those parts on our civilisation (many Jewish friends of Pound's will testify that he has never been Anti-Semitic in any personal sense at all): thirdly, Pound's hatred of Usury incurs the stupid charge of Anti-Semitism, despite the obvious fact that usury is so deeply embedded in our civilisation that it involves many millions more of Gentiles than Jews and so Jewish participation is merely incidental. Fourthly, Dr. Leavis' use of 'Fascism' as a political 'counter' word implies that all Mussolini's actions were evil, which would not even be asserted by the most 'liberal' sections of society: and fifthly, by bracketing Fascism and Anti-Semitism Dr. Leavis makes Fascism interchangeable with Nazi-ism, thus obliterating very important distinctions between the two movements, but, of course, adding to the 'emotional' charge of his sentence.

It is in this perpetual disregard for the 'meaning' of the words he uses that Dr. Leavis illustrates the linguistic insanity so well analysed by Korzybski. We now know that such lack of dissociation and 'emotional' use of undifferentiated terms make both speaker and auditor ill—'mentally' and 'physically' ill.

Notice his use of certain key words in the subsequent sentences — 'boring,' 'egotism,' 'creative,' 'wilful'—this is mere 'verbalising,' using words which for his purpose more or less fit. 'Boring' incidentally has its comic side: it is precisely the word used in connection with the 'Pisan Cantos' by his opposite number, Sir Maurice Bowra. It is somehow fitting that the two pedagogues should both use a word beloved of schoolboys when confronted by something they do not understand. Space will not permit me to ponder the associations behind Dr. Leavis' use of 'creative' (though one might hazard the guess that D. H. Lawrence would be involved) and 'wilful' just signifies something that he (Dr. Leavis) does not like. When Dr. Leavis descends to this level it is as though he had given up even pretending to be a critic.

Every word in this passage deserves the most severe treatment, but, in especial, Dr. Leavis' attitude to Social Credit should be
DR. LEAVIS OR MR. POUND?

pointed out. It is quite startlingly incongruous that a man of Dr. Leavis' responsible position should cast a slur on one of the most humane and moral of all 20th century 'movements.' Coupled with 'Fascism and Anti-Semitism' (having the meanings Dr. Leavis gives them) he manages to suggest that Social Credit partakes of the demerits of the former. Anybody who has followed the history of Social Credit in Alberta for the last 15 years knows this to be untrue. Once more Dr. Leavis betrays his likeness to the politician: in his use of the 'smear' technique.

After such a display it is very proper that the quotation that Dr. Leavis uses on the fly-leaf at the beginning of 'New Bearings in English Poetry' should boomerang back to him with such force. It is by J. G. Lockhart.

"What we cannot understand, it is very common and indeed a very natural thing for us to undervalue; and it may be suspected that some of the merriest witticisms which have been uttered against Mr. Wordsworth have had their origin in the pettishness and dissatisfaction of minds, unaccustomed and unwilling to make, either to others or to themselves, any confession of incapacity."

DENIS GOACHER.

SOVEREIGNTY

"Sovereignty inheres in the power to issue money. The sovereign who does not possess this power is a mere rex sacrificulus, non regnans.

If this power be handed over to a group of irresponsible crooks and/or idiots, the country will not be well governed. In a republic, where the citizen has rights and responsibilities, the citizen who will not inspect the problem of monetary issue is simply not exercising his functions as citizen.

To be distracted by questions of administrative forms, race hatreds, man hunts, or socialisation of everything but the national debt, is merely swallowing sucker-bait."

EZRA POUND.
The Memoirs of Alcibiades have recently been discovered in Thrace and for the first time put into English by Mr. Desmond Stewart. They reveal with a graceful candour the hidden motives, the undifferentiated sexuality (as I believe it is called nowadays) and the love of incautious living of the most handsome of the Heroes.

Although the book belongs to the genre of faux memoires, it would be a great mistake to suppose that the Thrace or the Athens or the Sparta or the Phrygia that form the context of Alcibiades' life have their only location in the geography of Mr. Stewart's own mind. Against an accurate and imagistic background quite without otiose detail or tiresome descriptive padding ("I escaped from the instep of Italy in a small ketch"), Mr. Stewart, adopting the Thucydidean method of writing history, makes his hero say all sorts of things that he certainly never did say, but which are more true to his nature than the few true recorded utterances in the Books. The fascinating and inconsistent Alcibiades begins to take form; the method of the enfant terrible of Attica becomes more apparent than the madness.

However, these Memoirs are more than a virtuoso reconstruction of the past in a dashing contemporary style. Like all works of any durability and value, they provide us with something more; they throw remarkable lights on our own contemporary scene. The condition of Greece in Alcibiades' day, with its kindred states mutually allied, mutually hostile, the cut-throat war between Athens and Sparta, the imagination without strength and the strength without imagination, the menace of the Barbarians of the East, the perils in wait for those who going beyond love of country were led on by the vision of a greater whole, only to find that they had outstripped the age, all have their counterparts in the Europe of our own times, with its ghastly wars between kindred and complementary races, the rise of great Barbarian powers, the tragic figures of the 'traitors' to nationalism; even the undifferentiated sexuality finds its parallel. Inevitably as we read of Alcibiades and his adventures, wars, policies and loves, we find ourselves thinking on two planes at once; Greece seems a Europe in miniature; and Alcibiades' affirmation before King Agis of Sparta (so right in the Thucydidean sense) might be the affirmation of any of our contemporaries.

"I answered: I believe in Greece, in our culture, in our own island in a sea of barbarians and savages. Our island has been raged against by violent seas, so that at times it has been more
THE ENFANT TERRIBLE OF ATTICA

like a ship than an island, and a battered ship. At such times, as at Marathon, we have all fought together. But it may not always be so. In life a form either conquers, and grows greater, or is conquered, and grows less. There is no staying still. It is, therefore, in the interest of all Greece that Greece should conquer and grow greater. I am an Athenian, and the Athenians are Greeks. If I believed that Athens could unite Greece, if I believed that her system could produce that sameness of purpose and method which could protect our culture and enlarge our power, I should fight for Athens to my last fibre, my last brain cell. But I do not believe that. A country which exiles or ridicules or plots against its pre-eminent men cannot lead. Therefore, with cold logic and clear use of my intelligence, as an Athenian who is also a Greek, I turn to Sparta, to you. For such a decision surely the word 'treason' is not the right one? Surely the right one is 'intelligence'?

But it was not long before Alcibiades shed his illusions on the rôle that Sparta could play in the uniting and saving of Greece. "One admires Sparta, but does not wish to live there. I missed Athens; among those short-haired muscular males, I became aware of how much I liked the theatre, late hours, the freedom of philosophy, the nights in the Peiraeus. Sparta has the complete apparatus for preserving culture, and meanwhile culture itself has vanished.... These Spartan men with whom I messed could never preserve the fate of Hellas, their rough hands would tear the thread they battled to preserve. Wherever these handsome soldiers slept, the arts withered. The people who leaned to them were always otiose, the paunchy, the conservative."

The Analogue is not far to seek.

How much more alarming to find therefore on a later page:

"Despite my three years of success, despite Byzantium and Cyzicus, I was suddenly aware that to civilisation as to men there comes a moment when there is no step which, taken, can lead to health. No operation however drastic can make the parts work together all for one end. Only a cordial, hot wine with some honey in it, can now avail. And in the body the separate parts go their own way, some withering, some flourishing and growing fat."

Point Four?

However, there is no need for the reader to be depressed at all this. There are many delights. There is a fine portrait of Socrates, built on one hint in the Symposium, as the subtle flute-player beguiling youth away from the old traditions to a freer or corrupter life. There is a malicious little vignette of a Levantine holding forth on culture at a dinner-party (drawn I should say from life). And for the light-minded there are splendid debaucheries at the court of Tissaphernes ("His long enamelled nails, the colour of
The EUROPEAN

poppies, tore a small wild rose into shreds while we talked, and
when that was finished, fidgeted as though unable to rest without
more plunder”). To all this M. Philippe Jullian has added black
and terra-cotta illustrations, not in the cold-fake classical manner,
but as lively and sophisticated as Mr. Stewart’s own style.

But above all it is the character of Alcibiades that grips the
imagination: beautiful, strong, intelligent, versatile, devious, far­sighted, ruthless: a man with so fixed a purpose that he could
afford to wander through the courts of self-indulgence without
ever weakening: patriotic, supra-nationalist; candid, un-self de­ceived, honest to his diary, deceitful to all about him. One cannot
help wondering why Shakespeare, who drew so notoriously upon
Plutarch and devoted so much effort to the relatively uninspired
and uninspiring Coriolanus, never seems to have been tempted to
try his hand at the Tragedie of Alcibiades. Perhaps the mercurial
Alcibiades was not his type. Almost certainly not, for the Greek
has precious little in common with those good bewildered men
who go down bang like pole-axed oxen in Act V. Perhaps the
English admiration for solid failure accounts for the fact that no
one except Mr. Stewart, a Scot, has ever made an intelligent artistic
treatment of so intelligent a subject.

Euphorion Books 10/6

FILM NOTES

Despite awesome torrents of kitsch, a few films hint that the
Cinema can be an art-medium. It is therefore possible for film
criticism to exist as significantly as any other. Here though, in
this art of bleak evidences, our faith has only an occasional
Dovzhenko or De Sica to redeem the forsakeness of our film-going.

The film-critic is not overfed. There are a very few splendid
films, and only fractionally more with splendid passages. It is
hard to think of literary criticism being as pertinent as it has some­times been with so few masterpieces to create its standards and its
references. There are other difficulties. Most of the time it is
impossible to see the masterpieces, or, when possible, only for
one performance. No texts or scores exist, and even if the film
FILM NOTES

were easily available one would need a private copy and a movieola to duplicate any of the fertile results of the 'close reading' literary schools. It is hard to imagine a Coleridge, Empson, or a Tovey without a copy of *Hamlet* or the 'St. Matthew Passion.' A film script, of course, is in no sense an equivalent.

We are further depressed and confused when we have to renounce a sharp, attractive division between 'classics' and 'commercials'; a brief acquaintance with the hideous economics of the industry can produce far too superficial a certainty of the cynicism of all involved in it. The *New Yorker's* reports on the making of the *Red Badge of Courage*, while scarifying, should convince even a lie-detector of Louis B. Mayer's naif and terrible 'crush' on the cinema. (I was once present at the script conference of an *Old Mother Riley* film: let me gravely assure those ready to sneer at the cynical commercialism of this successful series that the conference room bounced with creative euphoria. Tears of helpless laughter shook the gathered businessmen as they decided how often *Old Mother Riley* was to fall downstairs, or into the water.)

It was always intricately vexing to know how to play fair by a film that is obviously not the product of a free intelligence, and just as obviously not its utter opposite. The critic needs his detective skill for the strange fingerprints of the uneasy conscience even more than for the dead hand of the merchant. This *ghost in the machine* of the cinema is seen haunting such products of 'the vaguely guilty feeling' as *Red Shoes* or *Hamlet*.

Some take the Cinema seriously, others seriously cannot. These two 'conscious stand' groups are dominated numerically by 'aesthetes' in the *Fors* and 'Value Judgers' in the *Againsts*. The second, for present purposes, are more interesting, as it is on 'value' grounds that many, who are the distinguished exponents of other arts, find the cinema worthless and inconsiderable. The enthusiasm of the aesthetes, on the other hand, is often characterised by an odd ambivalence. They have a prophetic Faith in the *newness* of the medium, like the purveyors of television who believe that television studios and television sets must create a new art, and yet along with this desire to hold in their arms all the beauty that has not yet come into the world, their Faith receives its most sanctifying frisson when some film enables them to demonstrate that the new medium is exactly like one of the old ones. *Casque d'Or* reminds them of Renoir, *La Belle et la Bête* of Fragonard, Eisenstein of the whole of Parnassus. Not that cross-comparisons cannot be dramatically revealing, (*Casque d'Or* is much more Hemingway's baby than Renoir's), but of the attitude that slavishly seeks resemblance because it seems to sanctify, the last word is Beachcomber's: *Wagner is the Puccini of Music*.

Without judgments of value, film criticism is ultimately meaning-
less: but most of those who have pronounced them on the cinema have condemned wholesale. Having decided what they think a film says, that they detest what it says, and further inferring that what a film is is what they think it says, they will honestly deny their seethingly complex reactions to such works as Storm Over Asia or Bicycle Thieves with such bromides as I'm sorry, but it just bores me. Consistent adherence to leaky values leads first to the denial of one's own experience and eventually to a genuine incapacity to experience at all. The aesthetic pronouncements of Communists and Catholics provide depressing test cases of the necessity of denying one's experience in order to conserve one's values. This is one of the fees the orthodoxies exact for salvation; it in part explains why we so often find friends, or even writers, of whom we disapprove more engaging than those of whom we do not. It is difficult for me to imagine even the sincerest Anti-Nazi sitting before Leni Riefenstahl's overpowering Triumph of the Will without considerable excitement. It is easier to see that he would deny it (as it is axiomatic that we deny the response of which we cannot decently approve) and that this denial might have a curious vehemence, and that in total the experience would admittedly not have been a pleasurable one. No wonder that under the great orthodoxies so terrible a suspicion of their unconscious motives haunts some of the most pious. Rubbish dumps of Fascist and Communist novels, plays and films, should convince one that though values ultimately may, indeed must, judge that which they are not responsible for or capable of producing. That in spite of all, Soviet physiologists cannot deny even Americans the lymphatic system.

An essential in learning new techniques of response (even those of rowing or playing the piano) is to withhold the nervous scrambling for a too early judgment. The implied suggestion that before judging films one has to learn how to see them may seem too absurd an assertion of an art so popular, but, as I have tried to point out, it is often those who most see the need of judging that become the least equipped to do so. Boring, with its rich ambiguities of detachment and superiority, is a favourite critic's word. Now, to describe one's reactions to a Laurel and Hardy film as Boredom is, critically, useless. The bodily clumsiness, the headache, and the neurological frustration these comedians occasion in many people is something we need to raise to detailed consciousness. The reading of an equally funny short story is unlikely to have even half such hideous potency. To recognise this curious factor is to start understanding the screen's extraordinary 'magic'. The Dark, the Cinema Frame, the varying opticals, the imposition through montage of the editor's intelligence, give the medium its extraordinary power. The Cinema's ability to daze, shock, sicken and
FILM NOTES

terrify is not to be equated with artistic value; equally these violent powers are not solely the proper study of an experimental psychologist. The correct consciousness is, however, vital to criticism (and improved criticism is the especial necessity of an art whose potencies can make us swallow willingly, attitudes, the literary equivalent of which would make us retch); else, in love with the cinema’s ability to drag us in, we forget that we do have to come out again, and to a life in which the uncritical absorption of the attitudes of a Rossellini or a Chaplin would lead to disaster: or, slaves to those value judgments which make us deny the experiences of which we fear we would not approve, we at last achieve a sincere incapacity to respond at all.

LAURENCE DUNNING.

THE RUSSIAN’S MORNING PAPER

The Soviet press has this in common with Venice and Versailles: it fulfils all expectations. The first impression is bewilderment at the unfamiliar methods of thought of those who lay down the party line that is so monotonously plugged: but it is very soon replaced, when one has become used to the atmosphere, by boredom. The dullness of Pravda is indescribable, and the magazines are not much better, as far as the text is concerned, though in them there is some reasonably competent colour photography. This is no doubt why no other English magazine runs a Russian Press Review. It remains true that interesting and valuable indications can be discerned of the way the Soviet mind works, even sometimes of the intentions of the Communist leaders, from what is written in the Soviet papers. The chief purpose of this column will be to transmit such indications: but this first introductory number will be devoted to the general atmosphere, the background from which they will have to be picked out. At the risk of being as dull as Pravda itself, we will try to give some account of what the Russian reads at his breakfast table.

Pravda has less in common with the Daily Worker than the Daily Worker with the Daily Express. This is because the English Communist paper has to compete with the non-communist press
and must therefore keep up a reasonable standard of general interest. It has a sports page, a comic strip, a certain number of non-political news items of the “man bites dog” variety, and sometimes a non-political book or concert review on the second page. It has advertisements, photographs, two cartoons. Pravda has no advertisements, no sports page, no strip, no non-political news and relatively little news of any kind, rarely more than one picture in the whole issue, which may be either photograph or cartoon. There are a few reviews of cultural activities, but even these are usually pervaded with the party line.

Familiarity with the Daily Worker is nevertheless useful in order to understand Pravda, because it accustoms the reader to the Communist jargon which plays such an important part in the language of modern Russian journalism. Like Western journalese, this jargon debases the language, but it differs from its counterpart in that much of it is used with the deliberate purpose of associating certain ideas in the mind of the reader. This is what makes it so cumbersome and repetitive. A good example of the use of this technique is the daily bulletin from Korea at times when the front is comparatively inactive. Here are two such bulletins:

“Pyongyang, 19th December. (TASS). The high command of the Peoples’ Army of the Korean People’s Democratic Republic announced on the 19th of December: During the past day units of the Korean People’s Army and of the Chinese People’s volunteers carried out, in the same regions as previously, defensive actions against the Anglo-American interventionists and the troops of Syngman Rhee....

Pyongyang, 22nd December. (TASS). The high command of the People’s army of the Korean People’s democratic Republic announced to-day that units of the Korean People’s Army and formations of the Chinese People’s volunteers carried out on all fronts actions of local significance against the Anglo-American interventionists and the troops of Syngman Rhee....”

Much of the first page of Pravda is devoted to home news, grouped under the title “A day of our Country.” This part of the paper is very staid: the corresponding part of The Times is sensational by comparison. The following is a fair sample of a news item, if such it can be called:

“On the Polar Islands

Yakutsk. Far in the north, in the rough Arctic sea, lie the New Siberian Islands. On the largest of them, the island of Kotelny, are distributed the hunting stations of the national co-operative "Kholbos.”
The hunters who inhabit the island must bear the struggle with inclement Nature. Often a blizzard rages here, and the long polar night reigns. But no difficulties can hinder Soviet people in the service of their native land. The hunters are occupied in obtaining the costly pelts of the Arctic fox, and every year yield to the government furs worth hundreds of thousands of roubles.

During the last hunting season the oldest hunter of the New Siberian Islands, Gabriel Dmitrievich Ivanov, handed over fox-pelts worth fifty thousand roubles. This year he has, as always, prepared himself excellently for the exercise of his calling, and has taken it upon himself to hand over even more "soft gold." The name of another experienced hunter is also well known on the New Siberian Islands — Afanasy Mikhailovich Bubyakin.

Another column of the front page is devoted to news of the same kind from the "countries of popular democracy." The most important of the articles on politics or economics is also on the front page. In the centre pages 2 and 3, there are more articles and news items, in varying proportions. During the recent Vienna Peace Conference the whole of the third page was often devoted to its proceedings. Sometimes there is a short story, like the recent "Lyubov," which describes the romance of a man and a woman who are both concrete foremen. After a period of rivalry and jealousy, an accident happens to the man, the tears of the woman disclose her love, and they live happily ever after. On the back page is foreign affairs proper, that is to say news from non-communist countries and from the Korean front. It is here that one finds the more colourful headlines like "The cannibalistic suggestions of the American Senator Bridges." Much space is given to reports from U.N.O.: "Pongam executioners nailed to pillory."

A typical economic article is the one on the front page of the issue of 20th December 1952 entitled "For a régime of the strictest economy." It starts by making the point that socialist society is by its very nature careful, because economy speeds progress towards communism. The party has always paid attention to the necessity for economy. The recent 19th Party Conference laid emphasis on it. Then comes mention of certain undertakings which have done well in the drive for economy. "Furnacemen of the factory Azovstal have saved by economy tens of thousands of tons of iron and manganese ore." There are thousands of such examples, but all possibilities of economy are not yet exhausted. At this point comes a quotation from Stalin, in heavy type. "It is necessary teaches Comrade J. V. Stalin — that every worker and every honest peasant should help the party and government to bring into being a régime of economy..." There follows a criticism of the performance of certain firms, first in general — "in many of our factor-
ies and other undertakings considerable loss is permitted through carelessness and uneconomic use of materials” — then in particular — “In the metallurgical undertaking named Dzerzhinsky, for example, during ten months of the present year, more than nine million roubles have been lost through waste of raw materials and fuel... In the undertaking Podyemnik of the Ministry of heavy engineering...” and so on. The writer concludes that the facts show that managers have paid insufficient attention to the necessity for economy. He quotes — in ordinary type, this time — from Malenkov’s speech in the party conference, and goes on to draw the moral “The duty of the party organisations... is to direct the fire of criticism and self-criticism against the complacency and self-satisfaction of those managers who forget the régime of economy...” and the article ends with a resolution to “spread the struggle for a régime of the strictest economy, for the conversion into action of the historic decisions of the 19th party conference which aim at a magnificent programme of communist construction in our country.”

As an example of a political article we will take the one on Page 3 of the issue of December 23rd entitled “The ideological work of the Rumanian Workers Party,” by I. Kishinevsky, secretary of the central committee of the R.W.P. This sort of article is much more high-flown. The technique of repetitive jargon is freely used. It starts as follows:

“In the Rumanian People’s Republic, as in the other countries of popular democracy, where thanks to the brotherly help and support of the great Soviet Union the construction of a new order of society is successfully taking place, the rate of progress towards Socialism depends to a decisive extent on the ideological equipment and the reliability of the party cadres and on the political consciousness of the working class and of all who labour.”

During the period of socialist construction when the former ruling classes try to reverse the revolution, the ideological purity of the party is the guarantee of success in the struggle for Socialism. “Things that have had a tremendous significance in all our work for party and state have been Comrade Stalin’s work of genius “Economic problems of Socialism in the U.S.S.R.,”, his speech to the 19th Conference of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and other material from the conference. Our cadres in party and state strive to make use in their work as widely as possible of the inexhaustible treasure store of Marxist-Leninist knowledge and experience in construction of party, state and economy contained in the work of Comrade Stalin, in his speech, and in the decisions of the 19th Conference of the C.P.S.U.”

The article goes on to say that measures have been taken to spread this material to the party of the workers, and quotes Georgiu
Dej, General Secretary of the Rumanian Workers Party, as saying:

that a member who has not studied the works of Lenin and Stalin
has not much value. The works of Lenin and Stalin in Rumanian
are printed in editions of 100,000 each year. 27,000 high school
students are studying Marxist-Leninist theory.

"The 19th conference of the C.P.S.U. was a great school for
all communist workers' parties. The inspired speech of Comrade
J. V. Stalin during the closing session, Comrade Malenkov's
responsible report of the central committee of the C.P.S.U. and
other vital material from the conference, were priceless ideological
equipment for communists of all countries, and help them to solve
the most complicated problems of daily action according to the
rules."

The next part of the article begins as follows:

"In the decision of complicated problems in the construction
of socialism Comrade Stalin's wise advice and works of genius-
have been and are a most valuable guide to our party.

Faithfulness to the principles of Marxism-Leninism has made it
possible for our party to work out the correct political line. . . . ."

The maintenance of the party line is then described against Luca,
who, together with his helpers Pauker and Georgescu, and the right
wing, "carried on counter-revolutionary activity with the aid of
hostile elements which he drew into the state apparatus . . . with
the purpose of restoring capitalism in our country."

The last part starts with a quotation from Stalin. Mastery of
Marxist-Leninist theories means ability to apply them in all circum-
cstances. It affirms that the R.W.P. stands beside the Soviet Union
in unmasking (sic) the Anglo-American imperialism which is trying
to provoke another war, and the "disgraceful slander and military
provocation against the Soviet Union and the popular democratic
countries of the Titoist-fascist agency of Anglo-American imperial-
ism." The article ends with another compliment to Stalin:

"We have before us the true path laid down by the glorious
Communist Party of the Soviet Union: a path illumined by the
genius of the beloved teacher and great leader of the workers of
all the world: Comrade J. V. Stalin."

As he eats his breakfast, the Russian may look at a report
titled, "In the Bulgarian theatres."

"Drogan Kirdzhiev, chief producer of the opera house in
Sophia, says:—The beautiful art of the Soviets has been a great
help to us in founding and developing the operatic art of Bulgaria.
Our expeditions to the U.S.S.R. and the visits to us of the masters
of Soviet Art have helped us to cure ourselves of many faults and
to strengthen the method of Socialist realism in us. . . . ."

Or the headline "Happy Motherhood" may catch his eye:

"Many sad songs used to be composed before the revolution
about the grievous lot of the women of the Cossack encampments. These times have disappeared into the irrevocable past. Now the Cossack women sing new songs, full of happiness, as they rock their babies. They sing of the marvellous life, of the bright roads, which are open before their children."

Or, if he has time, he may browse over the "Press panorama": "For the service of years and for faultless work in coalmining enterprises, the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. rewarded with orders and medals 116 miners of pits ‘3-3 bis’ in Prokopyevsk. How is this happy incident in the life of a mine collective reflected in the pit magazine ‘In the fight for coal?’ Unfortunately, not at all."

He pays his twenty kopecks and he takes his rather limited choice.

THE WATTEAU FAN

Our friends Count and Countess Z have lost all their possessions; lands, castles, the treasures an old family gathers through the centuries, are behind the iron curtain. "Do you ever hear any news of the place?" we asked them. Yes, they had heard last summer. Their former housekeeper, daughter of their old Italian coachman, herself a woman of seventy, was able to visit friends and relations in the village, because with her Italian passport she could leave again at will. In any case, no one would wish to detain an old woman whose working days were over. In answer to their many questions she described fields left fallow, the neglected forest, how few cattle were to be seen. The region is underpopulated since the inhabitants were driven out. But it was the little things that had struck her most, and in particular one incident of which she was an unwilling witness.

Count Z's grandmother, a beautiful and elegant contemporary of the Empress Elizabeth, had a famous collection of fans. Count Z remembered how, as children, he and his sisters had been forbidden ever to touch them, and in particular an 18th Century fan painted by Watteau. It had a glass case to itself, the Watteau fan, and
the servants knew how precious it was, and treasured it. The day
the old housekeeper arrived at the Schloss it was very hot. The
front door stood open and she walked in, and up the stairs. In
the salon was a great fat soldieress — "ein Flintenweib" said the
housekeeper — shoes and stockings cast aside, she sat with her
feet in a bowl of water, fanning herself vigorously with the Watteau
fan. "I tried to get it away from her, I offered her an ordinary
fan," said the housekeeper, "but she would not part with it." Later
on, in the cool of the evening, she looked into the salon again.
There was the chair, and the bowl of water, and on the floor the
Watteau fan, broken in little pieces. "It was such a delicate fan," said the housekeeper, "of course it was bound to happen, it was
never made for such rough use."

Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem as deep as they are:
the turbid look most profound.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR
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