MAY 1956

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Contents Include:

EUROPEAN SOCIALISM
by SIR OSWALD MOSLEY

LITERATURE AND POLITICS:
1. PRELUDE by DESMOND STEWART

WATER MUSIC: A PASTORAL POEM
by ALAN NEAME

ANALYSIS
The Nemesis of Inflation to Purchase Electoral Success: The Senility of Young Conservative Ideas: Can Heaven Include Mr. Harrod, Mr. Wincott and the Workers?: The Failure of Press Boycott and Attack.

THEATRE

CINEMA

POLITICS

BOOKS

TRAVEL
CONTENTS
MAY 1956

ANALYSIS by EUROPEAN .......................................................... Page 3
The Nemesis of Inflation to purchase Electoral Success:
The Senility of Young Conservative Ideas: Can Heaven Include Mr. Harrod, Mr. Wincott and the Workers?:
The Failure of Press Boycott and Attack.

EUROPEAN SOCIALISM : A REPLY TO
COMMENT AND CRITICISM
by SIR OSWALD MOSLEY ....................................................... Page 13

WATER MUSIC by ALAN NEAME ............................................ Page 30

A DIARY ........................................................................... Page 38

THEATRE : SEPARATE TABLES
by MICHAEL HARALD .............................................................. Page 41

CINEMA : PICNIC, THE ROSE TATTOO, 1984,
OTHELLO by VINCENT MURRAY ........................................... Page 43

THE EUROPEAN AT TABLE : EGG MOUSSE
AND LA-TI-FA-CHA by ROBIN ADAIR ................................... Page 45

NEW BOOKS : The Man who was Shakespeare by Calvin Hoffman
A Life for a Life? by Sir Ernest Gowers
My Host Michel by J. A. Cole ............................................. Page 47

LITERATURE AND POLITICS:
I. PRELUDE by DESMOND STEWART ................................ Page 51

LETTERS : Wagner and Shaw; Jamming Broadcasts;
Return Ticket Only; The Books of Kells ................................ Page 61
WHEN Mr. Butler launched the present deflationary policy of the Government, we published the view that he would do just enough to annoy everyone and achieve nothing. The only modification so far suggested by the administration of Mr. Macmillan is that the Government will not even dare seriously to annoy anyone. The object is now admitted by all the pundits of conservatism to be a 3 per cent unemployment, which would restore flexibility to industry by a compulsory shift of production and employment to the export trade. No serious opposition to this policy can arise in Parliament, since Mr. Gaitskell defined the same necessity in his article of last November in the magazine _Encounter_. But a very considerable opposition to the whole process exists in the country, and it appears already to be shaking the Government. As we suggested in these notes so recently as last March, the present living standards of our people rest largely on the payment of instalments on hire purchase, which are financed by overtime working and the employment of women. These means of supporting the present scale of life are inevitably the first victims of a credit squeeze; they are sacrificed long before the Tory-Labour desideratum of a normal 3 per cent unemployment is reached. And already the first effect of deflation is creating a demand for an increase in the basic wage rates to make up for the loss of overtime earnings. The object of the squeeze would, of course, be entirely frustrated by such an increase of costs under the present system.

The New Danger of Rising Costs

The ablest of Conservative economists, Mr. Roy Harrod, recently recognised this danger very clearly in an article with the disarming title: "Are we pushing consumer durables too hard?" He wrote: "It must be remembered that, by and large, labour has in recent years gained an increase in its standard of living—social services apart—entirely through bonuses, overtime pay and all the other elements that have made the weekly wage packet rise more than the basic rate. In the present phase it is most important to keep increases in basic money rates to a minimum; and for that purpose it may be important to keep open over as wide a field as possible the possibility of workers earning a wage packet substantially in excess of basic rates.
Accordingly, we want everyone to be fully active.” It is, of course, this full activity which it is now the precise object of Treasury policy to reduce. Mr. Harrod appears to be the first in academic and official circles to learn the facts of life.

All of this must have been very disconcerting to the Financial Times’s brilliant correspondent, Mr. Wincott, who, only the previous day and on the same page, had concluded two articles which set out to prove, with the aid of most informative cost-of-living and employment tables for all major trading countries, that an unemployment of 3 per cent was absolutely necessary to make our economy competitive and viable.

The Nemesis of Inflation to Purchase Electoral Success

Conservatism will soon discover that a man long accustomed to a full plate in front of him, vehemently demands its replacement when it is suddenly whisked away. In short, the Conservative Party might have found it easier to run the country on a sub-economy of 3 per cent unemployment, with a corresponding curtailment of the productive potential, if they had not so long secured for themselves an easy life by pumping out the money to the present point of inflation. As Mr. Macmillan put it in his last pronouncement: “While the country’s output has gone up by 30 per cent the incomes of those who combine to produce it . . . have risen by 90 per cent.” No one has yet explained how such an increase of money incomes could have occurred if an inflation of credit had not been caused by means which the Government alone controls. At present it appears unlikely that this Government, which purchased itself ease and electoral success by this classic method of weak and short-sighted men, will face the resistance which is already being evoked by the curtailment of overtime earnings, and will then advance to the further and more serious conflict caused by a deliberate creation of considerable unemployment. (They may, of course, fall into the pond while posturing on its edge).

These are dilemmas to which conservatism has so far produced neither an answer of intellect nor of character. The inherent tendency of the leaders to procrastinate has recently been encouraged by a slightly favourable movement of the gold figures, which is due to short-term factors; the decisive long-term factors influencing the balance of trade remain in an ominous position.

The Senility of Young Conservative Ideas

Meantime a mood of increasing restlessness has thrown the bright
young men of conservatism into an ecstasy of old ideas. Strange, diverse and confused is the cacophony of sound emerging from conservatism in travail to the unwonted necessity of new thought; senile mice scurry in all directions from labouring mountains.

Reformism runs through the whole wishful process; no one yet faces the stark necessity for a change of system. They believe it is a mistake to suppose that "there are implacable forces of one kind or another working against us." (*Spectator*, 16.3.56); in their view no necessity exists for a real change. They have just had a bit of a spree since the war, and a few alka-seltzers will put them right; such are the limits of conservative thinking in 1956. But supposing even—and it is a big assumption—that any measures now suggested by conservatism could put us right enough to live without a British crash in the middle of the present world boom; what happens if the present ideal condition of the world markets passes in favour of far stiffer competition?

The Deliberate Curtailment of Production

*The Economist* suggested this possibility in an article entitled *Off The Boil* (17.3.56): "But now and most unfortunately our export markets have come off the boil. . . . A cut of one hundred million £'s in home demand no longer leads to an improvement of that amount in our balance of payments. . . . Even if Mr. Macmillan manages to bring the balance of payment for 1956 back to rights—even if he succeeds in his immediate objectives, he is probably going to be told that he has throttled the output of several hundreds of millions of pounds worth of good things that we could have made and enjoyed." No one within the old system, of course, even dares to discuss what happens when export markets not only come off the boil but go into a deep freeze as the result of American recession; crossed fingers and averted eyes are the only Tory-Labour answer to that one. But even within the limits of the present discussion *The Economist* puts a finger on the fatal weakness of the whole economy; this system can only be made to work at all by means of a deliberate curtailment of production. And that is so irrational that it kills incentive and faith.

An Economy Large Enough to be Viable

It may be true that the present system can only live with a sub-economy; but it is not true of all systems. An economy large enough
to be viable because it contains all its own raw materials and foodstuffs, and consequently has no need of export markets, is not a prisoner of the world costs system. It has no need to curtail production and to push down the standards of life by the deliberate creation of unemployment, in order to force down wages and costs for purposes of competition under unfair conditions on world markets. The necessary flexibility in industry would be secured, not by the pressure of poverty, but by the ability of three hundred million people to move freely within an expanding economy in pursuit of the incentive of ever higher standards which its many opportunities would provide. The system we recommend is described in some detail by the first article in this issue of our journal.

Can Heaven Include Mr. Harrod, Mr. Wincott and the Workers?

The worker would have every opportunity of gaining, in a reasonable period of time, a higher standard of life even than that of America, within a system which was insulated from world chaos and was consequently free deliberately to equate consumption and production. Mr. Roy Harrod would have a wonderful time “pushing consumer durables” to the utmost extent permitted by sound money, investment necessity, and the new productive limits which scientific development will reach at successive stages of the future; all within the largest free trade area the world has yet seen. Mr. Wincott and his friends would find it more interesting—and in a greater and more stable economy certainly more profitable—to devise the necessary financial promotion of continually expanding enterprise than to guess which way shares will move in the shrinking sterling area, as government moves through Mr. Macmillan, Mr. Gaitskell, Mr. Bevan—and then? (They may, also, find it an advantage to have a government which does not turn round and scurry back along the road, every time the wind blows.)

Realistic minds will at first glance reply: we would also prefer heaven to our present condition, but the small question remains how to get there. The short answer is that no physical reason exists to prevent a united Europe or the system we desire; the inhibitions are purely political or psychological. We can have all this, directly sufficient able men in certain countries are determined to get it. The present process is to find them.

The Premises of European Survival

The question still arises whether Europe will continue to exist at
ANALYSIS

all. The only reason for this doubt is the extraordinary inability of the combined West—three hundred million Europeans plus one hundred and fifty million Americans—to produce the few hundred thousand regular soldiers, highly trained specialists in the use of the new weapons which science now makes available, who could not only guard with certainty the life of our continent but could preserve the vital interests of the Western peoples throughout the world. Their absence involves two risks; the first, that we shall be compelled to use the H-bomb at the risk of world destruction even on minor occasions when it should not be used at all, in order to avoid being squeezed out of existence by a carefully planned series of communist guerrilla operations; the second, that Europe will eventually be over-run by Russian armies when both sides are so evenly matched in the H-weapon that neither side will dare to use it for fear of global disaster. Both these very serious risks could be averted if the four hundred and fifty millions of the most advanced and vital peoples in the world could find the sense or energy to put a few hundred thousand men in the field, armed with decisive tactical weapons such as atomic artillery, ground-to-ground missiles with atomic warheads, aircraft carrying A-bombs against troop concentrations, etc., which our outstanding science can supply in a degree and quantity that no other power on earth can match. The failure to do this may well be regarded by history as the strangest aberration of mind, or spirit, in the long record of human failures. Surely we can raise, pay (what does the trivial sum of any necessary price matter in relation to the combined resources of the West) and honour with the status and respect appropriate to a high mission, a sufficient number of young men who will give this service to preserve their own countries and the human future; it is so few that are required, but so much is at stake.

To Avert a New Slaughter

There must be a regular, long-term army. Anyone who understands anything of military matters, either in Britain or Germany, knows that short-term conscripts are quite useless for this purpose; hence the reluctance to get on with the present farce in the latter country, which knows the difference between an army and a musical comedy chorus. (There is, also, a certain reluctance in every country to divert men and resources from the export trade, so long as each European people is shut up in a separate box and thrown into a life and death competition with the rest; “export or die”, as Lord Attlee put it).
Our present weakness makes us helpless in face of the new communist tactic; it is the beginning of the guerrilla method which, we suggested six years ago, was bound to occur in this phase. As it develops it will become plainly impossible to use the larger nuclear weapons against guerrillas without also destroying many thousands of our own innocent people, among whom the guerrillas will be hiding and operating in the new tactic of infiltration. Even in the present early stage, when the communists promote minor wars on the periphery of Europe, we are almost helpless because we cannot use the H-bomb and do not possess adequate ground forces supplied with appropriate weapons. Our impotence may soon lead to a large scale slaughter in the Middle East for which we shall be held morally responsible. It is not only a question of guarding our vital oil interests which we should probably be able to do even with the force now available, as Russia cannot openly intervene.

Real Danger in Middle East not World War but a New Charnel-house

A moment’s reflection will dissipate the scare talk that world war will arise in these regions by accident; if the Russians mean to launch the real thing they will do so with deliberate purpose, and will strike directly at Europe where they have their only chance of a quick decision. No great danger of world war arising in the Middle East really exists. There should be no great danger either of a loss of Britain’s vital interests; unless the present government’s habit of scuttle has become so fixed that it will run from shadows, and so fall into the real disaster of a loss of essential supplies. The true trouble in the Middle East is the likelihood of a war between small powers which will lead to a slaughter that covers the impotence of the West with obloquy, and thus enables the Soviet jackal to mount triumphant on the shambles; the nemesis of that ignoble failure would be the permanent exclusion of Western influence from this important area of the world. This slaughter must be stopped, whether the victims be Jews or Arabs; that is a human duty. Mankind has had more than enough of these charnel-houses; these horrors must end. Let us drop all these absurd little quarrels,* let

* e.g. The silly little tiff between England and America caused by the posturing vanity of the present Prime Minister. When Britain is giving away her colonial position with both hands, she manages to incur an American charge of returning to the old colonialism. The absurd reason is that she arrested an old parson to show British government was still strong, and deported him from a strategic death-box where our government have locked up the fighting forces of Great Britain in a position which would become untenable in the first five minutes of nuclear war.
a united West now declare that we will not permit this war, and back that united voice with united force. We can exert our will to peace in union, even with the forces now available. Then let us mark the lesson that if human lives are to be saved, and the power of Western civilisation preserved, we must make the effort of creating an adequate police force. But let us be equally clear that Britain alone cannot play the universal policeman; if America and the other European powers will not join us in effective action, which can stop the war before it begins, we must withdraw and concentrate on guarding the interests essential to our own life. The task of preserving order in the Middle East is not within the compass of one power which is already over-burdened, but it is almost trivial in relation to the combined strength of the Western world.

National and Provincial Press

Last month we commented on the boycott of Mosley meetings in the national press, except for the Times. The contrast with the provincial press continues to be striking. The local press is run by genuine journalists, and serves the needs of the locality, rather than the interests, whims and vendettas of some press lords. As a result they gave a full publicity and a fair report of crowded and enthusiastic meetings; it is their tradition to give a truthful account of news, and, in any case, so large a proportion of their readers see what occurs that distortion would be dangerous. The national press is governed neither by these principles nor by these inhibitions.

The B.B.C., which has long since become the principal instrument for the maintenance of the existing system, adopted the same position as the national press; the boycott was for some time complete. We commented that this was a distinct advantage for a new Movement in present circumstances as our case was going over to large numbers of people without reply.

Can Journalists Read?

The same thought—that it can be helpful to a new movement to advance without opposition to a situation in which advantage passes from the side of the existing system to that of the challenger—has since occurred to the more intelligent of our opponents. The Daily Telegraph gave a report which was very fair in indicating the effect of a speech both on the sophisticated reporter and on a packed working class audience; but reserved for the loosely attached tail of the article the strange sting that the speaker had no policy. Those without
experience of public speaking are often unaware that the whole of a policy cannot be contained in one speech; and it also seems that journalists remain incapable of reading anything except what they write themselves. Mosley has been charged since the war with having too many ideas and, also, with having ideas that are so novel as to enter the realm of fantasy, but he has not before been accused of having no policy. It would be difficult for anyone to sustain that contention if he even gave himself the trouble of reading the first article in this issue of the European, in which he replies to a discussion of his ideas which has ranged over the last two years in several countries.

The Fanatical Circus

It was left to the B.B.C. to repeat the line of the bright young undergraduate, that a Mosley meeting was much too good a show to be serious. The undergraduate writer called it a circus, the B.B.C. called it a music-hall show. In days when the politicians cannot draw meetings at all, both suggested that there must be some mysterious entertainment value in meetings which draw the crowd; it is the only way that a fact they find very unpleasant can possibly be explained away. But this same B.B.C. report described the audience as "fanatical"; a curious condition, surely, for those who attend a circus. The staid burgesses of Kensington, assembled in good order for the meeting in question, would have been a little astonished at the appellation, and even the more demonstrative audiences in previous meetings at Bethnal Green and Limehouse might have experienced a mild surprise. Did it strike listeners to the B.B.C. that a fanatical circus is something of a contradiction in terms? Did it occur to them when so many and such diverse kinds of people came to hear one man speak — without preliminaries or trappings of any kind except for a few posters on the walls of the locality — that it might be because they believe he has something to say; and that, when the end of a speech is given a reception which is described as fanatical, it is because they have become convinced of the truth of what he says? This explanation seems at least simpler than the complicated concept of the fanatical circus.

Mr. Philip Toynbee's Account of the Olympia Meeting

The new line in quatsch is anyhow better than the constant charges of brutality before the war—shrill complaints of thuggery, etc.—when armed communists and their assistants had to be put out of
meetings by the bare hands of those who defended free speech. Anyone with doubts on this subject should read Philip Toynbee’s account in *Friends Apart* of his preparations, with his friend Mr. Esmond Romilly, to attend Mosley’s much-discussed meeting at Olympia. “In the afternoon we bought knuckledusters at a Drury Lane ironmongers, and I well remember the exaltation of trying them on.” Then his account of the meeting: “Tier after tier of the curious and the enthusiastic, and the enthusiastic in great majority.” Then his description of the organised attempt to break up the meeting and of his own consequent exit: “tearful, bruised and broken, I was at last thrown out into the street.” Too bad.

The Rhythm of Press Attack and Boycott

We are passing through a phase which is well within our past experience, as well as that of various modern movements which have succeeded. There is a regular rhythm in these things. First comes the boycott; then comes the grin, becoming more and more strained until it changes to a snarl. “You do not exist, it is absurd to think that you can”; then (in the next breath) “we must have a special Act of Parliament in double quick time to stop you existing, because you are a danger to the state.” Then “you exist after all that; and, worse still, you advance; really, it is all against the rules.” Then a long pause for fresh thought; a most restful repetition of the boycott, while we have a chance to get on with something serious.

The “Pimply Young Gentlemen”

We notice at least one amenity which has been introduced by modern science. The scribbling and chattering hacks of the system improve in modesty as they graduate from the anonymous desk to the announcer of sound radio — still happily protected by being faceless — on to the fully exposed, anxiously, modestly lip-licking specimen of television.

So far we have suffered only from the sound voice. It recalled in some measure an occasion long ago with the robust Lord Birkenhead. He was speaking with a portentous gravity to some weighty company, and referred to an anonymous leader writer who had headed his article with the words, “hands off, Lord Birkenhead.” The formidable orator concluded: “If, at this moment, that pimply young gentleman entered this distinguished assembly, and cried ‘hands off, Lord Birkenhead’, I venture to suggest we should begin to laugh at him.”
The EUROPEAN

1946 to 1956

The chosen guests of British government have pleaded that they were not guilty of the crimes of Stalin, because they had no choice but to obey orders. The same plea was advanced at Nuremberg and other courts by National Socialists who were hung for crimes which were much less, even if the charges against them had been conclusively proved to be true. The difference between 1946 and 1956 is marked, though not so considerable in degree as might at first be supposed; it resides in a variant between the death sentence and lionising by certain strata of London society. The scaffold is anyhow less tedious than to dine so frequently with Eden and Butler.

EUROPEAN

Postscript on the Budget

The idea that Mr. Macmillan had an idea has suffered a quick death. The last hope of conservatism has already failed. The budget was a dull compound of the dullest orthodoxy. The Chancellor's policy combines heavy taxation to provide a large surplus with a continuation of the credit squeeze. (The savings drive is, of course, all bunk, unless by lighter taxation you leave people the means to save.) The object is deflation achieved by a deliberate curtailment of production; the remedy as old as toryism, and as obsolete in the modern world. It will last only so long as the present ideal conditions in world markets; possibly not so long. Serious opinion in the old world is already canvassing the possibility of total Conservative failure and the return of a Labour government. That would mean the control of imports coupled with the devaluation to which Mr. Gaitskell has twice made public reference. It is reckoned that this would gain a few years' breathing space like Sir Stafford Cripps's devaluation in 1949. The obsolete economy of Britain was only supported during those years by that devaluation in a universal sellers' market. Mr. Gaitskell is likely to have his devaluation under highly competitive world conditions in which others will do the same thing. The consequent loss both of currency and of full employment will be the end of Labour as well as of Conservatism. But we are suffering from our old trouble of looking too far ahead; not quite so far this time.

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12
EUROPEAN SOCIALISM

by SIR OSWALD MOSLEY

Replying to Comment and Criticism from

Britain, Germany, Italy and America.

This article is being printed simultaneously in the
German monthly Nation Europa.

It is necessary in the development of new ideas to hold firmly the essentials. We must not lose them in the discussion of detail, vital as detail is to a policy whose whole fibre is practical. But we are in some danger in this debate of not "seeing the wood for the trees"; as the English and German proverb puts it. We are coming to the point when we must decide whether we are for or against the main principles. I have replied to some interesting questions which dealt in detail, because it was necessary to show that such questions could be answered. So far no point of detail has been put which presented any considerable difficulty; in fact, most of these minor problems could be met in several ways. At a later stage those of us who are united on the principles of this matter will have to spend many hours together on questions of ever closer detail. But at this point it seems to me necessary to recapitulate the main principles and to ask those interested to make up their minds on certain preliminary questions.
I gave recently a broad definition of European Socialism as follows:

"European Socialism is the development by a fully united Europe of all the resources in our own continent, in white Africa, and in South America, for the benefit of all the peoples of Europe and of these other European lands, with every energy and incentive that the active leadership of European government can give to private enterprise, workers' ownership or any other method of progress which science and a dynamic system of government finds most effective for the enrichment of all our people and the lifting of European civilisation to ever higher forms of life."

It is an error to regard European Socialism simply as a synthesis between private enterprise and syndicalism. That is a component of a far larger whole. I was myself mostly responsible for this overemphasis of one aspect because I was so attracted by the idea of the synthesis between the previous contradictions of private enterprise and syndicalism when it first occurred to me. In discussion I tended to put it out of perspective with the whole, but this has since been corrected in my own writing. There is, of course, nothing new in either private enterprise or syndicalism. What was new was the synthesis of the two ideas by employing them both in their appropriate chronological order and devising a natural transition from one to the other. Another new factor was, also, possibly, the introduction of the hard and practical motive of profit to the starry-eyed anarchy of earlier syndicalist thinking. This recognised the basic fact that the pure ideal of service is only for a dedicated elite, and that a more personal motive is necessary to the mass; a fact which both purifies socialism and reduces it to the practical. But it was the synthesis of the full urge of individual initiative with the collective urge of syndicalism which was the real contribution of our thinking. And I became for the time being so interested by this idea that I tended to over-emphasize it in relation to the rest. That policy stands, but it is now in perspective with the whole.

In fact, the idea of European Socialism has developed continually since I first used the phrase in a speech on May Day 1950 to describe the ideas we had developed to meet the facts of the post-war world. That is inevitable, and in full accord with the intention. European Socialism is a dynamic and not a static creed, an organic and continuing development, not a petrified revelation on a tablet of stone. The influence of many minds, the stress of controversy, and above all fresh facts will continually contribute to its full development. The principles of European Socialism are a constant advance, not a
frigid is, nor, worse still, like the policies of the old parties in the present world, a frozen was. We have direction which is very definite, but not rigidity; our principles are flowing, not frigid. So we seek accord with nature which is ever evolving and developing to higher forms, and reject the artificial systems by which small men seek to imprison both science and the forward urge of humanity within their narrow and transient pre-conceptions. Do not reproach us for constantly developing our ideas; it is our principle and not our weakness, our pride and not our shame. We strive always to march forward; we should betray only if we turned back or halted on the march.

May I now recapitulate very briefly the main principles of this thinking as they stand after a decade of development since the war.

1. _Europe a Nation._ I first used this phrase in October 1948 to describe the complete integration of the European peoples which I believe to be essential to the survival and advance of European civilisation. No lesser degree of union than that of an integral nation can give the will and power to act on the great scale, and with the decision, which are now necessary. No lesser space than all Europe, and the overseas possessions of Europe in a common pool, can give the room within which to act effectively. The necessity for the close union of the European peoples as a third power has been emphasized by the appearance of the rival giants, America and Russia.

2. _Government with the Power to Act._ The revolution which science has brought can only be faced by government armed with power to act by the free vote of the people. This does not mean dictatorship or any form of totalitarian state, as I have made clear in my essay *Government of Tomorrow* and on previous occasions. But it does mean a clearly defined division of functions between executive, judiciary and legislature, and that, within the limits so prescribed, the executive shall have a free hand to carry out the mandate conferred by the people’s vote. Opposition parties will have every right to criticise, and to enter elections at regular intervals, in an attempt to change the government, but they will not be able by obstruction to impede the work of an elected government and thus to thwart the people’s will.

3. _The deliberate equation of production and consumption within the viable area of Europe-Africa._ We have long believed that the individual nations of Europe would founder in the chaos of world competition when normal conditions returned. Each strives to
export more than it imports in order to pay by competition on world markets for the raw materials and supplies which none possess in sufficient quantity within their own borders. We propose therefore that the economy of Europe-Africa shall be insulated from world chaos; it will form an area large enough to supply both its own raw materials and its own markets. The aim of government and of a new trade unionism will be deliberately to equate production and consumption by raising the standard of life equitably through comparable industries, as science increases the power to produce. The European peoples will thus acquire the power to consume what they produce. This is impossible while they have to face on world markets the competition of labour with a far lower standard of life which is equipped by international finance with modern, simplified machinery. The isolated nations of Europe will also, in the end, not have the strength to meet the dumped surpluses of great industrial countries like America with large home markets, or the below-cost sales of large slave industrial systems like Russia, directly the full force of the coming competition is felt. Developments such as automation will also oblige the active leadership of government in a constructive wage-price policy to prevent production outstripping demand and causing an economic crash. The part of government will be to lead to the utmost, but to control to the minimum, the necessary industrial organisation.

4. The method of industrial organisation will be a dynamic pragmatism. We shall experiment, find out what works, change a method quickly if it does not work, and follow success with every energy. We will be bound by no preconceptions or economic shibboleths of the old world. Science has made them all obsolete. We believe the development of new enterprise is best done by an unfettered private enterprise which should not only be free but by every means encouraged. When private enterprise is exhausted and the concern becomes too big for any individual management, we prefer workers' ownership to state ownership or nationalisation. What is begun by a creative individual should finally be continued by a collective individualism of workers who own the enterprise to which they have given their lives, and not by a state bureaucracy without interest or contact with workers or industry.

5. All reward should be according to effort and the acceptance of responsibility. The present tendency to reduce all reward to the dead level is fatal. Reward for skill, effort and responsibility in industry should not be reduced but increased. We clash here funda-
mentally with all egalitarian doctrine. But it must be reward for work, skill and service and for that alone. In all European countries the extra reward for skill, effort and the acceptance of responsibility is tending to disappear. It must be restored and emphasized. The future must rest on those who can, and those who do.

6. The burden of taxation should be shifted from income to spending. A man should be taxed not on what he earns but on what he spends, not on what he brings in but on what he pays out. Thus saving, thrift, the power of the individual to accumulate the fruits of his labour, and, himself, thereby to develop new enterprises would not only be preserved but be increased, and by every means encouraged. But the luxury spender and the spendthrift, the fool with money to burn, should carry the burden which today cripples the hardworking. We propose that this should be done by a graduated expenditure tax on all high spending groups, coupled with indirect taxation of everything except necessities.* All direct taxation of earning would be eliminated. All basic necessities of life to the mass of the people would also be freed from tax. The definition of necessities would vary naturally with national prosperity. For instance the standard of life would be much higher within the developed union of Europe-Africa than in an economically beleagured island. There are various effective administrative plans for implementing the principle: tax spending, free earning. We propose a combination of expenditure tax and indirect taxation which would be graduated sharply on luxury articles.

I am well aware that at this point there may be complaint I have introduced a number of principles which are fresh to this discussion before I have answered many outstanding questions. It is not with the object of avoiding questions, which can be answered without much difficulty, but of putting the matter in perspective with our whole thesis. The above six points are simple to the verge of crudity, but they give a brief summary of principles evolved in our thinking since the war. If we are to discuss effectively particular aspects of European Socialism, we have to regard them in relation to the whole.

Recently debate has concentrated almost entirely on point 4, the question of workers’ ownership. It was in pursuing this topic that

* In the full development of these proposals, after much recent research, it appears possible to raise the revenue required by a sharply graduated expenditure tax without any indirect taxation of goods. In fact, it appears possible even to do away with present indirect taxation. The benefits of these proposals are likely to prove greater than was at first conceived. But the specific taxation of luxury articles is anyhow a useful reserve measure.
we tended to lose perspective. Personally I believe that workers' ownership of completely developed industries is an immense possibility which should be given the fairest chance in a series of well thought out experiments. I believe that some will succeed; but, if they did not, it would be no disaster; that is the advantage of the pragmatic method. It is probable, in practice, that some will succeed and others will not. By much trial and some error we shall find the right way to go about it; if we plan seriously in advance, we shall minimise loss where things go wrong and rapidly exploit success where things go right. For instance, the debenture provision to which some questions have been addressed not only affords just compensation but secures naturally, easily and rapidly a new direction if things go wrong. It appears clear from the proposals as they stand that the debenture interest represents three parties. The first debenture represents the compensation paid to the creator of the enterprise and to retiring workers according to the number of years they have put into the business, and, I would add, the degree of responsibility they exercised. It seems fair that the contribution of the original owner and of his team of workers should fall into the same category. Whether it is in the form of a marketable annuity which is the first charge on the business, or whether it ranks as a first debenture, makes no great difference in practice. The second debenture represents money raised for the development of the business by the workers in a syndicalised industry, after they have taken it over. If the business is sound, and the compensation paid to the original owner is not excessive, this should present no insuperable difficulty in normal market conditions. It would be attractive to the investor as it would have a speculative in addition to a security interest, as we shall see.

In the event of the workers in a particular industry proving incapable of running it, these debenture interests would foreclose in the ordinary way. By agreement among them in proportion to their interest the industry would be reconstructed under private management. Those who believe, therefore, that workers are always incapable of running their industries under any condition, should hurry to buy either the first debenture from the original owner and retired workers, or the second debenture when offered to the market. I believe a wise man would not be found among the speculators as he would have no such disbelief in the workers, who would be on their mettle to transform these speculative hopes into a normal loan security based on a sound
EUROPEAN SOCIALISM

business. But in some cases, no doubt, there would be failure, and
the industries would then revert to private management rapidly and
painlessly when it could not pay its way. No more dislocation would
occur than takes place daily in capitalist industry when once pros­
perous concerns which have fallen into difficulties are re-constructed
under more competent management.

For my part, I believe many of the worker owned industries would
succeed, and only time can prove who is right. But it seems to me a
great act of justice to, and of faith in, the workers to make it possible
for them to conduct their own industry, rather than to make it dully
inevitable that, in the stage of full development beyond any possibi­
liity of individual control, they should fall to the machine manage­
ment of state or capitalist bureaucracy.

Many cogent arguments have been advanced against the whole
conception, which really can be reduced to the simple proposition
that you cannot run a factory by an anarchic, obstructive, chattering
mob. After some recent experience of the degeneracy of great states
this may very often be true in present conditions. It is, indeed,
difficult to imagine anything working with the spirit abroad in some
quarters. But these critics overlook one decisive factor : the revolu­
tion we intend to make, and to whose struggle our lives are dedicated.
It is not a law of nature that when workers own a concern it becomes
a rabble-driven nonsense, it is only a rule of a society in decay. For
instance the workers own our Movement. They made it, and they
own it. More than 90 per cent of our members have always been
workers in the narrowest definition of that term. They have always
been volunteers who can leave at any moment, but, in fact, remain
in conditions of great sacrifice and hardship, work for nothing and
pay to be members. No one by any stretch of the imagination could
call our Movement, or any similar band of workers, a rabble. In
fact our movement of workers has been violently denounced for
being a highly disciplined army, and a special Act of Parliament
was passed to deprive it of that character. The law was obeyed and we
are not so organised, but we certainly have the spirit of an army and
not of a mob. The point of all this is that it has been proved again
and again in movements with which many of my readers will be
familiar that the workers are perfectly capable of acting in union and
discipline for great ends which they clearly understand ; in fact,
they have often proved themselves much more capable of so acting
together than some of the middle class people who regard them as
anarchic mobs. Our movement, and all similar movements if they
are to be effective, depend on the organised workers acting in a voluntary union and co-operation. Without them such movements could not exist. But that knowledge does not turn them into a chattering mob, a discordant rabble. On the contrary, in such movements the workers move in calm and self-disciplined solidarity under leadership they have selected and trust, to objectives they have studied and know. It is true that the details of policy are not always known to them all, and that only the deep principles are universally known and accepted. Decision in many matters needing rapid action is, also, left to leadership, because it becomes trusted over a period of time as judgment appears correct, and character is proved under hard test. But trust comes, too, from the capacity for constant consultation with colleagues and supporters before decisions are taken. This enables leadership to know what the workers are feeling and thinking and, therefore, continually to interpret their best ideals and, on occasion, to lift their eyes to yet higher aims. I write this to illustrate that leadership which is constantly and completely dependent on the support of the workers can be very remote from a waste of time in constant debate, or from continual danger of upset owing to the anarchic impulses of mobs. But such leadership must not be, and cannot be, remote from the workers. The day of the remote boss has gone; certainly in real politics and almost certainly in industry. Even in war it is gone, and some successful generals were recently much concerned to explain and to popularise their measures (some almost to the point of playing the monkey on the democratic barrel organ).

It may be that in the heyday of American capitalism the managerial class, or a few great promoters, are exercising a remote dictatorship without check of any kind, or any necessity to explain beyond the natural persuasion of high wages. This goes as long as the system goes, but when things go less well, or even when a dynamic generation petrifies into a bureaucracy—as all remote controls do in the end—American industry will either develop leadership or revolution. At any rate in this seething European continent of individuals, ideas and ideals, men have to be persuaded and not just paid. And to an almost fantastic degree the question of status rises above the question of mere reward among the élite of the workers. So, above all this turmoil can rise the majestic and inspiring ideal of the worker as owner. It can become an ambition that moves much, and is worth a trial that has safeguards from disaster.

It may be argued that the workers to whom I refer are a self-proved
EUROPEAN SOCIALISM

élite, moved by an idea and not by the present materialism. But the answer is surely that before we can succeed, this élite and their ideas will have prevailed; that is precisely why the revolution in ideas is the premise of all achievement. They will, of course be aided in this struggle by the manifest breakdown of the present system which will open the way to their ideas. When the mass of the workers have learnt in bitter experience that an anarchy of chatter means industrial death, they will be more disposed to accept both the leadership and the ideals of those who have devised the means of action and recovery. In short a revolution in thinking is a necessary prelude to a revolution in action. That is the present task of our movement, everywhere.

The combination of an attack which can roll up the left flank of labour by its syndicalism, with an attack which can roll up the right flank of conservatism by its support of the creative individual and the freeing of his enterprise from repression and taxation, is certainly a revolution in thinking. We can by this new combination capture the main position of the present system in classic fashion, as its centre collapses through an internal disintegration which is already well advanced. It is natural that those who come from the right, and are still thinking in the outmoded terminology of old world politics, should at first be alarmed by the thought of syndicalism, however well guarded it may be from anarchy both by practical safeguards and by the far more powerful factor of a revolution in feeling as well as in thinking, without which our system cannot begin to function; in fact, without which we shall not win power. It is equally natural that men from the left who have faced employers in many a bitter clash should now sometimes view with suspicion a system of thinking which would free from all burden of direct taxation even men with great resources, provided they use their powerful means in creative enterprises to serve rather than injure the state and its peoples; (curiously enough this inhibition does not arise so often among the workers). But, when the central objective becomes clearer, the sentiments of the different wings become fused as they converge upon it, and they begin to realise that they are meeting in order to enter a new civilisation.

Once again we must emphasize that our thinking must be regarded as a whole. So far we have not had much criticism of points 5 and 6 above, though the thinking in point 5 was published in my writing after the war some time before my syndicalist thinking. It is beginning now to win very wide acceptance in theory, but no one outside
our ranks dreams of implementing it in practice. The reason is that it cannot be implemented without the strong government suggested in point 2 which, at present, is regarded as almost improper to discuss; that phase will pass when the necessity emerges strongly in a situation presenting the clear alternative: act or crash.

The most recent development of our thinking which for us dates back a little more than two years, is, also, not much discussed in our debates. Point 6 contains the suggestion for shifting taxation from income to expenditure. This is not original to our thinking; in principle, it has been debated by English economists for generations and was reduced to a practical administrative system by the contribution of American economists during the war. It was at this point that America entered with a constructive thought which could be of great benefit to Europe. In America apparently it provoked a storm of opposition from various interests who find the present system of taxation more convenient. Our only contribution in the matter has been to relate this traditional thinking and its recent development in trans-atlantic practice to our basic position of sustaining the creative individual. It is inherent to our thinking that he must be free of the burden of mob impulse and mob jealousy, that he may perform his destined service for the well-being of the present and the elevation of the future. The creative spirit, whether he be scientist, technician, individual pioneer or the deviser of new forms of service to the people which enrich or illuminate daily life, is the key of our system because he is the key to higher forms of life. All devices that free and encourage him in his task must be welcome additions to our thought and method. Their discovery and development become imperative at a moment when this main hope of the future seeks release from the burden of taxation, restriction, jealousy and prejudice. If our views on this matter be regarded as impracticable, let them be criticised, and we will either defend them or improve them.

The policy of Europe a Nation in point 1 has now long been debated in strenuous controversy. We are, at any rate, emerging from the period when everyone paid lip service to the ideal of the united Europe while most sabotaged it in practice. The nominal adherents who came from the old world parties have fallen away in a variety of directions, or so reduced the concept of union that it becomes meaningless. In fact, this is an occasion on which an all or nothing policy poses a true dilemma. This union of Europe will not work in any form less complete than an integral nation. Scores of
conflicting local interests will generate friction and ill-will enough to destroy union a score of times if the conflicting local interests still exist; if separate nations still exist within Europe. Post-war experience has proved this again and again. What was regarded as our extreme emerges as the plain sense of the matter. It is Europe a Nation or nothing. Then let it be nothing answer the men of the old world, and will so answer until their old world falls about their ears. Ideas so great and so decisive as the union of Europe are only fully implemented with the aid of some compulsion from events. Few men are ready to step into greatness without that persuasion. Those few are the leaders of mankind. They are followed only when the old tenements of small minds tumble about their occupants in the earthquake of the system.

This is not the occasion to discuss in detail our belief that a crisis of this system will arise, and that the only escape is into an insulated economic area of Europe-Africa, with the possible addition of South America; we have done this exhaustively elsewhere. It now remains to be seen over a period of time whether we are right or wrong in regarding this as necessary as well as desirable. When we prove to be right, many who agree with our general philosophy of life, but are repelled by economic ideas which seem to be unnecessary in present conditions, will be disposed to regard them with a more urgent attention; "sharp is the glance of necessity". In this sphere as in others the presentiment of the workers, who have suffered before, awakens first.

But it is necessary here to deal with the basic question of the structure of state and industry under our system, notably the relation of the state to syndicalised industries and the degree of planning, government direction or interference, which will be necessary in the insulated system of Europe-Africa. The great dilemma of early syndicalist thinking was, of course, precisely this question of relationship with the state. This arose directly syndicalist thinking developed sufficiently from the original anarchic urge to think at all in terms of system, and that dilemma was never really resolved. It is at this point that the original element in our thinking — synthesis between private enterprise and syndicalism — can make another very effective contribution; in fact, it can overcome the hitherto insuperable dilemma. Originally syndicalism was baffled by the choice of being entirely independent syndical industries, each with the unfettered power to hold the community up to ransom, or being subject to such a degree of state control, bureaucratic interference, that it would all
end again in the old state socialism. So far as I know, no effective compromise was ever worked out between the all powerful syndical industry and the all powerful state; no system of balance was attained. The corporate system reached some balance in another way, but it did not admit workers' ownership and was, therefore, an entirely different principle. In European Socialism the synthesis between private enterprise and syndicalism achieves this balance without the continual interference of the state which entails government by bureaucracy. Competition between syndical industries and private enterprise will be entirely free. It will be impossible for a syndicalised industry to hold the community up to ransom without being undercut by a competitive private enterprise. It will, therefore, be unnecessary for the state to interfere in the normal conditions of industry. We resolve the dilemma: either the omnipotent syndicate or the omnipotent state. Nature can take its course in the freedom of this synthesis and can evolve its own industrial efficiency. Conditions are, of course, different in industries which are natural monopolies; for example the railways. In theory it is possible to check exploitation by the development of other forms of transport. But, in practice, this can be an expensive pedantry. In such case the state must surely fix both the price charged and the wage paid in the industry, in practice it does so today in most such cases. But over the whole field of industry it should not normally be necessary for the state to interfere so intimately when syndicalised industries and private enterprise exist side by side.

What then is the degree of government planning or direction, interference or leadership as divergent views would phrase it, which will be necessary? As I stated in a recent essay on automation a far higher degree of government leadership in industry is likely to be necessary than we contemplated soon after the war. We were repelled, as were most people, by the spectacle of bureaucracy in action, and strove to the utmost in our system to avoid bureaucratic control. It ends invariably in disaster, and can easily also become a tyranny as in Soviet Russia. The idea we then evolved was that the state should define the broad boundaries within which industry might operate, and should, itself, only intervene in the event of breakdown; something like the administration of the Charlemagne state in modern industrial terms, if I may take a remote illustration which is yet apt. Never interfere except when it is necessary, but retain the power to do so with a strong hand when occasion arises. It was a system which was free—in a sense almost liberal—but with the latent power
EUROPEAN SOCIALISM

of decisive action which modern necessity and our creed of life alike impose. Even our pre-war corporate ideas seemed to us at that time a good deal too bureaucratic, while anything like state socialism could all too easily end in the dull and brutal hordes of Soviet officialdom throttling all creative life as well as all personal freedom. Such in very brief and crude summary was the direction in which our thought was then moving.

But science has lately been moving a great deal faster than any political thinking of the old world, and it is vital that our creed, whose first principle is a recognition of facts, and whose second principle is rapid action to meet them, should not also lag behind the onrush of this deciding factor. The creed of dynamism must come to its own in the epoch of dynamic change. That is the moment of supreme opportunity for our spirit, not the moment of its petrifaction.

The question arose how the problems of automation and other questions of scientific development can be resolved except by continual state action? Did this then mean the control of a universal bureaucracy? That would bring everything to a standstill just when everything must move faster in order to keep pace with events. Such was the beginning of my thinking in terms of wage-price mechanism.

The state should direct not by control but by leadership, not by bureaucracy but by wage-price mechanism. It is possible to guide the industrial state in the necessary degree, and in the desired direction, by fixing wages in comparable fields of industry, and, when necessary because competition does not exist, by fixing prices. Over the whole great field of competitive industry where both private enterprise and syndicalised industry will exist side by side it will only be necessary to fix wages; when no monopoly or combine exists prices will look after themselves, if a reasonably sound monetary policy is pursued. But in monopoly conditions prices as well as wages will have to be fixed by the state or exploitation can occur, and, conversely, when a great increase of productive power is evoked by such factors as automation in productive industry, wages, and, consequently, in some degree prices, must be fixed in the basic services, which are virtually monopolies, in order to provide the enlarged market which productive industry cannot secure in sufficient degree by raising its own wages. I will not here repeat my whole argument in the study of automation, but the method of wages being raised within an insulated economy in a similar degree over comparable fields of industry is, in my contention, the only possible way of producing a market to absorb a sudden advance in productive capacity.
Present wages in the basic services like railways are held down by the fear that any increase in costs will make productive industry uncompetitive in foreign markets. In an insulated Europe-African economy, which is free from world chaos, such problems as automation will be resolved by a measured increase of purchasing power not only in the wages and salaries of productive industry but, also, in the basic services such as railways, agriculture, housing, banking, insurance, civil service, etc. The leadership of the state will be exercised by the planned and regulated raising of wages over the whole field of industry as science increases the power to produce.

It is thus, also, that the problem of redundant industry can be solved; or the solution can be assisted. If, for instance, a particular industry is tending to over-produce, the problem will to some extent settle itself if a uniform wage has to be paid throughout the industry; and, of course, to some extent this has happened through trade union action. When the market is limited, less effective firms will tend to go out in face of a stronger price or quality competition within the industry. In our old phrase, any man may undercut his neighbour by being more efficient but not by paying lower wages.

It is at least arguable that the state should plan further in advance, and should consciously guide the development of industry by deliberately making wages more attractive in the area to which it desires to draw labour; thus introducing a flexibility often lacking to present capitalism, and forestalling the problems of obsolescence and redundancy. At this point we break new territory in examining the possibilities of a wage-price mechanism, and certainly enter highly debatable ground. These are problems which will sooner or later have to be faced as the revolutionary development of science imposes them on statesmanship. We must devise methods in every sphere for moving far quicker than any system can move today, or any present principle can suggest. What I want here to propose is one simple principle; within an insulated economy the wage-price mechanism can give government the power of leadership and action without bureaucratic control. If that contention be valid we can be at the beginning of a certain revolution in economic thinking. I more than welcome criticism, and contribution to thinking which is so far only in the early stages. In principle we must have a system which leads free men by a method of rapid action to meet the revolution of science; I believe the wage-price mechanism can supply that method. When capitalism abdicates to chaos throughout the west, such leadership alone can meet and defeat the cumbersome machine of the
soviet system, which is enforced by the brutal tyranny of the Communist Party.

It remains a question whether those who think as we do should advance in union, in what has been called a pan-European movement, or in separate national movements. As long as the objective is Europe a Nation I do not greatly care whether we march together, or march separately and arrive together. What matters is that we should hold the same objective. For my part I am always a protagonist of union, when it is possible, because union gives strength. But, in cases where physical union is difficult, it matters not, if there be a union of the spirit. Our main exponents in Europe now know and understand each other well enough to make the question of formal union almost irrelevant. That work is now done, and nothing will shake it. First comes the idea, and the union of the spirit. All else follows.

I am not particularly interested in debating to what extent our thinking is original, and to what extent it is derived from previous thinking or is a synthesis of prior conceptions. If we had to choose between the power of synthesis and the capacity for original thought, I should be inclined to the view, which Aristotle at least indicated, that the former quality is the more vital attribute. Yet none of these considerations really matter at all. What matters is that our thinking now exists as a conscious and comprehensive European policy, which is open to the helpful criticism and suggestion of our friends to aid its full development, and is certainly exposed to the assault of our enemies on the open battlefield where we are eager to exchange with them blow for blow, and more. I think on the whole it fulfils the postulate that I suggested at the beginning of these researches: what is desirable is a synthesis of the best elements of fascism and of the old democracy to which is added new thinking to meet the new facts of the new age. In part our thinking is a synthesis of what previously existed and, in part, it is original thought. That is as it should be in the development of a creed which is organic and, therefore, is both related to the past and responsible to the future. No thinking is entirely original in that it has no relation to what has gone before. Man is the child of man and not of a camel. And our thinking is either the child of generations of European thinkers or it is unworthy to exist. It was the most literary of English Prime Ministers who observed that if any man made an entirely original speech no one would understand a word that he was saying. Everything that we think and say is inevitably connected with what has previously been
thought and said. When we can see further than great predecessors it is because we are standing on their shoulders, as Shaw said of Shakespeare. All men—even men of genius—are to some extent the prisoners of their time and circumstance. We live in an age of unprecedented opportunity because science has broken so many bonds, and has so greatly enlarged the horizons of men. It seems to me therefore, true to say that we present a new creed to meet new facts. And the emphasis of differences in this discussion between what we advocate and the pre-war policies of Fascism appear merely to prove this point.

It is suggested that the leaders of Fascism and National Socialism, so late as the 1940's had contemplated some form of European movement which would transcend nationalism. I will go further and recall from my own experience the very favourable reception they gave to my own advocacy of a united Europe in an article entitled in English *The World Alternative*, which was published in Germany by *Geo Politik* in 1937; so from my own experience I can confirm and pre-date this event. Yet the sad fact remains, whatever the merits of the dispute or the justice of the cause, Europe was divided and temporarily destroyed shortly afterwards in a fratricidal war which had the narrowest of national origins! Many then had such feelings, but remained the prisoners of their time. It seems to me unnecessary and undesirable in practice to debate at length whether, as I think, and can prove in some detail, we formulate a new creed, or whether fascism with its “doctrine of immanence”, “perpetual reappraisal and re-orientation” could transform itself sufficiently to become approximately the same thing. It is sufficient to agree: “it is needless to deny that the fascism of 1919 must be inadequate to express the needs of our time”; there we can agree, and further debate would only lose time in splitting hairs. What matters is whether we agree now, and the debate has shown a considerable communion of principle can be developed.

If men in an age of new facts are prepared to find new policies to meet them, they are our natural companions; provided, of course, that we hold together that all-important “spiritual kinship”. What would have rendered co-operation difficult would have been a tendency in German or Italian friends simply to regard all truth as contained in the original revelations of the Fascist and National Socialist revolutions. In that event we should have left such Italian and German friends to debate between themselves whether final truth was revealed to man in the year 1922, or in the year 1933, while, in
our dull English way, we got on with answering the question of what to do now. But, as the discussion has shown, this view is happily not present to any serious thinkers. I have, however, sometimes come across it during my European travels and labours. It is one of the two rival stupidities, as I term them. The first is to say that nothing good came out of fascism or national socialism. To such a crude error the crude answer is: then begin by flooding the Pontine Marshes and ploughing up the Autobahn. The second is to say that final truth was declared before the war, and that those programmes should never be varied or developed. The second error is nobler because it is born of loyalty which is one of the highest qualities, while the first error is born of spite which is one of the lowest. But they are both errors, and elementary errors. In fact we Europeans are part of an organic process which has already 3,000 years of great history and is moving to ever higher forms. It is at one with nature as are all real things, because nothing can succeed in defiance of nature's laws. Nature works not in a steady progression, but in great leaps after long lethargies; and the greatest of all these forward springs is expressed by modern science. That is why for practical purposes all things are new after the cataclysm which precipitated this great advance. For this reason we must think again; then act most strenuously, and on a greater scale than ever because we have greater possibilities. But we remain in the service of the European spirit in a movement to ever higher forms, which began millenia before us and will continue long after we are gone.
WATER MUSIC

by ALAN NEAME

HARLEQUINADE

IN various boats:
Pantaloon and Punch;
Pierrot and Columbine with Musical Instruments;
Harlequin alone

PANTALOON: Blown to the rippling afternoon,
A water-wandering fiddle tune;
Thin as water, ripples remote
The toneless tentative water-note;
Wind and water ripple accord
To twig, to cricket, to whispered word
And, thin as water ripples are thin,
To the tentative tone of the violin.

PIERROT: Let the companion hold the book,
While I unfold an air of Glueck,
Read at sight a sonatina...
This motet of Palestrina,
Can you sing the treble line
To my ground-bass, Columbine?
WATER MUSIC

Will you pass me my recorder,
Columbine?

PUNCH: Beyond the border
Of the audient world she's fled.
Glimpses of a radiant head
Pillowed in the water-sedges
Blind her to the ciphered pages.
Pierrot's pleadings go ignored.
Carolling, to a hidden world
Of unintellectual beauty,
She retires from his pursuit.

PIERROT WOOS COLUMBINE WITH A JIG:

Down in the meadows among the fritillaries
Dance three dons with an eye on S. Hillary's;
GOD burst their arteries veins and capillaries!
    Pagan old devils as ever you saw.
Three donnesses discoursing of botany,
Draped in garments more woollen than cottony,
Noting with glee that the dons haven't got any,
    Call for the waging of punitive war.

Here's low fees to you, Doctor Dombrass,
Cry me a colt and the foal of an ass,
Though you outwit me, confound me and twit me,
    Ten times I'll remit ye,
Be certain of that!

PANTALOON: Over the golden-green lagoon
A faltering windblown fiddle tune
Faint and melancholy passes
Orchestrated by dodder-grasses.

PIERROT: Two viragos to Learning ancillary,
Brawny of forearm and square of maxillary,
Charge under cover of creeping artillery:
    Apple and orange and aniseed-ball.
The EUROPEAN

Yielding to pressure of fire-power and salley-weight,
Dons give ground and eventually rally eight
Junior Fellows to help them retaliate;
    Gertie and Con are a match for them all.

*Here's low fees to you, Doctor Dombrass,*
*Cry me the colt and the foal of an ass,*
*Though you outwit me, confound me and twit me,*
*Ten times I'll remit ye,*
*Be certain of that!*

PUNCH:

In the recessive house of youth
Her heart within its alcove proof
Burns with an ever-mounting flame
Before a face without a name,
And garlands for the golden head
Smiling across the lily-bed
She dreaming figures in the stream
That flows crystalline through her dream.
All motion stilled, all voices mute,
Her heart sequestered from pursuit
Sings low across the lily-bed
In worship to the golden head.

COLUMBINE WOOS THE GOLDEN HEAD WITH A MADRIGAL:

Love is a City and a State
    Where only mutual Passions move;
When Fair for Fine grows passionate,
    He instantly responds with Love.

*When she burns,*
*The Urns of Hymen*
*Straight enkindled are;*
*His mutual Star*
*Burns with an equal Fervour.*
WATER MUSIC

THE GOLDEN HEAD OF HARLEQUIN REPLIES:

Sing, all you Citizens of Love,
There is no happier State than this:
To know that Love will not remove,
Until the Lover tire of his.

When he tires,
The Fires of Cupid
Straight extinguished are;
Her mutual Star
Reciprocates the Curfew.

PANTALOON: Over a golden-green lagoon
A faltering windblown fiddle tune
Faint and melancholy passes
Orchestrated by dodder-grasses.

PIERROT CONSOLES HIMSELF:

What is woman?
A thing of pleasure
A brittle cup
With dew for treasure
  Worry and wide
  No sooner tasted
  Than to be tossed aside
  And wasted.
What is woman?
A toy for leisure
A sedative drop
A night-time measure
  Worry and wide
  No sooner tested
  Than to be tossed aside
  And bested...

PANTALOON: Blown to the rippling afternoon
A water-wandering fiddle tune:
Thin as water, ripples remote
The toneless tentative water-note;
The EUROPEAN

Wind and water ripple accord
To the twig, the cricket, the whispered word
And, thin as water ripples are thin,
To the tentative tone of the violin.

PUNCH : Leave these lovers, float away!
Tragedies of Saturday
Fade with rising of the moon.
To your oar, my Pantaloon!

PANTALOON : To the narrows and the weir?
Where the jean and teagown veer?

PUNCH : They are no concern of yours.
Pantaloon, pull on your oars!
To your oar, my Pantaloon!
From the bridge, the miller's daughter
Spits to the peacock-feathered water,
Aims at you, my Pantaloon!

PUNCH & PANTALOON IN DUET :

Blown to the rippling afternoon,
A water-wandering fiddle tune;
Thin as water, ripples remote
The toneless tentative water-note;
Wind and water ripple accord
To twig, to cricket, to whispered word
And, thin as water ripples are thin,
To the tentative tone of the violin.

PROMENADE

I

Mr. David Gazebo,
who hangs a Simeon Solomon,
a Matisse of the pot-boiling period
WATER MUSIC

and a Delft dinner-service
on the walls of his bedroom,
sports his embroidered waistcoat
at calculated distance from the oarsmen.

II

Professors of Demotic Greek
Claim a cowslip-bell they seek.
For a search so out of season,
Ram from the Indian Institute
Praising Krishna on a flute
Offers more convincing reason.

III

The “New Oxford” Group, reunited after diaspora,
are moored in conversation,
the topic : certain demographical adjustments in the Levant.
T-Shirt expounds, Blue Jersey applauds,
Goose-Turd Suit seems to have heard the arguments before.
All defer at intervals to a fourth party
who has detached himself for the afternoon
from a pedantic friend in Park Town.
Ron makes no comment,
his synthesising powers are not great,
but he gives off a companionable benevolence
where he sprawls gigantic about the tiller.
He has known from the word go
that the bully-boy rocks the foundations of any century.

IV

The girl with ebony eyebrows
Paddles a lone canoe.
“Go it alone, young Morgan!”
“Taa, Dai, over to you...”
The EUROPEAN

"Well, well, well, how are you?"
(Moresque, '32 . . .)
"Sure! You know me, Warden . . ."
"Bothered if I do . . .!"

Another with amethyst earrings
Teeters above the weir.
"Tricky," thus Canon O'Malley.
"Very," thus Fr. St. Pier . . .

MARIOLADE

Beneath their Roman brims nod pokerfaced
Ecclesiastics skirted, in a punt
Enduring with unobvious distaste
A sprinkling from their beefy hierophant.

The punt pole plunges to the river bed,
The ripples glitter and the water swirls;
Sweatily, over Father FitzRoy's head,
The press-ganged athlete ogles two fat girls.

Spray me with hyssop and I shall be clean.
Under a willow bough the clerics duck.
The fat girls titter at the long foreseen.
He totters. "Damn! So sorry, Father! ( . . . !)"

These grave men of pursed lip and guarded glance
Speak low, conjoin opposing finger-pad,
Then, throwing out the hand, expose the palm
In meek expostulation with the lad;

Whose equipoise restored, their voices drop.
The mask of recollection they resume,
Discoursing virtue through a sideways lip.
Would I might punt for one such Chrysostom!
WATER MUSIC

FINALE

(To the singing of madrigals and motets the Most Exalted Lady enthroned in Magdalen Meadows accepts the twin crowns of Beauty and Learning.)

OXFORD, the very thought of thee
    thought of thee
with favour fills the heart ;
    nostalgia apart
the flavour of thy noon
    enchants me.

Meadows that by the Cherwell lie
    Cherwell lie
with rhyming bells in part
    harmonious in part :
their chiming out of tune
    must haunt me.

Towers that from elms and roses rise
    roses rise
in shadow part displayed,
    deployed in shade
on meadow and lagoon
    transport me.

Oh hours, that over water flow
    water flow
and flowering ring with bells
    and water bells :
from ringing hours too soon
    you part me.
The Figaro is much annoyed by a report that Gaston Dominici was recently given a dish of *filets de sole Normande* to eat in his prison cell. Far too delicious for him, says *Figaro*, which is also indignant because the yellow press calls the old man *le patriarche*.

When we were first in gaol—un-charged and un-tried—in conditions of unspeakable filth and discomfort, during the summer of 1940, certain newspapers described the luxurious circumstances of our way of life in H.M. Prisons. We were said to call for alternate bottles of red and white wine; the dustbins of the gaols were supposed to be stuffed with empty champagne bottles, and so forth. For inventing and printing these lies the *Daily Mirror* and the *Sunday Pictorial* had to apologize in open court, and pay an agreed sum. I bought a fur coat with my share of the money, which kept me alive through bitter winters in unheated cells for the next three years.

Gluttony is one of the seven deadly sins; envy is another. The mere notion that somebody is indulging in the former sin causes many people to fall into the latter. The clever, if untruthful, journalists who wrote the fantasies about our champagne orgies reckoned, possibly correctly, that the thought of all the fun we were having in the middle of a war would infuriate many of those who were suffering privation and danger.

Unfortunately our opponents subsequently used less crude methods. They instituted a ‘whispering campaign’ and were careful to avoid libel. A friend, who hoped to hear an actionable slander uttered by one well-known ‘whisperer’, asked ‘Why are they in prison? What have they done?’ He received the answer: ‘I know what I know.’

About Dominici and his sole, perhaps the *Figaro* need not worry
A DIARY

much. Prison is a grim place, even for a tough old peasant, and he has been there a long time now.

★ ★ ★

The London Casino, where the second edition of Cinerama is being shown, had an atmosphere so dense with smoke the day I went that I thought the Demon King was going to materialise and that the belching clouds were part of the entertainment; but it was only the fans’ cigarettes. The effect of snowy mountain peaks spread around us on the triple screen combined strangely with the smell of Virginian tobacco. Whirled about, from the Alps to a negro funeral in New Orleans, from high mass in Notre Dame to dinner at a Swiss inn—“Say, they have mustard in a toob”—or rushing towards New York’s sky-scrapers: Cinerama Holiday may be confusing, it is certainly terrific.

★ ★ ★

The most amusing of all spectator sports in England now is television. Not the second-rate plays and films nor the actors and actresses, but the news, and the real people, heroes and heroines who voluntarily exhibit themselves under a merciless magnifying glass for the public to gaze at.

The best programme of the week is called Free Speech. Four men, bursting with prejudices and opinions and the desire to communicate them, discuss topics of the hour. Mr. A. J. P. Taylor’s nervous, beady little eyes dart to and fro as he snaps “I hate the Europeans” or “I hate the upper class”. Mr. Michael Foot, head nodding up and down like a china mandarin’s, is as bitter as the history don is sour. Mr. W. J. Brown plays the commonsensical broad-minded Tory, and Sir Robert Boothby is sage, benign, charming. All four are as nimble witted as can be; they rush along at record speed, tripping each other up, interrupting, getting quite cross at times. It is extremely enjoyable.

Free Speech has a poor relation called the Brains Trust which also takes place on Sunday afternoons, a sort of pat-ball vicarage tennis after the smashing Wimbledon performance. The questions put to the Brains are inconceivably silly, and the poor Brains themselves, with one or two exceptions, are rather silly too. But although the clever Free Speakers’ programme is in a class by itself, even the
Brains Trust is irresistible. Sometimes it seems to be running down like a clockwork toy with a weak spring, as Mr. Peter Fleming takes his pipe out of his mouth for the third time to reply “I’m afraid I have no idea.” Sometimes the Brains are unbearably smug; at others they exhibit unattractive characteristics. Mr. Basil Henriques boasts that he never, on principle, gives money to beggars because they may not be deserving; Lady Ravensdale withholds her charity because beggars are such bad musicians. All of which is excellent for viewers’ morale; they must feel, comfortably, that they would be brighter than Mr. Fleming, more generous than the other two. While I was in England I was grateful to these good-natured Christians who freely sacrifice themselves to make a Roman holiday for viewers, and I miss them very much.

Another T.V. treat is the interviewing of distinguished visitors at London Airport. An air of incongruous frivolity is given to even the most solemn of these occasions by the background setting—a mad mural of painted bottles and glasses. I suppose it was chosen to remind foreigners of the simple joys they have left behind them. Prime Ministers, Generals, and others are thus photographed sitting in what looks like a rather degraded road-house, while they say a few words. Trite words, as a rule; but the viewer does not mind; he sees beyond, beneath and straight through.

★ ★ ★

A friend wrote from Paris suggesting that the Irish words on the Dublin poster about Balenciaga I mentioned in March might mean ‘le poète de la mode’. An Irishman has now sent a translation: “Ard Ri Faisun is High King of Fashion” he says, adding: “In ancient Ireland, the High King (Ard Ri) was paramount ruler of the island,” the other kings being subordinate to him. It is a compliment which M. Balenciaga merits.

D.M.
THEATRE

Terence Rattigan’s
Separate Tables
(ST. JAMES’S THEATRE)
by MICHAEL HARALD

SEPARATE TABLES has been filling the St. James’s theatre for almost two years. Somewhat belatedly, I am inspired to offer my assistance in rewriting the play. Take the two main characters in the first of these two playlets, Table By The Window, for example. I would contract to make the left-wing political columnist talk like a left-wing political columnist, even if this involved a little judicious borrowing from the writings of Mr. Crossman and Mr. Driberg. I would flutter the pages of a personal diary to recapture the authentic flavour of a narcissistic young woman, a willowy bore, tall enough for the incensed male of average height to strike without serious hurt to his self-esteem. I would teach Mr. Rattigan all I know about Labour politics and Tory poules if he in return would teach me how to write plays that fill the St. James’s theatre for two years.

Mr. Rattigan’s dramaturgic skill increases with every play he writes, in direct proportion to the diminishing ambition evidenced by subject and scale. What I fail to understand is why his critic-admirers should misrepresent this skill as a precise, cool mastery of the unstated and the understated. It is nothing of the sort. His characters never tire of discussing themselves; they are explicit, if not to the point of boredom—for Mr. Rattigan is never a bore—certainly to that of embarrassment. They carefully select the most public places for the most private conversations. (In Separate Tables, the lounge of a small private hotel was used extensively by all residents for conspiracy, confession, attempted murder and violent love-making—a chaise-longue being thoughtfully provided for this last activity. Sometimes the dining-room was preferred; but not often, for except at mealtimes there was little prospect of being disturbed there.) What Mr. Rattigan’s admirers probably mean is that his characters could easily go on discussing themselves much longer and in greater detail if they weren’t obliged to pause occasionally for breath and food and sleep and attempted murder and violent love-making and various other activities including listening to everybody else and allowing the audience to applaud and go home.
Do I, then, wish to appear ill-disposed towards our most successful and best-liked native playwright? Yes, I do. Is it because I consider his genuine gifts of story-telling, character-drawing and play-building largely misused? Is it, moreover, because I sense in him a shrugging indifference to any vital aims and functions of the drama? an insensitivity to the glories of the world's past and the towering uncertainties of its future? an incuriosity about the world he lives in as distinct from the milieu he moves in? a deficiency of warmth and genuine human sympathy disguised by a veneer of spurious sentimentality and preoccupation with man middle-aged and manqué and woman scorning and scorned? Well—partly, only partly. My more serious complaint against Mr. Rattigan is that his plays fret, not my heart-strings, but my lachrymal glands. The perfectly contrived ending to the second playlet, *Table Number Seven*, miraculously sustained by Mr. Eric Portman’s Chaplinesque pathos, brought a rush of tears to my eyes. Obviously this sort of thing is intolerable; it is not the first time that this dramatist has humiliated me in this way; and I must make a critical stand against it.

It is significant that Mr. Rattigan is as highly esteemed by the theatrical profession as by theatre audiences. His plays are invariably “sympathetic”; so are his parts, and they are all—I am unable to think of an exception—actor-proof. If the actor’s art were to be demonstrated like bob-sleighing and motor-racing, in international competitions, I should choose as leaders of my team Miss Margaret Leighton and Mr. Portman driving a Rattigan long-runner. As far as I remember, Miss Leighton has never looked anything like a great actress in other plays. Her beauty has appeared skin deep and her brains have been a shade too evident. In *Table By The Window*—the Tory poule, you will recollect—she is marvellous enough to lead Mr. Portman (who has often before looked a great actor, most notably in *The Browning Version*) by a narrow margin. Mr. Portman though, is a clear winner in Round 2—*Table Number Seven*. His Major Pollock of the Black Watch, a twitching, fantastically vocalised attempt to conceal the shaming identity of Lieutenant Pollock of the R.A.S.C. is the greatest comedy/pathos performance I can recollect having seen; a true masterpiece. And Mr. Rattigan, of course, wrote the part: and a dozen others which deserve settings worthy of the gems they enclose. When he really extends himself (as he did once or twice years ago before his means were equal to his aims,) may I be there to see the result.

I am rebuked by a correspondent for imputing plagiarism to “the greatest of all living dramatists”, Bertolt Brecht. I will therefore allow Herr Brecht to speak for himself. The following passage occurs in Arthur Koestler’s *The Invisible Writing*. P. 41—but I recommend a study of the whole chapter in which it appears to those Brechtians who believe that the Master can be reverenced on aesthetic grounds without reference to his Soviet credo.
THEATRE

"The dreary message of these plays was made attractive by Brecht’s considerable lyrical talent, by the catchy tunes of the songs, and above all by their stylised and exotic settings... Some of the songs were lifted, without acknowledgement, from Kipling, others from Villon. When a leading German critic exposed the plagiarism, Brecht coolly answered that he did not recognise individual property in literature any more than in economics. (My italics.) This statement was acclaimed by the progressive intelligentsia as highly original and daring."

As I write, it is rumoured in theatre circles that the East Berlin company is to visit London—probably after B. and K. have eased the way. May I append this warning to Popular Fronters of the female sex with theatrical ambitions? Again, I’m indebted to Mr. Koestler.

"The leading part in the play which made Brecht’s reputation, The Beggar’s Opera (Die Dreigroschenoper) was played by a remarkable actress, Carola Neher, Brecht’s mistress, muse and closest friend. A few years later she went on a tour to Russia and shared the fate of the ‘young comrade’ (liquidation). Brecht did not protest; he has remained faithful to this day to his party and his creed: ‘Sink into the mud and embrace the butcher.’"

CINEMA

Picnic, The Rose Tattoo, 1984,
Othello

by VINCENT MURRAY

The British theatre-goer has little difficulty these days in keeping up with current American plays. If he misses them on the stage he can be fairly certain they will turn up as films. Two recent ones were reviewed last month, and since then two more have arrived and are now making their way around the country. Picnic, from a play by William Inge, makes the lesser film, mainly because of defects in the original. A vaguely atmospheric story of small-town passion, the film constantly strives to be something more—a tendency which is increased by an over-emphatic directorial style. The treatment is certainly far less happy than that of Inge’s earlier play Come Back Little Sheba, very competently directed by Daniel Mann. One can imagine little worse than a theatre-director with scarcely
any experience of cinema trying to construct a film out of second-rate material, but that is what seems to have happened with *Picnic*, for Joseph Logan made his last film way back in the 'thirties and has since been working in the theatre. The resulting artificiality would probably be more noticeable than it is if it were not for one or two strong performances. William Holden plays Hal, the tough hero in love with his friend's girl Madge (Kim Novak), with a smooth surface naturalism. Susan Strasberg makes a good impression as Madge's younger sister, and the performances in general are well directed. Only one, Rosalind Russell's frustrated schoolmistress, clashes with the others in its larger-than-life theatrical style. It seems strange that a man of the theatre should have neglected to unify his acting styles.

Daniel Mann, director of *The Rose Tattoo*, a play that depends for its whole effect on the central role, manages the unifying problem rather well. Anna Magnani, accustomed to extremes of over-acting in her Italian films, meets her match in Tennessee Williams' script. She plays Serafina, a woman infatuated with the idealised memory of her late husband (whose tattoo gives the film its title) and who, after moments of doubt as to his faithfulness to her, settles down with Alvaro, a truckdriver resembling her ideal. Never has the Magnani personality been so controlled, so subtly shaded. All she has needed in the past, the result suggests, is a good, tautly-written film role with the discipline such a role demands. This factor plus the director's success in balancing the various acting styles against each other raises the film to a high level of commercial entertainment. The splendid photography (in *Rose Tattoo* and in *Picnic*) is by the veteran James Wong Howe.

Orson Welles' *Othello* should have reached this country some years ago. As it is, however, it qualifies for inclusion in this month's list. Welles' treatment of the Shakespeare text is typically ruthless — scenes disappear or are ripped from their context, Wellesian lines make up for what Shakespeare left unsaid, and character suffers accordingly. This film, and *Confidential Report* (which was shown in London some months ago) reveal quite clearly that Welles has failed to develop the revolutionary approach to film-making he began with *Citizen Kane* in the 'forties. *Kane* contained a more fully worked-out script (by Joseph L. Mankiewicz) than any film Welles has been associated with since, and with later evidence before us it is difficult not to come to the conclusion that Welles provided only the visual embellishment to the prepared dramatic framework, within the limits of which he found full scope for his talents. Once again artistic discipline resulted in success. *Othello*, on the other hand, bears all the marks of wayward genius, and for a near-perfect blend of film and theatre one must look elsewhere (at Cocteau's *Les Parents Terribles* or, more recently, Olivier's *Richard III*). Nevertheless there is much to enjoy in the Welles exuberance and visual display; and, although he has as yet little of consequence to say, his way of expressing it fascinates.
CINEMA

After *The Dam Busters* one expected much of Michael Anderson; after 1984 the future does not seem so clear. This time a novel serves as the origin of a timid film-version that uses an X certificate to conceal, not an adult treatment of Orwell’s theme, but an adolescent emphasis on the horror of physical violence. Whether the air of theatricality is a deliberately contrived effect to create a timeless atmosphere redolent of evil (as in some examples of German silent cinema) it is difficult to say, for the half-hearted attempt at stylisation fails to go far enough to justify consideration. The result is a science-fiction, poor quality “B” feature with crude, comic-strip characterisation (with the exception of Redgrave’s inquisitor) and even cruder violence.

Penguin behaviour never fails to fascinate, and a recent French documentary devoted entirely to this subject is likely to be very popular. *Emperor Penguins* lasts only fifteen minutes and should therefore fit neatly into most commercial programmes. It describes the life and manners of penguins in the desolate region of Terre Adelie in a manner entirely free from the artificial technique of a Disney. Mario Marret’s film is a valuable addition to the nature documentary.

THE EUROPEAN AT TABLE

**Egg Mousse & La-Ti-Fa-Cha**

by ROBIN ADAIR

These two little dishes are what one might call *en tout cas*. The Egg Mousse is a perfect first course luncheon, or a “main” supper, dish. La-Ti-Fa-Cha, explained to me as being of Persian origin, which I very much doubt, therefore I cannot guarantee the correctness of the spelling, means, I was informed, something “happy making”, which it most certainly is, and it also could be the luncheon *hors d’oeuvre*, the supper dish, or a splendid dinner savoury.

Egg Mousse. For say, six people, four or five eggs, according to size. Hard boil them freshly for the occasion; do not use up some
left over ones from a picnic, they must be freshly cooked. Peel, cut in two and pass the yolks through a sieve or a fine wire strainer, into a mixing bowl; chop the whites finely. One can sieve them, but I think the little bits one gets if they are chopped is more agreeable. Make a really well flavoured Bechamel sauce, starting with the ubiquitous roux, flour and butter worked to a smooth paste with salt, pepper, grated nutmeg and in this case, curry powder. Bring the milk to the boil with: a sliced onion, clove of garlic, good bunch of herbs, thyme, parsley, bay leaf, dill or fennel, tarragon, a few leaves of celery. Any or all of these, but it is most important to have the milk, with which we build up the sauce, extremely well flavoured. When the sauce is ready, add a little gelatine, the quantity of course, depends on the type you use. The mousse must set, but we do not want a tough, hard affair. Mix the sauce into the eggs, beating lightly but thoroughly. A further seasoning of Worcester Sauce, mustard, a pinch of Cayenne; salt and ordinary pepper. At this moment one should taste and see how clever the cook has been, adding more of this or that. A final light whipping, then into a souffle dish to become cold then chilled. For very grand occasions one could decorate the top with any of the following: dices of truffle; sprigs of chervil, interspersed with carefully cut snippets of tomato; olives, pickled walnuts and so on.

La-Ti-Fa-Cha. The cheapest sardines can be used. Remove skins, tails and centre bone. Break them up roughly into a small, but thick saucepan. Add: curry powder, mustard, Worcester Sauce, salt, pepper with a pinch of Cayenne and a little juice from a jar of Mango chutney. For a tinful of sardines, a good tablespoonful of cream and the yolks of two eggs. A walnut of butter and now you beat all together over a moderate heat. Until one has tried it out, it is perhaps safer to do the cooking in a bain Marie; but when, after making the thing a few times, one gets the feeling, it is quite easy to perform over direct-heat. Beat, cooking gently, until it is all a thick, smooth, creamy purée. Serve hot, with hot toast; or on hot toast; but most of us love it best served icy cold, with piping hot toast handed separately.
NEW BOOKS

The Man Who Was Shakespeare, by Calvin Hoffman (Max Parrish, 15s.).

I HOPE the author of this delightful twaddle is somebody’s comic uncle. I wish he’d been mine, when I was a boy, hating the thought of Marlowe dead at twenty-nine with vine leaves in his hair and only half-a-dozen or so masterpieces behind him. I like to picture Uncle Calvin (who must change his name immediately) assuring that Marlowe lives — or, at all events, that he lived long enough after his official demise to write thirty-six plays in blank verse, two long epic poems and 154 sonnets hitherto generally ascribed to the actor William Shakespeare, who had been well bribed for nearly thirty years to lend his name and keep his mouth shut.

Mr. Hoffman is not the first frisking bloodhound to lead us to the trail of Marlowe’s faked death; but he goes further by suggesting — proving, in fact, to his own satisfaction and, I hope, his nephew’s — that Marlowe, safely lodged on the Continent, wrote and posted off to Sir Thomas Walsingham the steady stream of best-sellers which we poor dupes have long regarded as the complete works of someone else. Alone he did it! — Marlowe. None of that syndicate stuff for Mr. Hoffman. Sir Thomas Walsingham (the “W.H.” of the sonnets: Walsing-Ham!) was, we learn, Marlowe’s lover. Does that shock you as much as it surprises you? You mustn’t let it; you must try to be as tolerant and enlightened about the whole thing as Mr. Hoffman is himself. He has made certain discoveries about Elizabethan England (I refer, of course, to the first Elizabethan age; God help us all if he gets to work on this one); and here he deserves to be quoted.

“First, as to inversion itself”, he promises, and goes on to discuss “Alexandrian springs”, “Rabelaisian appetites”, “fecund” women and “sensual” men — “small, swarthy folk who probably spoke with what we, today, might vaguely call a brogue”. . . . But the next paragraph is more illuminating; it also provides a fair sample of the author’s fine feeling for words: —

“These men were great womanizers. Some of them, however, turned to their own sex for virile outlet. Of effeminacy in the modern sense, with its concomitants of transvestitism and feminine behaviour, there was little or none. These men were males at all times. While they could, and did, indulge in unsanctioned practices, they were soldiers, duellists, poets, normal lovers, and adventurers.

Marlowe was due to face his trial on a charge of heresy and treason: Mr. Hoffman is convinced that his “lover” arranged the “death”
(a drunken sailor was murdered instead), the flight abroad ("... The figure on the channel ship watches the tender outlines of the French coast as they emerge out of the morning mist, purple and gold in the rising sun..."), and also the production and publication of the plays. Mr. Hoffman thinks it likely even that Sir Thomas "may have taken his dangerous secret to the grave with him"; he intends, therefore, to open a tomb in St. Nicholas' Church, Chislehurst, in the hope of finding there the manuscripts of the thirty-six First-Folio plays. It is possible that by the time these lines are in print the sepulchre will already have "oped his ponderous and marble jaws" (Hamlet, by Christopher Marlowe, Act I, Sc. 4), and that Mr. Hoffman will have extracted therefrom his palpable proofs. In such an event I will undertake to devour my own leather-bound copy of the Works, publicly, outside the European offices, on any rainy evening Mr. Hoffman cares to mention.

The publishers' review extols Mr. Hoffman's "sound scholarship, patient research, and logic". There is, of course, no trace to be found of any of these qualities. The book is an impertinence, mitigated only by the lumbering, good-humoured seriousness which makes the author's inanities oddly endearing. He plays with parallelisms, for instance, like a child with a new jigsaw puzzle. Many of these quoted occur in the early Shakespearean plays, in which scholars are fully aware of the collaboration of Marlowe, among other writers. Others have been extracted from the later plays; and here one admits again, irritatedly, that Shakespeare was no more reluctant to borrow a line or a thought from a contemporary source than he was to borrow a story from an ancient one. But this fact, if Mr. Hoffman could only bring himself to face it, blows his theory to the moon. Marlowe, who wrote in Dr. Faustus:

\[
\text{Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,}
\]
\[
\text{And burned is Apollo's laurel bough.}
\]

could never have progressed to:

\[
\text{O, withered is the garland of the war,}
\]
\[
\text{The soldier's pole is fallen! (Anthony and Cleopatra)}
\]

Who next, Mr. Hoffman? Homer, perhaps; or Henry James? Now I, personally, have always clung to the theory that Sir Winston Churchill's war diaries were really written by Dame Edith Sitwell...

M.H.

A Life for a Life? by Sir Ernest Gowers (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d.)

In 1948 the House of Commons agreed to suspend the death penalty for five years, but the proposal was defeated in the House of Lords; in 1955 a similar proposal was defeated in the Commons and in February of this year again agreed upon. Mr. Silverman's bill may yet be thrown out by the Lords: the debate continues.
Both abolitionists and supporters of capital punishment accuse each other of being motivated by passion and sentiment rather than by logic; the supporters regard the abolitionists as a set of sentimental old fools, while the latter look upon the former as a reactionary clique of bloodthirsty diehards. It is refreshing to turn from this atmosphere of gibes and counter-gibes to a book whose author attempts to review capital punishment as dispassionately as such a subject will permit.

Sir Ernest Gowers tells us he had little interest in capital punishment until he was appointed Chairman of the Royal Commission set up in 1949 to examine, not whether the death penalty should be abolished, but whether it should be "limited or modified" and if so by what means. He began his task mildly in favour of capital punishment; he finished it a convinced abolitionist.

Upon whom does the "onus of proof" lie—upon abolitionists or upon the supporters of capital punishment? The former can point only to the experiences of countries which have abolished execution, and when statistics from these are airily swept aside because other countries are "different", that is the end of the argument. But if we place the onus on the supporters of capital punishment their principal arguments appear to be:

1. That public opinion demands the death penalty.
2. That the alternative of life imprisonment would create insuperable administrative difficulties.
3. That death is more humane than long imprisonment.
4. That if the deterrent effect of the death penalty were removed there would be an increase in the number of murders committed.

The book examines every conceivable argument for and against the above points, and many relevant but subsidiary issues. An excellent appendix contains a number of graphs illustrating statistics gathered from countries which have abolished the death penalty—and from some which have re-introduced it. Their interest lies in the fact that they prove—nothing; the rise or fall in the number of murders committed appears to bear no relation to the presence or absence of capital punishment: an apparently powerful argument against the deterrent effect of the death penalty.

This book will prove invaluable to all who prefer facts to theories when entering into debate on capital punishment—on either side.

G.V.

My Host Michel, by J. A. Cole (Faber & Faber, 15s.)

Mr. George Mikes concluded his amusing book Über Alles by urging German-haters to "stop being Nazis. Give up your racial prejudices." It is, of course, too much to expect fanatics like Lord Russell of Liverpool and Lord Beaverbrook to do anything of the sort; but since the ending of official hate propaganda the natural
common sense of the English has been adjusting their attitude towards their German cousins, whom they have ceased to regard as a nightmare collection of electrified barbarians in steel helmets. The book under review, totally lacking in prejudice either way, is a notable contribution towards Anglo-German understanding.

Mr. Cole knows Germany well. In 1937 he produced a book called *Just Back From Germany* which, the publishers assure us, "made entertaining reading even while capturing the true spirit of Hitler's Reich". He has been there since the end of the Second World War. Consequently the whole web of English prejudices is thrown overboard, and he presents a picture of Germany—West, East, and Berlin—which is witty (without being self-consciously so), informative, and true to life.

Dealing with Western Germany, Mr. Cole contrasts the greyness of the immediate post-war years with the high-powered, neo-American flashiness that has gripped the country since the currency reform in 1948. Impressions are built up not by analysing personal observations so much as by introducing the reader to individuals. Needless to say, the German love of work is not passed over; there is an extraordinary story of a secretary, disturbed by arrears of work, who made her chief start work at half past six the next morning by the simple expedient of telephoning his hotel with instructions to wake him at half past five. This attitude to life has its disadvantages for, as the author observes, "to see a German trying to be nonchalant is dreadfully exhausting."

And so to Eastern Germany. Practically the first thing Mr. Cole saw on the Autobahn was "a large portrait of the Dean of Canterbury smiling broadly, his head surrounded by such bubbly dead-white hair that my first impression was that the artist had caught him having a shampoo". There was also a poster in English which read: "Order the Investigators of War to put a stop to ! Fight for Peace!" After this bright beginning there was little left to be humorous about except the communist cartoons. The pall which descends on any country occupied by Russia has produced in Eastern Germany both drabness and thoroughly un-German slovenliness. The second longest chapter in the book is devoted to an analysis of the communist newspapers, which the author finds a more satisfactory source of information than the inevitably stereotyped answers of the unfortunate people who live under the *Undeutsche, Undemokratische Diktatur* erroneously known as the *Deutsche Demokratische Republik*.

In a book difficult to criticise two complaints need to be made. It is a pity that the author descends to Beaverbrook (i.e. kindergarten) level by asserting that "National Socialism was not a political doctrine but an improvised collection of hatreds, prejudices, and shallow vanities." Possibly an insurance against persecution by Sefton Delmer? The other fault is the title, which is meaningless to most Englishmen and therefore bad for sales. But perhaps that is not my business.
LITERATURE AND POLITICS

THE first of a series of articles on writers and ex-writers, makers and un-makers who, in more or less degree, have influenced for good or ill the ideas and hence the actions of Europeans in recent decades. If the un-makers have helped to create within Europe first a condition of civil war and subsequently a dangerous loss of self-confidence, (and they have done so, to a degree quite unconnected with their—often mediocre—talent as writers) the makers can show the way towards unity—essential if Europe is to survive.

Certain writers have been both makers and un-makers, positive and negative at different periods. An attempt will be made to disentangle their ideas and revalue the contribution they have made.

Editor.

I. PRELUDE

by DESMOND STEWART

THE world is more likely to witness demolition, in the next few decades, than memorable construction. Demolition, it might therefore be said, should be avoided in the world of literature and thought: what is wanted is something positive and constructive. Why, then, destroy at all? This series of essays will deal with makers and unmakers; also with writers who are both in turn. If action follows from belief, and bad action from bad belief, it may well be that demolition in time of certain fashions of thought may prevent support for, or assent to, acts of folly. The demolition of an idea
The EUROPEAN

need not cause pain except to the very prejudiced; the alternative, the obliteration of cities, new Dresdens and new Hiroshimas, may be instantaneously lethal over, for example, Piccadilly; in the suburbs it will hurt. Torquemada, Yagoda, Himmler or stout Cortes all acted as a result of ideas most people now reject. To quote them would be idle. To quote a near-saint, Florence Nightingale, would be more apt. Miss Nightingale was shocked in 1848, when the Italians revolted against the Austrians in Italy, at the suggestion that Rome might be declared an open city, and not defended. She wrote:

They must carry out their defence to the last. I should like to see them fight the streets, inch by inch, till the last man dies at his barricade, till St. Peter's is level with the ground, till the Vatican is blown into the air. If I were in Rome I should be the first to fire the Sistine, and Michael Angelo would cry 'Well done!' as he saw his work destroyed.

This quotation from a woman called by God, as she believed, to revolutionise the treatment of the sick, shows how dangerous the wrong ideas can be in the most generous heads. (One hopes that the mouths that shouted "Bomb Rome!" in 1941 were prompted by generous, not murderous minds). These ideas provide, too, a parallel with the ideas in our times which, if undemolished, may, for the best, as well as the worst of motives, destroy what is left of Europe.

It is easy for a European living in 1956 to rejoice that Miss Nightingale's wild enthusiasm was not put into practice; it is also easy to see what lay behind her readiness to destroy so much beauty. The creed which she had imbibed in her youth, in the post-Romantic aristocracy of England, was Nationalism: one of the pillars of the Romantic Movement. Each national group has an inalienable right to be independent: Greeks, Italians, Germans, Guatemalans, Egyptians. And while Florence Nightingale's acceptance that Rome should be demolished, so long as Rome might be ruled by Romans, was frustrated, the whole century since has been impaled on that manic belief. A century of nationalism culminated in the thousand-bomber raid on Dresden.

Nowadays romantic nationalism has lost its hold on the greater nations: its lingering virus infects Cyprus, Indonesia and Israel. If someone had intelligently demolished Byron and the other advocates of nationalism, the century might have been different.
Bernard Shaw's *Arms and the Man* was written half a century after the Crimean War, but against the Péguy, Kiplings, Carduccis and Chestertons it was ineffective. Even when a writer as anti-nationalist as Nietzsche lampooned nationalism, these words were disregarded, and other words were twisted into a defence of a parochialism he detested. Only today, after two great wars and many lesser, the majority of thinking Europeans are turning away from national egoism, and beginning to think as Europeans.

If, then, the idea of nationalism has taken a century to run through the body of Europe, unchecked, hardly challenged, it should warn the thinking man of today to examine with close care contemporary writers to see whether any similar ideas are being, or have been, purveyed, which could, on tangential rather than parallel lines, result in ruinous mistakes. If such ideas exist, demolition in time might be the first step to creation later.

Ezra Pound, in his poem about the first world war, regretted the broken statues: but the real damage that nationalism has done has not been to buildings and artifacts. The great damage has been to Europe as a whole: splitting up what should not be divided. A study of Greek history would have shown Europeans that while a destroyed building may be later rebuilt by a sympathetic foreigner, such as Hadrian, nothing can rebuild a continent that has ruined itself. Quarrels stimulate: but quarrels or rivalries that acquire the intensity of religion lead common sharers in a great culture to common ruin. All Greeks were aware of being Hellenes: the word *barbaros* meant non-Greek. Yet Elis and Argos and Corinth and Sparta and Athens allowed rivalries of dynasty or political system to overthrow the whole of Hellas. This despite the awareness of Plato, Thucydides and Aristophanes.

In tracking down modern errors, therefore, we should not ask: which idea is likely to destroy, eventually, the Vatican Museum and the cupola of St. Paul's. We should ask, what ideas are likely to lead to the destruction of Europe's moral and cultural influence: what ideas, effective in European brain cells too long, could sap Europe from within, so that no more the focus of world-culture, it would be merely another 'area', the essential spirit has vanished as the essential spirit had vanished from Athens, when Roman tourists visited it, at the time of Christ.

(Here, in brackets, we must briefly counter those who believe that Europe has no role, and must state that here, as in all arguments, there must be finally an act of faith. To those who believe that
The EUROPEAN

European culture is not worth saving we cannot speak. Of them we can speak, with denunciation. We do not, however, say that this series of articles is NOT TO BE READ by Russians or Americans. We say, this series of articles IS to be read by such, so long as they read them as outsiders, and see it as a family question, not of their family. Neither America nor Russia needs to be included in Europe. Americans have made it plain enough that the great basis of Americanism is the repudiation of the European way of life: as Mr. Gorer has pointed out, General Patton’s speech* to his troops about to invade Sicily is the classic exposition of this repudiation. The Russians are yet more explicit in their rejection of the West.

It is even more important, therefore, that we are not attempting to say that Europe is better than any other civilisation, past, present, or future; we are not going to imitate with regard to Europe the mistakes of the over-enthusiastic nationalists with regard to the nation. Because we praise Bach or Shakespeare, we are not going to deny Confucius, or even Walt Whitman. What we are going to say is that we are Europeans, and have two choices only: to be healthy Europeans, or unhealthy Europeans. For Americans, Russians or Chinese there are similar choices. Such choices are not our concern. What does concern us is how most deeply we can be ourselves. Only by being ourselves can we give, as we have given in the past, to the outside world.

We shall also beware most carefully of identifying the idea of Europe with the idea of Christianity: an identification that in the past has been dangerous both to Europe and Christianity. Christianity is a world-religion, and it betrays itself if it identifies itself with one continent. The oldest territory that is Christian is Lebanon, the first state to embrace Christianity was Armenia. In Europe there are Jews and Moslems: Spinoza and Ataturk are essentially European figures. There have been Unitarians, like the already quoted Miss Nightingale, and a host of agnostics so large and dissidents so varied that to name examples would be folly. Of course, the Christian religion has played an important part in European history: itself has been modified by Europe, just as Europe has been modified by it. Continents and cultures are not separate planets.

* 'When we land, we will meet German and Italian soldiers, whom it is our power and privilege to attack and to destroy.
* 'Many of you have in your veins German and Italian blood, but remember that those ancestors of yours so loved freedom that they gave up home and country to cross the ocean in search of liberty. The ancestors of people we shall kill lacked the courage to make such a sacrifice and continued as slaves.'—Page 13, The Americans, by Geoffrey Gorer.
but islands in an archipelago, joined deep below the sea that divides by the bedrock of the earth. Religion is akin to this bedrock, rather than to the superstructure of thought and material achievement.

If we leave aside Christianity, is there a European idea, separable from Greece and Hellenism, Italy and the Roman Church, Germany and the Reformation, England and the Industrial Revolution? an idea which can be seen as a thread running through European nations and European individuals?

The enemies of the European way of life would say yes. The Americans, for example, when decrying the Europe from whose entanglements they wish to escape, seize on two points: the quarrels, and the hierarchy. The Russians in their monolithic state system may be said to have the same conception of a quarrelsome, aristocratic Europe. Both East and West would like to see a levelled Europe between them, all differences of degree or opinion ironed out: even differences of custom merely kept as in the Soviet Union, where national dresses worn for great parades are a mask to the essential sameness of the communist system.

An enemy’s verdict is often more revealing than a friend’s. The European idea might well be connected in some way with quarrelsomeness — of which the factionalism so destructive to Europe is a symptom — and connected with hierarchy. Yet the European idea will not be quarrelsomeness and hierarchy: it will be something deeper, of which these two are attendants or results. What that deeper something is may be found by looking at America, the land of no hierarchy and the land where peace reigns over 48 indissolubly united states, the land of democratic equality, where the son of a Jehovah’s Witness may become President: the land from which the individual, if he is born, must escape, whether to St. Germain des Prés or the blue passport of a naturalised Englishman. Unlike the European countries, each of which produces a crop of individuals known to its countrymen, America, according to American sociologists, is the society where everyone tries to be as much like everyone as possible. This is perhaps the ‘anonymity’ which W. H. Auden found attractive in New York. This European individualism contrasts with the uniformity of the Islamic world, which in other respects is much nearer to Europe than either America or Russia: for as von Gruenbaum has pointed out, the Islamic world, in all its literature produces types, rather than individuals. The closeness of the Islamic world to Europe — the closeness of warring brothers — is due to the sharing of a hierarchical attitude to life. The Quran says: “We
The EUROPEAN

have created you in degrees.” Among the Arabs there is great social equality, but difference in talent or possessions is accepted, as being from God, not jibed at, as being the result of some unfairness in the arrangement of social life. Quarrelsomeness (and what continent has quarrelled more among itself, shed blood on more unremembered battlefields?) and hierarchy are both the attendants on European individualism. From the quarrelling emerges the man made different by struggle; in the hierarchy the difference is protected and enshrined.

A recent American critic has said that the chief characteristic of contemporary English intellectual life is a reversion to aristocratic-gentry culture. This hideous expression conveys a hideous truth. The kind of snobbery that is gratified by the novels of Miss Nancy Mitford is a tragic example of the degeneration of the European idea: one hopes only temporary. Snobbery is the ivy on the aristocratic oak. The idea of hierarchy is non-moral. In European history it has taken many forms. The first concept reached its highest form in the phrase kalos kagathos, the man who combined beauty of disciplined physique with goodness or nobility of mind. The Spanish concept of the hidalgo is nearer to the Islamic notion of al kareem (which may be applied to the caliph or to the beggar) than it is to the class-concept of the gentleman: where the slightly pejorative term a natural gentleman, has to be coined to cover those with approved characteristics from the wrong cradles. Nevertheless, all these concepts speak the same respect for degree, the belief that there are degrees, that these degrees require some effort to achieve, and that they are worth while. Germane to this is the idea of admiration, which has continued in different forms from Hellenic times. Homer’s contemporaries admired the strong, brave, ruthless Achilles, who could weep for his friend Patroclus. Plato’s contemporaries preferred a more reflective Hellene, and the Romans admired the Stoic, who could be a world-citizen. The saint, the artist, the craftsman, the king, the hermit, the knight, all have had their admirers; the same thing is found in the modern German respect for the Gelehrter, or the Arabic submission to a Doctor of Philosophy. Those who ‘love a lord’ in their degenerate way bear witness to the same truth; that men are not equal, and that their inequality is a thing in which to rejoice. The vulgar song may say, through the putative mouth of a Glasgow worker, ‘I’m only an ordinary working chap’; whoever wrote the song had little understanding of the European worker, who regards the differences between himself and other workers,
LITERATURE AND POLITICS

upwards and downwards, with ferocious jealousy. The master craftsman is the greatest enemy of any notion of proletariat.

Connected with the idea of hierarchy, or aristocracy, is the idea of form. At its lowest, it is the good form of the books of etiquette. At its most physical, it is podokus Achilles, polynetis Odysseus, or a devotion to the man toughest and most ruthless in battle (as in the poems of Theognis). At its most subtilised, and refined by contact with a universal religion, it becomes admiration for the delicacy of manner in a medieval nun or a Renaissance Stuart, for the mastery of form in a Duerer, for the command over his couplet of an Alexander Pope: (were one to continue the list, it would turn into a history of what is admired in European culture and manners). For this is what distinguishes the man of form from the formless man (how easy to think of Mr. Marlon Brando as a brilliant portrayal of the American antithesis): he has learnt by hard study and practice a way of controlling a medium, whether the medium is his own flesh and physique, or a block of wood, or a line of poetry or prose. Respect for form is fundamental to European health. A loosening of form—and none can loosen it more elegantly, or more arresting—is a sure symptom of European disease. And no matter how much Americans such as Mr. Pound may admire Europe, no matter how much loot they may bring back from Italy in their suitcases or their brains, no one brought up in the European tradition would say that a work such as the Cantos, however interesting when expounded by a critic such as Mr. Neame, shows form in the sense that it would mean to a European. The very word in its philology bridges the gulf between discipline and beauty. Form is found in act as well as in art. President Eisenhower, when a general, received his vanquished enemies in a way different from General Alexander. American criminals are described in Time as 'shuffling' to their deaths: the men murdered so slowly at Nuremberg died with 'form', which no bundling of their ashes into dustbins could destroy.

The mention of Eisenhower, the prepotent son of a pacifist mother, reminds us how the European ground is only by permission of non-Europeans still free. No criticism need be made of a president whose piety may be both new-found and, to European eyes, shallow. For his own country he may be as good as the majority of American newspapers say he is. He prefers to hang his own pictures on his walls, rather than the best paintings from the galleries of France; he prefers the cooking of Mamie to the mucked-up dishes of Paris. All this testifies that here there is a soul far more resolutely excluding
from its own ambience non-American influences than most European souls achieve with regard to America. Eisenhower the man is only important to Mamie, and history; and any literary person who has glanced at his book may be excused for believing that at Clio's hands he will hardly emerge as less shadowy than some of the Byzantine emperors of the middle ages. As a symbol Eisenhower is much more important; the great dyke between communism and the other world is built on his command; the major cities of both worlds preserve a tenuous existence thanks to his patience; were he to lose strength, all the world would be communist; were he to lose his temper, all the world might become a furnace. So much can be tolerated because it must be tolerated. More—and by more is meant capitulation on the spiritual field, where capitulation is neither required nor expected—is not tolerable. And yet capitulation to America is less dangerous for Europe than capitulation to Russia. (In passing we may rejoice that Mr. Spender, for example, is now subsidised by the western non-European power, not by the eastern, as he would have been, if his pre-war mood had continued). Yet leaving aside assessment of greater or lesser danger, capitulation to either Russia or America is the supreme treachery: was the supreme treachery: a denial of twenty-five centuries, beside which the much-attacked 'collaboration' of half of France was a mere get-together between litigating cousins.

Those false to Europe: that is, those who have attempted to bring into Europe Russian or American ways of thought and behaviour, will always justify themselves on the ground that they did what they did in deference to a European idea, of social justice, political freedom, etc.: for such European ideas as these they enlisted, or got their friends to enlist, in the International Brigade, changed their blue passports for green ones, or edited journals financed by Russian or American money. They will argue that ideas are detachable from the land in which they spring. That if the largest nation in Europe, in a titanic effort to solve the problem of mass-unemployment, violates some of the freedoms that had grown up in the 19th century, this justifies a relentless war against that largest nation and its allies, the obliteration of its cities, the enslavement of a third of its people, the lynch trial of its leaders and the subjection of the whole continent—its strongest member laid low—to the wisdom or unwisdom of non-European powers paying lip-service to the violated freedom. At this late date no one would attempt to affirm that the 'fascist' movements were unbotched; or that, beaten to the ground
by the mass-production of the Americans and the mass-advance of the Soviets, they should be revived as they were before. What can be affirmed, however, is that for better or for worse, these movements were European movements of the second quarter of the 20th century, and that the anti-fascist movement was not a European movement, and led in fact, if not in intention, to the reduction of European influence throughout the world. It can be affirmed that the fascist movement was deliberately not understood. That its achievements—its defying of a credit-system based on gold and banks, its denial of the inevitability of slumps, its affirmation of a continuing and to be continued Europe, its reinvigoration of the spirit, were never honestly admitted, while its faults, the restriction of individual liberty, the control of thought, the persecution of minority groups, were trumpeted to the world, while these same faults, when they existed in non-European countries were constantly played down: for example, untouchability in Nehru's India, the massacre of Christians in Russia, the segregation of Negroes in Roosevelt's America. Europe is a quarrelsome country. Many families are quarrelsome, not always the least gifted. But every peasant would despise the member of a family who, quarrelling with his paterfamilias, brings in an alien village to burn down the parental roof. Yet rather than in manly fashion seek to break down the quarrel between the too disciplined code of fascism and the too lax code of finance-democracy, the intellectuals of the 30's claimed that fascism was not merely a movement with faults as well as virtues, but the most monstrous product of history, something uniquely evil: those with little belief in the Bible ransacked it for phrases such as the Beast from the Abyss. By this violent, uncompromising attack, this willingness to work with Russia or America to subdue the heart of Europe, the violence of fascism was, of course, increased. Hundreds of Jews, for example, perished under the fanaticism of embattled Nazism: their blood rests equally at the doors of their butchers and at the doors of those anti-fascist intellectuals who by total opposition and demand of total surrender drove the fascist leadership to such measures. A measure of the firm understanding shown to Soviet Russia by western statesmen today was never accorded to the young movements of Germany and Italy. An Anglican member of Parliament, lecturing to undergraduates at Pusey House, urged that English Christians should understand the very good reasons for which Stalin had been forced to persecute the Orthodox Church, and the even better reasons for which Tito had
imprisoned Cardinal Spetinac. The same speaker, before the war, had urged total attack on Germany and Italy, and had denounced the Munich agreement as appeasement. The absorption of the Baltic States and the other nations of Eastern Europe is accepted, and western statesmen queue up for visas to visit the 'Popular Democracies'; but to prevent Danzig, a German city, from being ruled by Germans, the intellectuals of the West urged on a war which, though for a different end, led to destruction that even Miss Nightingale would have found enough.

This betrayal of Europe is largely political, and this is not primarily a political essay. I say 'largely' because man is a unified, not a departmentalised creature. His politics and his poetics, his economics and his heart, are interlinked. Rotten politics and rotten art will go hand in hand. Rotten art is so dull, once its immediate birth-hour is past, that there is a danger that those essays which are to be, in part, demolitions, will be about books and poems that are no longer read. This danger is real. But the authors of these now unread poems and books are with us still. Mr. Lehmann is only one example: though now he edits a magazine on whose doorway, he has said, only one 'Keep Out' notice hangs: to anyone with a political axe to grind. Mr. Spender, another example, is now as zealous against communism as Mr. Morrison was against peacemongers in the second world war. These dead selves may no longer be even tenuously connected with their present names. All the better. They will bravely survey the demolition by others of what they themselves have already repudiated.
LETTERS

WAGNER AND SHAW

To the Editor of The European

Sir,

Towards the end of his article on Wagner and Shaw, Sir Oswald Mosley makes a reference to the cloister. As one who is at the moment "creeping about some dreary cloister", I should like to try and brighten the view of the religious life that seems to be in the mind of Sir Oswald, whose own "heroic" type of striving is such a tonic in this country’s dreary political field. I wish to do this because such a life is in many respects similar to that described and advocated at the end of the article.

The reason why men and women enter the cloister is not merely to escape the world, the devil and the flesh and practice denial. Denial as a basis leading to coma is rather the method of Eastern religions. Without needing to discourse on such aspects as Spouses of God and Mystical Marriage, I can assure Sir Oswald that Christianity's method is by "renunciation, not to deny life, but to fulfil life and find a synthesis of life and love at a higher level," as mentioned in the article. Any denials embarked upon are for the sole purpose of disciplining the life force (or soul) to be "at one with all high things."

The Carmelite Order alone, which incidentally started in England, gives numerous examples of men and women dying to themselves in order to obtain the type of mystical union referred to.

Activity must have a life force. The work and teaching of our Church in the political and civic field was described in your January issue; much of the inner force of the Church comes from the balanced spirit of the cloister. And just as her political and civic teaching agrees at very many points with Union Movement—notably in regard to capitalism, communism, property, workers' differentials, opportunity, family and education—so also the life force which the article treats of has similar features.

Thus we should not be called dull and dreary because we leave the political details to the professionals whilst we ourselves maintain contact with the Divinity.

Yours faithfully,

"Friar Tuck"

St. Mary's College,
Aberystwyth.

JAMMING BROADCASTS

To the Editor, The European.

Sir,

I am perturbed that "European" says: "If (the Russians) jam our radio, we should jam their radio."

I am strongly opposed to jamming for numerous reasons.
Firstly, it is an implied confession of our failure to answer communist propaganda. Jamming is an equivalent measure, on an atmospheric level, to the imprisonment of Oswald Mosley and hundreds of others because of their opposition to the Second World War. Their jailing, like present-day jamming, could be interpreted as a counter-measure provoked by fear in the face of the truth. Secondly, jamming Moscow would throw away one of the very weapons which "European" is always exhorting our statesmen to use—open diplomacy. At the October Geneva even Molotov looked uneasy when the jamming question was raised. Russia jams, we do not—a diplomatic propaganda point which it would be folly to cast away.

Thirdly, attempts to jam Moscow would produce the opposite effect to that desired—it would make listeners all the more eager to tune into the forbidden station, with little chance of getting caught.

Fourthly, why jam Moscow? Has "European" any reason, other than a natural spite against Bolshevik activity? Does he believe Moscow propaganda is efficacious? The experience of the Second World War shows that British people are quite unmoved by enemy propaganda, even when it tells and predicts the truth. How many English people tune into Moscow? Apart from the readers of the Daily Worker, and anti-communists who want to keep an eye on the latest nonsense, very few.

Fifthly, jamming is a very costly and not very efficient process. Ten jamming transmitters are needed to blot out one broadcasting transmitter, and even then it can get through for short periods by manoeuvring transmission times.

Freedom of the air is something we cannot limit even if we want to therefore on practical and tactical grounds I hope "European" will revise his opinion in the matter.

Yours etc.,

MARTIN PRESTON.

Balham,
London, S.W.12.

RETURN TICKET ONLY

To the Editor of The European.

Sir,

Surely none but a vagrant Englishman would consider that familiarity with the business quarters and business men of, say, Rotterdam and Manchester afforded him adequate material for a general survey of Europe? Even touring delegations of members of Parliament do not go so far as that.

In South America the highest energies flow into the capitals of the various component countries of the continent. The provincial overflow of talent is meagre. Mr. Richards was, by his own admission, not resident in capital cities. He describes what he saw and
LETTERS

heard, and of course much of what he ate. But he should not deny out of hand the existence of those features which he himself was not fortunate enough to observe. More particularly, he complains of a deplorable absence of any commendable performance in either the graphic or the visual arts. If, in Chile, seismic disturbances have obliterated all trace of colonial architecture, might it not be allowed that the lyric poetry of Pablo Neruda, the greatest of all living poets writing in the Spanish language, constitutes a reasonably respectable counterbalance to this disadvantage? Neither the murals of Diego Rivera nor the music of Villa-Lobos are objects of contempt for more responsible critics. It is a pity that Mr. Richards' enthusiasm for the Baroque led him neither to Quito, to Lima nor to Belem; and Rio de Janeiro with its juxtaposition of the softly mature with the sharply imaginative contemporary might perhaps have pleased even his resentful eye.

Yours, etc.,

Christopher Shuldham.

London, S.W.10.

THE BOOKS OF KELLS

To the Editor of The European.

Sir,

D.M., in A Diary (The European, March, 1956) writes of the oriental appearance of the illuminations of the Books of Kells, Durrow and Armagh and concludes: "Might the curious interlaced patterns, the fishes and dragons and fantastically plumaged birds, the short figures with big heads and lustrous kohl-edged eyes which are typical in Irish art stem from the eastern end of the Mediterranean? Like Christianity itself?"

A recent issue of The Times contains a photograph and description of a carved crucifix of the Celtic type, on the isle known as the Calf of Man. Others like it have been found over here. The correspondent wrote that they resemble Levantine work (and no other) of the early Christian era, in that the crucified figure is shown fully robed, like the others portrayed.

Lord Dunsany has mentioned Irish-looking people he encountered in Turkey, in a book in which he touched on certain oriental traits in his compatriots. Irish delegates at the international conference in Paris after the First Great War met there some Turkish representatives who, as one of them put it, "might have passed as County Tipperary farmers". One of these Asiatics explained that the people in his part of Anatolia were largely of remote Celtic extraction, although they were Moslems and spoke the Turkish language. It has long been known that the Galatians of the New Testament, who inhabited central Anatolia, were part of the great Celtic empire that extended from the Shannon to the Danube before the rise of Roman and German power. All that remains of it (save assimilated racial
types in countries speaking Romance, Teutonic and Slavic languages) are some tumuli and place-names, as in England. A German who served in one of the regiments that reached the Caucasus in the Second World War has stated that he found there a Gaelic-speaking community in a remote valley. As the extremely mixed population of the region is said to contain Latin-speaking descendants of a lost Roman legion and others whose forefathers were Crusaders from England, it is not impossible.

D.M. mentions the theory that "Christian architects from Syria, fleeing from the Arabs, may have gone to Ireland and influenced church building." I am surprised that he does not mention the famous round towers. Did Christians really flee from the Arabs? Surely they either embraced Islam (as in the Maldives, Libya and the Sudan) or continued as before (as in Lebanon, the Nile Delta and Ethiopia)?

Yours, etc.,

PATRICK J. N. BURY.

Ballymount House,
Waterford, Ireland.

Next month in
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Literature and Politics:

STEPHEN SPENDER
by ALAN NEAME

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