

When I first entered Madrid by car, I became involved in the inevitable traffic block of the Puerto del Sol; everything was badly managed and it seemed hopeless to find the way to my hotel. But next to me was an empty taxi and the driver, hearing of my dilemma, said, 'Follow me'. I did, and at the end of a long journey, I drew up behind him opposite the hotel. He handed me a cigar and refused my tip. 'If I come to England somebody will do as much for me', he said. I wondered; and forgot my anger at Madrid's traffic conditions.

When I returned to the village where I had lived for a year or so, the postman and the carpenter gave me a dinner, and the waiter from the hotel, having a day off, volunteered to wait at table. I forgot that that hotel was poorly equipped with sanitation; I forgot the absurd postal conditions of Spain; I remembered how the carpenter, when I complained that he had not sent in a bill for six months, said that he was so busy that week that he could not possibly think about bills, and then spent the rest of the day taking my children to the sea-side. Practical little examples these of the Quixotism which may be bad at building railway lines and worse at governing colonies, but which time to cherish those human graces without which railways and colonies are of very little use. Those graces exist everywhere, of course, but in Spain they are not overwhelmed by an avalanche of things and practical considerations.

3.2: Revolution in the land of Quixote
(Inédit, 1931)

REVOLUTION IN THE LAND OF QUIXOTE

When a foreign country, in which one has lived for a long time, suddenly becomes the subject of headlines in the world's newspapers, and, like Spain this year, throws off with little more than a gesture hundreds of years of crystallised habit, one does not think of the event in terms of documents and of official action, but rather in terms of pictures. One sees in a flash a corner, it may be, of a market square in some mountain town, or a group of simple everyday friends, with whom one has drunk coffee and conversed, and one tries to imagine how the thing which has become a vivid memory will have been changed by the noisy substance of newspaper report. That cobbled street down which I walked every morning almost for a year, how does it feel now that Alfonso de Bourbon is a private citizen, or, for that matter, an outlaw? If one has never seen the cobbled

street and if one's knowledge of revolutions is almost entirely made up of Carlyle's description of the French, and of what came out of Russia by way of Helsingfors and Riga, one imagines it running with blood or deserted by all except some rotting skeletons gnawed at by starving dogs. But a familiar street used by familiar people - this brings revolutions down to earth, or up to earth from the hell which literature and journalism in their several ways regard as its natural habitat. To me therefore the Spanish revolution has appeared chiefly as a series of pictures from an exhibition.

The first picture is in 1921. I had recently taken a little house in a small Pyreneean town, where, more than a thousand years before, the Catalan state had been founded in territory recently recovered from the Moor.

We had been hunting wild boar in the neighbouring mountains. There were about ten Catalans and myself; there were also some dogs - no one could have called them hounds - and a mule complete with ropes to transport the slaughtered boars down to the valley. A bitter wind had blown all the morning and since our climb had begun before dawn we were chilled and inclined to be unhappy. We had scaled a precipice which stretched for miles; a thousand feet below the dogs were barking in

an effort to entice the quarry upwards. We were spread out for several miles, each man stationed at a water channel, up one of which the boars would struggle, so the theory went, to gain a foothold. I wandered from man to man watching the proceedings, for my sole weapon was a camera. The views were sublime, my companions picturesque, but the wind was too cold and the boars knew better than to expose themselves to it. Early in the afternoon we climbed down again.

We went to the village club and there we talked until midnight, my friend D., a fluent linguist, acting as interpreter. On the walls of the club room were two very large photographs, one of Arthur Griffith and the other of Eamon de Valera. I had once shaken hands in Dublin with Griffith and I had been a sympathiser with the Irish rebels; and as such I found myself welcome among these companions. For to them Ireland was the land which had shown them the way they should go. Whatever I could tell them about Sinn Fein or the rebellion of 1916 they swallowed eagerly. And it was then and there agreed that directly I knew enough Catalan I should lecture in the nearest town upon the Irish Question.

Marvelous to relate the lecture actually took place a year later. It was given in an exquisite Roman

Temple recently unearthed or rather extracted from the walls of a seventeenth century house. The audience of two hundred contained at least a hundred priests. It listened peacefully to my halting words, for Ireland was still the most exciting spot on earth to a Catalan. In Barcelona they had thrown stones at the British Consulate when the Lord Mayor of Cork had been allowed his own way of dying, just as some years later they were to demonstrate against the American Consulate when Sacco and Vanzetti reached the end of their agony.

My friend D. was a factory manager, very well educated and of the most universal sympathies. But about the Catalan question he was a fanatic. To him everything Catalan was better than its counterpart in the world outside, or would be but for the Castillian invader and despoiler. Though he was almost a puritan, I think he was unconsciously proud of the fact that Barcelona had more prostitutes per capita than any other European city.

His father had begun life working fourteen hours a day in a factory; a little factory in the valley where he had been born, drawing its power from a mountain stream. He had built himself a hut by the water side and after work hours had forged garden implements on his own account. He had prospered and now owned his own factory, run by electricity, and had been mayor of the village for

a score of years. All his family lived as peasants, the women wearing black kerchiefs on their heads and gathering about the patriarchal hearth in the evening.

He had sent D. to Barcelona and abroad to be educated, and now D. was well-read and full of ideas and knowledge. But underneath all was the traditionalism of the peasant. Round his factory were barbed wire entanglements and he was suspicious of the worker who gained his bread out of his hand.

Thus in his birth and in his upbringing he was typical of the Spanish industrialist of to-day. True, he was a Catalan, but nearly every Spanish industrialist is a Catalan unless he happens to be a Basque. An English or an American factory manager or owner would have found it impossible to understand him for the very reason that makes it hard for us to understand Spain itself. Between him and us lies the shadow of that great cataclysm which we call the Industrial Revolution. Spain escaped the Industrial Revolution until a sort of ghost of it flickered over her towns as a result of the Great World War. Not that it had ever been without its distinguished town life; it had boasted its medieval city states and commercial guilds, alongside its yeomen farmers and country folk; but this thin line of factories spreading

up into the mountain valleys was the unstable product of a mushroom industry, parasitical upon war conditions and without past tradition nor much future expectation.

That explains the barbed wire round D.'s factory. It had been put up during the great strikes of the previous year when D. had lain all night rifle in hand, his porter by his side, ready to reload, awaiting the attack of his workers. Two employers had already been killed in the village and nobody was safe, whether his record was good or bad.

And so the Catalan huntsmen sitting round the brasier in their club and talking to me first about Ireland, then about Catalunya and themselves were living in a time when men's loyalties were disintegrating and reintegrating. In many cases their fathers, and in all cases their grandfathers had worn the Catalan scarlet cap of liberty, the barretina, familiar to us because the peasants on the northern slopes of these same mountains marched to the French Revolution with it on their heads.; From these men they had inherited a strong patriotism, growth of the soil, which made them blame on Castile and Madrid whatever was wrong. With their long peasant memories they looked back to a golden age, before Ferdinand and Isabella, before even Catalunya had joined itself to the kingdom of Aragon, when the difficulties and troubles

of to-day did not exist. Such was their mood that they could persuade themselves that the Castillian not only sent his taxes and police and language to devastate life, but even the cold wind that had spoiled the hunt, and the common cold that might follow in its wake. Certainly they blamed the barbed wire round their factories on him.

Over the brasier they explained that medieval Madrid, ignorant of industry, ruined their factories and estranged the workers; and then they sang me the Catalan patriotic song, which tells how the eighteenth century Catalans took their scythes and cut off the heads of all the Castillians in Barcelona, and how a bishop, seeing their mob, asked who their leader was; and, when they replied, Christ, blessed the "bon cop de falç," the doughty blow with the scythe. They explained how a home rule government had been wrested from Madrid, and how the four Catalan provinces of Barcelona, Gerona, Tarragona and Lerida were united under its rule. But that was not enough, they said; they must have the last Castillian guardia civil out of every Catalan village; they must unite with all the other Catalan-speaking peoples, the Valencians, the Balearic islanders, the French of Rousillon, even certain Corsicans, who, strangely enough, speak Catalan. They were about to appeal to the League of

Nations as an oppressed minority. "When I see a guardia civil in my native village," said D., "it is as if I saw a strange man in my wife's bed; nay, worse than that, in my mother's bed!"

Having a practical turn of mind, I suggested that they might shoot up and burn the posts of the guardia civil just as the Irish were shooting the Royal Irish Constabulary. No, that would not do, the Castilians would perform such atrocities on their women and children that hell would be let loose. I suggested cooperation between the Catalan separatists and the republicans and rebels of the rest of Spain. No, any other Spaniard, however liberal, hated the Catalan and no help could ever be expected from any Castilian. I pointed out that the Irish Rebellion had only been made possible by an alliance between the nationalists and the socialist citizens' army under Connolly and suggested that barbed wire round factories was barbed wire between themselves and a free Catalunya. They shook their heads and tried to make me believe that most socialist workers were from Aragon or southern Spain and not Catalan at all. The movement looked like remaining somewhat literary in temperature in fact.

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I recall other pictures of those days, many of them pictures of meetings. Indeed the very air was thick with meetings. One day a new Catalanist Club was opened in the next village, complete with photographs of Griffith and Eamon de Valera. The chief joy of this particular village was the possession of a miraculous consecrated wafer uncorrupted after a thousand years, to which many pilgrims came. The wafer and Catalanism held equal sway in every heart. We celebrated a banquet; we put champagne glasses one on top of another to the ceiling and watched the bubbling liquid froth down from glass to glass; we listened to speeches from the notables of Barcelona; we sang about the bon cop de falc; we yelled, "Visca Catalunya"; and then we went home. It reminded me of how British rebels, before there was any likelihood of a socialist government used to foregather at the Albert Hall and sing, "England Arise the Long Long Night is Over" and then toddle home quietly to bed, having sublimated their revolutionary ardour.

Another day provided a picture beneath a hard lapis lazuli sky that you could have cut with a knife: the whole of my village turned out into the main square

to dedicate a plaque to the founder of Catalunya, a hairy knight who complained on his deathbed to Charlemagne that he had no coat of arms for his new country. Whereupon, they told me, Charlemagne dipped four fingers into his wound and smeared four red lines on the yellow shield, thus creating the Catalan flag of to-day. The Spanish or Castillian flag has only two red lines on a yellow field, in fact, say the Catalans, they haven't got a flag at all so they steal half our own. And the Catalans call it the Tobacco Flag, since every tobacco shop is painted over its entire front in red and yellow, tobacco being a state monopoly.

Then again on another day a fiery young man with long black hair from Barcelona delivered a violent speech. "La vostra llengua és la vostra raça;" "Your language is your race;" see that your children are taught only in Catalan, insist that the milestones, the street names, the public notices, the newspapers, everything be in Catalan; hunt out Castillian from the four provinces; dance the sardana, the national Catalan dance, and sing Catalan songs; bon cop de falç; visca Catalunya. The peasants listened with approval and went home.

Meanwhile Spanish industry went from bad to worse, the war in Morocco went from bad to worse, every-

thing went from bad to worse; except the speeches which were better and better.

3.

Two years go by and we are in 1923. A coup d'etat had taken place and a general named Primo de Rivera was military dictator. In brief, what had happened was that Alfonso de Bourbon, as he is now, had sent a telegram some years previously demanding action in Morocco which lead to the appalling disaster of Anual. This he had done over the head of the general staff, the Cortes, or any other responsible body. The republicans in the Cortes got to know; they were determined to have the whole thing examined in public debate; they must be muzzled; the Cortes must be dissolved; the only way to do this was to suspend constitutional guarantees and proclaim a dictatorship without an elected parliament. Secretly Alfonso sounded out various generals and finally picked on Primo. Then he pretended to be surprised but to bow with a good grace to the demand for a dictatorship. It saved him for eight years from the disgrace of the telegram, but it cost him eventually his throne; for by ceasing to be absolute he had abdicated the place a Spanish monarch must always fill in his subjects' hearts.

I was sent out by a London newspaper to see what was going on in Barcelona. Nothing at all seemed to be going on there. Even the Catalan remained unmoved. It seems that the large Catalan industrialists were bought out by Primo with promises of prohibitive tariffs, while the syndicalists were also bought out, so that nobody shouted visca Catalunya and Barcelona became relatively free of industrial guerilla warfare.

All I could see to report was the proclamation of a directorate on all the walls and a notice to say that Primo was determined to maintain public decency and that three cabarets had been fined for permitting actresses to take off their tights between verses of a song. Nothing else; it was almost a pantaloon coup d'etat. Certainly there was no picture scribbled in blood on the sidewalks, nor in glory on the skies.

All Spain remained quiet; Catalunya was quieter than ever. All the speeches dried up and the leading Catalanists returned to writing poetry and essays on literary topics. Primo began repressive measures. The Catalan language disappeared from the streets and the schools; nobody seemed to protest. The Barcelona home rule parliament was dissolved; in every town and village the councils and mayors were dismissed and their places

taken by Primo's nominees. D.'s father was turned out in his village, (a nominated puppet reigned in his stead). The plaque to the founder of Catalunya was taken down and stored. All the photographs of Griffith and de Valera disappeared; new clubs arose with photographs of Primo and the King. Still nobody seemed to reply; only a very few of the Catalanists remained active, but among them was the long haired young man who persisted in telling his countrymen that "La vostra llengua és la vostra raga," and very soon he had to fly over the mountains into France disguised as a priest. In Paris he joined an elderly colonel, named Macia, who had irritated all the other Catalanists for years by refusing any kind of compromise and always being far more extreme than they. These two proceeded to hire a small office and found "Estat Catala" the free Catalan state of the future.

Not that Primo was a Mussolini. On the whole no dictator has ever ruled more mildly. Very few people were shot or even put in prison. You would have thought that if not the Catalans at least the syndicalists, or the republicans, or the Basques, or somebody would have revolted; but nobody did, except an occasional conservative! Whatever opposition there was was shown in whimsical ways. Somebody amused himself for several evenings

at the end of the broadcasting hours by delivering over a hidden radio amusing stories about Primo. Just as the orthodox station shut down listeners-in would hear a voice speaking: "A certain knight of the order of Calatrava died and went to heaven. Peter looked at him and disliked him and refused to open the door. 'But I am a knight of the order of Calatrava,' he protested; 'Then go back to earth and return with your horse,' Peter replied, 'and then I shall know I can admit you.' So the knight returned, only to find his horse dead. In despair he asked advice of Primo de Rivera; 'Don't let that bother you,' said Primo, 'I'll come with you and put things right with Peter.' So the knight and Primo approached the gates of heaven. When Peter saw them his face fell. 'What's this,' he cried, 'I told you to return with a horse and you've returned with a donkey; depart hence to the hell appointed for you.' Goodnight, everybody, good night!"

Nor was the king popular. They built him a palace out of the rate payers' money at Barcelona, but before he could occupy it, so they say, the loyal citizens of Barcelona sent several packing cases addressed to him. When they were opened they were found to contain live rats which took up residence immediately and enthusiastically, and the king decided to sleep at the Ritz hotel.

Next day he marched through the streets; they were remarkably empty; it was difficult to imagine where everybody had gone. It is the custom in Spain to decorate balconies with draperies and bunting and flags on all public occasions, and then to stand on them, looking down at the street below. Alfonso looked with interest at the balconies of Barcelona; "I am surprised" he said to Primo, "to see so many of the prohibited Catalan flags about." "I cannot see a single one, your majesty," Primo replied. "Look at all these balconies with no drapery on them at all," said Alfonso, "don't you know that behind every one of them is a Catalan flag?"

But nothing happened. One day an old Catalan gentleman named Gaudi was run over by a street car and killed. Gaudi was an architect; indeed he is the architect of what would be the largest cathedral in the world were it ever completed, which, fortunately, is never likely to be. For it is the ugliest object yet conceived by man and it has been very hard for the Catalans to remain loyal to it. Gaudi, however, was a Catalan symbol, a curious blend of extreme modernism with clerical traditionalism; all the people who had miraculously disappeared from the streets when Alfonso appeared, thronged to his funeral. So too when the great Catalan poet Angel

Guimera died; the crowds that collected were a spontaneous tribute to Catalunya in chains. It was annoying to the Unión Patriótica, to Primo, to the king, but you cannot stop people going to funerals, even if their intention is obviously disloyal.

In other parts of Spain opposition likewise took droll forms. There was the distinguished novelist, Vicente Blasco Ibañez, who spent a fortune made from movie rights hiring aeroplanes and dropping incendiary pamphlets over Spanish towns, keeping discretely out of the way on the French Riviera. There was the remarkable philosopher and professor, Miquel de Unamuno, who never minded what he said on any subject until they exiled him, first to the Canary Islands and then to Hendaye on the French border, whence he too wrote vitriolic pamphlets which I used to read in Madrid, where they were secretly but widely circulated. There was the aviator, Franco, who was to fly a huge aeroplane called in a typically Spanish way, "The Jesus of Great Power" across the Atlantic; but unfortunately he came down in a field not far from the starting point. Franco seems to have subverted the whole air force from its loyalty to the king, and later, during the elections of this year, he tried to direct a sort of Fascist-Communist party but was unsuccessful, partly be-

cause of a habit of breaking his limbs at crucial moments. There was the grand undaunted figure of Dr. Marañón, an internationally famous surgeon, who found himself in prison for lèse-majesté, but was called to the palace a few weeks later to attend a royal patient. They say he sent in a bill for the exact amount of the very large fine he had had to pay and that he received his cheque promptly. There were the artillery officers whose revolt was nullified by an official order saying that, as the artillery officers had forgotten their duty, the Spanish army would not have any artillery at all in future.

Various revolts were started, usually by the most respectable and conservative of the old time politicians, but they were one and all executed in so lamentably amateurish a way that nothing came of them. It is said that one of them was planned to break out in about fifteen different places at once and that the date was made known to the leaders by some such telegram as "Juanita arrives next Thursday." The ingenious official in the telegraph office was puzzled at the apparent importance of a lady named Juanita and altered one telegram to read, "Juanita arrives next Tuesday." Sure enough a revolt broke out in the place to which it was addressed two days early and the plot was spoiled.

In this way a pleasant time was had by all; Primo spoke at banquets just as the Catalanists had done hitherto. He scandalized the members of the Madrid Chamber of Commerce by saying, "I have felt many different kisses in my life, the kiss of my own wife, of dear mistresses, of my friends' wives, of all sorts of beautiful women, but last week I experienced the most exciting of all from the lips of a wounded soldier in Morocco." Madrid business men are rather like any Rotarians, and they did not like this at all. He showed his grasp of his public duties when he told a large and important agricultural congress in his official opening speech: "This is very important, this congress, because you will be discussing agriculture and I am sure you will tell us all about wheat. And that will be good, for then the girls will know what we mean when we call out to them as we pass them in the street, 'Look at that girl with hair the colour of wheat!' I declare this congress open."

In short Primo had hardly the Mussolini touch; he was not a tyrant so much as a buffoon and that was in a way fortunate. And yet nobody seemed to be able to revolt successfully, perhaps because Spain has had a succession of bad governments for about three hundred years and life is too much worth living to bother excessively about

politics.

Indeed, if one asked why there was no sign of rebellion against the buffoonish but nevertheless throttling activities of Primo, the answer, as often as not, was that if there was a change it might be to something worse. And that something worse had a name, and a concrete personality behind it. The name and man was Martinez Anido, the strong, ruthless thing, who had tackled the syndicalists of Barcelona so simply. You arrested your trade union leader and then as you lead him to prison through the streets a shot would ring out in a side alley, a rescue being attempted no doubt, so you shot your trade union leader dead and left him there on the sidewalk. Next day you issued an official statement that Juanito and Pedro had been shot to prevent their escape, which saved time and expense over their trials. This Martinez Anido was a symbol of all that is absolutely ruthless to thousands of Spaniards and Catalans, many who had never seen him hated him with a personal hatred, and his life was never secure. One day in Madrid he received a telephone call summoning him to the palace or to some important official place, and was told that as it was very important a car was being sent for him. Presently the chauffeur drove the car into the patio of Martinez Anido's house. No one has ever seen that chauffeur again. The

wary man had verified the telephone call and found that it was part of a plot to abduct him.

Behind Primo, thought many, was Martinez Anido, and many waited for him to step from behind his semi-comic mask. Then Spain might well have run with blood. But meanwhile things were very quiet beneath Primo's undignified rule.

4

Then one day the little French village of Prats de Nollo, deep in a valley of the Pyrenees, was struck by a certain liveliness. What a picture Prats de Nollo leaves upon the memory of one who has seen it! Above it stretches the winding path up to the very pass over which Hannibal lead his men and elephants during his march on Rome. Over that pass the elderly colonel Macia and his fiery lieutenant with the long hair had determined to lead an army of about two hundred men to conquer Spain and free Catalunya from the yoke of Madrid. With the exception of the colonel himself, who was sixty seven years old, very few of the Catalans had any experience whatever of war, and so they hired sixty Italian refugees, anti-Fascists using Paris as a home from home, to instruct them. Apparently some of

these gave the plot away and by the time Macia reached Prats de Mollo there were enough gendarmes there to lead him back again to Paris. That was in November 1926; four and a half years later Macia stood in the Gothic palace in Barcelona which had, centuries ago, housed the Catalan assembly, and cried to the crowd beneath: "In the name of the Catalan people I proclaim the Catalan State under the form of a Catalan Republic, which freely and with all cordiality calls on the other peoples of Spain to collaborate in the creation of a confederacy of Iberian peoples, offering to free them from the Bourbon monarchy." Don Quixote had won.

Colonel Macia is perhaps the most picturesque public man in Europe to-day, and he could have no counterpart elsewhere, any more than Cervantes' hero could be imagined outside Spain. He looks like the knight of the doleful countenance, and he possesses all his characteristics and attitudes. Madame de Noailles, the great French poetess, speaks of the "obstinate purity of his romantic character," of his "perilous enthusiasm which would have moved the great Cervantes," of the "hero of the imagination," of his "character consecrated to honour." Macia has absolutely none of the qualities of a statesman except faith. To a world which has got used to assuming that nine tenths of statesmanship is diplomacy and wire pulling

he is a salutary object lesson, though his type is the despair of the "practical idealists" who seem to be ruining what is left of the world with their conferences and pacts. To him a pact which is based on compromise is a pact with the devil; Catalan as he is, he is in the best tradition of the Spanish genius.

But how did he get to his present position? Luckily, there were some diplomatists at work in Spain as well. In August 1930 representatives of the Spanish republicans and of the Catalan separatists succeeded in drafting together an agreement for mutual support against the King. The secret pact is a beautiful piece of face-saving. The Catalans would help only if they could be assured of their independence. The Republicans would accept Catalan independence only if the Cortes of the future Spanish Republic had the last say in drafting the constitution. The Catalans must be allowed to express their wishes for their own future in complete freedom as a free people. Very well, first a Catalan constitution was to be drawn up by the Catalan leaders; then this constitution was to be submitted to the Catalans and accepted by universal suffrage; then it was to be ratified by the Cortes in Madrid. So both sides felt they had lost no dignity.

Next, as all the world knows, municipal elections were held throughout Spain; and the towns turned Alfonso off his throne. Everybody prepared for the general elections; in Barcelona and the Catalan provinces generally, the essayists and the poets had already put down their pens and returned to speech making. Suddenly Macia and the long haired man appeared and their party Estat Catalá entered the lists. The party was so small that there were not enough candidates to go round, so they borrowed the lists of the Socialist Party, also of no great size, and endorsed them as their own candidates. The elections took place, Macia's candidates won everywhere, to the intense surprise of everybody concerned; not merely the monarchists and the conservatives and the clericals were defeated but most of the essayists and poets of the Catalanist movement of other days. The four Catalan provinces voted solidly for Don Quixote. The practical idealists who had opened up the clubs in old days and hung up the pictures of Griffiths and de Valera had to bow before the old colonel with whom they had never been able to work. And the old colonel found himself the first president of Catalunya.

On August 1st of this year I was at Prats de Mollo. Nearly five years before, Macia's little band had intended to cross over the Pyrenees by Hannibal's pass. Years before, I myself had crossed this way with a mule and a muleteer. I was returning to see exactly what difference a Republic was making in Spain.

We dropped down into the village of Camproden. We passed a tobacco shop; gone was the red and yellow flag of former days and all the outside was painted yellow and purple. I asked a friend how long it took the shops to change colour after the proclamation of a Republic and he told me less than twenty four hours. A motor bus passed; on its roof were two little flags, the Catalan, four red lines on a yellow background, and the Republican tricolour. All over the walls everywhere was the notice "Voteu l'estatut." Vote for the statute; to-morrow was to be the great plebiscite; Catalunya was to vote itself free; to vote by universal suffrage its approval of the constitution drawn up by Colonel Macia.

We went to the little town where I had lived in years gone by. In the main square, now the Plaça de la Republica, had been reinstated the plaque in honour of the first Count of Catalunya. In the town hall sat the

officials recording the votes. Everybody, including the women, were voting "Si", yes! to the Statute. About eighty percent of the electorate inscribed its name and curiously enough, of the two solitary objectors who sent in a blank paper, one was my old landlord. I went to see him: "King Alfonso was good enough for me" he said. I suppose in some new revolutionary republic he would have been shot for that. Here in Spain they manage things differently.

I marvelled at the unanimity of the voters; it was not surprising that they voted yes, but it was rather surprising that they voted at all. I asked how many had read the Statute about which they were so enthusiastic and was told very few, but everyone of them knew the telling propaganda that of every hundred million pesetas paid by the Catalans in taxes only one million was spent on Catalunya.

In Barcelona the coming of the Republic was celebrated in one quarter in precisely the same way as the coming of the dictatorship had been. A sort of *idée fixe* seems to force the cabaret actresses along the Paralelo to think that every political change should be marked by the removal of tights between the verses of their songs. The utmost license reigned for some days in places which at no time were remarkable for restraint. The Paralelo

is a surprising place; a long boulevard, very wide, is flanked by hundreds of sordid little shows where Lola, and Conchita, and Maria, and Concepció and Dolores can show themselves dressed in the undress uniform of a doll, usually supplemented by a cross of false diamonds hanging between their breasts, and use song and dance as excuses for more personal publicity. I have often thought that in all these cabarets there are only two performers, a thin one and a fat one, and that the fat one comes on twice as often as her thin companion. The patriotic songs which occasionally broke the almost continuous flow of mere sentimental indecency had now taken on a republican tinge.

But a new amusement seemed to have come into existence. People were profiting by the Republic to have luxury of a secular burial! This was very curious. In the town where I had given my lecture in Catalan on the Irish question, a bishopric and a garrison, where those who did not wear a khaki uniform wore a black cassock, a distinguished citizen died, and on his death bed announced that he wished for a civil funeral. It was only an hour before the procession started that the news leaked out, but it spread like wild fire up and down the town and of the total population of some ten thousand no less

than three thousand rushed to attend, as a demonstration of sympathy with his views. It is possible that a few rather hoped to see the devil himself come to bear off his servant to perdition, but it was extraordinary to see such enthusiasm where bishops and priests have ruled for centuries.

We were at a little fishing village on the day devoted to Our Lady of August, usually a most important festival. I asked the waiter if there would be any procession in the afternoon. "No sir!" he replied, "Thank heaven we are a Republic now; no more religious processions."

I went to see D. I found that he had been a candidate in the past elections, and I wondered that he had not been elected. He had been a Socialist in a reactionary country district but had nearly defeated one of the essayists whom in previous years he had worshipped. The barbed wire entanglements round the factory door seemed a long way off now as I listened to him telling me that Catalunya must of course first of all be free, but that a free Catalunya would be useless unless it was a socially just community freed from the unfairness of modern capitalism. He would be elected next time, he said, meanwhile his father was once more mayor of his

native village.

We went to a beautiful seaside town where my chief friends had been the postman and the carpenter. The postman had always been an ardent republican-socialist-Catalanist and had carried hidden under the lapel of his uniform the forbidden Catalan flag; now he wore the republican flag openly, as part of his uniform. The carpenter had been less fervent as a politician; he had indeed joined Primo de Rivera's patriotic corps of volunteers; and I once saw him parading to greet the military governor, upon whose arrival the band, probably republican in sympathy, had struck up the unexpected strain of "Yes sir! she's my baby." Now he owned several motor-buses painted all over with the tricolour. They told me that many people locally were indulging in the luxury of a secular burial. And then we went off together to the bathing beach. "Do you see that car?" they said. "It belongs to Macia." And there sat the old man, surrounded by a crowd of cheering admirers who had broken off the dancing of a sardana to greet him. I asked where the fiery young man with long hair was. "Oh, 'Miss Catalunya' we call him, he hasn't come to-day." The Catalan, like all the children of Spain, always tempers idolization with enough humour to flavour a dish which

elsewhere is apt to cloy.

6

The general feeling which one gets from re-visiting the youngest revolutionary state is of stability. I do not mean that there will not be governmental upheavals, counterrevolts and so forth, but of all the great nations Spain is perhaps the most comfortable to live in to-day. Monarchism, Clericalism, obscurantism, militarism; on the surface those four words summed up the Spain of yesterday, but anyone who has lived in Spain knows how little they were able to destroy the happiness of those who are contented with the little things of life. To that rare minority, the politically and civilly minded, they were a blight and a plague; the events of this year have shown that they were at the same time a mirage, as little able to resist a trumpet call as the Walls of Jericho. It is quite possible that progressive government with education and general enlightenment may be a mixed blessing: it depends on how far the new order can be persuaded to keep its hands off these same little things of life. Meanwhile, a country which has refused to take three hundred years of bad governments too seriously is viewing the sudden change with complacency.

I like to think of a piece of architecture in the village where D's father is a mayor once more; it is so perfect a symbol of the Spanish culture, a culture so old that it has sorted out the spiritual values so that the fundamental things are left untouched by even such important things as civil liberties. Painted architecture is very popular in the Pyrenean valleys; you see whole façades of houses decorated with painted scrolls, cornucopias, flower pots, and so forth; often a window is painted into a bare wall, reminding one of the cottages strewn about England where one or more windows have been walled up at the time of the notorious window tax of the last century.

But in the particular instance I see before my mind's eye, there is not only a window painted in, but one half of it is half open, and there are painted curtains, and last of all a painted girl looking out into the street below. Needless to say, she has not changed her attitude for the mere coming of a Republic; her window painted on the surface of a cottage wall, her curtain frozen as it floated on a breeze, herself looking down on the avenue of trees beneath, where the young peasants pass -

Fair youth beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;

Bold Lover, never, never, canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal - yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

That frozen drama that Keats saw in a Grecian urn is very like the every day drama of peasant life, and both have the quality of this fantastic house of painted architecture upon which the bravura of political pronouncements has but little effect. Spain, in short, and thank God, remains Spain.

3.3: Articles pel "News Chronicle"

(13 maig - 15 juny, 1936)

AZAÑA - REBEL PRESIDENT

Printed in the NEWS CHRONICLE on Wednesday, May 13, 1936

AZAÑA - REBEL PRESIDENT

There has been elected almost unanimously a new Spanish President. He is a man who was nearly executed less than two years ago for unsuccessful rebellion against the State. Now he becomes the symbol and the guardian of the Spanish Constitution.

What sort of a man is this Azaña, and what has happened to make him the one man acceptable to Spanish public opinion as President?

There was a time when he was an extremist in Spanish politics, now most of his strength comes from the left of his own Liberal Republican position.

The hundreds of thousands of workers, who dressed in their blue and their red shirts, Socialists and Communists alternately, marched with linked arms on May the First down the Paseo del Prado, while the statue of Velasquez, palette in hand, bent forward as if measuring them with his eye - these are the Power that has chosen the bourgeois Republican, Azaña, for their national symbol.

They have done so for one reason, that Fascism

may not prevail, and on one condition, that Spain shall be increasingly the Republic of all Spaniards Who Work.

That is the implication which Azaña must not forget.

Azaña has been misunderstood by most Englishmen who have tried to follow the strange evolution of the Spanish Republic; for there is one curious thing about Spanish political life which must puzzle us. We are able to understand two kinds of revolution, one legal, which we ourselves practise whenever we use the ballot to change our Government; the other illegal, the French Revolution and the Russian being types of this second.

The fall of the monarchy was due to two separate episodes; first, there was an armed revolt, incompetently led and easily put down, leaving, one would say, nothing behind it but a few graves and ruined reputations.

Yet when a few months later the towns and villages of Spain proceeded to the election of their mayors and local councils, everywhere Republican candidates were swept into office; and before all the results were known, King Alfonso was crossing the Spanish frontier into permanent exile.

Now the important thing to realise is that

without the grotesquely unsuccessful illegal armed uprising, this electoral result would never have been. Spain could only put the Republican mark on the ballot paper by dipping her pen in the blood of martyrs.

The first two years of the Republic saw a group of enthusiastic amateurs, poets and novelists many of them, trying to reform several hundred years of rotten public life. They were incompetent and tactless; they lost support and left the way clear to the return in a new disguise of the old clique.

The Lerroux Government which followed was as corrupt as any other, so that Azaña himself said that he preferred a king to such Ministers.

Spain had been led to hope for too much and conditions got steadily worse.

The revolt of October, 1934, was put down ruthlessly.

Everyone left alive who had had any complicity in the revolution was sent to prison for long terms of years. But on the prison ship in Barcelona harbour the guards saluted their prisoners whenever they came on deck.

"Why do you salute us?" one asked.
"Because the result next time may be different and we would like you to remember our courtesy," was the reply.

Within eighteen months most of the prisoners had been transported by legal use of the ballot to the seats of government. The election of February of this year was an overwhelming victory for the Popular Front, so much so that the Right did the only thing left to them they sulked and refused to vote at all.

But this legal revolution would never have happened had it not been for the illegal revolt so easily crushed less than two years before.

And now Azaña, implicated in two illegal revolutions, both of them grossly unsuccessful, is legally elected President without real opposition.

Will he have a peaceful six years of office? He has two dangers to fear. First, there is the ruthless though secret opposition of Fascist and pseudo-Fascist elements to the Right. Disunion is the chief characteristic of these. There is first of all the Catholic or more accurately the Jesuit party of Gil Robles, a Spanish Dollfuss; second, there is the Fascist Party of the Spanish Hitler, Galvo Sotelo.

Between these there is about as much cohesion as there was between Hitler and Dollfuss. Third, there are the clandestine royalists, and fourth a group which would like to see a military dictatorship.

The second danger to the Azaña regime will be the possible failure of its attempts to bring about the necessary reforms within the structure of a bourgeois capitalist society. The Socialist supporters of Azaña are frankly doubtful of his being able to succeed.

All failures will be used as fuel by the implacable syndicalist opposition, for though anarchism and syndicalism are losing ground every day to Socialism and Communism, Spain remains the one country where anti-political syndicalism has a real following.

It is especially strong in the country, so that Azaña's first task will be to see that whoever he appoints to take his present place as head of Government continues at an accelerated pace the work of agrarian reform.

It is a paradox that in the highly legal Spanish republic, designed to help them by lawful means, peasants are not waiting for decrees before they take possession of the land, for by the time the red tape of bureaucracy could give it them legally, seed-time would be past and starvation be upon them.

Everywhere, therefore, today the land is going back to the peasant without due process of law. Peacefully

for the most part, for the police are felt to be on the side of the workers and the peasants, a feeling which explains much of the calm and patience to be seen throughout Spain today. But in the six years of Azaña's rule, the law has got to catch up with the will of the people.

Azaña's Spain takes its place among the democracies, none too many today, determined to stem the rising tide of dictatorial nationalism.

During the elections of February the Puerta del Sol, Madrid's nerve centre, was overshadowed by a colossal poster in the interests of Gil Robles. Photographic "montage" depicted Gil Robles pointing to a vast concourse of people and saying: "These are my Power."

The photograph from which the crowd had been constructed was recognised as being one of a mass meeting addressed in fact by Azaña. The enthusiasts of the Left wished to burn it down; "No, leave it up," said Azaña, "and let Madrid laugh."

Every day the thousands strolling in the Puerta del Sol and gazing up at the picture laughed more and more. They saw something American, or at least Hollywooden, in Gil Robles' poster and something Spanish in Azaña's way of treating it.

We may be quite sure that Azafña will go about solving Spanish questions in a Spanish way; and we should remember that a part of the Spanish way is a profound respect for the reign of law provided the law seems just to the conscience of the people.

Spain today has perhaps the most constitutional and least corrupt Government on the Continent of Europe. All good Europeans will wish Azafña well.

SPAIN UNITES AGAINST FASCISM

Printed in the News Chronicle on Thursday, May 28, 1936

SPAIN UNITES AGAINST FASCISM

FACTS

Spain, once one of the greatest empires in history, is a remnant of past glory. The world was hers from 1519 to 1531; great years when Spanish adventurers conquered Mexico, Peru, Chili; brought their cargoes of gold back to the mother country.

Then decline, Spain expelled her Jews. The Armada scattered and wrecked on the coasts of Scotland (1588). The House of Orange threw off the Spanish yoke in the Netherlands (1581). The Thirty Years War drained the Spanish Treasury.

A disputed succession, war and the loss of Gibraltar to Britain (1704).

Bourbon family connection drew Spain into the conflict of the French Revolution. Nelson defeated the last great Spanish fleet, Trafalgar (1805). Napoleon set his brother Joseph on the Spanish throne (1808).

Followed the break-up of Spanish Empire.

1818-19 Chili and Columbia declared independence.

1824-25 Peru and Mexico also.

Spain lost Cuba, the Philippines. Porto Rico (1898).

1923. Primo de Rivera first Dictator.

1931. End of Spanish Monarchy. Zamora first President.

1936. After five years of political chaos Señor Azaña elected President.

Population: 24,242,000. Square miles: 196,607.

In a little Pyreneean frontier town I saw the first sign of what I have since realised to be the most significant thing in Spain today. There in the centre of a small jeweller's shop-window they lay - "The latest novelty, Abyssinian bracelets."

Later in the day a peasant explained to me that the bad floods of this year were due to Mussolini. He had dammed up the Suez Canal to prevent the Negus from escaping, and this had raised the level of the Mediterranean so that the water in the rivers had not been able to get away.

The propagandist value of Mussolini and Hitler for the Left movements of Spain has been immense. Only yesterday Socialists, Communists, Syndicalists and Anarchists were wrangling among themselves as to the best way to deal with that cold abstraction smacking of the dismal science, capitalism.

Now there is a united front against the three-dimensional, many-headed horror, Fascism, and its idiot child, war.

No country outside Russia is so plastered with revolutionary manifestoes as Spain. It is not merely Madrid and Barcelona and the other big towns that have come out in this rash; hovels in the lonely des-poblados of Castille and Estremadura have scrawled on their whitewashed walls: "Viva Rusia!" and "Death to Mussolini!"

Wherever you go you see the sickle and hammer, and on Goya's church they have written, "Religion is the Opium of the People," little thinking of the English bishop who first used the expression.

Most of this is unofficial exuberance, but the foreign visitor will soon find a more formal and disconcerting example of revolutionary ardour. Not a

street that had a monarchical or theological name but has been renamed.

Many a saint and grandee has lost his topographical honours; everywhere you find yourself in Pau Iglesias Street, so called after the Spanish Keir Hardie. The street in Toledo that divides the Archbishop's Palace from the Cathedral, is no longer Archbishop's Street, but the Street of Carlos Marx. In the same way in Barcelona nothing but the expense prevents every Castillian name from coming down.

Catalans seem to attach a particular importance to this; and I remember how during the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, when all Catalan was forbidden, there were no labels at all on the specimens in the Barcelona Museum of Prehistoric Archaeology.

Primo said that this bit of stone, for example, must be labelled "paleolitico," and the Catalan curators were hanged if they would call it anything but "paleolitic," without the o, so you and I were left without knowing if the stone were not after all neolithic.

The power of the word is immense when people are feeling unjustly oppressed or newly freed. The United Front crops up in surprising places: in Merida,

where Roman remains still show inscriptions to the Concord of Augustus, there is a pottery market.

I bought a plate exactly like the ones bought nearly two thousand years ago by Roman centurions' wives, but instead of the floral design of tradition, it was decorated with the letters U H P, United Sons of the Proletariat; U.H.P. which I had heard intoned by a hundred thousand youths and maidens in the Paseo del Prado on May 1.

I was sorry to see an ill-mannered ten-year-old Meridan spit at a cross in a shop window and then at the back of a guardia civil; and I hasten to add that the child evidently needed analysing, for the manners of most U.H.P.s in Spain are excellent.

It was a little disconcerting to enter Iargartera, the village made famous by a dance of La Argentina's which prides itself on keeping its traditional costumes intact though a main motor road passes a mile away.

The Iargarterans greeted me with fists raised in the Communist salute, and on the walls of their village square were neatly painted "Long Live Russia" and "Women vote against war which takes your sons; vote against Fascism; vote for the Popular Front."

It was stange, too, to hear Angelillo, the popular singer of Andalusian cante flamenco, that wailing Oriental mode which is the least European thing in Spain; for Angelillo was singing fandanguillos in praise of Lenin.

And it was strange to walk along the Puerto del Sol where in 1808 Goya watched Napoleon's mameluks mowing down the revolting Madrid populace, and to be asked for pennies for "Abyssinian orphans, victims of Fascism." It was strange almost to absurdity to watch a procession of children of nine and ten, United Youth Pioneers in red shirts and blue shirts shouting, "We want secular schools, we want secular schools; U.H.P. U.H.P. We want country schools. U.H.P.," and almost tumbling over in the effort to raise their fists to the skies.

Whence came this tremendous enthusiasm for the United Front? What has brought the Spanish proletariat into one solid formation using these slogans?

I think that there can be no doubt that the event that has fired their emotions most deeply is the putting down of the Asturian revolution not merely by ruthless military means, but by the use of the Foreign

Legion and African troops; "just like Mussolini," several workmen said to me. "The Fascists always use others to civilise their enemies."

In the May Day processions marched the widows and orphans of the Asturian miners, and they got the loudest cheers. Then the fact that the Gil Robles-Lerroux Government undoubtedly gave Spain two years of as bad rule as has ever been, even though it was under the name of a Republic, stiffened the determination of the workers to "save the Republic" themselves.

And finally there was the determination, which has been growing in other parts of Europe, that the social democracies of the Left shall not follow the way of the German or the Austrian social democracies.

Of course it must be remembered that there is not the same gulf between a Spanish Socialist and Communist as there is between a member of the British Labour Party and a Communist. The Spanish Socialist is frankly Marxian and revolutionary. He can see no difference between Mussolini, Hitler and J. Ramsay Macdonald.

It must not be thought that this tremendous movement is purely emotional and uninstructed; the Spanish worker is reading. In the book markets of Madrid in the kiosks on the Ramblas of Barcelona you must choose between indecent literature and Marxian literature.

Sometimes one is used to bolster up the other, and it is a little difficult to see which is doing the bolstering; thus there are many copies for sale of "Nudism from the Marxist Point of View." Almost the only English writer in vogue is Mr. John Strachey. Ten years ago it was Mr. Wells.

And whither does it all lead? Let us first ask a highly cultivated member of the old aristocracy, deeply sympathetic with the problems of the present.

As we walked along the street of a small country town one felt he was determined not to see certain things; the fists raised in the air were to him a breach of good manners; he could accept the obvious improvements that were coming, better schools, better housing for peasants, but he could not accept the parvenus who were responsible.

He spoke of the Republic with quiet contempt. "I do not want a monarchy now, however," he said, "because it could not succeed. Alfonso did some things a king should not do, and he will never be king again; John is my king."

"But do you expect to see the return of the monarchy?"

"It depends on what happens in the world outside; we

shall have Communism or a king." At present there was nothing to do but help in constructive things; but one need not pretend to like it, at least, to a trustworthy foreigner. I asked a leading worker in the movement for agricultural reform; he was sure that Spain could never be Communist because it had a huge peasant population.

"Russia?" "Yes, but the Russian peasant hates Communism: it has to be forced on him." In Spain there will always be the Cacique. Now it is the cacique of the Left getting land for deserving comrades. It used to be the Right cacique. Plus ça change... family and friends first.

I asked a close friend and political supporter of Azaña's and he prophesied the successful evolution of Spain at the hands of the Left Republican party. Socialist propaganda was all hot air.

I asked a prominent socialist economist and he did not think that Azaña could deliver the goods within the fabric of the capitalist system. And so these two last, though they agreed that their parties formed together a composite animal of some sort, disagreed as to which was the tail and which was the dog.

But when I talked to peasants there was never

any difficulty in getting an answer. They would trace a wide circle to the horizon over dehesas and despoblados and say: "All that belongs to one landlord, who does not even live here.

"And while it lies untilled we starve. We must change that." In short the future depends on what can be done to liquidate the last remaining feudal community in Europe.

The town worker has grasped enough economics to realise that he will never be well off until the peasant can buy the goods he can make and the united front of workers and peasants is as real to him as the united front between Communist and Socialist.

Meanwhile the somewhat emotional Spanish worker is determined that there shall never be a chance for Fascism, as he calls it, to raise its head again in Spain, and, when he says this, he is thinking more of landlords than of industrial capitalists.

In any case, rather than risk a return of the parties of the Right he is willing to give Social-Democracy a chance. There will be no Socialist revolution in Spain this year, or next.

Don Manuel Azaña, the new President of Spain,

has a special claim on lovers of English literature. He is the translator into Spanish of Borrow's Bible in Spain.

His translation is called: "The Bible in Spain; or, travels, adventures and imprisonments of an Englishman in his attempt to diffuse the Scriptures through the Peninsula.

LIFE TODAY IN SPAIN

Printed in the News Chronicle, Friday, June 5, 1936

I am afraid that my article on the United Front and its enthusiastic manifestations may have confirmed the timid reader in his impression that Spain is not a safe or comfortable country for travellers.

There is no doubt that an assiduous propaganda has prepared him already to think the worst of this country, and that certain countries, seeing their tourist trade diminish, while that of Spain rapidly increases, have deliberately spread distorted pictures of what is going on.

Spaniards of all shades of opinion are deeply resentful of this: peasants in the midst of an Estremaduran despoblado, after greeting you with a Communist salute, will complain of the wrong done to their country by foreigners who say that Spaniards are behaving like barbarians and burning churches and so on.

Let me give some examples of what I have seen in three weeks, so that we may have evidence by which to judge these "incidents" for what they are worth. Burned churches? I did see the shell of one in Madrid; but then I saw one ten years ago in the little Catalan town in which I lived. It had been burned down in 1909, before Bolshevism had been invented; and others were burned down exactly a hundred years ago. Why?

It is a question for psychologists. The Socialist papers rather aggravatingly say they are against burning churches as they will be needed for educational cinemas for the people later. It would be fantastic to attribute these outrages to a political party.

I have seen, too, the bodies of two men, warm from their assassins' bullets. It was in Barcelona. I had been having lunch with an anti-Catholic politician and a Catholic poet, both, fortunately, ardent Catalans.

They assured me that, whatever they did elsewhere in Spain, Catalunya was quiet, civilised and without malice. We went out into the street at four o'clock and I found myself staring at a pool of blood upon which emotional young ladies were strewing red carnations.

The ex-chief of Catalan police and his brother had been shot down while we were praising the Catalan Truce of God over our coffee. That night as I passed before the two bodies lying in state, guarded by men and women in the Catalan separatist uniform, I wondered who would be next.

That there will be a next is perhaps certain; but it will not disturb the general peace or the tourist's visit any more than one more bull dead in a bull ring.

One feels more serene, at least I do, in Barcelona or Madrid than in Chicago or New York; for with these cases of political murder there is also the all-pervading sense of civic decency and national pride, which shows up these things as exceptions to a deep-seated sense of law.

I saw "incidenta" in Madrid. Not on May Day, when five hundred thousand proletarians shouted themselves hoarse without it being considered necessary to have a single policeman to keep order.

Everyone knew that there was an offchance of a Fascist or an Anarchist throwing a bomb, or of some undergraduates provoking people with a counter-procession, so round the corner were every sort of armed force in a state of preparedness; but interfering with the procession, or stopping the mouths which cried "Long Live Russia!" not one. The London Police might learn how to keep order outside the Albert Hall from their Madrid co-workers.

I did see an "incident" next day. Some young men shouted "Long Live the Falange Español" (i.e. Spanish Fascism), and within ten seconds at least two thousand screaming youths, outraged at the blasphemy, were giving chase; two hundred police appeared from nowhere and put an end to the fun by placing the captured Fascists under protective arrest.

A search revealed that one thin, long necked individual was armed and the crowd clapped loudly as he was led away to justice.

On another day I saw a large and excited crowd of women apparently storming the government building in the Puerta del Sol. There had been a rumour spread around that poisoned sweets were being given to poor children and that the Madrid hospitals were full of dying victims.

No one knows who started the rumour, Fascists or Anarchists or both, but quite soon the police had to turn hoses on to over-excited crowds to disperse them and next day every prominent Socialist and Communist had to deny the story before quiet reigned.

The inspiration probably came from an incident in the Paris Commune and that such stories have their effect was vividly brought home to me when I tried to give a child far away in Caceres an unwanted piece of pastry, and three old women rushed from their market seats to stop the child eating it.

I remonstrated; they had heard of the poisoned sweets of Madrid and were taking no risks. "I come in from the fields once a week," said one woman, "I only know what my ears tell me. How am I to know that such

stories are not true?"

Meanwhile everyone was convinced without evidence that it was another Fascist plot to destroy the public confidence.

Back in Barcelona yesterday, I ran right into the police dispersing another mob.

Who had been assassinated now? Worse than that; Barcelona had won the 'gordo', or chief prize of seven and a half million pesetas in the last State lottery, and then it was found that several hundred people holding portions of the winning ticket had been sold forged coupons.

It was surely enough to justify the Catalans demanding a separate administration of lotteries from the rest of Spain.

Meanwhile, it must be admitted that the man in the street is "jumpy". Incidents will continue. Everyone expects the Left and Right extremes to meet in acts of violence against the public order.

But Spaniards of all classes may justly resent the unfair comment emanating from certain countries abroad. Most emphatically must I repeat that the comfort and courtesy with which the traveller will meet in Spain today are

if anything, greater than ever.

You may be greeted with a fist raised to the heavens in an international salute, but even if you are an Italian you are safe, and if you are not an Italian you are an honoured guest.

REVOLT OF THE PEASANTS IN SPAIN

Printed in the NEWS CHRONICLE on Tuesday, June 9, 1936

REVOLT OF THE PEASANTS IN SPAIN

Why is one greeted with the Communist salute throughout all the south and centre of Spain? Why has this most conservative of countries become the most revolutionary outside Russia?

I saw most of the answer with my own eyes. I stood in the silent streets of the old city in Cáceres, squares surrounded by superb Renaissance and mediaeval palaces, empty, shut up, lifeless; except for those which had been turned into schools. Here there used to dwell the families who own all the land for miles around.

They had added village to village and turned most of the land between into dehasas, uncultivated land with a few trees and cattle, and despoblados, empty of human beings. And long ago they had gone to live in Madrid -absentee landlordism, and latifundia, vast estates gone to waste: an old story this which Rome knew to its cost, the old story of the wreck of agriculture and village life by owners who spend the scant profits of the soil elsewhere, instead of putting them back into the soil.

Then I motored out into these beautiful waste lands and saw the other side of the picture. A long, low building of rough stones; part whitewashed, part broken down; and with a reed ceiling through which the sun sent shafts of light. I talked to the inhabitants, short, stocky men and women prematurely old.

In one room, ten by ten, three married couples lived and slept; in another, the same size, five unmarried people. When they had work they earned about 1s.,6d. aday, for these were better off than some; they were owners of some animal, which could be hired with them whereas lower in the scale are the braceros, with nothing but their arms. There are certainly more than a million adult Spaniards who have never eaten meat, save on an occasional fiesta.

. . . .

Castille, Andalucia, Estremadura -these are the lands of the latifundia and the starving peasantry and these are the lands of the raised fist. Not far from Madrid, for example is a village I know.

The village, the houses, the water, the trees, the fields, all are owned by one man who lives, heaven knows where, and does nothing. The sweat of the living and the bones of the dead as they mingle with the soil are alike his, for he owns the cemetery also. Hundreds of peasants are out of work; the land cries out to be cultivated; no one has a right to raise a potato or a blade of corn. Spain is made up of a thousand villages like that.

What is happening now? The Republic has set up an Institute for Agrarian Reform which is charged with the duty of giving the land to the people. The Institute has the legal right to appropriate land for this purpose; first certain estates of the old aristocracy have been forfeited; but more important than this is the legal power to declare certain estates of "public utility".

These estates are then apportioned either to groups of peasants to work co-operatively or to individuals who are unemployed through lack of land. In neither case does any ownership change hands, and a rent is paid to the original owner; all that the Institute does is to guarantee occupation over a term of years and to guarantee rent. It adds technical information and in some cases it advances capital.

Now such a programme is not "revolutionary" in the eyes of Englishmen who remember Lloyd George's Three Acres and a Cow, or the Allotments Acts during the war, and in judging the condition of Spain we should remember that for all the Communism and revolutionary symbolism that is so visible and audible the actual programme so far has been moderate and legal.

It is true, however, that such a policy may not go far enough, and in many cases peasants have expropriated land on their own without waiting for the red tape of the Institute to be unwound. They have made their own bargains with the proprietors: they go in a body to these and demand co-operation.

. . . .

Thus, in the province of Toledo, there is a village called Villa Don Fadrique where three hundred "yunteros" -owners of animals- and five hundred "braceros" had no work or land to work on. "If we had waited", said Luis Cicuende, their leader, "until a Commission had been sent from Madrid to study the problem, seed time had gone by, and what good would the victory of the Popular Front have been then?"

"What we did was to summon the 20 rich men of the village and tell them that we knew they had the money and that they must provide enough to feed us and to set us to work. After much argument they did so. Enough money was advanced to put everyone to work at necessary improvements which had been neglected by the landlords, and no one has starved" This sort of thing has happened commonly: the "rich" are agreeing with their enemy in the way.

One of the reasons for the tremendous sweep of the Popular Front last February was that the Gil Robles-Lerroux government had done everything it could to destroy the work of the first two years of the Republic in the repartition of land.

. . . .

In countless cases landowners, relying on the backing of the police and the Government, had ruthlessly destroyed the work done by peasants on their new holdings.

Imagine the feelings of men who had just gained the right to save themselves from starvation by planting crops on land paid for at a just rent, when the landlords profiting by a change of Government, came and ordered half-grown crops to be ploughed under, or confiscated the little harvests which had cost so much in toil, which had meant so much as a symbol of a new day.

These peasants have no very fixed political philosophy; many of them cannot read; but they have grasped certain simple generalisations and have learned to act and hope on them.

Thus they picture Russia as a land without landlords and as to them a landlord is a man who lives in Madrid and prevents

from turning the stony soil into bread. They write up "Viva Rusia" on the hovels in which they live.

Again Gil Robles and his party are the weapon of the landlords supported by the Church, hence the Church too has become a symbol of those absent powers which keep the fields infertile and their stomachs empty; and they write up "Muera Gil Robles" and occasionally burn a church.

Unlike the British industrial proletariat, the Spanish town worker realises that he can get nowhere without capturing the countryside; hence a formidable propaganda for united action between workers and peasants.

The hundred thousand and more peasants who have been given the right to cultivate land in the last few months have a very simplified economic philosophy -land plus labour equals food and life. They do not dream of the great difficulty which lies in the background, a difficulty summarised in a sentence from the "Times Annual Financial and Commercial Review of 1935" in its article on Spain:"A Bad Year for Industry":

"While many went hungry, wheat was in such abundance from the record crop of the previous year, that it could only be sold at a loss."

That is the hideous truth that overshadows not Spain merely but all the world today, that good harvests mean empty stomachs. "How", say the Socialists, who support the present Left Republican Government for the time being, "how can it help to put more land into cultivation when the world pays for rich crops with famine" At that point Spain's agrarian problem melts into the universal

problem of transition from the economics of scarcity to the economics of abundance.

. . . .

Will the task of agrarian reform continue peacefully? That depends on factors outside the peasants' control and outside the control of the Institute of Agrarian Reform. Undoubtedly the Popular Front in Spain has taken the bit between its teeth, and the step from reapportionment by way of rent paid to the landlord to straightforward expropriation may be short

When the peasant finds he cannot sell his crop at a fair profit, he will be very willing to lend his hand to the destruction of the complicated capitalism of industrial life. At present his sole preoccupation is in digging his new plot of ground; banks, foreign capital, foreign exchange, gold coverage -they mean nothing to him.

SYNDICALISM

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Red shirts and blue shirts marching in procession, a Leftish Government, agrarian reform: these are not the only signs of the "New Day" in Spain.

Far more spectacular than anything else has been the number of successful strikes culminating, for the present, in the Barcelona hundred per cent hotel, cafe, restaurant and bar strike.

During that strike Barcelona was an unforgettable experience: a city of cafes without coffee; the kiosks in the Ramblas barricaded with their chairs; not a meal of any sort served in any hotel, from the Ritz to the simplest pension; not a bath, not a glass of sherry, not a sandwich - with one exception.

The Socialist Congress was holding its meetings and the Syndicalist Unions permitted enough waiters and cooks to work in order to serve it a banquet; but it was made a condition that all waiters were to be dressed in blue shirts and scarlet ties.

The unanimity took one's breath away: there is no such thing as a blackleg in a strike like this.

One does not organise resistance to a strike in Spain, one locks up one's delegates in a room with the union delegates and waits until they have reached an agreement.

On the following day the waiters and cooks and chambermaids returned in full force, looking a little shy and work went on as usual; the two sides having agreed to hand the matter over to the Government for arbitration.

The Englishman is apt to be surprised to find Spain one hundred per cent, organised in this way. In Spain a General Strike is the rule rather than the exception, there are as many strikes for the political purpose of making it impossible to run industry under the capitalist system as there are strikes for industrial purposes.

No better strike could have been arranged by the Syndicalists, from their own point of view, than this Barcelona catering strike; and no worse from the point of view of the political future of the Popular Front.

In the first place the conditions of labour are bad in many ways, so that there was an industrial excuse for trying to improve them; in the second place Barcelona is proud of its tourist and hotel trade and was paralysed by a wound in a vital spot.

The strike has improved conditions - it is a long time since a Spanish strike ended in anything but a victory for the workers; but it has also probably increased the number of "Fascists" and it has weakened the prestige of a left wing Government by showing that it is

going to be increasingly difficult to prevent the Syndicalists 'holding a pistol at the head of industry.'

More important than this, the increasing number of successful strikes will strengthen the Syndicalists against political labour; for in Spain, unlike what we know in England, the political and industrial labour movements are not the same people organised differently for different purposes, they are rivals.

To the Marxian Socialist and the Communist it seems obvious that Syndicalism must give way to a movement to achieve revolution by political means, but it is quite possible that Spain may eventually show the world an attempt at a Syndicalist rather than a Communist revolution.

Meanwhile the task of both the Spanish and the Catalan Governments is being made harder, and especially that of the latter, for, although the Syndicalists in the rest of Spain are drawing nearer the political labour movements, this is not so in Catalonia.

There the battle is still between a Liberal bourgeois Government obsessed by the ideal of nationalism, and as little concerned with social revolution as the Irish in 1916, and the non-political Syndicalist; whereas in Madrid one sees the Red Flag everywhere, in

Barcelona one sees the rival Separatist Catalan flag, and the red and black of the Anarcho-Syndicalists, but Communism and even Socialism are comparatively rare.

It does not help matters that the Spanish Syndicalists have a somewhat naive philosophy. The official pronouncements of their own recent congress at Zaragoza prove this.

They are not content with attacking one problem, they attack all at once, not merely Capitalism and economic matters, but free love, nudism, atheism, food reform, all occupy their energies.

It must not be thought that there is much likelihood of a Syndicalist revolution in the near future. It is more likely that the opposition will be exasperated into a Fascist coup, which will be adequately dealt with by the present Government.

But if political evolution follows its normal course - if such a phrase can have a meaning in Spain - it is more than probable that in the next two years, Indalecio Prieto and the moderate Socialists will break with Largo Caballero and the left wing Socialists, and that he will form a Socialist-Left Republican Government in place of the present purely Republican Government of Casares Quiroga.

If this happens we may see the Syndicalists, Left Socialists and Communists melting into one truly revolutionary movement.

Meanwhile we are in for an epidemic of strikes; but as I have frequently said, the whole situation makes Spain more rather than less interesting for the foreign visitor. The Syndicalist, like all other Spaniards, is always a gentleman when it comes to foreign visitors, unless they interfere with what is no concern of theirs.

I have been made less comfortable in Chicago, London or Paris in times of normality, than I was in Barcelona during the Hotel Strike.

APENDIX 4: LA GUERRA CIVIL (1936-1939)

4.1: "A las Barricadas!" , 1936

"Raise the standard of revolution that

"March, workers, to battle. We must destroy
reaction. To the barricades. To the barricades.
For the triumph of the Syndicalists Union."

"A las barricadas!" The Englishman finds it difficult to realise what that word means to the Spaniard. Barricades are not part of his experience nor of his tradition. But Barcelona is the city of barricades. There are street corners which from time immemorial at the first sign of trouble have been blocked. There are granite blocks that must have been ousted from their beds a dozen times in the last hundred years, only to be relaid by the long-suffering municipality when the street fighting was over. We were now on the eve of the worst experience of street fighting that even Barcelona has ever known. Let us look at their place in history.

One of the most interesting analyses of the part

barricades can take in the making of history is contained in Engel's 1895 preface to Marx's "The Class Struggles in France". Until 1848, he says, revolutions were always won or lost at the barricades, but even then the value of the barricade was moral rather than military. Behind the barricades the people entrenched themselves, and the government sent mercenary troops to destroy them. But a third party, usually some sort of citizen's guard, always sprang up to produce conciliation. In the long run either the soldiers refused to shoot, or the people came to terms. But the victory was never a military one; or, if things were fought out to a military ending, that ending was inevitably defeat for the people.

In Spain this general rule was constantly being illustrated. When we consider how easily an army can conquer barricades we see that the people who raised them, the insulted and injured, were really committing suicide on the doorstep of their feudal masters by way of a last demonstration of their despair. If they could hold out long enough, the bourgeois citizens, appalled at the loss to property entailed in street fighting, intervened with the feudal-minded military. But, when the barricades were levelled once more, the concessions were not what their defenders had fought for so much as what suited the mediators.

Now the street barricade is only valuable so long as there are mediators to step in sooner or later. While feudalism struggles with capitalism these exist, but in so far as capitalism supplants feudalism, "The spell of the barricades", as Engels wrote, "was broken; the soldier no longer saw behind it 'the people', but rebels, agitators, plunderers, levellers, the scum of society". Not only the soldiers, we may add, but those who at an earlier stage would have become mediators are now pointing the rifles of the soldiers; the barricade is no longer built against the common enemy of the people and the bourgeoisie, but against the State. The value of the barricade is thereby reduced; the People behind it cannot hope that, if they hold out long enough, the bourgeois will intervene and help to placate the feudal military. The People faces the State, the machine which claims to represent everyone, but whose claims are seen to be hollow when the barricades divide the controllers from the controlled.

It is true that there still exists a certain 'public opinion', which may sooner or later be aroused in favour of the men behind the barricades. As capitalism advances over the prostrate form of feudalism it creates a second class of victims besides the workers. We know this class under a numerous array of names, - petite bour-

geoisie, salariat, black-coated workers and so on, - a group which at its best, that is when it is both thoughtful and exploited, breeds radical opposition to the oppressor, based on a system of liberal ideals and a compromising sense of social decency; and at its worst, that is when it is exploited but not thoughtful, breeds fascism. These are powerful in a city like Barcelona; they are also vocal. One of the most significant differences between Barcelona and London is the relative position of the journalist in the two countries. In our country newspapers are mass produced, and monopolistically controlled by big capitalists. The journalist is a mouthpiece of monopolistic capitalism. He cannot raise his voice in mediation at a time like The General Strike.

But in Barcelona newspapers are small and numerous, independent and individualistic. They are written and owned by men who have the ideas and aspirations of their own class, the petite bourgeoisie, and not by men who are merely technicians paid by the capitalist to represent his interests. They are able, if not to approve of the barricades, at least to come to their rescue before military inevitability crushes them, and to mitigate the bitter end.

As the People behind the barricades are on the

defensive, they are certain in the long run to offend against the sensibilities of liberal lovers of order less than the attacking soldiers with their partners in the succeeding courts martial. Thus, in 1909 in the Semana Tragica when Barcelona barricaded itself against the State which was sending so many of its sons to a meaningless death in the Morrocan War, petit bourgeois opinion was no doubt outraged by the sight of the People in arms; but when the victorious State cleared up the mess by the most vicious oppression and by judicial murders like that of Francisco Ferrer, liberal opinion swung over to the original disturbers of order, since the re-establishment of order entailed far worse atrocities than those of which they had been guilty. Thus the Barricades were justified.

The justification of Barricades in history is that, though as a military measure they are futile, they show up the true basis upon which the capitalist state maintains its orders. They tear the blinkers from the eyes of those classes which would never dream of going out into the street, and force them to choose, not between order and anarchy, but between two forms of violence. They act like the hunger strike of the Lord Mayor of Cork, or the fasts of Mahatma Gandhi.

And since this is so, and since the Barricades can only be successful in the moral sphere, the men behind the Barricades must have a fanatical moral purpose, not merely a faith that they are right, (which they can share for that matter with Mosley or Franco), but also they must truly represent a social injustice against which there is no defence. The men at the Barricades must not merely have nothing to lose, they must have nothing to gain. They are committing suicide on the doorstep of their opponents, a very valuable demonstration sometimes, but one which inevitably calls for some other group to carry on their battle, if it is to be won.

By anyone who wishes to understand the technique of revolution this function of the Barricades must be clearly born in mind. It is a curious thing that those ultra-respectable rebels, the German-Social-Democratic party, carefully cut from Engels' introduction certain passages which bear on the question, and thereby made it seem a plea for non-violence in revolutionary tactics. Engels had pointed out the weakness from the military point of view of the Barricade, but had carefully underlined their moral value. Wilhelm Liebknecht cut out the following sentences:-

"Does this mean that in the future the street

fight will play no further role? Certainly not. It only means that the conditions since 1848 have become far more unfavourable for civil fights, far more favourable for the military. A future street fight can therefore only be victorious when this unfavourable situation is compensated by other factors. Accordingly, it will occur more seldom in the beginning of a great revolution than in its further progress, and will have to be undertaken with greater forces. These, however, may then well prefer the open attack to the passive barricade tactics."

What this means is that the Barricade is even less able today than in the past to bring matters to a conclusion, but that at the right moment it is invaluable. The right moment is when its weakness is compensated by other factors, such as the willingness of the military to come over to the Revolution, or the ability of the petite bourgeoisie to be awakened from their apathy. These two compensating factors made the Barricades successful in July 1936. They did not exist in 1909, and so the Barricades failed, (except in so far as they created an advanced

public opinion by inciting the State to disgusting tyranny).

Although weapons and material conditions have changed since Engels wrote in 1895, his logic was so correct that all later changes have done nothing but corroborate his words on the declining value of the barricade from the strictly military point of view. Here is what he said:-

"The officer had in the course of time become versed in the tactical forms of street fighting, he no longer marched straight ahead and without cover against the improvised breastwork, but went round it through gardens, yards, and houses. And this was now successful, with a little skill, in nine cases out of ten.

"But since then there have been very many more changes, and all in favour of the military. If the big towns have become considerably bigger, the armies have become bigger still. Paris and Berlin have, since 1848, grown less than fourfold, but their garrisons have grown more than that. By means of the railways, the garrisons can, in twenty-four hours, be more than doubled, and in forty-eight hours they can be increased to huge armies. The

arming of this enormously increased number of troops has become incomparably more effective. In 1848 the smooth-bore percussion muzzle-loader, today the small-calibre magazine breech-loading rifle, which shoots four times as far, ten times as accurately and ten times as fast as the former. At that time the relatively ineffective round-shot and grape-shot of the artillery; today the percussion shells, of which one is sufficient to demolish the best barricade. At that time the pick-axe of the sapper for breaking through walls; today the dynamite cartridge.

"On the other hand, all the conditions on the insurgents' side have grown worse. Even if more soldiers who have seen service were to come over to the insurrectionists, the arming of them becomes so much the more difficult. The hunting and luxury guns of the gunshops - even if not previously made unusable by removal of part of the lock by the police - are far from being a match for the magazine rifle of the soldier, even in close

fighting. Up to 1848 it was possible to make the necessary ammunition oneself out of powder and lead; today the cartridges differ for each rifle, and are everywhere alike only in one point, that they are a special product of big industry, and therefore not to be prepared 'ex tempore', with the result that most rifles are useless as long as one does not possess the ammunition specially suited to them. And finally, since 1848 the newly built quarters of the big towns have been laid out in long, straight, broad streets, as though made to give full effect to the new cannons and rifles. The revolutionary would have to be mad, who himself chose the working class districts in the North and East of Berlin for a barricade fight."

Bearing all this in mind, as we sit in the steel-barred restaurant listening to the faint sound of block being placed upon block, let us look a little closely at the last two occasions on which the Barricades were raised in this black city. We are going to take part, albeit a passive part, in the worst, the most bloody episode in the

whole history of the Spanish Barricades. Let us prepare ourselves by looking at 1909 and 1936.

On July 9th, 1909 a handful of Moors surprised a gang of Spanish workers who were building a railway for the exploitation of the mines of the Rif. The generals in charge immediately wired home for large reinforcements for the garrison at Melilla.

The Government decided to send troops from Barcelona, and called up many men, including married men, who had never expected to have to serve abroad. The war was unpopular everywhere. It was regarded as a private game played for their own purposes by a bunch of generals.

"Spain," wrote Romen, "does not want to hear the word Morocco spoken. Except for half a dozen generals, a dozen of the political gentry, a few bull and bear speculators and other fishers in troubled waters no-one wants adventures, provocations, unnecessary pre-occupations, nor expeditions out of time and place.

Suppose our troop sally forth from Melilla and occupy 10, 20, 30, 100 kilometres. They are occupied. For what? For nothing. Some soldiers will die; some others will be promoted: we will send more generals than colonels, more chiefs than officials, more officials than soldiers, more promises than realities, more projects than deeds; and for all this we shall get one thing only; blood from the people, money from the taxpayer...

"I say that 'to go to Morocco' is Revolution, and in saying it I serve my country and my king, much better than if I make my king and country believe that to go to Morocco is sound policy for the nation and the monarchy".

Note this. S. Roman was not a socialist nor an anarchist; he was a conservative journalist. He protested in the only way he could, and his protest was unheard. The People's protest was to take another form.

The bourgeois radicals and nationalists protested. They held meetings. A worker stood on the quayside opposite the Captain-General and his officials as they said farewell to a troopship on its way to Melilla. He made his

protest. "Down with the war", he yelled. A cavalry officer, several officials and the Captain-General himself set upon the worker, and he was no more seen. His protest failed.

That was July 18th, 1909. Next day a crowd of workers, unarmed and peaceable, ran through the streets shouting "Down with the war". Shots rang out. The police arrested eight demonstrators. Note that, although Spain was almost united against the war, it was only when workers shouted "Down with the war" that the government began to claim its victims. Next day there came news of a defeat in Morocco; men were being killed in a senseless war; other men were being called up from the narrow streets of the Fifth District to take their place. In Madrid it was no longer a question of individuals protesting; a new cry came from the crowds in the Puerta del Sol, "Peace or General Strike". The People were arrayed against the State; they were preparing to use their own weapons. They were preparing for a thing which will appeal to many of our own liberals, at least in peace time, a Strike Against War.

On the 24th the politicians added their voices to the cries in the street. Representatives of all parties met, and most of them condemned the war. Only the Carlists,

the Lliga Regionalista and the Academia Católica refused to protest. This too, is significant, for the Carlists are the feudalists, the Lliga the Catalan capitalists, and the third is, of course, the Church. On July 24th, 1909 these three refused to protest against a war in Morocco; on July 19th, 1936 these three began to bring in the Moors for a war in Spain!

But outside the political parties, in that vast apolitical mass which shapes Spanish history at times like this the protest was becoming louder. The reservists marching to embarkation in the harbour had to go by back streets. In the Ramblas, their natural line of march, the People were waiting to prevent their going. Huge crowds hoped to rescue their comrades and let them escape back to their already half-bereaved families.

When news came to the crowds that the reservists had reached the Port by the back streets, thousands rushed to the quays, arriving in time to see several companies of their comrades forced on board against their will like cattle. At this grim moment some Catechists, doubtless actuated by the noblest Christian sentiments, chose to identify the Church with the unpopular event by handing out scapularies to the unwilling soldiers; and

these, to show their feelings, threw the scapularies into the water. The exasperated crowds began to demonstrate; the Police cleared the quays with rifle fire.

On Sunday all the workers' unions met, and, before breaking up at 3 a.m. on Monday, the meeting ordered a General Strike. Two hours later pickets stood in every road in the workers' quarters turning men willingly back from work. All work ceased, except that the trams still ran. The crowds decided to stop them; and, as the drivers refused to listen to them, stones flew, petrol was brought; the trams went up in flames, the Police fired, martial law was declared, the *Semana Tragica* began.

Tuesday morning early was peaceful; and the citizens seem to have thought that all was over. True, Barcelona was isolated from the world; but the streets were quiet. It was only the calm before the storm. The workers were sleeping: they had been up all the previous two nights. They slept until about nine o'clock.

At this moment very few people knew what would happen next. The officials assumed that they would have to deal in the usual way with a protest strike; the ordinary citizen hoped that it would all be over soon; the workers' strike committee likewise were preparing to get

on with the simple business of being a strike committee. It is as well to remember this, for no-one who has not been at close quarters with revolution can easily realise how unorganised, how unpredictable the course of revolution must be. You can prepare wisely or foolishly for a revolution, and you can hold a post mortem according to theory afterwards, but during the explosive and decisive first moments sheer chance - that is a multiplicity of imponderables - rules.

On Tuesday morning men and women began to build barricades and to meet in large numbers in the Paral.lel, that vein through which the red blood of Barcelona's working population oozes incessantly. The spontaneous, anonymous People were preparing to give battle. Their sole technical equipment was derived from little booklets claiming to give bellicose advice, but they had the advantage of a compact quarter, a network of narrow streets flanked by high buildings, impregnable from the world outside so long as nobody could get on to the roofs and take the barricades in the rear.

They had one other advantage; the civil governor was quite unprepared for anything. Barcelona was isolated from the world, and so the crowds in the Paral.lel decided

that they could take the offensive. Whether they had leaders or not it is impossible to say, but one figure at least was conspicuous, a curious figure dressed in the striped cotton duck uniform of a Cuban war veteran, wide straw sombrero with a skull and crossbones on the brim. They decided to burn the convents, beginning at the School of the Esculapian Fathers. This sinister building, stretching along the Ronda de San Antoni, with the great market almost opposite and the ghastly Woman's Prison just below, was burned down again in July 1936, and it is shortly to appear in our present story. It began the week of burning.

Why is it that every Spanish revolution, when the People is in control, begins with the burning of Convents and Churches? What must the priests of a Church feel like when they realise that it is against them that the People turn when maddened by misery and injustice? Because your comrades are being called up to fight a monstrous war you go and burn the Convents! Would you do this if the Convents had any real connection with the social values of the man who preached the Sermon on the Mount?

The Catholic press in England has tried to pretend that the People are maddened children of the devil seduced by Moscow, falling upon the gentle, pacific follow-

ers of Christ. Whatever is true, that is not. There is nothing new about this hatred; there is nothing unprepared about the religious communities that are attacked. It is not hate against love. It is hate against hate.

Having burned the buildings of the Esculapian Fathers the People, still lead by the Cuban brave, attacked the Jesuits in the Calle de Caspe. The Jesuits were well armed, and their building is a fortress (today it is a coeducational school). Not only had the Jesuits guns, but they had even prepared against night attacks with powerful searchlights. The People found themselves beaten. They also found themselves without arms. They scarcely seem to have thought of firearms until the Jesuits had taught them their value. They turned and seized the contents of a gunsmith's shop, 225 guns, 500 revolvers, 35,000 cartridges and 300 tins of rifle grease.

They assaulted the convent of the Magdalenas, and the nuns were saved by their relatives coming to take them to private homes. One old nun, seeing the light of day after sixty years of incarceration, was being led along the street by two relatives, when they were stopped by a municipal policeman. One glance at his scarlet frock coat convinced her of the worst: "Ah, Mr. Devil" she said,

"I have done no harm to anyone; I have always been a humble lamb of the Lord". At another convent the nuns threw open the doors and invited the People to come in and turn their building into a Hospital, whereat the crowd gave three cheers for the whole sorority.

By Wednesday every street giving on to the Parallel was barricaded, and the State countered with cannon. All day the fighting lasted, and yet - and this again is something which people can hardly visualise who have not seen revolution - the ordinary life of the city continued. Women went shopping, men sat in cafes, children went to school. On Thursday the city was calmer; the People had begun to realise that Spain was not rising to support them. On Friday, only a little shooting. On Saturday all was over. Workers began to repave the streets with stones from the abandoned barricades. In the afternoon newspapers appeared, and by evening the ladies were promenading in their usual fashion. But even on Monday in the Calle de Carmen one solitary man hung on. For sixteen hours he defended himself, while now and then the neighbours threw him food and drink. At last, having fired his last shot in the direction of the military, he shouldered his gun, marched down the street and disappeared. This was "Chacal", the man from Aragon. The last barricade was now levelled

to the ground.

The student of revolution should consider carefully two facts about the *Semana Tragica* of 1909 in Barcelona. First of all it was an appeal to the Barricade when there were no factors to compensate for the fundamental weakness of the Barricade. The military were not won over, and the *petite bourgeoisie* were in no position to help. In itself the Barricade is not a social force that can create a revolution and carry it through; the most it can do is bring over other social forces. It can detach a limb of the State, the army, from its allegiance, and it can make up the petty bourgeois mind and persuade it to fraternise with the People against the State.

Now the evolution of capitalism in Barcelona had not in 1909 proceeded to the point when the capitalist had begun to tread on petty bourgeois corns. Capitalism was still fighting with feudalism, and it was Catalan capitalism that was fighting against Spanish feudalism. The dominant Catalan party was the *Lliga*, the party of *Cambo*, the great financier, struggling to make all Spain a field of exploitation for Catalan capitalism. The petty bourgeois, later to come to political dominance in *Acció Catalana* and the *Esquerra* parties, was still following

Cambo's lead, trusting that with Catalan independence there would come a chance for him to be a little Cambo in his turn. In short the People could not look for allies or mediators in that direction, and so they could not carry out a lasting revolution. There are two kinds of 'liberalism' which can at times come to the rescue of the Barricade, the liberalism of the bourgeois fighting against the feudal system, and the liberalism of the petty bourgeois fighting against the capitalist. In 1909 in Barcelona both these liberalisms were groping in the blind alley of nationalism, and therefore incapable of solving the economic problems of the People. And so, since the time for rebellion was not ripe, the Barricade was a letting off of emotional steam, not a constructive act of the conscious will and the trained intellect.

But why did the People fail to enlist the sympathy of the military? Their cause was one which should have appealed. They built their Barricades against an unjust, unpopular war. They wished to save these very men, who trained their cannon on the Barricades, from being sent to their graves in Morocco. We have found the second reason for the failure of 1909. Behind the Barricades there was courage, fanaticism, righteous indignation, but no theory and no organised party with a programme.

For a few hours the streets belonged to the People, and what did they do with their power? They burned the churches and convents. They alienated sympathy for the sake of satisfying a well-founded grudge; and they did this because they had no constructive theory and no party with a programme.

In so far as they had a tradition it was one that ended in an act of contrition at the Barricades. You died there, or you were imprisoned; or, if you were the lucky one, you shot your last cartridge and walked back into humdrum life again, your emotions satisfied. Otherwise your emotions were satisfied with suffering.

Not that there can always be a programme beforehand. Programmes are hammered out of the rough metal of events. But, if instead of a picturesque figure from Cuba leading the People to burn convents, some hard-boiled workers, trained in the art of organising and paying attention to details, had established a council of war to decide what buildings were to be seized, had issued unceasing manifestos to the military to come over to their side in order to stop the war, had seen to it that the rest of Spain was ready, had sent men out to the country round to bring over the peasants, had entered into alliance with the petty bourgeois liberals, then the Tragic

Week might have become the Heroic Year. This could not happen, because only social evolution can produce such a party and such a programme. The People cannot suddenly become wise, and the school which brings them wisdom is the passage of the years.

When the Barricades had been levelled, two details of the sequel are of importance to us. First Cambo's party the Lliga, the nationalist party of Catalunya, at once did its best to make political capital out of the tragic events. They did not tell the government of Madrid: "We are Catalans. The men behind the Barricades were Catalans. We do not approve of the nature of their protest, but we believe that they were protesting against an evil; and so, as Catalans, we protect our brother Catalans." Nothing of the sort. They said: "We approve of your action in smashing the Barricades. Your only mistake is that, if you had handed over the power to us, we would have been able to smash the People before they tore up the paving stones of our City. We demand that the Catalans behind the barricades be turned over to us Catalans. We shall make a better job of holding them down than you." Blood may be thicker than water, but it is thinner than class loyalties. Cambo was a Catalan, but he was first of all a capitalist and an enemy of the People.

And the second detail of the sequel was the finding of the scapegoat.

Governments can never bring themselves to believe that the Barricade comes spontaneously from the exasperated People. Just as our bourgeois readers of the 'Daily Mail' unable to imagine that anyone can act except for money - think that every unemployed man who salutes, fist in air, has had a rouble by telegram from Moscow, so the Spanish government looked around for an enemy who had put the people up to it all.

One of their choices was Lerroux. The passage of the years has made this particularly ironical; Lerroux, the co-partner with the Jesuit-controlled Gil Robles in the black two years of republican reaction had to flee to South America, because his present allies wanted him as a scapegoat for the Tragic Week. Francisco Ferrer Guardia was second choice. Ferrer was an anarchist, an atheist, a free thinker, and - though less so than, for example, George IV - a free lover. That is to say, he opposed religious marriage; and, since there was no civil marriage, lived in monogamous sin with one woman. He regarded the Church as the arch-enemy, devoted his life to secular education, and wrote flaming manifestos against existing laws. All of this may have been injudicious and

even criminal, but it was not enough to implicate him in the Semana Tragica. Nevertheless he was arrested, tried and shot.

The Jesuits set up a Committee of Social Defence and sent it, under the leadership of the Count of Santa Maria de Pomes, to Madrid to demand Ferrer's death. They made it quite clear that, for good to come out of evil, the opportunity must be taken to destroy all support for secular schools once and for all. If Ferrer, the apostle of free education, could be condemned for the Semana Tragica, it would be glorious propoganda against the force which they rightly feared most. Ferrer died that there should be no anti-clerical education in Spain. Urged on by the Jesuits, the military court condemned him against the weight of evidence, in spite of the evident perjury of witnesses and fabrication of documents. Thus the Barricades were made the excuse to destroy the truly revolutionary force which in the long run accomplishes what they cannot do. The Jesuits did not trouble about the uncouth Cuban leader; they struck instead at the schoolmaster.

Today the Jesuit stronghold in the Calle Caspe which was so skilfully defended by the Jesuits in 1909 is a secular school, and the square round the corner is the Plaza Ferrer Guardia.

We pass from the Barricades of 1909 to those of 1936. They were built at precisely the same corners and of the same granite blocks. The people behind them were, some of them, the same sort of people as their predecessors. But the Barricades of 1936 were as successful as those of 1909 were barren. Why?

At first sight one might be tempted to say that the great difference was that a loyal people had erected them to prevent a disloyal rebellion of military men from destroying their liberties. But this is superficial. The real reason was that the People had learned to use other weapons, had learned revolutionary tactics, had a party and a programme. In so far as the People followed these new things they achieved their objects: in so far as they relied on the Barricades, and on the Barricades alone, they failed.

4.2: Crònica dels Fets de Maig

("News Chronicle", 10 de maig 1937)

FIRST INSIDE STORY OF BARCELONA RISING

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First Inside Story of Barcelona Rising

The net effect of Barcelona's new Tragic Week has been to bring realities into the open and to reinforce the need to control the "uncontrollables."

It has been the worst uprising that even Barcelona has ever seen. Four hundred killed, according to the Minister of Propaganda, and thousands wounded; and it took three days for most of the combatants to discover who was fighting what.

A Trotskyist Revolt

When I left on Saturday morning the barricades were higher than ever, though the firing had ceased, but they were in the hands of the forces of order.

This has not been an Anarchist uprising. It is a frustrated putsch by the "Trotskyist" P.O.U.M., working through their controlled organisations, "Friends of Durruti," and the Liberation Youth.

Luck put me in an excellent position to see all

that happened.

The floor below my pension on the Cortes was a left Catalan Republican club-house, heavily armed with machine-guns. Two hundred yards up the street was the headquarters of the illegal "Patrullas de Control," dissolved a month before, but still refusing to go. Just beyond it stretches at right angles the wide Paseo de Gràcia, full of buildings controlled by rival trade unions, Anarchist C.N.T. and Socialist U.G.T., mixed indiscriminately.

In front of me was Caspe Street, with two large Anarcho-Syndicalist buildings and the Government radio station.

Throughout the week all these were firing madly at one another and at whatever passed them.

The tragedy began on Monday afternoon when the Government sent armed police into the Telephone building, to disarm the workers there, mostly C.N.T. men. Grave irregularities in the service had been a scandal for some time.

A large crowd gathered in the Plaza de Catalunya, outside, while the C.N.T. men inside resisted, retreating floor by floor to the top of the building.

Arrested by the Anarchists

The incident was very obvious, but word went round that the Government was out against the Anarchists. The streets filled with armed men.

On taking a photograph of them I was arrested by some 20 armed enthusiasts, who took me off to the Anarchist building in Caspe Street, whence, after half an hour's argument, I escaped minus my film.

The building was already putting itself in position to withstand a siege and contained some 200 armed men.

By nightfall every workers' centre and Government building was barricaded, and at ten o'clock the first volleys were fired and the first ambulances began ringing their way through the streets.

By dawn on Tuesday all Barcelona was under fire. The Government buildings were isolated; the workers' district around the Parallel was rapidly dominated by the National Guard.

At 7.30 there was a lull. A nine-year-old boy was crying newspapers in the middle of the street. A few women passed with milk cans.

Why the Shutters were opened

As I reached the boy a wave of machine-gun fire from the Plaza de Gràcia swept down the Cortes, scattering us to the doorways as it was taken up by nearly every building in turn.

These bursts lasted 10 minutes or so and were followed by calms, during which ambulances raced by and a few rash people hurried from corner to corner, white handkerchief in hand.

I was watching from behind a shutter when a waiter came and asked me to open it wide. "We always do so in a revolt," he explained, "so that there can be no doubt that no one is shooting from behind."

Every shutter in sight - most of them usually closed - had already been thrown open, so well does the Barcelona citizen know the code of street warfare.

Throughout the day I was in telephonic communication with one of the defenders of the City Council building:

"We are being attacked up Fernando Street."

"We have killed 11 near the Via Durruti."

"We cannot get out, and have very little food."

"The hotel workers' union are dominating the

lower Ramblas from their buildings."

Over the radio all the leaders reiterated appeals to common sense, but still no one knew who was fighting what.

Both Sides Were Waiting to Shoot

As the day wore on and the dead mounted to over a hundred, one could make a guess at what was happening.

The Anarchist C.N.T. and Socialist U.G.T. were not technically "out in the street." So long as they remained behind their barricades they were merely watchfully waiting, an attitude which included the right to shoot at anything armed in the open street.

Thus, a C.N.T. car would drive along. It would be signalled to halt opposite some barricade. If it refused, every police and U.G.T. barricade in sight blazed at it, whereupon the C.N.T. barricades opened fire on the others, and long after the car, more or less crippled, had disappeared, all the barricades continued to blaze at one another.

These general bursts were invariably aggravated by "pacos" - hidden solitary men, usually Fascists, shooting from roof tops at nothing in particular, but doing all

they could to add to the general panic.

The essential for pedestrian safety was to keep out of range whenever a car passed. On Wednesday, as I was turning into the Cortes, I saw three armoured cars approaching slowly and realising that when they came opposite the "Patrullas de Control" firing would break out, I leapt into a doorway and, the door being of glass, was able to see a complete battle.

Tailor's Dummies Watch the Battle

One second after the armoured cars were challenged and, as they took no notice, a storm of machine-gun, rifle, musket, bomb and hand-grenade fire broke out, answered by every barricade in sight for half a mile.

The whole street became green with fallen leaves. For 20 minutes nothing could have crossed the road alive. Every pane of glass was pierced.

Wondering if I was safe behind my plate-glass door, I was glad to see five men in grey suits, staring out of the big window opposite. Afterwards I realised that they were display dummies in a tailor's shop.

This battle was the more remarkable that nobody knew on which side the armoured cars were.

Discussing it with friends later, and assuming that they were rebel cars, people said: "Then the 'Patrullas de Control' must be loyal."

Thus after three days of battle, no one knew on which side these powerfully armed groups down the road might be.

By Wednesday evening, however, it began to be clear who was behind the revolt. All the walls had been plastered with an inflammatory poster calling for an immediate revolution and the shooting of Republican and Socialist leaders. It was signed by the "Friends of Durruti."

On Thursday morning the Anarchist daily denied all knowledge or sympathy with it, but "La Batalla," the P.O.U.M. paper, republished the document with the highest praise.

Barcelona, the first city of Spain, was plunged into bloodshed by agents provocateurs using this subversive organisation.

An irreparable disaster was thus only just avoided, for with the C.N.T. and U.G.T. fully mobilised anything might have happened.

On Thursday "La Batalla" was raided and confiscated, but it did not prevent its reappearance. Its flar-

ing headline, "For Three Days the Streets of Barcelona Belonged to the People," reads curiously, seeing that for three days, thanks largely to the P.O.U.M., the streets of Barcelona belonged to no one.

Two practical consequences of the rising will be: First, the elimination of the P.O.U.M. and, secondly, a definite challenge to the "uncontrollable" element within the Anarchist F.A.I.

What's What

- C.N.T. - Confederacion Nacional del Trabajo, or National Federation of Labour, Syndicalist (direct action, non-political) trade union organisation, virtually controlled by the
- F.A.I. - Federacion Anarquista Iberica, or Iberian Anarchist Federation, one of whose outstanding leaders was Durruti, killed in Madrid last November.
- U.G.T. - Union General de Trabajadores, or General Union of Workers. Trade union organisation of Socialist and Communist workers.
- P.O.U.M. - Partido Obrero de Unificacion Marxista, or Workers' Party of Marxist Unification, Small party formed by amalgamation of Left Commun-

ists (Trotskyists) and Workers and Peasants'
Bloc.

4.3: The Tragic Week, 1937

The Tragic Week

I am woken by a couple of plain clothes police! We have reached the head of the valley near the Andorran boundary and it is time for France to show that she is loyal to the Pact of Non-Intervention. It is against this moment that I have been fortified with appropriate documents.

Let me say that my mission is perfectly respectable. That is, there is no danger of my going to assist the legitimate government of a friendly nation ill-treated at the hands of a gang of international crooks. There is no danger of my trying to help Spain to her right under international law to purchase weapons of defense against baby-killers, whether Nazi, Italian, or traitor Spanish. There is no danger of my wanting in my own person to carry on the British tradition of supporting the underdog in a just cause. I have promised faithfully to our National Government not to behave like that. Indeed I have signed this document:

Endorsement of Passports for Spain

In connection with my application for the special endorsement for Spain I undertake that nothing will take place in the course of my visit that could be considered as implying any intervention by me on behalf of either side of the present dispute in Spain. I understand that I travel at my own risk and that His Majesty's Government cannot take any responsibility for my protection or for my evacuation in case of need.

This is a very interesting document for people who, like myself, have the fair name of Britain at heart. It is now only possible for an Englishman to go to Spain, with whom as the King's Speech would phrase it, we continue to be on friendly relations, as an outlaw. His Majesty's Government withdraws its protection if an Englishman crossed the Spanish frontier. Short of telephoning to Berlin: "Drop a bomb on this guy and we'll say nothing", it is hard to see what more His Majesty's Government can do to depart from British tradition. It is of course too much to expect of our government that it should do anything, for example, for an English girl foolish enough to be working as a Red Cross nurse in Spain when she is bombed

by an Italian airman; but suppose I had some property which I had to look after in Spain, can I really not hope for the protection of my government while about such a praiseworthy task?

Anyway, by signing this document, signing away that is an Englishman's birthright, I was able to get the necessary documents to proceed past police, gendarmerie, frontier guards and international observers to my destination, which was for the moment the International Bridge at Bourg Madame.

Having satisfied all the officials both French and international that I had not come to Spain to do what Germans and Italians are allowed to do, I crossed the Bridge. It was my third visit since the Civil War started. There ahead of me was the familiar faded green bench, a symbolical barricade across the road, and by it a solitary figure with a gun, a militiaman. Last time there had been two figures; the other a carabinero. I approached the militiaman. "Salut," I said; wondering if I ought to add "Arriba España", so as to carry out my pact with His Majesty's Government to do nothing which might be taken as intervention in favour of one side or the other.

"Salut," answered the militiaman and we walked

off together up the road towards the frontier post.

"No carabineros?" I asked.

"They've gone away." I thought the militiaman stared at me rather curiously, but put it down to natural inquisitiveness as to why I had come. We wandered up the hill to the headquarters of the Comitè. I noted that it had been moved to a more spacious building. I noted also that the Comitè was entirely composed of members of the F.A.I. After suitable questions and answers I got my permit to proceed to Barcelona. But not before I had felt that the atmosphere was somehow tense. I missed that cheerful revolutionary zeal of earlier days. The courtesy of the anarchists had deteriorated. If it were not for the risk of seeming to give comfort to Franco and thereby breaking my promise of non-intervention, I would describe them as surly. There was thunder in the Puigcerdà air. I did not realise at that moment how soon the lightning was to strike.

The train reached Barcelona at nine o'clock. Many a time have I welcomed the brilliance of that city, the sign that a tedious journey was nearly over; but now it seemed that we were plunging still further into night. Not a light burned in the streets save through thick blue glass, not a shop or café or cinema or electric advertise-

ment shone out. Everywhere a blackness, a negative welcome prepared for the aeroplanes of "unknown nationality" likely to come any night from the direction of Mallorca. Every window pane covered with strips of thick paper. Here and there a dim light pointing to the entrance to a refuge. Even the tramcars and the buses groped in gloom. A sad state for what was once the starriest city of western Europe.

I felt my way to the Komsomol Restaurant, the official eating place for members of the U.G.T. and the P.S.U.C. The Komsomol restaurant in Barcelona is a strange place. It is run by the F.O.S.I.G., the Hotel Workers' trade union, for members of the United Socialist Party of Catalunya and for members of the U.G.T. as well as for all those members of the International Brigade who happen to be in Barcelona on leave. Germans, Americans, Czechs, English, Italians, Chinese, French, Poles, Scandinavians can be seen sitting together talking to one another in Spanish. They are a queer mixture. You see huge young athletes with clear complexions and unwrinkled cheerfulness, who have come because of an outraged sense of fair play. You see tightly strung intellectual types, Jew and gentile, with Marx at their fingertips, often myopic, usually with black unruly hair. You see middle-aged wiry little men,

grey-haired and bald, eternal bums who have been wherever there was trouble, all over the world. There is, even here, an occasional waster, a parlour pink in search of copy and sniffing around for excitement, sexual and otherwise. There are sensitive faces and hard-boiled ones, men who have been guided here by exuberance and men who have been guided here by memory of starved lives.

At first if you are not used to things you will find it hard to make sound judgements: for here the evidence of a man's character has been reduced to the one authentic matter of his face and physical gestures. He who judges normally by clothes, by haircuts and shaves, is in a cloud in this room. There is an absolute disregard for appearances, race, nationality, income, worldly station, all those things that are assumed to matter elsewhere turn out to have been a mere question of clothes. It is astonishing how unobtrusive the Chinese-ness of a Chinaman is when he is dressed as a soldier of the International Brigade. The essential human being, its past experience and present purpose, these alone remain, and heaven knows it is at the cost of certain types of (??)

After eating at Komsomol, whenever I get back

to England and enter a Lyons Corner House I find myself bewildered, I seem to have broken into a world of feeding dummies, of moving clothes stuffed with something or other to keep their shape. In a London restaurant, if you listen to the talk at each little table, nine times out of ten you will be let in on a sample of human pettiness; in the Komsomol Restaurant all the minor egoisms seem to be silenced in a common interest, a vividly shared experience.

The Komsomol Restaurant is on the ground floor of a large office building in the Passeig de Gracia, a few yards from the P.S.U.C. headquarters, Carlos Marx House. You line up for a meal ticket which costs three pesetas and then you sit down wherever you like. My friends, most of them members of the Hotel Workers' Union were to be found at a table near the door and among them, I hoped, would be the man I have elsewhere called Borrall.

It is a mystery to me why people go to Spain and interview some prominent person and expect to get useful answers to their questions. Yet a succession of International busybodies has gone to Barcelona or Valencia and asked the bigwigs a lot of stereotyped questions only to get the stereotyped answers. They should go to men like Borrall, the real men who are fighting fascism. One thing

you learn if you live close enough to a Civil War is that the so-called leaders do not know what is happening, or, if they are great enough to know, they certainly are not stupid enough to tell foreign sympathisers. It is the men at these tables in the Komsomol Restaurant who know and they will tell you if they know you also.

Of course it comes hard to the average International Busybody to imagine that you can learn from eating with a bunch of waiters. Nice fellows, no doubt, and on the right side and all that, but waiting around to be told what to do by Caballero or Negrinor Companys. Rubbish, these men are acting and thereby producing the raw material out of which policy can be woven.

Borrall was tired. I asked what was the matter. "I've been on guard at headquarters for the last three nights."

"On guard?"

"Yes, we are expecting things to happen."

I waited.

"Very serious things have been going on and they cannot go on for ever."

I was to notice next morning that all the tram-car stops hitherto marked by lamp-posts painted in the

Catalan colours had been repainted anarcho-syndicalist black and red. It was a very little point, this, but in Spain where symbols mean so much, it could not be ignored. It meant that hundreds of Catalanists, bourgeois nationalists, waiting for their trams each day, felt themselves insulted, felt under the heels of this Murcian sect, this alien thing from a civilisation they despised. That the anarcho-syndicalist Transport Union had painted out the Catalan colours meant a triumph for them, just as it had been a triumph for Catalunya when at the coming of the Republic the Catalan colours had taken the place of the hated Castillian.

I had also noticed on my arrival that there had been taxis in the station once more and all of them painted black and red, another anarcho-syndicalist union flourishing and living as a law unto itself. Indeed there was more at stake than mere symbols. Wherever you saw the black and red in Barcelona you knew that there was a force active and dominant which hated another force as much as it hated fascism. That force was intent on building up a state, an anti-fascist state but nevertheless something antipathetic to the anarchist mind. The great dogma of anarchism is the wickedness of the state. The capitalist state must be destroyed without setting up a workers' state. In plain practise this means that if an anarchist union runs

a lucrative industry like the tramways it sticks to the profits. No municipalized trams, no state-owned trams; for the state, large or small is wicked. If the popular front government wants money to pay for the war, for sanitation, for street lighting, let it get it from somewhere else and certainly not from the C.N.T. trams or the C.N.T. cinemas. That would be forcing a political act on "apolitical" comrades. Against this technique of anarchist social revolution a protest, new to Spain, had been gaining strength.

So when Borrall said that something serious was expected I knew what he meant. Here and now with Franco, Hitler and Mussolini at their doors the old fight between libertarians and authoritarians was on. It is a fundamental fight, a deep down cleavage in the human race. It had been the skeleton at every feast in honour of anti-fascist unity. It was the main hope of Franco's supporters; the basis of his Fifth column action in Barcelona.

"Which way did you cross the frontier?" asked Ferran.

"Through Puigcerdà."

"And you had no trouble?"

"No. Why?"

"There are serious things happening at the

frontier".....

Just then another worker came in and whispered to my companions a bit of news from the town below.

The Commissar General of Public Order, Rodriguez-Salas had that afternoon been visited in his office by an Italian with two bombs in his pocket. Nobody exactly knew why or how the Italian got there, but as Rodriguez-Salas was a U.G.T. man and very busy trying to suppress the "Incontrolats" everyone in Komsomol jumped to the conclusion that this was a further aggression of the F.A.I. There had been so many murders already, men assassinated by the F.A.I. in cold blood, that it was not strange that the amount of evidence needed to lay any crime at their door was meagre.

"How do you know that the F.A.I. is behind this?" I asked Borrall.

"It is certain" he said. "Look! only last week we found that the frontier between Port Bou and La Junquera was controlled by Italians who called themselves anarchists. One of them committed a crime and simply got away into France. The Italians are sending fascist spies and agents-provocateurs over here, they call themselves members of the F.A.I., the F.A.I. welcome them as comrades, and they do

all they can to stir up trouble between us and the C.N.T."

"Besides," added Ferran, "they want to get Rodriguez-Salas because he is doing all he can to stop the crimes of the 'incontrolats'."

What is an "incontrolat"? It is, as you might guess, an uncontrolled man. The whole philosophy of anarchism breeds "incontrolats". Whole unions are "incontrolats".

Thus the government of the Generalitat including three representatives of the anarcho-syndicalists kept passing decrees which these three anarcho-syndicalists approved and signed. But the vast anarcho-syndicalist unions like the Tramworkers' Union took no notice of the decrees; they went on working in their own sweet way and according to their apolitical ideals; they refused to deal with that wicked thing the State. In this way the Tramworkers' Unions are "incontrolats"; they take no notice of a government decree signed by their own representatives.

There are several other kinds of "incontrolats" besides. The philosophy of the F.A.I. is against external discipline, discipline, that is, not merely external to the party, but of the party on its members. Each member must discipline himself, anything but self-discipline is

deadening. There is a great deal that is attractive in this theory, but it has one serious drawback. It is likely to be very popular with precisely those individuals who wish to be a law unto themselves in a bad sense.

First, there are the downright criminals. Anarchist doctrine in practise gives them unheard of chances. If you have a personal grudge against an ex-employer, or for that matter against a fellow worker who belongs to the U.G.T., it is very easy to find that he is a "counter-revolutionary"; you bump him off (unconsciously or at least privately) because you don't like him and, publicly, because by so doing you are helping to "cleanse the rearguard". It is almost impossible to distinguish between a crime of personal vengeance and of public justice.

The F.A.I. does not consist entirely of criminals, it has a very large number of angels among its members. And the angels play into the hands of the criminals. There are anarchists who regard smoking, drinking, fornication and religious marriage contracts as equally deadly sins; they lead blameless lives; they never dream of doing anything for selfish reasons; they only shoot men who are notorious public enemies and they cannot imagine that any-

one would behave otherwise. These men protect the criminals because they do not believe that any worker could act basely, unless, that is, he has been misled into being a "Stalinist", a believer in that source of all evil, the State.

Now if a criminal "incontrolat" wants to get Rodriguez-Salas for example, he can be quite sure of the defense, even the discreet applause of the angel "incontrolats". The mere fact that Treball, the socialist paper, announces that a prominent socialist has been attacked by a member of the F.A.I. means that Solidaridad Obrera, the anarchist paper, will deny that the attack ever took place.

And sure enough on Tuesday morning April 27th, the denial comes. (It could not come on Monday since no papers are published, only a "Hoja Oficial", published by a committee representing all newspapers. The Hoja told us that the Italian subject Jose Picono Bono who, as is well known, last Saturday tried to throw a bomb at the Commissar General of Public Order, had been committed for trial. From his statement it appears that his attempt against comrade Rodriguez-Salas was made on his own initiative with the object of provoking discord between anti-fascist sectors.)

Tuesday's Solidaridad Obrera has a leader headed "In spite of all manoeuvres, Alliance between the C.N.T. and the U.G.T."

Saturday evening being the weekly time for relaxation, we wandered out into the inky blackness. The tramcars glided along like phosphorescent fish, their windows painted that deep blue through which light shines like darkness made visible. I remembered that Borrall had been explaining something when the news about Rodriguez-Salas had interrupted us.

"What trouble is there at the frontier?"

"The government has found that money is being taken over the frontier by the F.A.I. and the carabineros have been trying to stop it and so there has been fighting between them and the F.A.I."

"So that is why I saw no carabineros at Puigcerdà."

"Yes, at Puigcerdà there is a comité of incontrolats. Their president is a man called Martin, they call him El Cojo de Malaga."

The Malaga Cripple! President of the Puigcerdà Comité! What a lot that revealed. In Spain it is often the cripples who come to the top. Half the best singers

are cripples or blind. So the thoroughly Catalan town of Puigcerdà was ruled by a crippled anarchist from the south. It took a long stretch of economic history to bring that about.

So it was El Cojo de Malaga who had given me an authorisation to proceed to Barcelona.

At this time many local village committees in Catalunya were anarchist, but what made the position of Puigcerdà and Figueras and Port Bou and certain other places so important was that they controlled the frontier. If the anarchists had all been angels with a touch of mundane savoir faire, that would not have mattered. But the evidence was accumulating that some of the other sort of anarchists were in control at the frontier towns, and that for one thing very great leakages of money were taking place.

"Last week the carabineros tried to interfere and the F.A.I. opposed them and took over the frontier control." So that was why I had not seen any men in uniform at the International Bridge. The F.A.I. had decided to keep the door to France in their own hands in case something might happen. I was beginning to understand what kind of thunderstorms hung in the anti-fascist air.

We walked across the vast Plaza de Catalunya, sad in the gloom, and strangely deserted. No longer did the electric signs of Pedro Domecq and Bayer's Aspirin scrape the sky as they had done all through the July and August days of 1936, long after their capitalist owners had fled. The Ramblas were stricken to death. The kiosks closed, and the cafés only visible by some glimmering light from far within their interiors. When would the crowds return? We plunged through the Fifth District and out into the equally deserted Parallel.

Enjoyments in Barcelona are of two sorts: the movies and the cabarets. The movies have great difficulties to contend with. Naturally it is hard to persuade America to send copies of the latest masterpieces to such an inflammable and insolvent city and as the industry is controlled by the C.N.T. Russian propaganda films are discouraged. Thus the best supplies of capitalism and anti-capitalism have dried up. It was fortunate that before the troubles began there was an adequate supply of copies of Top Hat but after a year these were covered with "rain" and even Fred Astaire was beginning to pall. Not sharing the anti-fascist militiaman's passion for Shirley Temple I plumped for a Cabaret. We chose Pompeya.

Pompeya is situated at the lower end of the Parallel and quite near the huge gasworks. Pompeya is like nearly all the cabarets of the Parallel though it is rather bigger than most. Outside you see a glass case full of photographs of the delights that await you within. The beauties wear huge plumes of ostrich feathers on their heads. They are always the same, these beauties, in 1920, 1925, 1930, 1935 and now in 1937 I have seen them and they have never changed. Their songs, their smiles, their hips, their dances, always the same. Go up the road to Moulin Rouge, go to the Royal, go to As, to Sevilla; the same, always the same. You realise that this is a matter of ritual, of time standing still, of custom crystallised and never of infinite variety.

Over the door there is a notice headed by the omni-present magic letters C.N.T. - F.A.I. "Comrades," it says, "the artists who work in this theatre do so under the protection of the C.N.T. They are members of trades unions like yourselves. To shout obscene remarks at them or to perpetrate any indecency is a counter-revolutionary act."

Another notice reads, "C.N.T. - F.A.I. Comrades the glorious revolution demands an art worthy of it. This

theatre is for the people, use it so. Verguenza - no. Art - si. Shame - no! Art - yes!" We put down our pesetas, secretly alarmed about the possible suppression of Verguenza.

Inside, a little stage faced by rows of church pews. In the old days the entrance was paid for by an "obligatory consumption" of coffee dumped down where the prayer books go, but since the Revolution that has been altered to the more bourgeois payment at the door.

An unseen man seated in the wings poked out a little blackboard to announce the next performer. Conchita advanced wreathed in smiles and the most extraordinary garment raked out of some forgotten actress's costume trunk, plum coloured and tinselled and Victorian. It was thus that revolutionary art triumphed over verguenza by a back-to-grandmother costume, a moth-eaten relic of the naughty seventies.

The artist's song, a traditional croak ended amid relative silence. Remembering the thunderous applause of other days I was disturbed by this revolutionary indifference. But on the wall over the bar is a notice which explains it, "C.N.T. - F.A.I." it reads. "This theatre being run by the C.N.T., the free list and the paid ✓

claque have been compulsorily abolished."

Six years ago Josep Maria Planes described the singers and their art: "The artistas who work at the beginning of the show possess as their complete repertoire three steps of an unimaginative Charleston and a song exclusively their own bought from the author for nine pesetes seventy centimos. They sing it with an impressive frigidity, with sublime insipidity. They disappear backstage, another girl goes out, the musicians return to their grinding. Theoretically all the songs are different, but actually, throughout the evening, you will not hear more than one and the same song; a lame, broken backed melody, without rhyme-or-reason, which seems inspired by scouring grit and the skin of a cat which starved to death.

"Later come the stars. The stars are distinguished by their advanced age and by a scandalous stomach which behaves with all the impertinence of a live body acting on its own and quite apart from the general behaviour of its owner. The stars have all the tricks of the trade, and behave most professionally. The young artistas watch them with real admiration. The stars who with legs astride lost their virginity while Joffre was gaining the Marne are full of scepticism and attack the tinkle of their song and

the still satisfactory look of their legs with the ferocity of a drowning man."

Today there is another change here. The stars and the young artistas and the man who puts out the blackboard to announce the next song and the orchestra and the ushers all get one and the same wage, twelve pesetas per show, but that is all that has changed.

There is the attempt of the anarchist angels to control prostitution; in the road past the Atarazanas where Ascaso was killed - his memory is still kept green with plants in little pots - there are some of the most forbidding looking brothels in the world, combined with taxi-dance halls with names like Gambrinus. On the walls there suddenly appeared a grim poster put out by the Libertarian Women, a picture of horrible old women in hoods, a warning of the foulness of whoring. "Comrades, prostitution is counter-revolutionary," it said. Not unnaturally the owners of the taxi-dance halls pulled them down. Verguenza, like Art, has not yet been appreciably altered by the revolution.

A witty but not altogether reliable raconteur was the anarchist lawyer Barriobera, (virtually the first man shot when Franco's forces entered Barcelona: "and", said most on both sides, "a good thing too!") At the

height of the anarchist social revolution he was swept into the Palace of Justice and administered it in a new way. According to his own story he took off the bandage from the face of justice and made her see from the point of view of the F.A.I. As nothing could be more vile than old time capitalist justice, the change may have been all to the good, but even when it is flourishing F.A.I. justice has in it the seeds of decay. Barriobera is long agone ✓ - but a memory in the hideous halls of that forbidding building.

But in his prime, there came to him, or at least so he says, a deputation of young women.

"Who are they?" he asked his secretary.

"They say they have come from the Generalitat to discuss the counter-revolutionary behaviour of their employers."

"Well, I had better see them," said Barriobera.

There entered several young women, excited and indignant. "We come from such-and-such a 'house'", they said. "It is a ten peseta house, and the Keeper keeps five pesetas. We think that in these revolutionary days she should have three and ourselves seven."

It was a reasonable attitude. After all the

Generalitat had just decreed that rents should be reduced fifty per cent. Barriobera nodded his head and thought. It was clear that someone in the Generalitat had sent them along to embarrass him. Well, two could play at that game.

"To what Trades Union do you belong?"

"We don't belong to a Trades Union. How can we?"

"But in these days you must, all workers must be syndicated."

"But to what Trades Union can we belong?"

"Perhaps it will be best to start a new Union to meet your case."

Forms were brought and filled in and then and there the girls enrolled themselves in the first Trades Union of its kind. It had to be given a name. That was easy, the Sindicato de Amor. And without hesitation the newly elected president and secretary of the first Sindicato de Amor decided to affiliate to the libertarian C.N.T. rather than the authoritarian U.G.T.

"But now that you are syndicated you come under some department of the Generalitat. Go to the Government and show your papers and they will do whatever is necessary." The girls thanked him and took their leave.

"I understand" said Barriobera later, "that they

did actually go to the Generalitat and that after some argument it was finally decided that all Sindicatos de Amor, (C.N.T.), of which there are now several, should come under the protection of the Ministry of Food."

Who was Roldan Cortada? He was a bricklayer by profession and a militant worker always. Martinez Anido and Primo de Rivera had both imprisoned him. As a young man he had come in contact with a Naturist group, one of those clubs of F.A.I. angels which practise vegetarianism, atheism and other anarchist rigours. He read books at the Anarchist Athenaeum of a Barcelona suburb. When Primo de Rivera drove all workers' movements underground he organised illegal strikes. Within the anarcho-syndicalist movement he was part of a group which fought against what are politely called "los procedimientos de ciertos grupos anarquistas."

This was the beginning - from the F.A.I. point of view - of his fall, from the point of view of the socialists, his rise to true understanding of practical problems.

After a brief period of "ideological crisis", he evolved towards socialism and joined the Spanish Workers' Socialist Party and the U.G.T. On July 19th and 20th he

had taken part in the assault on the Atarazanas along with Ascaso and the rest, and he had gone thence to fight in the other parts of the City. In those hours there was alliance between syndicalist and socialist, now it had fallen apart. Roldan Cortado was nothing in the eyes of a certain type of anarchist but a renegade, he had sinned the sin against the Holy Ghost and joined the authoritarians who believe in a state.

Note that Roldan Cortada was not a fascist, nor a bourgeois, nor a counter-revolutionary. He was a working-class revolutionary with a fine record. He was known to everyone as the secretary of Vidiella, Minister of Labour. And, perhaps more important, he had once been a militant anarchist and was now a militant socialist, advocating the "cleaning up of the rearguard."

On the other hand there were his murderers; unknown young men in an old car painted "C.N.T.-F.A.I."

There was no question of robbery. It was just another political assassination. It is quite possible that the assassins were not members of the F.A.I., or that, whether they had anarchist membership or not, they were fascist agents-provocateurs. However, that may be, the interest and importance to us is that in this incident you

have in a nutshell the clash between two great philosophies of revolution, the anarchist and the socialist-communist. You have too a direct result of the particular kind of social revolution that had been going on in Barcelona since July 19th, 1936.

So much, for the moment, of Roldan Cortado. Let us return to Antonio Martin, El Cojo de Malaga, "militant of the C.N.T." As president of the anarchist committee in control of Puigcerdà, he occupied a responsible and, I am afraid, lucrative post. Puigcerdà stands on a symmetrical hill rising above the glorious valley of the Cerdagne. On one side is France sloping up to Mont Louis and the snowy peaks of Puig Carlitte on the left and Puigmal on the right. Immediately below at the end of a straight avenue of plane trees is the International Bridge at Bourg Madame. From the other side of the town at the place where the great buses stop you look across miles of fertile fields to the even more rocky Sierra del Gadi closing the end of the valley. Somewhere in the blue middle distance, but out of sight, is the little village of Bellver, on just such another hill as Puigcerdà. The main road to Seo d'Urgell and beyond skirts the foot of Bellver but is cut off from it by the noisy Segre over which there is a narrow bridge.

Looking from the bus stop down into Spain, the high mountains of the Andorran Republic are on the right and on the left the road to Barcelona passes some little villages before climbing the high pass of Tosas. One of these little villages is Alp.

I shall always remember Alp for a night of rain I spent there many years ago. We had started madly from Puigcerdà to walk to Ribas thirty miles over the pass. But at Alp we gave up, soaked to the skin. We asked for the fonda and were shown into a dark room where an old witch and a young witch stirred with their naked arms a huge iron cauldron suspended over a log fire. We were glad to find it was the pigs' food and not our own. Our supper was raw eggs and mashed potatoes, and then, for the only time in our lives, we were taken to sleep between flowered muslin sheets in a spotless room.

Down the valley, then, halfway to Seo d'Urgell, was the village of Bellver. Its committee was not in the hands of the F.A.I. Indeed the majority of the Bellver Anti-fascist Committee belonged to Esquerra Catalana and *Esquerra* Estat Català. These two parties agree in being strongly Catalan nationalist, but they have great differences. The Esquerra is a left liberal republican party. Estat is

more extreme as far as nationalism is concerned, a party of action which but for Franco might have developed into a sort of Catalan fascist party. But with the coming of Franco, Estat Català, by reason of its very Catalanism, became as ardent as any party in its anti-fascism and added to that as its specialty a healthy hatred of the F.A.I. When you realise that the leaders of the F.A.I. were almost all of them - though not all, as we shall see - non-Catalan, El Cojo himself for example, we can see why that should be.

Bellver then, second to none in anti-fascism, had nothing to do with forced collectivizations, forced requisitions and the other irrelevances which had turned the economy of Puigcerdà upside down. On the other side of Bellver was Seo d'Urgell, the gateway to the Republic of Andorra and therefore also a centre of smuggling and a F.A.I. town. Between Seo d'Urgell and Puigcerdà certain transactions were constantly taking place which were impeded by the intransigence of Bellver. According to one report the Bellver authorities refused to allow overnight grazing for the cattle sent by the Committee of Seo d'Urgell to the Committee of Puigcerdà in exchange for various goods which were obtained in what may be politely called frontier trading. A friend of mine who lives in Bellver, speaking

in general terms, explained that the F.A.I. in Puigcerdà having wrecked their local economy were trying to coerce the Bellver Committee into going the same way to perdition. Briefly it was a determination of the Bellver community not to be dragged into an anarchist social revolution which did not apply to their condition of economic development.

So the Committee of Puigcerdà collected a force of between two and five hundred people and arrived in lorries at the foot of Bellver hill. Others came from Seo d'Urgell and one rather interesting ally came from Alp.

Alp catered for summer tourists and its richest citizen was the greengrocer. He had made quite a pile - for Alp - out of his wealthy clients and was able to cut a figure. July 19th came and to everybody's surprise the greengrocer announced that he was a revolutionary and that he had joined the P.O.U.M., the anti-Stalinist group. It is hard to believe that he had read so deeply that he had become convinced that Stalin had perverted Marx and Lenin, but of course his conversion may have been due to a copy of the "Proletarian Revolution and the Renegade Kautsky" dropped by a bird flying over the mountains. Anyway, under the greengrocer, P.O.U.M. became powerful in Alp, expropriated the local big house, a hideous travesty of a castle,

which I was later to fill with refugee children under the Foster Parent Scheme of the National Joint Committee for Spanish Relief, and proceeded to bully the local peasants into social revolution.

When Antonio Martin went up against Bellver to smite it, the P.O.U.M. greengrocer of Alp went too. It was assumed that there would not be much of a fight, but the men of Bellver had prepared a surprise. First they telephoned to Barcelona and Lerida for help, then they barricaded the outskirts of the village just above the solitary bridge over which the invaders must come. From 2 p.m. until sunset they sniped and shot and bombed until Martin himself and some others were dead; and at last the detachments of Republican Guards and Assault Guards arrived. They came from Ripoll commanded by a couple of lieutenants. One of the lieutenants had been in Caceres, rebel territory, when the rebellion broke out. He escaped to Portugal and was interned; escaped again and got round to the other side in order to fight for the government. He and the other lieutenant had seen service on several fronts, and knew conditions in the front line trenches.

It is said that for a moment or so after arrival the Guards stood speechless with astonishment. They

had fought Franco for months short of arms and ammunition, and here were the men of Puigcerdà armed to the teeth, machine guns, rifles, handgrenades, bombs, enough to take Huesca in an hour. Then they walked in, and dispersed the whole army. Antonio Martin's body was carried back to Puigcerdà and buried, the Guards took over the frontier and arrested those of the Puigcerdà Committee who were left, and soon a representative of the Valencia Government along with the Mayor were responsible for local affairs.

It was this death that the Soli paired off with the death of Roldan Cortada. Roldan shot by the roadside by an uncontrolled youth on the way to a picnic, Antonio Martin killed in battle not against Franco but against the village of Bellver.

What has been happening to Roldan's body? I shall not easily forget the afternoon of Tuesday April 27th, 1937. I spent it on the balcony of a bank in the Ramblas. I have seen many funerals in Barcelona. For funerals on the grand scale Barcelona cannot be beaten. We of the north who spend our lives pretending that death does not exist cannot compete with a civilisation which is fascinated by death and never hides it away.

All Monday U.G.T. and P.S.U.C. comrades and gov-

ernment representatives had been filing past Roldan Cortada's dead body as it lay exposed to view in Carlos Marx House. Now came his funeral. Every funeral in Barcelona is in part a demonstration, a declaration of political faith. When the great poet Guimera died, or the ill-advised architect Gaudi, everyone turned out to demonstrate their Catalanism, their faith in Catalan culture; when Durrati was brought home, anarchism renewed its faith and made a compact with the dead; and now Roldan Cortada's funeral became a demonstration by all those forces which had decided that disorder in the rearguard must stop.

It took nearly two and a half hours for the procession to pass a given spot. All the way down the Paseo de Gracia, round the Plaza de Catalunya and down the Ramblas, the way was lined with crowds. At half past three, into the Paseo choked with a waiting multitude of several hundred thousand, the coffin was carried in silence out of Carlos Marx House and laid upon the hearse by four comrades. The Municipal Band of Barcelona, one of the best brass bands in the world, played the International while a forest of fists, from two hundred thousand shoulders.

At the head of the procession came the cycle corps of the Barcelona Municipality. Next, a detachment of shock

troops, arrived the previous afternoon from the Tardienta front. Over their heads a scarlet banner was held:

The Combatants at the Front are not Disposed
to Tolerate Any Longer the Impunity of Assassins
and Bandits in the Rearguard.

Next came the hearse with steel-helmeted guard of honour of Red Front Troops, next with arms linked the family mourners and then women U.G.T. members like a moving paradise of flowers. In the Ramblas there is a famous quarter of a mile of fragrance where sit plump old ladies under umbrellas amid square yards of bloom. Since July 19th nearly all the flowers have been red. They make huge wreaths which you can see hung on the outside of tram-cars being taken to their destinations. These ladies had been busy all the morning fulfilling orders of homage to Cortada.

Behind the flowers walked the President Companys (later to be surrendered by Laval and the Vichy government and shot at Montjuich by Franco. His last request was that he might take off his shoes and so die barefoot touching Catalan soil.) Then came all those members of the government who did not belong to the C.N.T. Then delegations from every sort of socialist Trades Union with their banners:

The Discharged Workers of the Underground Protest
Against This Vile Assassination.

What did that mean? Why were the Underground workers discharged? How can workers get the sack when a social revolution has put the power in the hands of the workers? But here is a deputation of fifty men, who have chosen to carry those words, and they have been given a significant position near the head of the procession.

The explanation is simple. When the C.N.T. seized the Transport System of Barcelona after July 19th, they forced all U.G.T. members to change their Union and those who refused were made to get out. The few that remained were mysteriously assassinated by unknown hands - just as unknown as the nationality of the submarines functioning in the Mediterranean. This banner meant that at last socialists felt that they were strong enough to protest and dispute with anarcho-syndicalism. It gives the keynote to this terrific demonstration; it means "Down with an anarchist-social revolution that means chaos in the rearguard and discrimination against workers who are not anarchists."

Catalunya Demands a Government
Which has Enough Dignity to Govern.

And Thou, Government of the Generalitat
 What Hast Thou Done to Stop the Uncontrolled?
 A Life Dedicated to the Victory of the Workers
 Has Been Sacrificed.

The Seamen Demand Exemplary Punishment
 Of Those who Murder Workers.

U.G.T. Transport Workers Condemn the Crime
 Let It Be The Last.

The enormous crowd marched down the Ramblas to the Customs House where microphones had been placed. There funeral orations were made. Vidiela said: "Comrade Roldan: The assassins have taken your life. A strong fighter has fallen, an anti-fascist revolutionary worker. A militant has fallen whom all the Workers loved. Your assassins were the same who assassinated the peasants of la Patarella and of other villages and other revolutionary workers..... This crime was intended to destroy working-class unity, so necessary if fascism is to be defeated.

"Comrade Roldan: All the workers, who on this very spot, the Atarazana, fought, you among them, on July 19th for the safety of the revolution and for working-class unity, swear to root out those reactionaries among

us who pretending to be revolutionary are the cholera and plague of the new society."

The challenge of anarcho-syndicalism had been accepted. For the first time the non-anarchist workers and petty bourgeoisie of Barcelona were standing up against a social revolution whose only offspring was chaos heading to defeat. For months every aggression had been met by withdrawal. In face of murder, robbery, threats, discrimination, the U.G.T. policy had been to retire and wait. And here in this vast procession, felt the U.G.T., was the tangible proof that only through socialism can revolutions be successful. For after the Trades Union delegations - in which there was only one C.N.T. flag, knotted with a red flag and carried by some united Youth organisation - there came something which Barcelona has never seen before in all its turbulent history. Marching rank on rank in perfect military formation, perfectly uniformed, obviously disciplined, came thousands of the new Peoples' Army, the Army which the socialists and communists along with the republicans had strained every effort to build up out of early reckless brave militiamen, the Army which as an arm of a state, although a sympathetic anti-fascist state, the anarcho-syndicalists had thwarted in every possible way, Anyone who understood the social history of Spain would

have recognised that this body of trained men, their presence at Roldan Cortada's funeral, and the attitude of Barcelona to their existence marked a crucial moment. Power was passing from the hands of the traditional anarchists to the socialists, from feudalism to democracy.

You might have thought that anti-fascist Barcelona would have viewed the coming of this new Army with unmixed delight. But if you could have talked to certain members of the crowd, and with some of the people who stayed away you would have found a host of contradictory reasons for its unpopularity. Consider this: here is Barcelona turning out by the hundred thousand to demonstrate for socialist order against anarchist disorder. But this is the same Barcelona that turned out a few months ago at Durruti's funeral to honour anarchism. And the same Barcelona that has turned out time and again at funerals to honour Catalan nationalism in its struggle against a central Spanish Madrid Government. That is what makes the situation so complicated. You have three main currents of political emotion, each used to express by means of public demonstration at which hundreds of thousands attend; here they are:

1. Anarchist: anti-state therefore anti-central Spanish Government, anti-bourgeois and pro-

anarchist social revolution.

2. Socialist-Communist: anti-anarchist and pro-State and therefore pro-central Spanish Government, pro-orderliness and therefore pro-alliance with petty bourgeois.
3. Catalan Nationalist: petty bourgeois and therefore anti-anarchist social revolution. Anti-central Madrid Government and therefore anti-socialist-communist. As nationalist playing off regionalist anarchists against centralist socialist-communists, but as lovers of democratic order playing off social-communists against anarchists.

You have then the complicated situation that your Catalan bourgeois, fuddled with his nationalist ideals, actually prefers the anarchist who wants no dealings with the bourgeoisie, to the socialist who wishes for an anti-fascist alliance between workers and petty bourgeois in order to defeat feudal fascism.

And so we can say that the crowds looking on, or staying away, think as follows of Roldan Cortada's funeral.

The anarcho-syndicalist: "They are using this murder as an excuse to rattle the sabre of authoritarianism. Every state is devilish and here we have the Stalinists threatening to enslave the worker in a communist state."

The Esquerra Catalana bourgeois: "Thank goodness here is a force which will bring order to the rear-guard and keep the Murcian P.A.I. in its proper place. But of course if this force tries to impose Valencia on Catalunya we will oppose it to the length of joining up with the anarchists."

Such was the state of "anti-fascist unity" in Barcelona when May 1st 1937 came round. I had come out to Spain, I confess it, with a sentimental desire to experience May Day there and to compare it with May Day 1936 which I had spent in Madrid.

I watched them putting up a huge papier-maché militiaman in the middle of the Plaza de Catalunya, a monument to the people's unity against fascism. Within a week it was to be torn and tattered with rifle and machine-gun bullets, and none of them Franco's.

There were to be no more parades this year, no holiday, no picnics, no general strike. On this there was

general agreement. May 1st 1937 was to see the united workers in arms against their fascist enemies. It was to see the rearguard increasing its output and setting its house in order.

I had come to Spain on this occasion as a representative of the National Joint Committee for Spanish Relief. I had come in person because it had proved impossible to get any letters answered. In January everything seemed to have been happily settled. I had made a certain offer of help to the authorities, they had accepted it and were going to do all they could at their end to make the scheme a success. And then, a dead silence.

The scheme was this: into Catalunya were pouring hundreds of thousands of refugees. First when the rebels succeeded in holding on to Estremadura and vast tracts of Andalusia, lands where every peasant and worker was a loyal government supporter, there had begun a frenzied trek to the north. Whole villages had been deserted, the men hurried by mountain tracks towards the nearest place where they could rally as workers militia and face the foe, their women and children descended like locusts upon Madrid. As the autumn advance raced forward, the swarm increased. Towns like Toledo removed themselves en bloc to the capital.

Then came the November days and the saving of the city only by an international miracle. Madrid, brim full of southern fugitives overflowed northward by the thousand. Malaga fell; those who escaped the machine-guns of Mussolini's birds of prey limped in to Almeria and on through Valencia to the Exhibition Stadium of Barcelona. To the eternal glory of the common folk of Catalunya there was scarcely a family that did not take a waif to share its already depleted larder. The Catalan Generalitat turned over to refugee committees large hotels and private palaces and established colonies of children.

Now it seemed to me that as well as appealing to English people to help Spanish democracy we might get a few to adopt children on a more personal basis. Here were thousands who had lost every vestige of a home and a family; fathers dead, or prisoners, or fighting; mothers in Madrid or in rebel territory; brothers and sisters scattered among villages from Almeria to the Pyrenees. Let us give them not only bread and shelter, but foster-parents. We would invite English people to contribute one shilling a day for one year, to send presents and letters and photographs, each for their own individual foster-child. (Later the scheme was a very great success: but here we are dealing with early days and problems which throw a light on how

revolutions are run.)

President Companys approved of the scheme and put me in touch with the right official. The right official was genial and promising. But afterwards I got no letters. On the day before Roldan Cortada's funeral, I went to find out why.

If you want to get anything done during a revolution, and especially during a Spanish revolution, it is fatal to rely on bureaucrats. Spanish revolutionary bureaucrats are maddening. For one thing they are so kind, so determined to be all things to all anti-fascists, that they never deny anyone an interview. So that when you come for your interview at four p.m. you find all the other people who have been granted an interview at approximately the same time waiting in queues. It was Borrall that had come to my rescue.

He had ceased to be a waiter. I had first seen him in a scarlet shirt, heavily armed, guarding the ex-Ritz Hotel when it was a Popular kitchen. He was now chauffeur to a high official in the Barcelona Municipal Council. He went to find out what had happened to the official who had been so enthusiastic but later so uncommunicative. He found that in the general share-out of bureaucratic posi-

tions this particular office had fallen to the C.N.T. Sometime between January and March the C.N.T. had passed a resolution that it would be more consistent with the sacred principles of anarchism if the offices in their charge were run not by the head official but by a committee of the office workers. In this particular case it was no use my official making arrangements for such and such buildings to be turned over to house refugees; his decisions had to be reviewed and passed by a workers' committee representing the stenographers, porters, cleaners, messengers and so forth. And to show its complete contempt for all bureaucratic methods this excellent anarchist workers' committee had begun by nullifying all decisions previously made by their chief. It did not matter in the least that he was an anti-fascist, a representative of a workers' party and appointed by their own government. It did not mean that they had any quarrel with his decisions. It simply meant that as anarchists they must show once more their contempt of anything which smacked of authoritarianism and the state.

When you find that you are up against anarchist ideology and that nevertheless you want to get something done, you look around for another department or official more likely to help. Here I was very lucky for my friend

Borrall was, as I have said, chauffeur to Martinez Cuenca, official in charge of the Barcelona municipal efforts to deal with refugees. As his office had not been dealt out to the C.N.T. we did not have to wait around for the workers' committee to decide. At Alella there was just the right sort of building for my foster-children, an ex-convent, incredibly luxurious and safe from air-raids. Martinez Cuenca himself would be delighted to take me there in his official car.

But not today. Not, said Martinez Cuenca, until certain difficulties were cleared up which would probably be by the following Tuesday. So that I might understand the nature of these difficulties, Martinez Cuenca began at the beginning. "You know," he said, "there are certain political matters outside my control which are a little unfortunate." Whenever anyone except an anarchist speaks of unfortunate political matters, one knows exactly what is meant. And Borrall cut a long story short by saying: "You see there are illegal controls on all the roads stopping cars and demanding papers and if they found Martinez Cuenca they might make him get out and be searched, which would be undignified for a government official."

In other words, it was at that moment unpleas-

ant and not particularly safe for a non-anarchist to drive a car on the main roads of Catalunya, however official his business might be. And so once more I had to wait. It was not in the least that the anarchists disapproved of helping refugees; they had done wonders in their own way to help them. Let me repeat, anarchists are delightful people, kind, brave, self-sacrificing; but they do tend to hold up the business of running current affairs efficiently. Tied body and soul to their philosophy their needs must drag it along into the most inconvenient places. And so it was agreed that I should see the ex-convent at Alella on Tuesday.

I never did see the ex-convent. Or at least not until the following October when I passed by on quite other business. They were appealing over the wireless for donors of blood as I passed, and there had been a very successful terror raid in Barcelona which had wiped out a small children's school. I never went to Alella with Martinez Cuenca because by the following Tuesday we were all otherwise engaged.

It was in this general atmosphere that the first full week of May began. Looking back on Sunday May 2nd, 1937, I cannot remember if I expected a quiet week or a

noisy one. I had made one appointment, to go with Martinez Cuenca to Alella, and I think I expected to keep it. In revolutions one discounts so many alarms, one gets so into the habit of looking for the normal routine under the disguise of odd events, that one neither expects or fears a crisis at any given time. Anything that happens is robbed inevitably of the element of surprise. One is prepared for anything, or nothing.

However abnormal events may be there is so much ordinary routine as well, and in a way it is the ordinary routine that surprises most. Looking back it does not seem at all amazing that I had to stand for fifteen minutes behind a door while a hail of machine gun and rifle bullets cut down the spring foliage as ruthlessly as any autumn wind; but it does seem amazing that we all, including, I suppose, the thousands behind the barricades, ate several times a day, slept some hours nightly, performed our natural functions, although everything had suddenly lost its meaning.

On Monday it was clear what some people expected to be doing all the week. The tailors and haberdashers shop in the Calle Boqueria, for example, inserted the only advertisement that appeared in the Hoja Oficial. Tuesday was to be the first day on which their new summer models

would be on sale, and they were also opening a new section of remnants. They repeated the announcement in the evening paper, but called Tuesday Friday by mistake. I remember noticing the mistake almost at the very moment that the first rattle of machine guns cracked out from somewhere down the Ramblas.

Another tailor's shop advertised that night: "You will need a suit, a blouse, a jacket, a kimono for summer," it said; while the collectivised store El Indio advertised "ultra-modern printed crepe marroccaine" at five pesetas a metre. Two advertisements of cures for prostate and urino-genital track, one cure for Hernia at fifty pesetas, a fine new wireless set, the last day but one of a stocking sale and "Rabbit Bleaching Fluid: the ones preferred by ladies: bottles without capsules and seal are false imitations." Really, human nature is immutable.

And the cinemas: fifty-seven cinemas advertised shows for the coming week in Barcelona alone. Strictly Confidential (or as America called it, Broadway Bill), The New Gulliver, Man or Mouse, Viennese Waltzes, Transatlantic Tunnel, Cecil Rhodes, Lorna Doone, Bird in the Antarctic, Orphans of Destiny, Chu-Chin-Chow, Modern Times, Mutiny on the Bounty, and many another masterpiece, were to give

Barcelona an escape from reality. There was also to be on Tuesday a Grand Festival of Homage to Mexico organised by the Public Amusements Union of the C.N.T. Also greyhound racing and Jai-Alai. It will interest English people that the Monday evening paper gave thirteen lines to Sunderland's victory at Wembley in the Cup Final, Danes that Ingre Sorensen's record 500 metres swim was recorded, and Americans that the American victory over Japan in the Davis Cup singles was also described. Also the coming marriage of "Mistress W. Wallis now Mistress Simpson." And so it seems that the inhabitants of Barcelona on May 3rd, 1937, were creatures of like nature as ourselves, with the same interests, the same fears, the same imaginative needs.

It was to these human beings that Rodriguez Salas issued through the reporters at mid-day Monday an explanation of his order about carrying arms. Nobody had any intention of interfering with pistols, (arma corta), he said, provided the bearer had a license, but it was rifles, and so forth, (arma larga) that must not be carried in the public streets except by regular police. Rifles therefore will be confiscated unless they are voluntarily surrendered. It was evident to any anarchist, it was evident to the journalists of the Soli that Rodriguez Salas was a counter-revolutionary, that he was going to liquidate the revolution

by depriving the workers of their arms. "The Guarantee of the Revolution" the Soli had said, "is the Proletariat in Arms. To Try and Disarm the People is to Put Oneself on the Wrong Side of the Barricades." Rodriguez Salas was evidently on the wrong side of the barricades, which though as yet invisible, non-existent, in the Barcelona streets, certainly existed there as well-nigh tangible ideas. But by 3 p.m. on the same day Rodriguez Salas had gone one step further.

I had been drinking coffee with Borrall and another. The front door of the café opened on the Ramblas, the back on the arched Plaza Mucia, with its palms, its fountains, its pigeons and its grass. We paid the waiter and the two Catalans passed out into the Rambla; I, having business with an antique dealer, chose the back door. The Plaza Mucia was in the act of being converted into trenches and barricades by the Friends of Durruti, in all the narrow streets people were buttoning on cartridge belts and shouting. As I reached my shop several shots rang out nearby.

"What's happening?" I said to the antiquary.

"Happening? What should be happening? What do you mean?"

Several more shots; "I mean that," I said.

"Oh that! I'm too old to be interested in that. When they have got over their excitement everything will settle down and be forgotten."

A splutter of sub-machine-gun bullets. The old man pulled down his steel shutter to within two feet of the ground and we settled down to business. I bought ten contemporary engravings of the Barcelona barricades during a spot of bother in 1876.

The streets of the old town are so narrow and winding that very little shooting troubles one as one walks along. Provided you are not shot at from within ten yards you cannot be shot at at all. This makes for comfort. I threaded my way towards the Plaza de Catalunya.

The Square was full. A large crowd stood gazing at the Telephone Building where, halfway up, the flag of the C.N.T. hung heavily in a breeze-less afternoon.

What had happened. "They" have assaulted the Telephone Building. So much the crowd knew. But nobody was clear as to who "they" were. Some said the F.A.I., but wherever two or three are gathered together looking at anything unexpected and bloody there will always be one to say that the F.A.I. are at the bottom of it. Just as many said that "they" were the police.

Either theory might have been correct. The F.A.I. attempting a coup d'etat would certainly seize the Telephone Building if they could. But what might the police be wanting there? Time would tell and I hurried home to get a camera.

Back again through the Plaza de Ferrer Guardia, I found the crowds had increased. Under the Telephone Building were two or three lorries full of Guardias de Asalto; up the Via Durrati came running groups of excited young men, well armed in spite of all prohibitions; in the Square itself unobtrusively waiting, a detachment of Red Cross men with stretchers and ambulance, rolling cigarettes, keeping themselves detached from the crowd about them. One of the most astonishing things about Barcelona is the efficiency and sang-froid of its Red Cross Corps. If the Catalans had been one-tenth as efficient on the Aragon Front Saragossa would have fallen months ago. In the coming week the Red Cross was to show itself as valiant a body of men as could be found in our stricken warring world. Here they were rolling cigarettes and waiting and somehow their presence was the first thing that made me realise that there was danger abroad. The firing in the old town was theatrical, the stretchers were real. They were far

more real than the crowd of excited young men that came rushing down the street at that moment, looking like a crowd of football fans leaving the field after a dispute about a penalty. I lifted my Leica and fired it point blank at the approaching figures.

I was completely unprepared for what happened next. One would have thought that fifty people had been looking straight into my camera, for with a shout of "Take that camera away", they bore down upon me and before I knew what was going on I was being marched away by an escort of twenty remonstrating members of the Libertarian Youth, with ten rifles covering me.

"What is the matter?" I said, ingenuously enough.

"You should not take photographs when this sort of thing is happening."

"What sort of thing is happening?"

"Nothing at all: but why take photographs?"

"I saw a crowd and took a photograph; I did not know it was anything important."

"How many have you taken?"

"Two, the rest are photographs of my family in England and I shall be very sorry to lose them."

I thought I knew the way to an anarchist's heart,

and I was right: there was an almost immediate diminution of righteous indignation. I drove my advantage home.

"You see, comrades, I have been away from them for a long time."

"Very well, comrade, take the film out of the camera and we will develop it. Come back in three days and we will give you those that don't matter."

We had reached a very sinister building in the Calle de Caspe. I did not come back to it in three days, for by then it was barricaded ten feet high and from one of its windows the man who delivered Cortada's funeral oration had been shot dead. It was my one and only visit to the headquarters of the "Syndicate of Public Amusement Industries (C.N.T.)".

As I walked out of the front door I remembered the true contents of the film I had left behind, photographs of a famous Sunday in Aldgate when the barricades had been thrown up by London's own East End to carry to Sir Oswald Mosley the message that there too fascism shall not pass. I wonder if the F.A.I. ever had time to develop the photos of "my wife and family"!

Meanwhile, what had happened at the Telephone Building? It was hard to find out. The facts were quite

simple. It was the explanation of the facts that obscured them. Let us see first how they appeared to the average anarchist.

"At three o'clock yesterday," wrote the Soli next day, "there began in the Plaza de Catalunya a lamentable action which would have had fatal results, but for the severe and discrete attitude of the mass of Barcelona workers.

"At that time three lorries of Guardias de Asalto and National Republican Guards directed by Rodriguez Salas arrived outside the Telephone Building. They were ordered to alight and enter the buildings. On entering they were met by various comrades whom they ordered to put their hands up. They then disarmed the comrades in the Department of War-Censorship and the guards appointed to this department by orders of the National Union of Telephone Workers."

It seems that many of the C.N.T. -F.A.I. workers barricaded themselves in the top floors and prepared to stand a siege; but three F.A.I. leaders hastened to the spot - so says the Soli - and advised them not to resist pending the clearing up of the whole incident.

The Soli declared itself absolutely astonished

at what had happened. Who could find fault with the working of the Telephones? Had not the Government always been represented in the building? Whenever the Government had wanted to make new arrangements, or to inspect, had not the workers always duly complied? It must be that comrade Rodriguez Salas (U.G.T.) had suddenly gone mad and had used this means of stirring up trouble and provoking the C.N.T. At this the Soli felt great righteous indignation. Rodriguez Salas must go.

Now this was all very well; but the Soli forgot that the department of the Generalitat controlling the Telephones was in C.N.T. - F.A.I. hands and that any inspection of anarchist methods in the Telefonica was carried out by anarchists. This inspection had doubtless revealed nothing unsatisfactory from the anarchist point of view, but that did not at all mean that there was nothing unsatisfactory from the anti-fascist point of view. Rodriguez Salas and the Popular Front parties within the Government had evidently decided that the time had come when they could insist in practical detail that functions of the state carried out by anarchists must nevertheless be performed in the interests solely of the anti-fascist Government. So long as the Telefonica remained "Incontrolat" it was a danger. It was a danger because you cannot run away unless

you are perfectly certain that your means of communication are in your hands. Now nobody suggests that anarchists were using the Telephone treasonably to get in touch with Franco, but unfortunately anarchist methods of control did not succeed in avoiding leakages, and, more important, anarchist control meant that on occasions when the interests of the anarchist revolution and of the war clashed it was the interests of the war that went under.

Having cleared myself of camera trouble, I went out into the streets again. Crowds of people were standing staring up at the Telefonica, but most people were hurrying home. In the neighbourhood of the Casa C.N.T. - F.A.I., the anarchist headquarters that had once been the great financier Cambo's offices, excited, fully armed men, mostly very young, were rushing in and out. Everywhere there were signs of tension and nerves. As I passed the buildings belonging to the various political parties, I could see round the entrances the beginnings of barricades.

My own hotel was on an upper floor of a building in the Corts Catalanes. One of the lower floors belonged to the Esquerra Catalana. All the balconies were being barricaded with mattresses and machine-guns could be seen peeping out. On the stairs I met an Esquerra militiaman;

"It's coming tonight," he said.

What was coming? As I reached the hotel lobby I heard the radio blare out a message from the Regional Committee of the C.N.T. The Regional Committee recommended "Serenity" and cautioned its members against "manoeuvres being made against the C.N.T." According to the Soli next day the note had its desired effect. The anarchists, unlike the police or, as they were called, "the representatives of authority", retired from the streets. According to the non-anarchist elements, however, exactly the opposite took place. The Government agreed to remove the armed police from the streets provided that the Libertarian Youth and other enthusiasts were calmed down and persuaded not to build barricades. The police kept the bargain but the others did not.

There is no reason to call one story a lie and the other truth. That is to forget that revolutions always take place under conditions of absolute confusion. We may suppose that each side waited around to see whether the other was going to carry out the bargain. The anarchists stopped to see if the police were going to go indoors and the police, seeing the anarchists walking around, began to try and disarm them as traitors to the bargain. Result - partial eclipse of "Serenity" and a certain amount of shooting.

I went out into the black streets. Barcelona was dead and buried. What activity there was might have been that of beetles underground. All traffic had ceased; the tramwaymen had proclaimed a general strike, scarcely a car threaded its way beneath the invisible trees. And yet everywhere you could hear muffled noises, the clash of picks loosening the granite blocks of the road, the impact of block on block as barricades rose at street corners, in front of public buildings. You came across crouching men fitting fortifications together, dragging mattresses and bolsters into position. Now and then you would hear in the blackness a staccato "Alto" as a lonely car, blazing with headlights, shot into sight. Always the car stopped and the self-appointed guards searched the papers. I started along the Corts towards the Paseo de Gracia. As I left my door I could hear the picks at the back of my hotel, I could hear them a hundred yards away in front in the Calle de Caspe. Just before the Paseo there was, I knew, the headquarters of the Patrulles de Control. A friend of the Esquerra above my head called to me from behind a mattress emplacement.

"You had best not go out," he said.

"But I have an appointment to meet someone in the Paseo," I said.

"Then go round the back streets. Don't go along the Corts," he warned, and added: "Remember, the Patrulles."

The Patrulles de Control at this time consisted of representatives of the Estat Català, the P.O.U.M. and the F.A.I. Originally there had also been representatives of the U.G.T. and of the Esquerra but those had withdrawn.

According to the U.G.T. and the Esquerra, the Patrulles, the illegal anti-fascist police, were "incontrolats" and their methods plain murder. I had gone over this particular building in January. In one room were four or five prisoners. One was an old man.

"What is he? A fascist?"

"No. He tried to kill his wife. He had not been near her for twenty years and found one day she was living with a militiaman."

"What will you do with him?"

"Oh, let him go. If we handed him over to the Popular Tribunals they would put him in gaol for two years and what good would that do anyone?"

"What about the other prisoners?"

"We shall examine them on the charge of being fascists."

"Do you hand them over to the Popular Tribunal?"

My companion shook his head. If they were fascists they would be taken for a ride.

Now let us be quite clear about this rough justice. It did not arise out of the depravity of human beings. It was an attempt at real justice and it was probably as sincere or more so than the amateur justice of our war-time military tribunals, during the First World War. Anyone who remembers that episode in our British legal history will not call up either Moscow gold or Spanish cruelty to explain the behaviour of the Patrulles de Control in Barcelona. Our war-time tribunals showed as primitive a sense of vindictiveness and as sketchy an idea of what evidence might be.

The Patrulles de Control were an attempt to organise the earliest efforts at anti-fascist control of the rearguard. In the July days each anti-fascist group took a share in arresting and punishing fascist sympathisers. Many known reactionaries were shot without a semblance of a trial. That was the only terror that really existed. The nonsense about rape and perverted acts of sadism is nothing more than the unhealthy imaginings of Englishmen who may very well owe the extreme vapidness of their daily behaviour to the extreme luridness of their imaginations. Anyone who has lived at close quarters with

revolutionaries knows that they have neither the time nor the inclination for the sexual pastimes in which the readers of the Universe and the Daily Mail believe so passionately.

But as the revolution grows to maturity there comes with it a new austerity. On the one hand the revolutionary gangsters show the most enthusiasm for the part of executioner so that ad hoc forms of justice become degraded; on the other the austere leaders, pushed to the top by self-denial and self-abnegation insist on something better. These three stages can be seen in Barcelona.

First, the nightly visits of self-appointed cleansers of the rearguard leading to death by the wayside on La Rabassada. There could be no better comment than that of the celebrated anarchist writer Joan Peiro, soon to be executed by Franco's men: "If revolutions consisted in robbing and killing people, robbers and assassins by trade and instinct would be the greatest revolutionaries. In truth however it is the reverse. The greatest revolutionaries of whom History is pleased to tell are those who are farthest from bloodshed and the amorality of expropriations for personal pleasure. I have never denied that revolutions require, as a fatal and unavoidable fact, the

shedding of blood. On the contrary, I have always recognised that revolutions are the more profound in proportion to the amount of blood that flows. Revolutions which men have tried to carry out without bloodshed have not been revolutions. They have been absurd travesties like that which was carried out in Spain on the 14th of April 1931.

"But bloodshed in popular revolutions, apart from it being by nature unhuman and outside all law and principles which do not derive from bestiality, is, besides, a fact which cannot or ought not to be allowed to escape beyond the limits set by individual conscience or, that apart, the requirements of revolution itself..... No one can show, History in hand, that terrorism, systematic assassination, for its own sake, for joy of killing, rightly or wrongly, has ever been able to attract the consciences of the men who the revolution must draw to its side.

"When peoples fall into the bestiality which leads to holding human life cheap, they lose for ages their spiritual sense and their sense of Revolutionary dignity. In Catalunya and Spain there are those who have fallen into this bestiality. Human lives have been immolated just as the lives of powerless beasts in the jungle are des-

troyed. Men have killed because they could kill with impunity. Men have been killed not because they were fascists, nor enemies of the people, nor enemies of our revolution; but capriciously to satisfy those who wanted to see men die, or to settle pending accounts in circumstances giving impunity.

"Into a distracted people have been introduced the amoral, the thieves and the killers by profession and by instinct.....

"But the true revolutionary who accepts popular injustice in the first moments of the convulsion - since no-one can control a distracted people - must formulate at once principals of revolutionary justice since that is ^{the} the new law created by revolutions..... Our revolution is now the political power which rules in Catalunya and Spain and revolutionary justice, whatever its content, is legal and appointed Law.

"The principals of revolutionary justice have been formulated from the moment that the organs of revolution begin to function normally and not one of these principals authorizes anyone to remove a man from his house and "take him for a ride," since these "rides" are a sarcasm, a murder, and never revolutionary justice, and the

true revolutionary is never an assassin; and if he kills he must do it in accordance with the principals of revolutionary justice, which recognises the right of defense.

"Sorrowful experience shows that many men have been killed by criminal hands. Now criminals can never be revolutionaries.

"The true revolutionary, moreover, when he expropriates anything, must always do so for the benefit of the collectivity, never for his personal enjoyment. Many of those who have acted as expropriators, have done so to get money for themselves. These are not revolutionaries; they are thieves....."

Only those who know what the early days were like in Catalunya can appreciate the bravery of these lines. The late Professor Alison Peers who has earned a reputation for that impartiality which some think a virtue has traversed Joan Peiro. Peiro is dead; let me speak a little of a really great man.

Joan Peiro was an anarchist, a self-taught worker who knew the inside of prisons, who had been exiled. From the beginning he protested against the "incontrolats" of his own and other parties. He did not accuse them of the sexual orgies which existed only in the dirty minds

congealed by more northern latitudes. He roundly accused them of murder and of theft. Unlike the Soli which always pretended that anarchists were perfect, he admitted that within the F.A.I. there were traitors to revolutionary idealism. Thieves and assassins existed, he said, in all parties equally.

I would be prepared to agree with him but for one thing. In all the other parties, in the communist party especially but also in the U.G.T., the Esquerra, Estat Català there was the philosophy and the machinery to enable disciplined public opinion to grow and materialise. Not in anarchism. There, the control must be self-control, and as a result the self-controlled membership was precluded from exercising control over the uncontrolled. Result: men taken for a ride on La Rabassada. The next stage, as we have seen, was the Patrulles de Control. By the tragic May week these had been declared illegal by the government, that is, by the "organs of revolution functioning normally." But they did not begin by being illegal. They were an early attempt at an organ of revolution, and therefore, if you accept Peiro's statement that revolutionary justice can be legal, they were a tentative legality.

The anti-fascist groups created them to put a

stop to the chaos of the first days. No more taking for a ride by self-appointed gangs who may or may not be merely criminals according to the merits of each case. Instead the Patrouilles de Control would take over the business of taking for a ride.

We must be realistic about this; no pretty scheme in which black and white are easily distinguishable; no simple evolution from one form to another; it was not like the French Revolution where apparently the new forces held up everything while the Abbe Sieyes or someone elaborated a pleasant paper constitution. Revolutions will never follow such a leisurely course again.

This is what happened: news spreads that the military have rebelled; the people rise to defend themselves or, more concretely, the members of various political clubs seize any weapon they can find, go down to the various barracks and rebel strongholds and forcefully overpower them. It is only later that they realise that a whole system has been overthrown. The club members scatter in every direction to destroy anyone who is likely to be sympathetic with the system which has committed suicide. In a few days they become conscious of the implications. Law has ended, human nature for good and for evil is unchained. Nobody knows

the capacity for good or for evil that now exists. People who never dreamed of man's capacity for evil wake up to the reality, the venemous beasts have escaped through the open cages as well as the gentle ones. The military clubs get together and devise means of control, of sifting revolutionary justice from revenge, collectivisation from theft. They appoint delegates to *Patrulles de Control*.

It is an ad hoc attempt at revolutionary justice. To the anarchists it is a concession since it is a form of authoritarianism. To the socialist it is at least better than chaos. I do not know if the U.G.T. and *Esquerria* hoped to be able to work the *Patrulles de Control*. I am sure that the former, for all their Marxism, had not time to consider whether the *Patrulles* were Marxist. Something had to be done, and the something turned out to be the *Patrulles*.

But as time went on, the *Patrulles* raised new problems. And it is here that I part company with Joan Peiro. Because of their anarchist nature the *Patrulles* themselves very soon became "incontrolat." They were a coalition of incompatible theories of revolutionary justice. They did not succeed in stopping crime because the measures needed to stop crime were contrary to anarchist

principles. One of those principles is that everything can be done by amateurs. Justice cannot be meted out by amateurs, it requires a specialised arm of the authoritarian state. The anarchist members of the Patrulles wished to remain anarchist, the P.O.U.M., yapping at the heels of Moscow, urged them on, the U.G.T. and the Esquerra withdrew, Estat stopped on, chiefly to keep an eye on their particular enemies the F.A.I.

And so up the road on this evening machine guns were being put in position behind barricades, doors and windows were hastily equipped to stand a siege and yet nobody could tell against whom the Patrulles were barricaded, or for whom they were fighting. I went up the side streets to meet my friends.

We met in the Paseo de Gracia outside the terminus of the Madrid railway, a pink building worthy of a suburban underground station, but scarcely of the railway joining the two great Spanish cities. It was an exciting moment: beneath us lay the railway which ended somewhere in a front line trench on the Aragon Front. It was curious to think that the trains which left those platforms could never reach Zaragoza. Almost exactly a year ago I had drawn out of the pink building in a train full of C.N.T.

delegates going to that city for their annual convention. Sixty thousand of them had met in the bullring there and discussed libertarian communism, fascism, anarchist organisation, free love, atheism and nudism. They had gone to Zaragoza because within sound of the bells of the Virgen del Pilar anarcho-syndicalism was now strong, as never before in history.

And now today the train was no longer labelled Zaragoza, the parallel lines were cut at a given point and on one side of the intersecting line was one world, and quite a different one on the other. Because the workers and the republicans had been able to throw themselves against the rebels in Barcelona and stifle them, this was the land of the clenched fist; over there the military had won. What had happened to the Zaragoza syndicalists? Many of their orphaned children were being taught to raise their open hand in the fascist salute beneath the same sky that had seen their fathers shot for raising the clenched fist. To recapture Zaragoza entailed the bombing of its syndicalist inhabitants, those that had not already been shot by the other side. That is civil war.

I met my friends at the corner of the Paseo: the restaurant had its steel door down to a couple of feet a-

bove the ground. We pulled it up enough to get in and closed out the ominous blackness that was all of Barcelona that remained. On the broad sidewalk of the Paseo, beneath the plane trees, was the only light to be excluded as the steel slid down, a flicker from an oil lamp, beneath which sat motionless a middle-aged woman surrounded by evening papers. But for this all Barcelona had dissolved into disconnected staccato, meaningless sounds. The hum of a city had gone, in its place a rare silence, like an apron held up before the city's face. Within, the restaurant consisted of an outer room with a bar, and an inner room, low-ceilinged and remote. We passed through and found ourselves in the midst of some twenty Red Cross officers and men, in their revoltingly ugly uniform of narrow red and white stripes. They looked like a colony of suburban householders having their standing breakfast in pyjamas. But everything about them except their clothes is beyond all praise. Their corps is mobilised at the first sign of trouble, and they had the air of eating their last square meal for days. I was to see and hear them day after day, hurrying with clanging bell from barricade to barricade through avenues in which no other motor-car could live. And at night, staff in hand, banging against the pavement, calling out their warning, they walked where even the sereno, or night-watchman could

no longer go, swinging a lantern in the blackness. You could see them from the windows above, lighting the undersides of the leaves as they passed.

What did we expect as we sat behind the steel doors? What was preparing in the invisible town? There was no-one in Barcelona at that moment who knew what was going to happen. A revolution had begun but what were the sides? Who was opposing what? We must not think of these questions in terms of individuals. We must think of groups; many groups, none of them clear cut; all constantly reforming, changing shape and direction.

One group was the government and its forces. But when we have said that, what do we mean? The government was a coalition containing every anti-fascist group and this was certainly not going to be a contest with all the anti-fascist groups on one side against Franco's hidden supporters on the other. Comrade Eroles was a member of the government, or at least one of its servants, and so was Rodriguez Salas: they were not going to be on the same side. Probably nine out of ten of the people in that restaurant would have told you that it was going to be a fight between anarchists and socialists, between F.A.I. and P.S.U.C., C.N.T. and U.G.T.

Down the road there cracked out suddenly and unexpectedly the rattle of a machine gun. What made it so remarkable was the background of silence against which it seemed to recoil, and the silence which followed. A machine gun in Piccadilly would make one pause, but blended and obscured with the everlasting hum of a great city it would take its place. This machine gun out of black silence in Barcelona seemed to crack and split the earth's atmosphere. One expected houses to fall. The two women in black sitting at a little table by the door looked as if they were going to be sick. No-one made any comment for a moment. Then, fork in hand and with mouth full, a red cross man said to his neighbour, with a question mark in his voice: "Carlos Marx?"

What he meant was that the outburst of machine gun fire came from the direction of the headquarters of the P.S.U.C., once the Hotel Falcon and now the Casa Carlos Marx. That there were machine guns there I knew perfectly well. Had I not watched the shadows of men putting them in position through the glass wall as I sat broadcasting to the English-speaking world a few nights before? Every one of these great buildings expropriated for the use of anti-fascist bodies was in a state to stand a siege.

The outburst of firing had come from the direction of Carlos Marx and that meant either an attack from the street, or an attack of nerves on the part of the occupants. As silence settled down almost at once it was probably an attack of nerves.

We pulled up the steel door and walked out into the Paseo. The lady surrounded with newspapers still sat motionless under her lamp, though not a person was passing or likely to pass save workers hurrying to their posts, or to their union headquarters to get orders.

We stood and talked. Carlos Marx barked again. A car came rapidly past and disappeared towards the Diagonal. As if its wheel were touching off invisible triggers here and there, its passing was greeted by fusillades from unlit buildings. A sudden burst quite near. We retain our surface nonchalance but step back to the line of the doorways. So does the lady of the newspapers. It is a curious thing that I am to notice throughout the week that people retire after a burst of firing, that is when the danger is over, and then return to their business after a few moments of silence, that is when a new burst of firing is due. It is illogical; it is nevertheless natural, since noise, especially sudden noise, interferes with blood pressure and produces instinctive reactions. Your body registers a

sudden lethal din out of the distant blackness, the blackness becomes ominous, you move; silence re-establishes your blood pressure, the blackness becomes normal, you return. After a few moments the lady emerged from invisibility sat down at her stall, folded up a few papers, and returned to a customer-less immobility.

The few people who were talking in Barcelona seemed to shout; the few doors that closed were banged; and everywhere there began to be audible a very particular noise which reminded me of building monuments on a pebbly beach so that one could demolish them with stones. It is the sound of the building of barricades, oblong, granite blocks easily wrenched from the street surface and laid one on top of the other according to plan. More sinister than drumtaps, more exciting than bugle calls, the traditional coming to life of the syndicalist battle hymn:

Negras tormentas agitan los aires,
 Nubes oscuras nos impiden ver:
 Aunque nos espere el dolor y la muerte
 Contra el enemigo nos manda el deber.

El bien maspreciado
 Es la libertad

Hay que defenderla
 Con fe y valor.
 Alta la bandera
 Revolucionaria
 Que del triunfo sin cesar nos lleva en pos.

En pie, pueblo obrero,
 A la batalla
 Hay que derrocar a la reaccion
 A las barricadas
 A las barricadas
 Por el triunfo de la Confederacion.

"A las barricadas"! The Englishman finds it difficult to realise what that word means to the Barcelonian. Barricades are not part of his experience nor of his tradition. But Barcelona is the city of barricades. There are street corners which from time immemorial have been blocked at the first sign of trouble. There are granite blocks that must have been ousted from their beds a dozen times in the last hundred years only to be relaid by the long suffering municipality when the street fighting was over. We were now in for one of the worst experiences of street fighting that even Barcelona has ever known.

At that point my carefully written account gives out. I was to be too busy from then on with trying to understand human nature! Some things, however, have remained very vivid in my memory, though their chronology is deficient. Nothing was happening according to the rules; human beings were not moved by the passions of everyday life; things were being done that would not have normally occurred. "Please telephone or cable soon possible facts of situation and keep us informed," the News Chronicle had wired.

This at a certain square every party had a barricade. They joined in, taking pot shots at any vehicle foolish enough to pass by, and in the intervals shot at one another. On the stroke of twelve they jumped over their barricade, ran across the square having most of them left their weapons behind, and sat down at long tables together in Oro del Rhin Restaurant. The meal over and the coffee drunk, they returned on the stroke of two, most with cigars lit in their mouths, to their own barricade and began shooting.

Or take the young men I have described earlier in the Calle Santa Ana. They advanced on me with hand-grenades poised in either hand. They were about seventeen years old. They politely told me to get off the streets as

"they were just going to begin fighting again." Who on earth did they imagine was their real enemy? What was their idea of victory? "Hay que derrocar a la reaccion - we must destroy reaction." They were out to destroy the only thing that could defeat Franco, with his allies Hitler and Mussolini, a disciplined people's army. Unfortunately they saw Stalin's ugly head everywhere that this was begun, and quite right too. One could have sympathy with either side.

Or the little boy who was phoning when I visited his school: he had never had a chance in the old Spain to get any education at all. "But there is no school today," his school mistress was saying. "They are firing in the street."

"I know they are firing in the street, but I want to go to school." Or my friend Richard Bennett who spent a whole night guarding his headquarters with a dummy wooden rifle at his shoulder which could not be fired.

I find some notes scribbled on May 3rd, 1937 beginning at 11 p.m. Here they are from the Rugby Bar in Claris Street:

Darling: I am sitting in a café with two American journalists. We may be here half the night. Out-

side the fight has begun. A great burst of firing half an hour ago and since then silence in a pitch black city.

This afternoon the F.A.I. tried to take possession of the Telephone Building. All the militiamen of the different unions rushed into the street with arms. I had been having coffee with two generalitat friends and walked out along to go and buy your jewel. To my surprise I found myself surrounded on all sides by armed police - Guardia de Asalto - and all the shops were rapidly closing down iron shutters. Giving up trying to get your jewel I got as best I could to the Ramblas, where the crowd was walking about in perfect calmness. I walked up quickly to the Plaza de Catalunya which was full of a crowd looking as if they were out watching fireworks. The Telephone Building had just been assaulted by the F.A.I. and retaken violently by the government police. I cannot describe the psychology of the moment - some were just standing staring at events, others were walking nonchalantly around as if they cared not a jot for anything in the outside world.

Midnight in my bedroom. I decided that I must go back at once to get my camera so as to be prepared for whatever might happen. I rushed back and got it and went to where I thought most excitement would be, at the top of the

Via Durrëti behind the Telephone Building. Sure enough I found a large force of Red Cross complete with ambulances waiting for trouble and an interested crowd waiting also. A group of armed C.N.T. militiamen ran down the street. I took a photo. They rushed at me and bore me off to their headquarters guarded by about ten rifles! I kept my head and smiled and explained I had not known that there was anything on and said I was looking after refugees. I felt very uncomfortable, however, when I was taken into a large building with about 400 men armed to the teeth in it. However, by keeping quite calm I managed to curb their rage (at the moment I wrote that a trench mortar went off somewhere followed instantaneously by a cock crowing), and after I had taken out the film and handed (rifle shots) to them I said that only the last two were of the events of the day and the rest of my dear wife in England. They said if I called in a day or so they would let me have it back and then they let me go.

I then went and had a talk with Jacobs the Quaker about (distant rifle shots) Hostals, and after that I went to meet the English P.S.U.C. people and found them scared to death. Carlos Marx House was ready to stand a seige and we watched the F.A.I. opposite piling up sandbags on the roof of a building (distant firing is now incessant).

As far as I could see, the Paseo de Gracia was held by Guardias de Asalto and round the Marx House U.G.T. militia while round the corner (some pigeons have just begun cooing) in my street, the Cortes, every corner was held by F.A.I.

It was 7.30 and trains were still running and small boys calling evening papers. I found the English P.S.U.C. folk very frightened and after going down as far as the Cortes with them I left them to go home intending to stop in the rest of the evening. As I walked down the Cortes I was politely asked by an anarchist guard to walk on the other side of the road, which I did with pleasure. There were 35 cars including two large buses drawn up ready for action outside the Patrulles. When I got to the Pension I found (shots in the Rambla) a young American who seemed not to realise the serious state of affairs round about and when I talked to him I found him sure that I was an alarmist. (Somebody is racing a motor engine fantastically.) He was going to meet F. the Times correspondent, so I said I would go with him and we went up the back streets parallel with the Paseo and met him. We sat for a while on a seat in the Paseo until suddenly a perfect fusillade burst out just below us, I imagine opposite Carlos Marx and then we decided to retire to the last café still

half open. Sitting quite unperturbed by the shooting in the middle of the Paseo was a girl keeping a newspaper stand.

After supper I began this letter. The café, a small one, had closed down its iron shutters and the waiters went about their job of tidying up for the night. In one corner were two women looking terrified and weeping while every few moments (shot immediately below in the street made me jump then, it is now 5.30 a.m. and I've been awake since 5.00) some report could be heard. After a long period of quiet we decided to go and F. suggested walking down the Paseo back to the Pension. As it seemed very quiet we did so and without any trouble. Carlos Marx in the pitch blackness was surrounded by dozens of cars all no doubt full of men. At the corner of the Cortes I asked a F.A.I. guard standing behind a tree if it was safe to go past and he said "Yes, but please walk on the other side of the road." We did.

Arrived back at the Pension we were surrounded by Esquerra guards and of course they all recognised me. I said good-night to the others and came inside. The floor below the Pension is an Esquerra headquarters and thick with men all armed to the teeth. According to the porter,

machine guns were in place in every window. They expect the worst and believe all Barcelona has risen. I had a drink and said good night and came up to continue this letter.

Tuesday May 4th.

4.45 a.m. awoke to all sorts of noises resolved to discount every noise not obviously a war noise.

5 a.m. a perfect babel of bird noises, cocks, pigeons, sparrows, but every now and then an undeniable report.

5.30 as I wrote two shots either from this building or very close rang out. There are no trams. Occasionally a large car dashes by and often one hears the whistle of some guard calling on it to stop. I shall dress and see what news there is. I think I can hear some loud-speaker giving out a man's voice - probably a leader of the government calling on all militiamen to keep calm and off the streets.

6.15 I have been standing on the front balcony looking at the Cortes. A few people going to work and passing and often stopping to ask one another for news. Most of them point up the road towards the Paseo as if that was where the trouble had been. Still no trams. The

only cars seem to be police and army cars. No cars with C.N.T. or U.G.T. are to be seen. Some cars have rifles sticking out at each window and are marked "Artillery". I imagine the Guardia de Asalto have taken over the city. An old horse-cart trundles along full of purple cabbages. I think I can hear a paper being called and will go down and see.

6.45 Could not get out, door still closed. There are a few C.N.T. cars now but all cars are full of armed men. Red Cross ambulance and two Red Cross men have passed. Still no trams.

7.15 Small boy aged about nine calling the Soli; went down and got a copy. Like everyone else strolled gently along the street reading. Suddenly violent outburst of firing direction Paseo. One could see for a quarter of a mile everyone suddenly running; then firing began all along the line of houses. I leapt back across the road just as the people in the house above took up the firing. As far as I can see, somebody starts off a rifle and everyone within hearing proceeds to do the same. One gets used to it quickly. I began the morning by jumping at every sound, now there are frequent bursts of fire which hardly disturb. There is a great deal of firing from the

direction of the F.A.I. building to which I was taken yesterday. I was looking out when one burst came. A woman walking in the street happened to be crossing the crossroad opening towards the noise; she simply ran across rapidly and continued her walk on the other side.

7.30 Looking down on the people is an odd sight. They do not hasten their pace or even look round at a single rifle shot; it is only when there is a volley, then they run for cover. There is a volley now and as I sit in my room at the back I can see an old man watering his flowers on the balcony opposite. He does not turn a hair.

Canons are roaring, and nearer, I think in P. de Catalunya, an incessant volley. Streets absolutely deserted except for a very occasional woman going after milk. I offered to get the milk for the woman here but she roared with laughter and said it was women's work.

According to one of the guards here they are not artillery but 5 kilo hand bombs. They make a noise like thunder. I suppose they are using up daylight as well as they can because it is now incessant. Enough armament to take Zaragoza. Three shots from the man a few feet away, a beastly head-tearing noise, hope he doesn't keep it up all night. A smell of gunpowder even

in my room now.

The whole thing seems more futile than anything man ever did and it is hard to see what is happening. Up the road I can see the row of cars outside the Patrullas de Control and men moving among them, but what they are doing I cannot imagine. There is so much shooting up there one would think that it would be impossible for anyone to enter the street at all. If this goes on over tomorrow the situation will become really serious since there is no food in the hotel and we cannot get out.

7.45 p.m. Bennett got me over the phone from their flat opposite the Carlos Marx. He was on guard until 5 a.m., and, since then, imprisoned in the house as there is a F.A.I. building overhanging them. They know nothing about the outside world.

8 p.m. A very loud battle at the end of the road mostly hand bombs. It is hard to be sure where it is, but I should say in the Cortes and Ronda Universidad. It sounded like an assault on a building.

8.30 p.m. Complete calm everywhere and utter blackness. I go to eat.

10. Almost perfect calm. One man only in the street walking with lantern and flag crying "Cruz Roja."

Not a light in Barcelona. To bed.

Wednesday 7.30 a.m. Woken up a few minutes before seven by violent shooting immediately below. Sounded as if the patrulla round the corner was being assaulted. Hand grenades and rifle shots from that direction, and a pistol from the next door or the door opposite. Birds much disturbed. A good deal of shouting and a whistle as if giving orders. There are aeroplanes about; but as far as I can make out less general shooting at least at the moment. Shall dress and observe from the front.

6.30 p.m. A very tiring and difficult day. In the early morning it seemed to be much quieter and so I went to see Bennett opposite Carlos Marx. The patrullas in the Cortes are now superbly barricaded and their armament includes tanks and machine guns. On turning into the Paseo I found the whole place barricaded up and down, far more completely than in July. Carlos Marx is a fortress with outlying barricades all most carefully constructed as if to stand a long siege. Opposite is the house, No. 33, where the English P.S.U.C. are and it has now got Valencian troops with hand-grenades on the roof. No. 35 is all covered with sandbags but appears to be abandoned. It was a F.A.I. building. Found them all asleep as they had been up a good part of the night. MacDonald suggested a photo-

graphic expedition and we started down parallel to the Paseo. All sorts of people were busy making barricades of a most elaborate nature and we were constantly and most politely searched or asked, rather, if we had arms. Passports were quite enough to open the way. We passed without incident down the Ronda de Universidad and so to C. Pelayo. Of course everything was shut but a small number of people kept steadily along the roads so we decided to get as far as we could. It is very noticeable that many more women than men keep in the streets.

When we got as far as the market we began to feel that we had better go no further - it is hard to explain exactly why, something in the look of people and the way in which they hurry along corners impresses one with the need for caution.

We found one or two fruit stalls open in the market and bought cherries, then we skirted the Ramblas as far as Betlen and turned into the C. de Carmen. Two young men with a bomb in each hand approached us while the barricade opposite covered us with rifles. Passports flourished successfully. We turned into a tiny street parallel with the Ramblas and found a little café with real milk and nata and crowded with people.

We continued up side streets to the C. de Pelayo and when we had to go out into the open we ran. Shots were now beginning to sound from the P. de Catalunya. We continued as far as the Cortes where M. found a provision shop. I decided that there was little time to lose and made a dash for it across the Paseo. All went well actually in the Paseo except that it felt very chilly with barricades and machine guns in every direction. As I got a few yards past the bar at the corner I noticed three armoured cars.

4.4: The Spanish Civil War: Reporting
(Fragments autobiogràfics sobre
la guerra civil, 1965)

The Spanish Civil War : Reporting

It is now thirty years and more since the Spanish Civil War began, and we live in a world where few remember it. At least sixty per cent of the present population of Spain itself was not born till it was over. In fact anyone anywhere, born after 1920 was not an adult at the time it was over.

Having lived in Spain for the past fifteen years it amazes me to find that all memory of it, certainly all thought of it, even there, has gone; and those in England who have it written on their hearts, who were struck, as it were, by the lightning that came from Spain, are fewer every day. Do you remember our Great War? It began in Spain in 1936. Nowadays, men who were not adult at the time, and who have studied it as history, write books about it, some of them excellent indeed; but we who experienced it are mostly silent, and if we do open our mouths, we are not understood.

Doubtless that is as it should be, there is one kind of truth that is found out by historians long after, and another felt and believed by people at the time. We must forget our animosities; surely those who then supported Franco have since learned their lesson! In Spain today even the children of government supporters only hear of the extravagances of anarcho-syndicalists and the extreme left generally, and talk of it as "in the time of the Reds" as if no-one except Reds fought against Franco. The daughters of one of my best friends, a Catholic opponent of the military rebellion, now think that only "reds" fought Franco. The legend will, one thinks, become history: that only Moscow-inspired fanatics fought Franco and Hitler and Mussolini through those terrible years. Soon people will not realise the meaning of the International Brigade, which with its blood and sinews saved for a time at least the apparently doomed Madrid, and in so doing held back Hitler.

In this account I will not repeat what I have written elsewhere, as this is autobiography and not history. Besides, there is so much to relate that is new.

English students have often not yet realised that there were two bitter wars being fought at the same

time. There was the military uprising under Franco against a Popular Front Government, and an older strife between the parties of the Popular Front Government on the one hand and the vast anarcho-syndicalist masses of Spain on the other. At first the anarcho-syndicalists, always the huge majority in Spain, allied themselves with the Popular Front socialist-liberal forces against Franco, but as these were forced to rely more and more on Stalin the uneasy alliance wore thin. This led finally to the remarkable events in Catalonia and particularly in Barcelona, during the spring and summer of 1937. Now during the 1937 tragic week in Barcelona at the beginning of May, (in history "la semana tragica" is the name given to certain unhappy events there in 1909), there were very few English uncommitted to either side and knowing enough Spanish history to understand what was happening.

An excellent writer, George Orwell, has written about it all, but unfortunately he was impelled by a hatred of Stalinism almost as powerful as his love of Spain and liberty and apt to blind him; and what he wrote is most tendentious.

I was there myself, not exactly uncommitted but busy about other things, a student rather than a fight-

er, a rescuer of children rather than a killer of men on either side, however necessary the killing may have been.

As has often happened in history, neither side was altogether "right" or "wrong" according to any acceptable criterion: the anarcho-syndicalists were clearly right in hating Stalinism, the Popular Front were clearly right in seeing that only socialist discipline, not anarchist indiscipline, was needed to win a war. We ourselves were soon to find how important discipline in the rear-guard is, if the military enemy is to be withstood. I have therefore gone into considerable detail later about that tragic week because no-one has done so yet from personal experience.

If any reader feels that it is an old, unhappy episode best forgotten, he is wrong; for behind the curious events of that week is the story of the human split between authoritarianism and libertarianism. Our instinct usually inclines us to the latter, but there are occasions when we surrender a great part of our liberty to authority so that certain results may be achieved. But when the Spanish anarchists saw, what they considered to be a Stalinist state, or at any rate a Marxist state, building up to meet the inevitable needs of war, they were true to

the spirit of Bakunin and lost interest in the fight. For them there was little to choose between Francoism and Stalinism; both were the State, that ugly thing, and remote from everything for which anarchist stood.

All this became clear only later; at first there was so much amazed wrath, both in Spain and abroad, that differences, however deep, were forgotten. You did not need a philosophy in those early days, you needed strong shoulders to push.

In April of 1936 I felt overworked and in need of a holiday. So I went to the News Chronicle, then edited by Sir Gerald Barry, and told him that my friends in Spain had warned me that something was about to happen. I was surprised and of course pleased to find that Gerald had had the same advice. No-one had in fact actually warned me, but it was always a safe bet that something was likely to occur in Spain at any time.

As the News Chronicle, under Redwood and Ebbutt, had in earlier days sent me to size up the first and most likely forgivable European dictator, Primo de Rivera, it was likely that they would send me again now. They did. In the month of May 1936 I went all round Spain sniffing the air.

I saw many things, uneasy things. At Larcatera, famous for its dances, where regional dress had been kept up in aid of tourism, there were raised fists and "viva Russia", "viva Stalin" among the graffiti in the village square. And in Cáceres I met Señor de Riva.

He spoke American and took photographs. He gave me his card and said "I will write my real name on the back, but this government says there are no such names, so I have forgotten it in California where I live." On the back he wrote "Marquis de Villa Alcazar". He was a devoted aristocrat doing his best for Spain which, in spite of his proximity to Hollywood, he loved. We bought doughnuts in the market place and offered what we could not eat to the children. Immediately there was an uproar; women with black kerchiefs on their heads rushed from all sides, screaming to the children not to eat our doughnuts. They told us it was reported in the papers that nuns were giving away poisoned sweets. "Heaven knows why they should have done so, but in these days you cannot be too careful." We had to throw away the doughnuts. One felt a sinister atmosphere in which truth could not exist but only rumour; and all rumour evil.

"I have told my friends," said the Marquis,

"that if they do not give these people land soon they will take it from them with knives." How right he was; a thousand years of hate was about to bring forth.

I took the train to Merida. I travelled third-class with the peasants; one old man stared at me for perhaps half-an-hour and then leaned forward and touched my knee: "Do you realise", he said, "all the land through which we have travelled all day from Caceres, on both sides of the train, belongs to one man who lives in Madrid and has never seen it?" In these parts, peasants caught the large green lizards, not to eat themselves, for they could not afford that, but to sell in the market place for about two pesetas, two days work, to those who could.

I rejoined the Marquis and we went to see what Agrarian Reform a government sponsored body was doing. He was making a movie for them, for he felt he must do something practical to help poor beloved Spain. The uncultivated waste beautiful with lily flowers seemed to stretch to the horizon miles away.

We became good friends and went together to Madrid. Here he took me to see a Goya still in private hands. He introduced me to his friends. They were all to disappear soon afterwards and he was to be put in pri-

son. I got Del Vayo to telephone from Barcelona and I think he stopped the anarchists shooting him.

I remember still the colours of the May Day procession in Madrid. There seemed miles of it and all so happy and clean and united. None of the sinister darkness of Caceres in these young Asturian people playing mandolins, singing, laughing, on the footsteps of the grave as it was to turn out. In the side streets, out of sight, waited the armed police in case of trouble. There was no trouble that day. It really was U.E.P., "United Sons of the Proletariat". C.N.T. and U.G.T., anarchist and Popular Front were together U.E.P., "united sons of putes", as the young fascists called them; and there were no sudden rushes of young men intent on making trouble, for the bourgeoisie had wisely taken picnic baskets and gone off into the country. In just the same way, I remembered, there had been a festive spirit abroad during the General Strike in England ten years before.

I interviewed various notables, Azaña, Largo Caballero, del Vayo, Companys, and wrote down their dreams. The News Chronicle was well supplied with their opinions on what was happening; but unfortunately, these bore little relation to facts. Sinister Caceres, with its black kerchiefs, was to swamp lighthearted Madrid.

I went back north to Barcelona, and there in Calle Montaner, lay a drying pool of blood. It was already covered with red carnations and stared at by admiring young brunettes; an hour ago the brothers Badia had been assassinated. By whom? By the P.A.I. of course. There was no evidence, but who else would have done it? The brothers Badia were leaders of the Catalan fascist party, Estat Català, the sworn enemies of the P.A.I. but soon, thanks to Franco, to become their uneasy allies. I watched the populace file past their corpses as they lay in their capilla ardiente, the thousand candles showing the way the beard grows after death; I saw emotional Catalan friends bend down and kiss their brows, shed a tear, cross themselves. That was the first of many pools of blood I was to see in the streets of Barcelona. Now, said my Catalan friends, there may be real trouble.

On July 17th the lightning struck; yes, it is more than thirty years ago and most men alive today cannot understand; in Spain they do not even want to remember. Perhaps by the thirties we had become soft, certainly we were bewildered; and then the sudden flash of lightning, this terrible thing. Not for a hundred years had the

conscience of Europe been so struck. Byron stirred in his grave at Missolonghi.

Some were for defending the Christian faith against the infidel, many more for defending democracy against the dictators. Some discovered everywhere the machination of Stalinist Russia, soon to be our ally. Others more clearly saw the fingerprints of Hitler and Mussolini, our future enemies, and black storm clouds gathering in Europe and piling up against a setting sun.

I do not propose to consider the rights and wrongs, the meaning, the historic significance of the Spanish War. It solved no Spanish problem (some of them have been solved since by the tourist traffic); it soaked the lovely, sterile Spanish soil with much Spanish and some foreign blood, as so often in the last hundred years or so; but the millions who now go to the Costa Brava know and care nothing for that. They only desire bikinis, cheap cognac and unending sun, while their hosts, forgetting the past, make money out of them and supply them with eggs and bacon "as your mother makes them" and chips "like you get at home."

On July 18th the News Chronicle rang me up to say they had just had a cable to say there was a military

rebellion in Spain and would I go to see what had happened? I don't think anyone imagined in those early hours or days that the rebellion could succeed, and my anxiety was to get there as soon as possible before things were over. I imagined Spain, however, with a civil war on her hands; it was chaotic enough normally in those days; and it was certain now that if one wanted to get around quickly one had better supply one's own transport.

I said therefore that I would certainly go if the News Chronicle would provide me with a motorcycle. The fact that I had not ridden one since about 1918 did not seem important, I could learn while driving. As it happened the abolition of traffic lights and traffic policemen in Barcelona by the anarchists, in the interests of the ideal of glorious indiscipline, was to give me a chance of beginning from scratch though I had difficult moments on the way out. True to its Quaker connections the News Chronicle were against my having a new bicycle and found one second-hand belonging to the son of one of the directors. It never went very well. I took my fifteen-year-old son on the pillion, for it seemed to me a good opportunity for him to see life in the raw, and also companionship for me. As a final preparation Mr. Sydney Bernstein gave us a large first aid kit for the men behind the bar-

ricades opposing Franco.

Apparently nobody had thought about customs papers, and we arrived at Calais or Boulogne, I forget which, completely bare of them. But sympathy with Spain was so live that even the customs authorities let us through, on condition of course that we did not ride the machine in France.

That seemed an easy enough condition until we reached Paris and there we were faced with the problem of getting ourselves and it from the Gare du Nord to the Barcelona express at the Quai d'Orsay Station, still functioning in those days. But unknown sympathisers were at work, and presently we were in a lorry joggling through Paris, with the bicycle and two gendarmes to see that we did not get out.

The rest of the journey was uneventful; sympathisers seemed to be everywhere; and the train, as far as Perpignan, was full of volunteers. Everybody was cheerful, everybody expected to put Franco and his friends in their proper place quite soon. The arrogance of military, church, and feudal landlord would soon be melted by the fire of the Spanish people's wrath. It was to turn out so very differently.

The reason for our changing at Perpignan for the train to Bourg Madame was that in that direction I could go to a village in the Pyrenees where, fifteen years or so before, I had lived and made friends with an ardent politician and Catalanist. From him or his family (for I assumed he would probably be on the Aragon front fighting the fascist hordes) I could get a full idea of what had happened. We therefore trundled the machine to the International Bridge under the eye of a friendly gendarme who again interpreted his duty merely as seeing that we did not mount the machine on French soil.

At the boundary, at the foot of the hill on which Puigcerdà is built, (Peak of the Cerdagne), we were met by a cheerful but rather menacing group, unshaven, excited and heavily armed. These were the frontier guard appointed by the comité of Puigcerdà.

At that time every anti-fascist party was represented on the committee and therefore appointed its own guard. There were Estat Català, the Catalan semi-fascist, but of course anti-centralist-Franco; Esquerra Catalana, the Catalan Left, a sort of social-democratic *republicana* party and one to which Mr. Baldwin could have quite comfortably belonged; the U.G.T. or Socialist Trades Unions; and the vastly predominant C.N.T. or anarchist trade unions;

the F.A.I. or anarchists pure and simple. There was probably the F.C.U.K. or Trotskyist Party, "The Workers' Party of Marxist Unification," by far the smallest of all, just as the Socialist Party of Great Britain, who believe themselves the recipients of the true milk of Marxism, is the smallest in Britain, so small indeed that you have perhaps never heard of them. The I.O.U.I. was bigger than that, and was later to achieve great notoriety. The point is that at the beginning these quite irreconcilable parties worked together. It was wise, I found, to get a passport from each of them, and to show the appropriate one at each barricade, according to its party colour. This may seem a ramshackled group of allies but it should be remembered that Franco's supporters were equally diverse, but stayed together longer.

We trundled the bicycle once more up the hill, to a badly lit room where the comité was in permanent session. We explained that we were anti-fascists come from England to help, and on our word were given documents empowering us to go on to Barcelona.

It was already dark and through the darkness we learned to drive that motor-bicycle on the Col de Toses with precipices of several thousand feet to right and left.

I have survived to a fairly ripe age and my son survived to become a pilot of Hurribombers, so I suppose we learned; but all is dark to me now, until we arrived at Campdevanol, the village of my choice.

I had already had one shock when I realised how uneasy and untrusting of one another the allies were at Puigcerdà; at Campdevanol another awaited me. My friend Ramon, the breather of thunder and lightning in earlier days, was still there. Oh yes, the village had sent its lorry load of anarchists to the Aragón front, but, as I was to realise slowly, this was the wrong sort of revolution for Ramon. He hated Franco of course, but chiefly because he stood for Castilian dominance over Catalunya. That was one of the issues, it was true, but the anarcho-syndicalists had taken over. It was their battle, they could fight it. He, Ramon, was a Catalanist but he was also a bourgeois.

He had in other days breathed fire and slaughter against Madrid. But this was for a Madrid government: it was not Barcelona against Madrid; Barcelona was only part of a great alliance which was fighting to save Madrid from the military, and Ramon was not deeply concerned.

After all, not so many years ago he had put

barbed wire around his factory and laid all night rifle in hand, to ward off a possible attack from these very men who had gone off in lorries so enthusiastically to capture Saragossa. This was their war. He was not of course on the other side of the barricades, but he was on the other side of the barbed wire. He knew perfectly well there would be no place for him and his family in the future anarchist heaven-on-earth. Most of his friends, neighbouring factory owners, had already been shot as potential fascists, or often by workmen who had personal grievances.

I found later, by the way, that the first person shot in one village near us when we came to live on the Costa Brava, was not killed as a supporter of Franco but because he had refused to give adequate compensation for running over a worker's child. No doubt he would later have proved a fascist supporter, but at the moment it was private vengeance which counted most. This is inevitable in a civil war, and the only way to prevent it is not to have a civil war.

So we got to Campdevanol and Ramon, the fire-eater, was there. Of course we had oversimplified the state of affairs; of course Ramon was right in his way.

We in England did not know that the dispute in Spain dated back to the personal quarrel in 1880 between Marx and Bakunin. Most of us thought of the Spanish tragedy as the quarrel between Hitler and ourselves via Spain.

Ramon and people like him must have been in a terrible quandary. Perhaps the best thing to do is what Ramon did, to get his family into France. True, he had been most belligerent hitherto, but against Madrid, for Wilfred the Hairy and other medieval figures that embellish the Catalan legend, and when the revolution came, lo and behold! it was not his revolution at all! Nobody cared a hoot for Wilfred the Hairy and the rest of the Catalan notables of other days. Ramon could not join hands with those on the other side of the barbed wire.

The embrace between Estat Català and F.A.I., the two extremes of the uneasy alliance, was not complete; even Franco never succeeded in making it complete; indeed his best weapon was to coax all these varying parties to fly apart, to make any real alliance impossible.

That indeed was the position in 1936; we in England saw democracy and freedom fighting against black reaction. We also felt that behind it all was the begin-

ning of a very real threat to our way of life. Most of the big nations dabbled in Spanish politics in 1936 for selfish reasons as they have always done throughout history, but England, true to form, tried to do nothing and tried to acquire merit by doing nothing.

Those who were alive to the dangerous shadow over us all, strove to keep it at a distance by fighting Franco; but really very few were moved by the misery of the Spanish people first and foremost; very few understood what was happening. Most people as I say translated the Spanish quarrel into something analogous to their own problems and thereby lost the Spanish character of the whole thing.

At Campdevanol Ramon introduced us to the president of the local comite, a member of course of the F.A.I. No-one was so impolite as to say the truth, that Ramon was their prisoner and under the most polite house arrest. At any moment a word from them and he would be shot. As he was known to all of them, as his family had usually been friendly, and as they were really all peasants together, all for centuries the product of the local soil, he had no personal enemies. Unless members of the F.A.I. from elsewhere, who knew not Campdevanol, supplanted the local inhabitants, he was safe.

On the whole I thought it best to leave my son in Campdevanò in charge of the anarchist comité while I continued to Barcelona. "If anything has happened to your son when you come back, you may shoot me", said the president of the comité. "I would prefer that nothing should happen" I replied.

Between Vic and Granollers there was a fearful thunderstorm. The exhilaration of riding the rather refractory bike, and the vivid lightning and torrents of rain, are still alive in me.

At Granollers a rather cheerful comité arrested me for the night, or rather kept me under friendly supervision. It was clear I had better not go on to Barcelona and I was taken off under guard to the best and probably in those days the only hotel, and given free quarters, the terrified hotel owner refusing all payment. I gave them Mr. Bernstein's first-aid equipment in return and slept very well. Long ago the members of the comité were probably mostly shot and the hotelier reinstated in his hotel, I do not know.

Next day I continued to Barcelona. I think it was a fine day after the storm and everyone was excited and happy. Young men had taken Rolls Royces and Hispano

Suizas out of display windows, and were learning to drive them up and down the Paseo de Gracia, from which, as I have said, traffic lights and policemen had been ejected by anarchist orders.

If you look at a map of Barcelona and put your finger on the district between the Ramblas, the Paral·lelo, the Ronda San Pablo, the Ronda de San Antonio, and back to the Plaza de Catalunya by the Calle de Pelayo, you are touching the most tragic human cantonment in Europe today. The tourist is not encouraged to enter these dark alleys, for tourists do not want to see human sorrow unless it lives picturesquely in troglodytic caves. The Fifth District stinks of drains, contains sordid brothels visited by "human beings," as my friend Puig said, once a week, filthy little cafés, deformed beggars, advertisements for quack cures of venereal disease, nearly every ugly reality that most of us like to forget. But, like hell, it is famous for better company. I do not believe that such bravery, such gentleness, such unselfish human comradeship is to be found anywhere in the West End of London; I am sure that human nature flowers more exquisitely out of the dung of the Fifth District than out of any Garden Suburb. The only social cement human nature has yet found

↑ fragments
de "El mundo español"
de "El mundo español"

is poverty, not welfare.

I remember the night life of Barcelona. It does not compare in some respects with that of Paris; for it is not organized for American and English tourists. It is the brave attempt of the Insulted and Injured to laugh and enjoy their brief candle while it burns, with here and there, to keep the world from the door, a catering for the señoritos. We passed down dark streets ten feet wide where huge men stood in vests, their bare and muscular arms crossed, at sinister doors. Kim explained all about them and I have read a lot of Havelock Ellis and Freud; yet brought up against these particular facts of life in the flesh, my imagination could scarcely grasp their social function. We went in to a brothel and drank bad beer while girls in pink calanese petticoats and transparent gauze above the waist pathetically pretended to be spontaneous to sailors drunk and lonely enough to be deceived. We went to a dance-hall which was of a slightly higher grade, and danced with two girls who with exquisite courtesy asked if that was all we required and dropped the subject at once when we said that it was.

"Do you see that girl?" said my partner, between dances, pointing to a lonely figure sitting at the

other end of the dance floor. "She is Concepción. Poor dear, she is pregnant and cannot earn any money. Do you think you could afford to give her a peseta?"

She took the coin to Concepción, who bowed very gravely in my direction and then smiled her thanks. Her mother had called her after one of the seven glories of the Virgin Mary.

We put our heads into little café bars where the most hideous women were serving out anis and rum to habitués who seemed to have grown into the furniture. We watched little children playing singing games at doorsteps, while their older sisters stood offering themselves to the passers-by or talked to their grandmothers back from vespers. Or were they their mothers? Women in those parts look like grandmothers at thirty.

Yes, there is plenty of vice in the Fifth District, but it is perhaps the least interesting of all the things to be found there. Because there is a brothel in the street, one should not forget the hundreds of other houses. Because they have almost nothing in the way of possessions, because they have no hope of ever getting out of this squalor, because they live so close together that no individual can wrap himself away from his neighbours in

a veil of hypocrisy and pretence, the men and women of the Fifth District understand comradeship. Because they have so little to be proud of outside themselves, they must maintain personal dignity, and out of mere existence they make something to be proud of. They do not fight against one another in the glorious free competition of bourgeois brigandage, they are united, comrade to comrade, by being victims of social injustice. And because society offers them so little, animal vitality comes to their aid and forces them to find enough joy to make life worth living. On Saturday and Sunday they pour out into the Parallelo from their rabbit warrens, to laugh and drink coffee, to listen to music and to dance.

Flower-strewn were the street blocks where heroes had died, Ascaso leading the attack on the Atarazanas, and other heroes so much honoured then, and soon to have all streets renamed after them, for a period only. Today these streets have Franco names; tomorrow - ?

I got a room at a small hotel in the Cortes, today the Avenida de José Antonio Primo de Rivera. It was nearly opposite the Ritz as it was called before and is called since; but then it had been renamed Hotel Gastronomic No. 1. I was told that the waiters had taken over and were entertaining the inhabitants of the Fifth District, the down-and-outs, the whores from the lowest brothels, the miserably poor, and I went to see. At the door of the Hotel Gastronomic No. 1 was a miscellaneous, heavily armed guard of waiters; all the parties were represented, all were cheerful and looked as if the whole thing was over, as if paradise had come again, and for ever. Among these I saw a communist in a scarlet shirt, but perhaps most had the black and red of the C.N.T. - F.A.I. I went up to them

and made friends. That was never difficult; one smiled and said that one was an anti-fascist and that was enough. They found later indeed that it was too much. Anyone could call himself an anti-fascist; many faithful supporters of Mussolini did and came through the frontier at Port Eux with impunity. It turned out that the man in a red shirt, Borrull, as I shall call him, spoke English fluently as he had some sort of connection with New York. He became a close friend.

He showed me the "scum of the earth" having one of their first square meals in a hall of mirrors, with good cutlery such as they had never used before. There was a sense that Utopia had come, a colossal feeling of relief, that the strife was over and the battle won; of course Franco was not yet defeated, but that would only need some days more. Everyone, however, was confident as to the final result.

And Borrull had a brother in the port and there was a rumour that a French cruiser had come in and declared for them against Franco. Looking back in cold blood that was a fantastic story. France, Popular Front France, was on good terms with the legitimate Spanish Government; how then could one of her crews declare for it; all French

ships must be opposed to Franco; international law saw to that. But already, behind the Franco rebellion lurked the feeling that there must soon be a social revolution, and that ships' crews might very well declare for it and flout their government.

Indeed, for men like Borrull the situation had gone far beyond a military revolt; it had already become a real revolution, a counter-revolt against the bourgeois state. When there is general intoxication anything is good enough to be believed.

That night we went down to the Fifth District to find Borrull's brother, to find the French cruiser. Of course it was a fantasy, and having enjoyed it we gave it up very soon. We went to a little circular bistro with an electric contraption in the middle playing music, jazz music. Poverty and prostitutes all around, dark medieval streets, ten peseta brothels. I drummed my fingers in time on the bar before me.

"I see you dance," said Borrull.

"Yes, and not only jazz, but your national dance, your sardana."

If you are interested in the sardana, there is a wonderful book in English by one of your countrymen. You

must read it. It is called 'Dancing Catalans'."

"I wrote it," I said.

"You wrote it!" and Borrull embraced me.

A brother-waiter in New York had sent it to him. The book had been a dead flop, seven hundred copies sold in America, six hundred in England. A dead flop, but not for me, not after Borrull telling me to read it. And it is one of my good books too.

We went back to the Hotel up the Ramblas at a fantastic pace and crashed through a barricade. "It's only the P.O.U.F." said the driver. It was quite impossible to imagine why the P.O.U.F. had found it necessary to build a barricade in the midst of the Ramblas. But every party had to have its quota of barricades to keep face with the others.

Quickly the scene in Barcelona seemed to fill up with American girls, good, bad and indifferent, wearing red cross uniforms and on their way to the front; this led to my acquiring one of the rarest pieces of paper money in my collection. I was escorting two to some military headquarters when they expressed a wish to visit a ladies' lavatory. There was, and I believe still is, only one such convenience in the centre of Barcelona, in the Plaza de Catalunya, the Trafalgar Square of that city. I dropped them there

and waited for about ten minutes, when a rather bewildered looking pair emerged studying a piece of toilet paper. When it was handed to me I read in Catalan "Good for 60 centimos, signed the guardarobie of the lavatories in the Plaza de Catalunya." It was easy to untangle the conundrum. They had presented the official with a peseta which, doubtless, they had acquired at some New York travel agency before setting out. The services they had asked for only cost 40 centimos but since every coin, not only gold and silver, but copper as well in this land of paper money, had been forced out of circulation by Gresham's Law, the official could not give them change in specie. Since paper money of these small denominations had not yet been issued, this paper would have been valid for a tram ride, though what the conductor would have given them as change, after paying for a ten-cents tram ride, I do not know.

Gradually almost everything went out of circulation. At first food was plentiful, for the innocent peasants sent loads of fresh vegetables into the towns. I ate at my favourite restaurant, Caracoles, "Snails", now very much altered in response to the tourist trade. The owner, or manager, was a fat man who did very little but stare at one benignantly and suck a toothpick. I was told that the waiters shot him and took over, but I think he probably had

the sense to stay away in time. At the beginning one could order the most excellent salads and one ate in rather sinister-looking rooms upstairs amid more than sinister-looking parties of the F.A.I. Alas, the peasants soon found that it did not pay to feed the great city for almost nothing, and supplies faded away. One began to see notices on shop doors "No hay pan", and at last "No hay nada". The excellent and rather exclusive restaurant in the Plaza de Catalunya, which in happier days displayed a varied and delightful menu, remained true to its tradition to the very end, showed a two-course menu: "Sopa de garbanzos, - garbanzos. "Chick-pea soup, chick-peas." Ever longer queues could be seen returning from a gleaning expedition north to Ferrià and Vilassar, and having to race to the ditches by the side of the road from time to time to avoid the machine-guns of Italian planes.

I remember on one occasion later motoring along that road on my return from visiting one of my children's colonies (see chapter 7) just after there had been a big air-raid with a direct hit on a school. We went to the rescue and I was struck by the way that they laid out the victims to the gaze of passers-by, even when the fragments of an individual were pitifully small, and how little children gazed with curiosity and no concern. When, later, the

same thing happened to us, we put up screens and did everything we could to avoid people seeing what had happened. Curiosity about violent death in one country, shyness or distaste leading almost to deceptiveness in the other.

Even at the worst times the Spaniards never seemed to be able to realise that they were taking part in more than a tragic spectacle, that they were more than acting in a play. You could always know that an air-raid was expected even if you had not heard the warning sirens (which in any case in Barcelona did not sound until the raid was half over), because the balconies became black with people who were determined not to miss anything. It was to be very different in Finland, my next experience of such things. There, unless you wore an armband proving you were a journalist, always an expendable profession, busy air-raid wardens hurried you to shelter or even arrested you if you did not take cover during a raid. In Finland all seemed matter-of-fact, mechanical; here there were mystical overtones to being bombed; I saw even dogs being sick with emotion; in Helsinki all that could not have happened.

In Barcelona for many months Franco's military rebellion was almost a relief. It was bound to fail and

it had removed age-long evils. The anarchists tore the Women's Prison apart stone from stone; their wives and daughters would never be outraged again in that building, even if the unimaginable happened and Franco won. While they liquidated the past, the liberals and socialists built the future, and the intellectuals published limited editions of poems on hand-made paper.

The anarchists liked to pull down statues of their oppressors through the ages. They were fighting not only against flesh and blood but against more intangible things, atmospheres and powers of darkness. All sorts of things which the professional war-wager does not regard as important meant all to him. Thus he changed the names of any village that had a religious connotation. A story is told about San Juan de los Abadeses, a Pyrenean village above Ripoll and Clot. San was out, of course, and Abadeses was definitely religious in tone; that left Juan, and for a time it was called Juan de las Dones, Juan of the Ladies. This was changed; they decided - or it was suggested in the comité - that it should be changed to Don Juan Tenorio, not a very Catalan name. Actually the village became Puig Alt de Ter, High Peak of the River Ter. An apocryphal story perhaps but still very revealing of what was thought of the anarchist mind.

More important was the anarchist attitude to money. Money is the root of all evil, we know, and it is dirty, as Freud and others have taught us, but we leave it to the anarchists to abolish money. Every town and village withdrew any coins still remaining in circulation, and soon substituted paper, pure barter being found too complicated where it was tried, as at Fraga. There were twenty-five centimos, fifty centimos and one peseta notes in every place. Sometimes these looked like bus tickets and were signed individually by the chairman of the comitè. Others were much more elaborately printed and designed.

As I say, the first weeks were a festival in Barcelona. There was plenty to eat, everyone, except Franco's hidden sympathisers, was happy. On Sunday one danced; one built armoured cars out of tin; one listened interminably to rousing speeches; "companero" was on everyone's lips.

Things began very promisingly for me as a journalist. It is usually some days before a correspondent who does not know local customs finds out how to send back messages. I was therefore very pleased to find that the Minister for Propaganda was a poet called Ventura Gassol, but usually known behind his back as Miss Catalunya,

for his hair was long for those days. I had had occasion to help him over the frontier in the old days of Primo de Rivera and here he was very important and at the same time very friendly.

I hurried to the Generalitat, the seat of the independent Catalan government and there he was in a large and comfortable room, the last on the left if you face the magnificent candelabrum, itself "worth a visit" to Barcelona nowadays. I explained why I was there, that I represented a liberal national Daily and would like his help to telephone my despatches. "Sit down, my dear fellow, and phone from my desk for as long as you like." It was rare for a correspondent to be so helped in war-time, but a snag lay ahead.

Ventura Gassol was Minister of Propaganda at that time and belonged to the Catalan Esquerra, roughly a social-democratic party, but the telephones were in the power of the C.N.T., the anarchist trade unions. All went well with my first despatch and it covered half of the front page of the News Chronicle; indeed I was told afterwards that it boosted the circulation at least sixty thousand, as the progressive public in England was much bewildered and this was one of the earliest reports out of Barcelona.

But in my second despatch I mentioned burned churches and this was too much for the C.N.T. at the Telefonica. The C.N.T. there cut off their own minister's wire to London.

This of course had an immediate effect in London, because my despatch had gone on to explain these burnings and, as far as such things can ever be justified, to justify them. This part the C.N.T. stopped.

But the thing revealed personally to me was even more important. I realised thus early that the coalition of forces allied against Franco was variegated indeed. Barcelona had a Popular Front Government pledged to oppose the military revolt and for this purpose it had to rely on anarcho-syndicalist support, although the C.N.T. - F.A.I. had always opposed the Popular Front. It was from the start a doomed coalition. You could intertwine the red and black colours of the anarchists and the red of the communists at the funeral of anti-Fascist heroes, but you could never, in spite of U.H.P., - the United Sons of the Proletariat - get a C.N.T. and a U.G.T. to cooperate for long. All this was clear to the man in the street in Barcelona, but in London most of the support came from men hypnotised by Stalin, who carried out his policy.

Slowly the shadows fell; Franco was coming up

from the south; hunger appeared, and not only in the Fifth District; air-raids began; Italian bombs unearthed the submerged streets along which Roman centurions had marched. It is to the credit of the victorious Francoites after the war that they continued the good work of the Italian airmen in slum clearance and archaeology; but it did not lighten the scene at the time. It became a nightmare to walk across the Plaza Catalunya, a bad dream to stroll down the Ramblas. Or the night one passed Betlen, the baroque church like a small opera house (how easily baroque burns!) and one got the impression, passing the flower stalls with the women busy making wreaths for the dead, that all flowers were red, and most ribbons black.

I remember the journey down to Valencia on the motor-bicycle. There was a blue sky and a strong breeze, and the speed of my going cooled me into forgetfulness. When I got there that evening my arm peeled like a lady's old-fashioned kid-glove. I pulled the skin from the elbow to the wrists and there was no pain, nor afterwards infection, so pure the air, so healing the sun. I passed the triumphal arch of Titus; there had been no home-made armoured cars in that emperor's day, and the road, too narrow for such modern uses, had been made to by-pass it. This

gave rise to a fascist rumour that the anarchists had destroyed even the Arch of Titus!

I remember too a town I stopped at. It had been taken by the communists who turned the Church into a market: "Our women will no longer have to stand in the mid-day sun; we use our captured churches, the anarchists burn them down. That one over there will be a cinema." Of Valencia I have no memories. I left my bicycle in a garage and went on to Madrid by train.

In Madrid I went to see a very equivocal character whose name I have forgotten, and who I never saw again. Then I looked up Del Vayo, Minister of Foreign Affairs. I had met him before the Revolt when he was very unimportant on the surface, but doubtless intriguing inwardly. In Toledo nearby, the Alcázar had not yet been partially mined by the government or relieved by Franco. One day I was walking along the street in Madrid when a taxi passed me; a hand beckoned to me as it stopped. It was Del Vayo.

"Jump in," he said, "we are about to capture the Alcázar." We went up the street and stopped outside a Ministry.

"Wait a minute" said Del Vayo as he jumped out. "I just want to telephone someone."

When he came back, no less cheerful than usual, (he was never very cheerful as his English caused him some difficulty and he always insisted on talking it), he said: "There's been a mistake. We are not taking the Alcázar today, so we won't bother to go to Toledo." To see how bizarre was this little incident one has only to think of it happening in Whitehall. Imagine Ernie Bevan in our own war putting his head out of a taxi and telling you we were about to cross the Rhine, and then after a phone talk with the Foreign Office saying that the crossing was deferred! Wars differ!

When I did get to Toledo it was with an introduction to a very handsome military officer who took me around to the usual view-points. We went through the hospital where the infuriated Francoites coming up from the south had drenched the wards with petrol and set light to the wounded. We saw the appalling havoc of the Moorish Plaza de Zocodovar where a pitched battle had been fought at the beginning. We stared at the besieged Alcázar.

Soon, however, the Franco forces swept into Toledo, the whole population including the enthusiastic militiamen retreating northwards. In a little while the Franco forces were at the very gates of Madrid, and there they came on something new, not only new to them but new

to Europe for many years.

There in front of Madrid was the determined conscience of all Europe. The International Brigade was one of the most extraordinary bodies ever to be seen. It contained Germans who wanted to hit back at Hitler, Italians who wanted to hit back at Mussolini, English and many other nationalities who were determined that fascism should not come to their countries and saw rightly that the best hope of stopping it was on the outskirts of Madrid. It was of course manipulated as a tool of that great popular front leader Josef Stalin, but it was by no means entirely communist. One must remember, however, that in those days the only effective and determined opposition to fascism in many countries was communist.

This is not the place to describe the International Brigade, and before it was in action I had gone back to England.

The Spanish Civil War was the last war in which an amateur like myself could usefully function. Even in Finland there were restrictions, and as for the Great War, that had become nothing much more than the reeding of "hand-outs". Having seen something of the horrors and glories of what was happening in Spain, I hurried back home to tell

people of them. If any moment can compete with the moment in the Barcelona bar when I was told to read a book I had written, it would be one moment early when at the end of a journey from Spain I emerged at Piccadilly to find all round the Circus newspaper placards reading "Langdon-Davies again this morning".

I settled down to dashing off my "Behind the Spanish Barricades" and all the Franco supporters loved pointing out how bad my Spanish was and that I had apparently a contempt for all accents. Perfectly true; I was and am a very bad linguist especially of the written word, and at that time I was writing at breakneck speed of things I had heard with my ears and not seen with my eyes in words. Certain Catholic papers, however, blinded by their prejudice and ignorance of the truth as it affected their religion, wrote that I had written the precise opposite of what I had written, and I had to bring and win three libel actions against them. The Observer would not print an advertisement of my book, an action which of course was quite legitimate from their point of view. I have often thought of that refusal while reading today's anti-Vietnam War advertisements.

I also got caught up in a campaign of public

meetings for Spanish relief. I did not always like my fellow speakers' approach and learned to fear the moment when Mrs. Charlotte Haldane unwrapped a leather whip from some dirty newspaper as illustration of what the fascists were. Also I did not much like the garment she wore, given her, I was led to understand, by Chinese followers of Mao.

The meetings were chaired by an indefatigable and plump communist lady called Elizabeth Brown, a marvelous extractor of coir from communist pockets.

I particularly remember a meeting, too, at the Shoreditch Town Hall supposed to be a welcome home of Claud Cockburn who, as Frank Pitcairn, had been fighting in Spain. Claud Cockburn was not a very good speaker and in those days I was. I captured the meeting and became the rare non-communist who made communists rise to their feet and sing the Internationale in his honour. After the meeting I remember a lady communist of the type which probably left the Party after Hungary, stopping on the pavement outside and saying with a frown: "You know John, you're a very dangerous man. You can make even communists laugh at themselves!"

Communists with help from the red Duchess and the liberal A.P. Wilfred Roberts and a few journalists like

myself organised everything. We had a Non-intervention committee called by Arthur Koestler for short the peace committee, or shorter still the P.C. These initials got me into an awkward position later in Spain, where they were taken to mean Partido Comunista. It was hard to explain since their real meaning would have been only less unpopular.

Barcelona became more and more disorganised: there was no hot water at the comparatively expensive hotels, but the houses of assignation like Mid d'Or were still quite cheap and had plenty of hot water. I remember a friend taking me there to have a hot bath and the equivocal look we were given by the porter when two young men demanded the use of a room for an hour or so.

In due course the C.N.T. became possessed of the Ministry of Information and V.I.P.'s from foreign lands were taken to see Gaudi's Church of the Sagrada Familia. I think the great admiration that the anarchists had for this church was due to its being the only church they failed to burn down; it being built entirely of reinforced concrete. However that may be, all visitors had to go and see it; a fact which can be seen to be bizarre, if one imagines a foreign diplomat or prime minister from abroad during our war being

taken at once to see St. Paul's Cathedral.

Day by day the social democrat government of Barcelona tried to prevent the C.N.T. shooting up the U.G.T. or vice versa. Whole villages under the control of one or the other were apt to be victims of the rival trades unions. It must have been far worse than Mr. Harold Wilson's present task of keeping together the various forces and ideals of an uneasy coalition. Of course the C.N.T. accused the U.G.T. of selling out to the bourgeois and ever to Franco and the war often forgotten and "united sons of the proletariat" was certainly forgotten.

During the whole war I had a close friend, a member I suppose of what was called the C.N.T. posters and leaflets the "petit y modest bourgeoisie". They were always appealing to this class for support and said they had nothing to fear from the revolution. My friend I suspect was at heart a tacit supporter of Franco or at least one of the many who found "the time of the reds" more and more insupportable, yet when Franco won and meted out his justice he was given twelve years imprisonment because his name appeared on a list of free masons when he was about eighteen. The sentence was fortunately reduced to one day. When the "patrullas de control" were started, that is, a sort of legalised "taking for a ride" which very

soon got into thoroughly undesirable not to say criminal hands, he was given a secret telephone number. If anyone knocked on his door at night he was immediately to ring the number and the government would seek to rescue him. Fear fell on this city, fear not so much of Franco but of unseen forces which had established themselves and were out to kill either for personal grievances or for mere love of killing. That indeed was the really disconcerting thing about Barcelona in those days to a person like myself who had friends of all types from earlier days: you could never know in all these cross-currents what people really felt. Not only did you wonder whether they really hoped to be "liberated" by Franco, but also you had to wonder whether they loved or hated the popular front and whether they were angel anarchists or devil anarchists. I remember telling one friend the news that the government had sunk a Franco warship and being very surprised at the reception of my news. I had expected satisfaction; instead, tears came to his eyes and he said: "Good God, soon Spain will have no fleet at all." The next I heard of him was that he had slipped over to Burgos through France, an easy thing to do.

Another friend was much worried because he could not get absolution now that all churches were closed, and

as anything could be "arranged" I earned his eternal gratitude by "arranging" for him to go to a priest performing his usual duties in secret.

Indeed the original longing for victory over Franco gave place to a longing for the ending of the war at any price. It became more and more impossible for President Company to keep his coalition together or to get them general support. Company was a curious fellow; he had defended various anarchists in the law-courts in earlier days and so the C.N.T. trusted him and he had an added measure of hate from Franco's supporters. I do not know whether he was really an administrator.

After this I became quite an authority on A.R.P. We were so ignorant, so unprepared for the future in those days, that anyone with knowledge of Spain could not fail to be in possession of useful information which the War Office, the Home Office and all the branches of M.I. had failed to find. While Germany and Italy and Russia were collecting such information on the spot, we were too pure as a nation to 'intervene' in Spain and left it to a lot of amateurs to have the vital experiences.

I had been bombed, and studied the problems on the spot, so that my book "Air Raid" was respectfully read by various highly placed civil servants and I received invitations marked 'extra-secret', to confer with people like Sir John Anderson on what should be done. How innocent everyone was in those days; soon our children would be putting out incendiary bombs with a bucket of sand and a stirrup pump, but the new weapons which were shortly to rain down on us from the skies were mysterious still and almost other-worldly. It was in harmony with our mood that in those days we thought of gas as the most likely terror and

made more preparations against it than against blast, or fire.

I remember I had one of the earliest German thermite bombs to reach this country; for some reason when it was dropped in Spain it had not gone off and I placed it out of the way in my office in Fetter Lane and it so happened that the top of a radiator was the most convenient place to store it. I rang up a Col. Smith, or Jones, whichever he was, for I could never remember his right name, since if it was Smith he called himself Jones on the telephone, or vice versa (I will explain my acquaintance with him in a moment) and told him I had the bomb. "Where is it?" he asked anxiously. "Here," I replied, "I put it on the radiator."

"Good God," he said, "do you realise that if that bomb went off it would go through five floors of concrete and nothing could stop it: I'll come round at once and collect it."

The very word "thermite" was a sort of abracadabra word in those days, but a fuller explanation of its arrival in England and of Col. Jones (or Smith) must come later when the following incident has been told.

In due course and with their unhurried pace the

authorities began to feel that something ought to be done about A.R.P. and they arranged a series of official broadcasts after the nine o'clock Sunday news, which was in those days the best 'position' for serious subjects like Reith lectures and such like official occasions. I was asked to give the second of these lectures and on the day found myself for the only time while visiting the B.B.C., drinking a glass of sherry with a director instead of having a pint with my pals at the canteen. It was a serious occasion of course and one had to be got into the right mood!

The number of the Listener for July 14, 1938, I have always called my personal number. Its cover is a full page photograph of mine of damage in Barcelona with "Bombs over Barcelona by J. Langdon-Davies" very big across it. Its front page repeated these words and began an article by me on the bombings based on the script of my broadcast. The next two pages continued the article and gave six more of my photos and the article was concluded on p.93. On p. 96 a column devoted to my book "Air Raid" - altogether good coverage for a Fleet Street journalist.

The broadcast itself was a great success and attracted much attention. Even The Times devoted half a

column to it which was a great compliment, for in those days, broadcasting was still rather a nasty thing which respectable papers like The Times ignored whenever they could.

After my status-steadying glass of sherry I was taken down and introduced to my producer, an obviously intelligent young man with dark curly hair and, as I remember it, a swarthy complexion. We rehearsed and suitably cut my script before beginning, and the final result was a sort of steichomythia between me and the announcer, who was, if I remember right, Alvar Liddell. I spoke in a cold, unemotional voice of horrors which we had not then experienced in England, very minor horrors they seem now compared to the things to come to us in the War, but enough to convince one anti-war group that there could never be another big war just because its members felt it would be too horrible to have one; which was the very last impression I had intended to produce. The total result was pretty blood-curdling and after the broadcast the producer was dancing with pleasure. "I say, Langdon-Davies, do let's do some more broadcasts together; do come whenever you have a free evening and have a talk in my digs in Ebury Street. My name is Guy Burgess."

In due course I had a free evening and rang up the number that Guy Burgess had given me.

"This is Langdon-Davies."

"Oh yes, is it?"

"You remember we were concerned in that broadcast together a little while ago?"

"Oh yes, I remember, what do you want?"

"You suggested I might come over if I had a spare evening."

"Oh, did I?"

"Yes, and I happen to have a free evening now, can I come over?"

"Oh well, you'd better come then."

Not unnaturally I arrived in a somewhat irritated mood. But my welcome was rather more cordial and soon we were finishing a half empty bottle of whiskey. I felt that a first half had been drunk earlier that evening.

Since I first met him at the B.B.C. I had made some inquiries in the "right quarters" and I never doubted from that moment that Guy Burgess was a communist and of the dangerous sort with ambitions rather than ideals; but I was given to understand that he had had a quarrel with the Party in general and with Palme Dutt in particular.

We were both supporters of the Popular Front of course; I belonged to the group which included the Duchess of Atholl and Wilfred Roberts, M.P., who were "used" by the Communist Party to whitewash their efforts and make them look humanitarian when they were really Stalinist one hundred per cent. Meanwhile I was "using" communists for my own purposes in Spain and as we were both "using" one another we were very close, though one always felt that one's name went forward to Moscow among those to be shot first when the revolution came.

Of this quarrelsomeness of which Guy Burgess seemed to be an example I came across a curious example later. I was I think the only non-communist co-opted onto the editorial committee of a communist high-brow periodical and I attended some very solemn and dull meetings at which we settled the contents of the next number. On one occasion the question arose as to who was the best person to review a certain book. To me it seemed obvious that X, a specialist on the subject and a prominent communist to boot was the choice.

"Well," said Palme Dutt, in his unctuously diplomatic voice, "in any other circumstances X would no doubt be the right person, but in the present state of his rela-

tions with us it would be better not."

I was wholly amazed and had no idea how X had offended and was sufficiently curious to ask Mr. Page Arnott when we broke up. "Oh" said that individual with a chuckle, for though a communist he was still human, "didn't you know? He's insisting on sleeping with a Trotskyist!" Clearly that made him unsuitable to write on military military matters.

I do not know what the subject of Guy Burgess's quarrel was alleged to be, "as a matter of fact" he explained "I am a Marxist Fascist. If my relations with the Party were not a bit strained I would get them to send me to India, for that is where we can most easily break down the British Empire."

As it turned out it was Lord Mountbatten that was sent and not by the Communist Party but by the British Government.

We launched into a long conversation in which I did most of the listening, which suited me very well. I found Guy Burgess an interesting person politically, rather like a chrysalis turning into a moth. I felt, thinking things over later, that he was quarreling with the authorised open Communist Party as part of the process of becom-

ing some sort of underground communist, for, as far as I know, there is maintained a very rigid demarcation between the two; you are not allowed to do any spying or any major subversion and remain a member of the Communist Party. If you have a ticket you must remain within the law; it is the fringe without tickets but with obsessions, that is really dangerous.

What Guy Burgess thought he could do in India he did not reveal to me in any detail, but one realised that he saw himself as an adventurer and would never be satisfied with anything except intrigue. When therefore a few years later that indefatigable committee-man and poet, S., whom I know slightly and indeed admire slightly, wrote a letter, I think to The Times, saying that nobody who knew Guy Burgess could think he was a communist, I did not write in reply, but I did wonder how innocent poets could be.

By the end of the evening the bottle was empty and Guy Burgess more cordial; I went out into Ebury Street with its air of slightly bohemian but economically secure intellectualism, and so home.

Years passed. Spain and its aftermath claimed my attention. I went to America to raise money for Spanish

children. I did other things. The war came. And one day I ran into my friend B.

B. was to come to a very sticky end, some time after. Going home one night to his flat, he met a man who proposed homosexual practises to which invitation B. assented and invited the stranger in. When B. had removed all his clothes and was unable to defend himself, the man beat him up, rifled B.'s entire wardrobe and absconded. This shook B., who was already unnerved by a dying wife and accumulating debts, so that drugs, drink and general dissipation seemed the only way. We had him down for a very trying week-end and after it I wrote and warned him that unless he pulled himself up something dreadful would happen. By that time there were only about five people ready to stick to B. (who had his attractive side), and he took my letter round to each of them for sympathy. He then went home and the most generous account of that last night was that he was so drunk that he did not notice he was taking an overdose of barbiturate. Next morning he was found dead.

But to return to Guy Burgess. He and B. worked in the same department of the B.B.C. "Well, B." I said when I met him, "why am I never asked to broadcast nowadays? That one on A.R.P. was considered a success, I believe?"

"Well, John, I suppose I oughtn't to tell you. So don't repeat what I say. You seem to have got a personal enemy here. I bring your name up quite frequently but the same man always says, 'Oh no, we don't want Langdon-Davies!'"

"Really" I said, "won't you tell me his name?"

I suspected at first the South African poet Roy Campbell, very mild and pleasant when I met him, though a bull fighter and fierce supporter of Franco. Later, in his autobiography, it seemed that his ancestors had practically founded South Africa unaided and altogether he must have been disposed to hyperbole.

It was not Roy Campbell however. "You must promise to tell no one I told you, it's Guy Burgess."

This surprised me. But it seemed to link up with my surly reception that evening. He had at the outset been so enthusiastic, and had won such praise for producing that broadcast. Why was he blackballing me now?

Later the probability became much clearer. Even though he had "quarreled with the Party" he was very willing to do a small job for them, and his role at the B.B.C. was evidently to steer away publicity from people on the left who like me, were nevertheless known not to be com-

munists. This boy scout's good deed he carried out most efficiently until he was called to higher things.

More years passed and I chanced once more to meet B.

"How's my friend, Guy Burgess?" I asked jauntily.

"Oh, he's not with us any more."

"Really, where's he gone?"

"He's in the Foreign Office."

"What!!!"

"Exactly, but that's how things are run in this country."

My book on A.R.P. called Air Raid put the Communist Party in a very awkward position. It had adopted as its best bet a book by J.B.S. Haldane called A.R.P., in which he demanded that the government should provide bomb-proof shelters for everyone. He stated that there were such shelters for 600,000 people in Barcelona, a fact which I knew to be quite untrue. His thesis was that that was what one got from a people's government which cared about people, in contrast to our government which clearly didn't care if they were bombed to fragments or not. The real objective of the communists was to whip up a popular demand for something that no government could

produce, and I am sorry to say, Haldane, at that time, was so emotionally dedicated that he leant himself to this line to the extent of stating downright lies. Haldane, who had perhaps the finest brain of our generation was also a little unstable emotionally and had probably convinced himself that there were these bomb-proof shelters in Barcelona because it suited his main political ideas - one of the clearest pieces of evidence that scientists do not make the best or most reliable politicians, a negative thesis later to be demonstrated by the communist grapher Professor Bernal in his advocacy of an ice floe as an air-craft carrier, an idea which intrigued even Lord Mountbatten for a time. As my Air Raid and Haldane's A.R.P. arrived at conflicting conclusions something had to be done lest the Popular Front should be confused. Palme Dutt arrived down one evening and hinted that it would be wiser to withdraw my book; but I resisted the suggestion gently but firmly. Finally I agreed to heal any crack by signing a joint statement with J.B.S. on air raid precautions which appeared in the Daily Worker, and suggested that our disagreements were largely a matter of emphasis. J.B.S. damned my book with faint praise in a review saying that it had the useful suggestion that people should use ear-plugs! I got my

own back later when J.B.S. said some very foolish things about genetics and Lysenko which I attacked in a book "Russia Puts the Clock Back." I was told that Palme Dutt went to him with my book in his hand and demanded that Haldane follow the party line on Lysenko, which I am glad to say he refused to do. He left the Communist Party and became a Buddhist or something like that.

Haldane was a big, genial explosion caught up in an unsatisfactory mystique. One had always to expect something out of the ordinary from him. I remember being on the platform at some meeting for Spanish aid with him and Francis Meynell. J.B.S. was speaking and said "if you want to know what I think of (I think) Franco (or it may have been Neville Chamberlain); this is what I think of him;" and he spat sideways, so that by bad luck, I am sure, rather than by cunning, the saliva landed on the fastidious Francis's shoe. Francis with a supreme disgust slowly took out a handkerchief and wiped his shoe. I do not know whether the audience had decreased or increased sympathy with Spain in consequence; as I remember it it was a mainly fellow-traveller audience for whom Francis read a well-written, but unbombastic manuscript speech they all but booed him; and this was my one time hero whom I had seen at the Albert

Hall in 1917 thrilling us all with his "Hands off Russia" speech. In those days Francis Meynell was able to turn a young man's blood to fire. He had just brought diamonds out of Russia hidden in chocolates and been one of the founders of the original English Communist Party very quickly repudiated by Moscow. The very last thing Francis and his friends could stand was what they got, regimentation. He always had diarrhea before battling against the village cricket team. He came and stayed with us in the Pyrenees and surprised a Sardana cobla (orchestra) by giving them a case of champagne, so enthusiastic was he with his first experience of the Catalan dance. He would quite unnecessarily jack up his car with his then ultra-modern built-in-jack, merely to collect an admiring crowd of Catalan peasants. Now a respectable retired knight and resting on his laurels as a creator of clothing coupons during the Second World War, he has a varied career on which he can look back. I always think of his lavish parties when after their third cocktail gate-crashers would say: "And then Francis calls himself a communist."

It transpired that both Haldane and myself were wrong in a good deal of our A.R.P.; he because he was willing to lie in his detestation of Franco and Chamberlain, I

because I had never heard, reasonably enough, of radar. Lord Douglas of Kir , who had been in the same form as me at Tonbridge, gave me as much of a hint as he could by saying I did not have to worry about the "silent approach" of an enemy aeroplane since they had now got secret means of spotting any planes far off.

But the strangest result of my association with the pseudo-moles at the top was that I became a sort of spy. Not a glamorous one, not a bit like James Bond or the characters in the Spy who came in from the Cold, but nevertheless a sort of harmless spy. From what I have learned later it was due to a near neighbour at Clapham, a man with a very bad First World War limp and an extraordinarily foul vocabulary. He was knighted later for services in the Foreign Office and, I was told by a highly placed officer in Combined Ops, "did remarkably well." He passed my name on to the "right quarters", and in due course I was asked to lunch at the Travellers Club with Colonel Jones or Smith, mentioned above. Let us call him Jones from now on. He said that he had heard that I was paying frequent visits to Barcelona and to the Spanish Civil War and that I was persona grata with the government in Barcelona. I said that this was accurate. What he, Col. Jones,

wanted was to ask if I would look out for German and Italian war material dropped about in Spain.

I told him I was very willing to help him provided he did not want any Russian material as Russia was a member of the Popular Front and I was only interested in destroying fascism. He said that was perfectly all right and clearly understood and that they had other sources looking after that. He gave me a large sheet of foolscap with desiderata written on it and instructions to eat it, if there was any danger of it falling into the hands of the enemy. I was never clear who Col. Jones regarded as the enemy, not Franco who at that time showed little likelihood of capturing Barcelona, not Italians or Germans who never came lower than 10,000 feet above it, and not the blue-overalled militia men in Barcelona itself. However I never ate the paper.

One of the most desired objects it appeared was a new kind of steel the Germans were thought to be using in their anti-personnel bombs. It fractionated into pieces no bigger than a pin head but burst so violently that the speed made up for the lack of mass and tore people's guts out though the entry hole was hardly visible. Very fortunately a bomber obliged with a string of anti-personnel bombs from

one end of what is now the Avenida de Jose Primo de Rivera to the other. I was staying with my friend Puig at the time and when the bomber had passed, there being little chance of being hit by anti-aircraft shrapnel since very few akak guns existed, I rushed out into the empty, darkened street with a match box and saw the shallow little craters still glowing, with these minute pieces of steel all round. I filled my match box and in due course gave it to the delighted Colonel Jones.

Then I became more ambitious. I devised a scheme which was enthusiastically accepted in London and Barcelona alike. There was to be an exhibition somewhere in London of war material left in Barcelona by Germans and Italians; people were to pay two and sixpence to see it, which was to go to my children in the various colonies for refugees I was organizing in Spain and at closing time at 5.30 p.m. 'our people' were to steal in and study the exhibits for their own purposes. Col. Jones was pleased with the idea and so was Alvarez del Vayo, then Minister of War. Del Vayo was an old friend and said he would do all he could to help me. He told me to go and see Juanito at such and such a number in Calle Monta , Juanito was expecting me and had been ordered to hand over anything I wanted.

I hurried up next day with a small suitcase and was directed by various lurid-looking militia men to the right door. I knocked and was told to come in. Before me, cigarette stuck to lower lip, thoroughly unshaven, in blue overalls was a genial young man.

"Are you Juanito?" I asked.

"Yes, I am Juanito."

"Do you know why I have come?"

"Yes, I know why you have come."

"Then what can I have?"

"Anything you like - 'hasta un tanque o un Messerschmitt'." It was the most efficient thing I had found during the Civil War, and so genial and informal. I said I could only take what I could get into my suitcase so Juanito opened a cupboard and began flinging at me various objects, yellow sticks of high explosive, grenades, curious little bombs, for throwing by hand out of aeroplanes I suppose, I had never seen such a variety.

I became uneasy. "They're all dead?" I asked.

"Oh yes, they are all dead" said Juanito.

We packed them into the suitcase with old newspaper and I said I would return for the tank and Messerschmitt. Del Vayo provided me with his private car to the

French frontier and in due course I arrived with my suitcase at Perthus. I had also a portfolio of drawings given me by some artists whom I had arranged to feed. I had organized an Artists and Writers Relief Committee in London; since most of the relief controlled by communists was not going to such bourgeois individuals who were starving and continued to do so save for the sacks of flour, sugar, beans we sent them once a fortnight.

At the frontier you would have thought it was an ordinary tourist going through. The French customs asked me the usual questions. Had I acquired anything in Spain? I counted on them not opening the suitcase and rather encouraged them to think the portfolio might contain filthy pictures. They therefore concentrated on it and after a disappointing search passed me through and I went on to Perpignan. There I boarded a third class sleeper and bumped through the night home. At Dover the customs took one look at me and silently chalked a cross on the suitcase; "our people" had clearly been efficient there too. In due course I handed over the objects to Col. Jones and a week later he said "I say, did you know all those bombs and grenades were live and might have gone off at any time?" I was rather glad I had fielded Juanito's throws quite neatly.

Col. Jones was naturally interested in the tank and especially the Messerschmitt and we wondered how to get them out of Barcelona. We decided that we could use my exhibition as a cover and call in the services of the intrepid "Potato Jones" who was alleged to be sailing his cargo ship to and from Barcelona inspite of blockades and embargoes. An associate of Col. Jones said I might get anything up to a knighthood if I produced a Messerschmitt, as none had been seen in this country, though it was believed that the French had one. The scheme seemed quite auspicious only Barcelona fell in the following week and there was never again any chance of carrying it out. My spy career had come to an end. Or nearly so. Many years before there had come to my house, then near Dorking, a young and shy Catalan, introduced by some Catalan poet. He brought a huge bunch of flowers for my wife and walked several miles to attend mass. As I have no good to report of him I will call him C.

C. had remained a good friend and it was only later that he let me down entirely. C. called himself a lawyer, but I found later made most of his money by black market transactions in currency. C. had begun the War, so he said, as a good Catalan rebel but he told me that the anarchist F.A.I. was known to have his name on their list

as one to be shot. "I will give you

-MANUSCRIT INACABAT.

4.5: Bombs over Barcelona

BOMBS OVER BARCELONA

(Printed in "The Listener", 14 July, 1938)

A.R.P.: Bombs over Barcelona

(John Langdon-Davies who has recently returned from Barcelona, describes the air raids of March 17, and what A.R.P. measures were used to meet them)

In the Third News Bulletin on March 17 last the following item was read: "Barcelona has suffered terribly from a series of air raids between ten o'clock last night and two this afternoon. So far four hundred bodies have been recovered. The streets of the centre of the city are thick with wreckage, and hardly a house or a shop has its window intact. The most severe of the Insurgent air raids occurred this morning in the densely populated districts".

In order to get a fuller picture of what those raids meant, and to throw light on the problems of A.R.P. it might be worth while to study the official minute-to-minute log kept by the Air Defence of Barcelona. It is a long document covering thirteen successive raids. For instance, at 1.58 p.m. on the second day -that is, just at the beginning of the sixth raid- there is the entry:

1.58 The Air Department instructs us to sound alarm. We do so at once.

1.59 Air Observation informs us that alarm is due to presence of five rebel aeroplanes.

2.00 We are asked for ambulances from the following eight places where bombs have dropped.

We notice there are only two minutes between the alarm and the reporting of the bombs. That means that in actual fact the bombs must have dropped before the alarm. As far as I could find out from many eye-witnesses, no raiders were seen before their bombs had dropped. The real order of events was: bombs dropped, aeroplanes seen,

alarm given. I was told by an Air Department technician: "We have the latest electro-magnetic and sound detectors. We can detect an aeroplane engine fifty miles off; but that did us no good in the March raids. They came silently. They rose to thirty thousand feet, shut off their engines and glided a hundred miles. They reached Barcelona undetected and dropped their bombs from ten thousand feet before we knew they were here".

When people heard the sirens they got under cover, either in their own houses, the Metro or a shelter. Here is what a responsible official of one shelter told me: "A raid's a very different thing if you see it from your own house or from a refuge. About five hundred people come to my refuge, mostly women, old people and children. Many of them, terrified by the explosions, won't leave again for hours. Sometimes a family comes in and at once misses one of the children. Nobody knows where it is. In the dark street outside you can hear people shouting anxiously, trying to find their way. I stand at the door with an electric torch, like a sort of lighthouse. From below me in the refuge I hear children crying, everyone complaining. There's plenty of misfortune to see. There's a family, for instance, with a twenty year old son who's a paralytic. Every time they hear the mournful siren the father and mother, helped by the neighbours, lower him to the bottom of the refuge in a chair".

Many people crowded into the Metro and stayed there all day. Here is what a friend of mine, the secretary of a firm of cotton exporters, told me: "I tried to go into the Metro. But that was terrible. So many people had gone there that there was no room for anyone to sit down or lie down. They stood wedged there hour after hour. Imagine children crying, with the bodies of older people stifling them; and not only the children - women got hysterical. And the smell after

some hours! It went on like that all those days".

2.00 "We are asked for ambulances from the following eight places where bombs have dropped. New Rambla street no.98, St John's Avenue no 104, Hotel Colon, Provenza st. 365-380, Tetuan Square, Gracia Avenue between Aragon and Concell de Cent, Balmes Street between Diputacion and Corts, Corts Street between Rambla de Catalunya and Balmes."

The Hotel Colon is in the Plaza de Catalunya, the Trafalgar Square of Barcelona. If you pinned a map of London with St. Martin-in-the-Fields other spots where bombs fell would correspond to Picadilly Circus, Picadilly, Regent Street, Langham Place, two in Southampton Row, one in Pimlico. I talked to several eye-witnesses who were close to the bomb which fell in the Corts between the Rambla de Catalunya and Balmes Street. I talked to a man who had been enlisted to help in the salvage work there. He told me that it took one hundred men working day and night two weeks to get the road clear for traffic and nine days before the last body was got out. Such work cannot be done quickly. You cannot use steam shovels where there may be injured people. The damage in this case was exceptionally heavy; it deposited the fronts of ten or more houses into the road, but then the help was exceptionally numerous because of the importance of the boulevard. Here is an eye-witness account of salvage in a less important area:

"The calle Arimon is narrow and about fifty yards from end to end. It was entirely impassable to traffic. Twenty-four hours after the bombing many bodies had not yet been recovered. Two armed members of the Guardia de Asalto were on duty at either end of the street.

They stopped all male passers-by to find men bale to help. Engaged in the work were some dozen boys. Most were lined up chain fashion and passed from hand to hand bricks, masonry, pieces of furniture. Others were poking about with sticks trying to locate the bodies of their families. One solitary guard was assisting. A by suddenly shouted that he had found something. The guard went to the spot and lifted out the body of a child of two or three. It was entirely naked as the force of the explosion had burnt away every shred of clothing. The guard looked at it closely for a moment and recognised it as his own child. Hewrapped the remains in some linen and signalled to the workers to continue".

2.25 p.m. "We inform all military ambulances, red cross and local boards that all dead and wounded of this latest bombardment must be taken to the General Hospital".

That means, of course, that the Clinical Hospital is now full up and also its mortuary. By "local boards" is meant what we should call air wardens; each large bloc of flats elects its own from among the people who live there. If an alarm goes it is his duty to advise the neighbours what to do; if a bomb drops he telephones for whatever help is required and musters the neighbours to take their part in the rescue work. Everybody has to turn to and do something; that is why there are never many men in the shelters.

2.31 p.m." We are informed that bombs have fallen in the following places: University Street, University Square and Catalunya Square."

This report came half-an-hour after the last entry about bombs, but the boms fell with the others just before two o'clock.

For the last half-hour the bombers have been speeding toward their base again. Accurate official observers agreed that on no occasion did the bombers stop more than two minutes, but of course the people thought themselves in danger most of the forty hours. We can say that thirteen visits of two minutes, twenty-six minutes in all, disorganised a million and a half people for forty hours and more.

2.42 "We give All clear'signal".

3.50 "We are informed that a serious fire has broken out in Carretas Street no24. We inform the Fire Depatment."

That is rather an important entry. Fire: probably a gas pipe or something in a ruined house, because I was definitely told there were no incendiary bombs.

4.20 "We are informed from Gava that during the night and this morning they have been bombed several times. Two houses have been destroyed -eight dead and seven wounded.

4.35 We are informed that the Novetats Theatre has been destroyed.

5.00 We are informed from Prat that in this morning's bombardment seven bombs fell on the beach without damage.

7.30 Victims of the last bombardment are reported as follows: General Hospital -eighty dead, two hundred and twenty-nine wounded; Clinical Hospital -three hundred and thirty-five dead, three hundred and fifty wounded."

Those figures mean very little. At this moment, 7.30, rescue parties are working at perhaps one hundred points where high explosive bombs have caused destruction and most of the victims are still under the ruins. I have an account taken down from one of the men who were working at this moment:"We must advance", he told me, "firmly toward the mountain of ruins, without worrying about fresh falls of débris.

Amid the clouds of dust and smoke we grope for the place whence the cries for help seem to come. We must locate the nearest as soon as possible and form chains of men to pass rapidly from hand to hand stones, pieces of mortar and metal until a space is opened to get at the victims. The worst job comes next when we find living people below who cannot be got out at once. Then our job lengthens into hours. I went to help in the salvage of a children's school where nearly a hundred children were buried. We got out the living ones, and just as we were recovering some dead bodies another bomb fell near and the blood of the rescuers was mixed with the victims". This is the sort of work that was proceeding all over Barcelona when the next entry was made.

10.19p.m. "The Air Department instructs us to sound the Alarm. We do so at once".

And so another raid, the seventh, begins -the whole cycle starts over again and continues, according to the log, for exactly twenty-four hours more.

As far as casualties are concerned, I was privately informed by a member of the Government that they estimate them at three thousand killed, five thousand hospital cases -not to speak of perhaps twenty thousand minor injuries. That sounds bad enough, though it is nothing compared to three days' offensive in the late war, but, as someone said to me -these raids carried out with the Technique of Silent Approach and repeated again and again are not so important for the deaths they cause as for what they do to the living. Everyone agreed that they came very near destroying the morale of all Barcelona, for the time being, at any rate. Here is an eye-witness account illustrating what effect these raids actually had on people's minds:

"Suddenly we heard explosions and at once the anti air-craft guns opened up. People scattered crazily in all directions. Four or five thousand metres up appeared three or four aluminium coloured planes. They seemed to be directly overhead. A group of people had run up a small alleyway bordered by two high walls. They pressed themselves against these walls. They sprang from one side to the other in the crazy belief that the wall opposite would give more protection than the one they had left. Meanwhile they looked up at the planes and according to the impression they got of the position of the planes in the sky, they moved from one side to the other of the alleyway. Some continued running down the alley. They were running away from bombers speeding along at three hundred miles an hour".

Here is what happened to a woman janitor. She was on the platform of a tram. The arm and shoulder of a youth were severed by the explosion, and his body dropped at her feet. She pushed it away and sprang from the tram and ran off. She was caught and taken to a hospital. To this day she cries whenever she hears sirens or even a motor horn. Before, she was a robust woman of the peasant type.

Here is a confession from a journalist: "That night also I could not sleep. The memory of what I had seen overtaxed my senses. For some days I lived in a bad dream. That house wide open from top to bottom, leaving all its intimate family details exposed... I shall always be seeing it".

One of the chief official photographers expressed the general reaction thus: "Don't hope for any photos taken soon after the bombs dropped. I've been bombed in trenches, in Madrid, in Valencia, in Barcelona, before this and taken photos all the time: but when 'these' bombs dropped (I might say that everybody was certain

that a new or much heavier type of bomb was used in these raids), I found my body running me to the Metro and there I stopped. There were seven of us photographers, and it happened to all of us. You probably can't understand unless you have heard them; anyway, there are no photos immediately after a bombing."

But these individual reactions fail, I think, to give the idea of the mass panic that was caused as one raid followed another. Tens of thousands tried to get away to the mountains. Here is a description of how one man felt, who stood for five hours in a queue to get a railway ticket to take him anywhere out of the city. "As two hours passed from the last 'All clear' I began to be sick with terror. There we were near a 'military objective', the station, and the time had come for the next raid. I tried to steady myself by thinking, "If they come, many will run for shelter, and then I shall have a better chance of getting a ticket". But of course, if they had come, I would have found myself running too. Fortunately they did not come again, but we did not know they were not coming".

From what I have seen and heard I think that air raids are to be thought of chiefly as an attack on the nerves centres of the man in the street. They are a psychological weapon and must be countered by psychological means. And the chief defence -mind you, I'm only talking about my own and other people's experiences in Barcelona- the chief defence against fear and panic seemed to be to have something to do, to have a job. The people I saw fainting or being sick or crying were those with nothing to do, whether they were crowded into air raid shelters, or running about in the open. To give an example. One day last May I was collecting some photographs for a book and was actually being photographed when the warning sirens rang. The photographer said, "Here they are" and

he went on photographing while I posed. But when the shutter had clicked, when we had finished our work, the feeling of isolation that is the prelude to terror came over us. It is this feeling of isolation, of helplessness, that is the danger. It is like being out in a thunderstorm on top of a hill. You feel that you are the centre and must be struck -and the way to get over this is to be doing something, along with other people. The Barcelona raids seemed to show that A.R.P. is set a psychological problem; we have got to protect not this or that military objective, but the chief military objective of all, our own nerves.

APENDIX 5: REFLEXIONS TEORIQUES I AUTOBIOGRAPHIQUES

(1936 - 1946)

5.1: Ms A

To the average child of western civilization the history of Spain will seem to differ in some essential quality from the history of most other nations. Whereas these are to be written and read in prose, sometimes rhetorical, sometimes hardly more than statistical, and often frankly prosaic; Spanish history must be read as poetry or it will read as nonsense.

Partly because the logic of its actors seems always and inevitably at war with the logic of events, but most of all because it is a revelation of ideas in leaf and bud, then rounded out, and in full flower, and finally in decay; it has the quality and form of a drama and a Sophoclean drama at that; wherein the characters, however full of personality, seem important merely because through them the audience becomes aware of the inexorable majesty of fates.

And so it happens that Spain which has less influence to-day, in comparison with its enormous past, upon the life of the world than any other country, is more

important as a historical study than many more energetic nations; for though the story of the British Empire or of the United States or of France or of Italy shows us how nations have made a living, Spain shows us why one nation lived. Much that in other places has been incarcerated in the realm of the matter of fact, is there found living more freely in the realm of ideas; and so although Spain can offer nothing to the human spirit in the direction of vocational training, in cultural education its gifts are incontestable. Or we may put it in another way and say that whereas English history reveals to us the man in action, Spanish history reveals to us man exercising his imagination and taking the will for the deed. In England every high-brow actor wants to act Hamlet, every intellectual mis-fit feels himself to be Hamlet; but in Spain it is the soldiers, the bishops, the shopkeepers and the farmers who are Hamlets, unless they are misfits.

It is the present fashion to try and think all history in terms of the biographies of outstanding men and women. Now if anyone wishes to find the figure whose life contains in it most of the essence of Spain and Spanish history, there cannot be a moment's doubt where he must look. The typical Spaniard, the most man-in-the-street

Spaniard, the Spaniard who reveals and explains and enacts most Spanish history never lived at all; for he is Don Quixote. When a Spanish writer desires to explain either to himself or to others what it means to be a Spaniard, to live in the environment called Spain, to have the traditions of the Spanish past in and about one, almost inevitably he writes a commentary on Don Quixote.

"The philosophy in the soul of my people" says Miguel de Unamuno "presents itself to me as the expression of an inward tragedy analogous to the tragedy of the soul of Don Quixote; as the expression of a conflict between the world as the reason of science exhibits it to us and the world as we wish it to be, as our religious faith tells us that it is." And he goes on to discuss the incident of Mambrino's Helmet.

Any visitor to Spain to-day can see Mambrino's helmet, a brass sign, hanging outside the barber's shops just as it did in Don Quixote's day. "Pray good gentlemen" said the barber, "let us have your opinion in this matter. I suppose you will grant this same helmet to be a basin?" "He that dares grant any such thing" said Don Quixote "must know that he lies plainly, if he is a knight; but, if a squire, he lies abominably."

"That's right" comments Unamuno, "my lord Don Quixote, that's right. It is courage, it is the bare-faced courage that is ready to affirm a thing aloud and before all the world and to defend the affirmation of it to the death, it is courage that creates all truths. Things are so much the truer the more they are believed, and it is not intelligence but will that imposes them upon the world."

"Once" says Unamuno, "do you remember? - we saw a group of eight or ten youths and one of them said: 'Let's do something rash!' and the others followed him. And you and I long for the people to get together and shout: 'Let's do something rash!' and begin to march. And if any bachelor, any barber, any curate, any canon or any duke should stop them and say: 'My children, that's right! I see that you are bursting with heroism and righteous indignation. I also will go with you. But before we all go, and I along with you, to do this rash deed, don't you think that we ought to agree as to the rashness that we are going to commit?' - if any of those mandarins should stop them and say that, they, they ought to knock him down on the spot and walk over him, trampling on him, and that would be a beginning of the heroic rashness. Don't you

think, my friend, that there are many lonely souls amongst us whose heart craves for some rashness, something to set it aflame? Go then and see if you can't gather them together and form them into a squadron and start us on the march - for I will go with them and march behind you - to redeem the sepulchre of Don Quixote, which lies, thank God, we know not where. The bright and sounding star will tell us."

And once again: "If our Lord Don Quixote were to rise again and return to this Spain of his, they would go about looking for some ulterior purpose in his noble extravagances. If anyone denounces an abuse, attacks injustice, fustigates orthodox platitudes, the slavish crowd asks: What is his object in that? What is he aiming at? Sometimes they believe and say that he does it in the hope of being paid to keep quiet; sometimes that he is actuated by base and despicable passions of vengeance and envy; sometimes that his motive is vainglory, that he only wants to make a stir in order to get himself talked about; sometimes that he does it for the sake of killing time, for amusement, for sport. Pity that there are so few who go in for this kind of sport!

"Mark this well! - When confronted by any act

of generosity, of heroism, of madness, all these stupid bachelors, curates and barbers of to-day think only of asking: Why does he do it? And as soon as they think they have discovered the reason of the action, whether their supposition is correct or not, they exclaim: Bah! he has done it for the sake of this or for the sake of that. As soon as they know the raison d'etre of a thing, that thing has lost all its value for them. Such are the uses of logic, filthy logic."

Now it would be possible for an Englishman to write, and even to think like this, but in so doing he would be being unEnglish and certainly the principles are not those upon which English history is based. When Unamuno thinks thus he is being a Spaniard and he is moreover explaining the history of his country. For although he speaks as if desiring an unattainable future, that is because the present of Spain, steam-rollered by the twentieth century, is no longer typical of itself: the past of Spain is only to be understood by regarding Unamuno's mysticism as sound reasons of state. That is why we must, as I have said, accept its history as poetry or be content to find it nonsense.

For let us see what are the greatest things of

Spanish history. First of all it was Spain which discovered America, for though Columbus may have been an Italian, it was certainly Spain which crystallised his ideas in action. Now if England had gone hunting for new continents her object would certainly have been the tangible one of creating new commerce. That indeed is why England discovered remarkably little in the great ages of exploration, she waited for others to experience the adventure and then turned the wonderland into a new market. Columbus, we have been reminded by a recent Spanish writer, was possessed, mingled verses of Isaiah with his nautical instructions, believed himself inspired by the Holy Trinity and considered himself ordained by God to be a "messenger of a new heaven and a new earth". Just as twentieth century Spain set out to fly round

There are people who confess themselves out of sympathy with the interminable discussion of revolutionary theory. But there comes a day when these people find themselves faced with a decisive moment of history, and at that very moment when all, one might think, depends on practise, theory is found to come into its own.

The Spanish tradedy is such a moment. We find actual events posing everyone of the classical questions of revolutionary theory, and answering them. We find the individuals and the parties which have cared most for theory forced into leadership. We find wrong answers to theory materialise into blunders of action.

It is impossible for anyone who is following Spanish realities day by day not to find himself constantly reminded of the deductions, prophecies, explanations, warnings of the great revolutionary writers and it is impossible to turn over the pages of Marx, Engels and Lenin nowadays without saying again and again 'that is what is happening in Spain'.

In this book I intend to show how Spanish history has illustrated and enriched the - if you wish - bare bones of revolutionary theory. For this purpose it is necessary at first to forget the more spectacular sides of events, the Defense of Madrid, the International Column, atrocities, hypocrisies like non-intervention, mass migrations of refugees fleeing from Christianising Moors and to ask a few cold theoretical questions.

5.2: Ms B.

In the great May day procession in Madrid which I have described in 'Behind the Spanish Barricades' there was one banner which summed up a state of affairs that has coloured all Spanish economic history "Ni Tierras Sin Cultivar, Ni Campesinos Con Hambre", it read; "Neither Land Uncultivated nor Peasants Un-fed". The central fact of Spanish experience is that there has always been a vast amount of uncultivated land and a vast number of peasants hungry because of it.

In the countries which occupy our attention most, in England, France, Germany that has not been true except possibly as a passing phase. There has been great hunger, there have been workers with very low standards of living but it has not been in the midst of acres which would feed them, if only the Laws of Property permitted it. The very special feature of the toilers' life in Spain, the thing which has chiefly called forth their protest, the fundamental reality of the workers' revolution is that in Spain the State has permitted starvation amid virgin, unploughed soil.

We find therefore that a very rich body of thought exists in Spanish literature, on this problem. For four hundred years at least men have tried to find a solution to it, and in doing so they have created a Spanish school of economic thinking with peculiar characteristics.

This school, like all schools of theory, is a reflection of experience. If we study it we are able to understand what social-economic conditions have lead men to think as we shall see these men thinking. And we can sum up the situation thus: the fact of hungry toilers amid unused, usable land, has lead to a recurring demand for what we may call Agrarian Collectivism.

Agrarian Collectivism is a belief that when necessary the State must step in and interfere with the existing privileges of private property in land so that the hungry toiler may by his labour get bread out of it. Every progressive Spaniard has argued that this is a duty of the State and every Spanish toiler has hoped that the State would carry out its duty. With extraordinary patience the Spanish toiler has waited for this help, on certain occasions he has even not waited altogether in vain.

But the Spanish toiler has also had quite a different source of hope and help. In Spain we find very rich survivals of those primitive cooperations between man and man, those forms of primitive communism, which are found wherever the earliest stages of village life are studied. The Spanish toiler has had certain reservoirs of mutual aid to which he has been able to cling for support against oppressing classes, both feudal and bourgeois.

Now then: if we consider these two things we can understand the nature of Spanish anarchism. It is the natural rejoinder of the peasant, when he sees the State refusing to do its duty of interference with laws of property which sterilise the land. The peasant sees the State as the force which prevents the use of nature, he has experience of mutual aid which is only limited by the wickedness of the State, he learns to regard the State as the original evil and a state-less world as one where his primeval local institutions of mutual aid flourish and solve all problems.

Every revolt of the Spanish toiler has this at its beginning, an evil State denying him the use of land and a tradition of mutual aid which seems sufficient to

solve all problems if the State can be destroyed.

That is anarchism in its proper habitat: only later does it become transferred to the toiler in the town. It is a country doctrine in essence and we shall see later that the reason why in Spain we find anarcho-syndicalism so strongly developed in the town that some people regard it as essentially a town philosophy, is that the country has always been able to impose itself on the town in Spain.

But our first task must be to examine Agrarian Collectivism as we find it in the Spanish school of economists; then we must see exactly what is meant by the toilers' mutual aid. Only then can we hope to understand the practical features of anarcho-syndicalism in Barcelona to-day.

Agrarian Collectivism is the doctrine that the State is bound to interfere with the rights of property in land whenever the peasant is hungry and the land uncultivated. Anarchism is the peasant's recourse to his traditional forms of mutual aid when the State refuses to perform this duty.

Agrarian Collectivism has its origin in moral theology. The earliest writers asked themselves why there

was this terrible wrong of hungry peasants amid uncultivated land and they put it down to the Fall of Man. Since this is very like the answer given by certain anarchist writers of the nineteenth century we may do well to spend a few moments studying it.

The first vague political economist in Spain was the great Juan Luis Vives, the commentator of St. Augustine; and we may say that the source of all Spanish economic criticism - and in Spain political economy has almost always been a criticism and not an apology for existing conditions - has been Augustine's City of God. Society is imagined as evolving in a dual form, one untainted by the Fall, the other as we know it. A sort of unsullied Platonic idea of society at any given moment existed along with the reality. The world of Adam before he sinned was no primitive garden with the rudimentary social structures that are all a primitive hunter and fruit picker requires, it was Valencia, or Barcelona, or Seville as the writer knew them, transfigured into what they would have been without original sin.

Vives wrote in 1526 a book called 'De Subventionem Pauperum, sive de Humanis necessitatibus'. In it he tackles the classic problem of Spanish economic life. Originally,

he says, there was community of goods, but owing to the Fall some began to want to oppress others, or at least to enjoy in laziness the fruit of their labours. This reached a point where some were in complete want.

One sees at once the Platonist at work: the Fall is not an event in time or else it would have been absurd to talk of community of goods before it happened. 'Originally' means 'it was the original intention' and the fruit of this original intention, the Platonic idea, the Augustinian City of God, goes on elsewhere.

But here on earth the citizens seeing the effects of fallen human nature tried to remedy them by dividing up the land round their cities external judgement and in the internal judgement of his soul. And I myself have seen this happen, that a man in a year when there was great lack of bread, went to a baker who was taking the bread from the oven, and being taken, the justice set him free.

We must not forget in searching into the subconscious origins of Anarchism that, such a doctrine is natural in any agricultural civilization. It is not until industrial capitalism arrives that theft becomes almost worse than murder. Only a few years ago in Spain

while I was walking through a vineyard I asked a peasant what was the limit to the number of grapes I could honestly steal, and I was told that there was no harm in eating what I needed at the moment, though it would be bad to take more than that away; a rule which would hardly apply to the appropriation of watches or pairs of shoes.

The doctrine which follows the theological premises and concerns the duty of the State is that if charity does not suffice to remedy the unnatural deprivation of nature's goods then the State can and must remedy it by a readjustment and redistribution of property. Vives roundly states this and he is followed by writer after writer throughout Spanish history. We shall see it assumed as a fundamental of policy as well as a mere plan for reform and when there is an Anarchist Revolt it is against the State which refuses to carry out this fundamental duty.

In passing it is worth noting that the belief that social injustice and want are the results of the Original Fall is not unlike the attitude of a Proudhon or a Duhring. All Marxist students are aware of Duhring's theory that Force came first and imposed slavery, and that Engel's rejoinder that Force could not have come without

economic conditions through which the slave could be enthralled, that Robinson Crusoe enslaved Man Friday not because of a sinful fall from decency, but because he found himself possessed of certain economic advantages over Friday. It is interesting to find that this anarchist doctrine existed in the first rudiments of economic thought, that Bakunin and his school can trace an honourable ancestry back to the Fathers of the Christian Church.

Before tracing the idea that the State must intervene to redress agrarian wrongs let us glance at an instructive episode in the further intellectual history of Juan Luis Vives.

His work of 1526 may claim to be the earliest sketch of Spanish Agrarian Collectivism. To us who have seen what capitalism has done to moral theology in so far as its attitude towards private property is concerned, Vives must seem almost a revolutionary on the evidence we have so far given. We must remember that it was no part of his doctrine to short-circuit its revolutionary implications by saying that although it is the duty of a Christian to share his goods he may neglect this duty provided he sets all right by a death-bed confession, that was to come later. Vives firmly believed in the practical nec-

essity of State interference with private property in land. But in 1535 he wrote another brief treatise entitled de communione rerum which is nothing but a bitter and ruthless attack on communism of any sort. In it he exalts private property and denies that Jesus meant that we were to give to the poor anything except that which we did not wish to keep for our own use.

What brought about this change? The Agrarian Collectivism of the bookish Vives had come into contact with the practical revolutionary Anarchism of the Anabaptists.

In 1525 the great agitator Munzer had paid with his life for his practical teaching that "the earth is a common heritage in which we (the poor) have a part which has been usurped". His death was followed by an Anarchist revolution throughout Germany, Holland and Switzerland against princes, landgraves, dukes, prelates and electors. Whether or not these Anabaptists had learned, like their descendants, to "kill without hate" Vives was appalled by the bloodshed, the terror, the organized indiscipline around him. In the stress of circumstance he forgot that this was an almost lawful rising against the State which had neglected its duty of repartitioning the

the land. He found himself in the position of many a liberal thinker since, when the People avenge themselves, instead of waiting for justice to be done nicely but too late. In 1534 the city of Munster became a libertarian commune and the centre from which anarchist doctrine filtered through many neighbouring countries. Juan Luis Vives found that this was not at all what he had meant.

The second name in the history of Spanish Agrarian Collectivism is that of the great Jesuit historian Juan de Mariana whose very important book de Rege et Regis institutione was printed in Toledo in 1599.

Here too we find the orthodox belief that the primitive state of mankind included the common property of all natural wealth. Private property was the daughter of craft and theft, and though it could not now be abolished, the State must intervene to put an end to social injustice.

Mariana's doctrine was that since private property was the result of the corruption of human nature it was not right that all natural wealth should be in private hands. Part of it should be set aside for common ownership and common use. This as we shall see was a mere rationalization of actual practise in many parts of Spain,

where common ownership went hand in hand with private. Mariana considered that public policy required a careful mean to be kept between the two extremes of exclusive private ownership and communism; and he considered it to be the duty of the State to intervene in order that this mean should be kept.

In every city there was to be an official inspector of fields who should report against all that were badly used and reward with public benefits the workers whose crops were largest. This idea that ownership carries with it the obligation to use well recurs frequently in Spanish writers. Mariana advocated that badly used land should be forfeited to the community who should cultivate it well and take a substantial part of the profits, after paying the labour, for the public treasury. This amounts to expropriation with partial indemnification of the owner, and was advocated much later by (among others) the Marquis of Santa Cruz de Marcenado in his *Economico-Politic-Monarchic Rhapsody* 1732. The Marquis suggested that any land belonging to people too poor to be able to work it should be worked for them by public resources at a small charge, a foreshadowing of the idea of the Collective, which was to prove so much more practical than the attempts of the Spanish Republic of

1931 to establish small holdings. It recognized that land might remain uncultivated through lack of capital.

Thus in these precursors of a more formed economic science we see an insistence on the limited nature of the rights of private property in land and also the idea of the State as an entity exercising moral rather than economic functions. This can only be the reflection in theory of a practise where collectivism was an accepted rule and where the State was still an emanation of the people as a whole and not as it came to be in due course a superimposed thing arising out of conflicting classes and representing among these classes the interests of the one which was dominant.

At this point we must turn to a source of theory and experience which seems to have enriched Spanish thought very greatly. The conquistadores, who, we may suppose, were induced to leave their Estremaduran homes partly at least by economic depression there, found themselves face to face with one of the most highly developed examples of agrarian collectivism that mankind has achieved. The conquerors of Peru were for the most part destructive militarists and ruthless exterminators but there were some who observed the

institutions they were destroying and saw in them possible remedies for troubles at home.

The most important things which impressed them as giving hope of solution for problems at home were these:

1. The third part of agricultural land was distributed every year by families in proportion to the individuals composing them. The right of property remained with the Inca, but the usufruct belonged to the recipients of the lot, always provided that they had a duty to help each other.
2. The rest of the land remaining in the hands of the Inca, or religious bodies or landlords, was worked communally by the people who divided up the labour fairly among all individuals.
3. All herds were held and partitioned in the same way as the land and crops.

Spanish administrators compared the excellent social prosperity of Peru with the conditions of Spain and recommended the adoption of Peruvian customs. Thus in 1624 Francisco Murcia de la Llana writes as follows: "Spain is impoverished and decadent, but it contains much waste land. Let

every parish sow ten fanegas of this land, one year in one place, and another in another with seed lent by the State. The work is to be done on Sunday after Mass. The harvest will be given to the State free and will amount to three million fanegas of bread.

"If there were no other way of convincing people of the value of this method one would only have to look at Peru who thus raise taxes and care for the poor."

Another writer who expounds a system of Agrarian Collectivism is Pedro de Valencia who wrote circa 1600. Among the disasters which a country can suffer, he says, the worst is lack of population with consequent loss of labour. "The Royal patrimony is men, not land and much less money, and in consequence, since the population of Spain has gone down by half, your Majesty has lost half your patrimony.

It is bad government that has done this, since the land is fertile and if that which God neither wants nor would allow were to happen and Spain were to fall beneath the power of a foreign country which peopled and cultivated her then with the tithes alone there would be money, men, and horses to conquer the world. It is then the King's

duty to do the same."

Pedro de Valencia goes on to show the right which the State has to force people to cultivate the land instead of leaving it simply to private enterprise.

"In ancient well ordered republics" he writes, "the laws and governors paid more attention to the government of the society as a whole, and to keeping and improving the condition of the republic, than to private pleas and negotiations; now nothing else is thought of, and the rest is left to God. Then the chief cure was the well-being and increment of citizens, for which they had statistics of people and properties, and they knew each year if these things were increasing or decreasing, and to avoid decrease they had a constant care for the cultivation of the land, which is the increase of people.

"We in Spain through our fault and carelessness are debtors to God for so many souls, who gave us this land on lease that we should cultivate it, populate it and pay tithes to his ministers, and it is not lawful to have it idle through our own flabby laziness. So wrong is this that we deserve to have it taken from us and given to those who would use it better.

"It is the King's duty to see to it that each one works the land, and works it well, since it is necessary for the Republic, whose guardian the King is, to see that it is not ill used. And though in Spain the land does not all belong to the King by private tithe nevertheless it does by universal tithe for the use of private property for public good, since all the land belonged originally to the Republic, and if it was divided among individuals it was for convenience in cultivation and it was given by God to be worked in enfiteusis whose bailiffs kings are.

"The remedy for all this ill is simple. In every province and district setting apart pastures and woodlands all the rest of the land must be broken up and cultivated according to its natural qualities. That which is already cultivated must be divided into small lots with a fixed maximum since labour is not for bartering nor to be marketed, but to be used for each one to sustain himself and his family, with very little over to sell.

"Waste land whether publicly owned or belonging to rich men must also be broken up. The latter will receive a small rent in exchange and will benefit by having a much more secure source of income than if they had to rely on what they could get out of large estates them-

selves. Apart from this public interest comes before private.

"It is this inequality of possessions in land whereby some own very large dehesas and others, almost all, not a square yard. This is the most pernicious danger to the community and that which has destroyed more provinces and will destroy. God condemns it and forbids it: there have been seditions and wars because of it in many times and places, and it is always the cause of discord, envy and ill will among citizens."

5.3: Confession, 1946

1

My friends, you who desire not merely to understand the world in which we live, but to change it, a crippling idea stands between you and success. It is for ever coming to the surface.

Thus when people heard that atomic energy had been released in large quantities and wondered what this might mean, one question seemed to appear most naturally in their minds. And indeed it was natural in a war-weary but unpeaceful world. "Will the atomic bomb bring worse wars or will it banish war?"

The pessimists thought with morose pleasure of the collapse of civilisation of a subterranean mode of living, of protective dispersal over the five continents. The optimists felt with hopeful illogicality that mankind had now been so successfully beastly that we would be forced to stop short before mass-suicide.

Both optimist and pessimist were wrong. The atomic bomb makes war neither more likely, nor less likely.

For the bomb is an instrument and it is not men's instruments which cause or prevent war but men's minds. This we must believe even if the opposite could be proved, we would have to act as if this were so. But the opposite cannot be proved.

If I see a tractor and a plough in the corner of a field and a man standing beside them, I know that it is the man who will decide if that field is to be ploughed, not the tractor.

This is a simple and reasonable matter of faith, and yet my generation in its social and political philosophy denied this very thing and thereby, I believe, betrayed the fort. We allowed ourselves to be crippled by the idea that man's instruments were able to dictate to man's mind.

When I say 'my generation', I mean those people, more or less, whose years are numbered side by side with those of the twentieth century. And, of course, I do not mean all the people of that age. You expect most people to be traitors to humanity by indifference at least; but there is a group, relatively small at any time, who sincerely want and profoundly believe themselves to be serving human progress, and it is of these only that I am speaking.

Nor am I thinking of our contemporaries in

other countries. I am not concerned with the problems of Russia or Germany or France or the United States, though doubtless the problems of human progress are one and indivisible. I am, in fact, thinking of the comparatively small group who can be lumped together by indiscreet friends and shrewd enemies alike as "left-wing intellectuals."

If it had been possible to mass-observe this group, they would no doubt have been found to have had quite a number of intellectual habits in common. Most of them, for example, read either the New Statesman, the Tribune, or possibly the Labour Monthly. Most of them vote Labour but thought very little of Transport House or Mr. Herbert Morrison. Most of them, possibly because they read reviews in the New Statesman, were able to talk cleverly of a large proportion of the more important new books. They used to attend the Promenade Concerts but were highly critical of Sir Henry Wood. They are prepared to listen to Beethoven but prefer to talk about atonality. A large number kept a metaphorical piece of chalk in their pocket with which to cross out on sight any idea which might call for action on their part. To their credit be it said that they did not want a Second Front where others could cut the barbed wire and go forward into the minefields. They wanted

no Fronts at all.

In the midst of this group, mass-observation would nevertheless have found the finest spirits of our age, feeling not very comfortable perhaps, but staying where they were for the very best of reasons, because there was nowhere else for them to go.

But since birds grow feathers like those of the birds with whom they flock, these finest spirits gradually began to change. For the sake of distant ideals which they believed they held in common with the other birds, they began to compromise on the very code which had urged them to start out on their quest for company.

Beginning with an urge to serve humanity, they soon found themselves sacrificing human beings of flesh and blood to that vague abstraction, the human future. Odd things began to happen to their affection for truth, to their kindness, to their capacity for love. And in the end they found that they were worshipping the very devils they set out to exorcise.

Meanwhile, the stupid, the fat, the selfish, the unimaginative, those who are not meek, not pure in heart, not humble, await with us the moment when anxiety, fear and hate clap the whole of humanity into a universal

Our generation of left-wing intellectuals are to blame.
We sold the fort.

11

For us in England, the moment of betrayal came when we allowed ourselves to be stamped out of the utopian socialism of Robert Owen and William Morris into something which we were pleased to call scientific socialism. I can remember when I myself made that betrayal. I can recall the group of undergraduates at the end of the last war with whom I talked and thought late into the night. I can even analyse the reasons which led me to shut up the books of Owen and Morris which I understood, and to take down *Das Kapital* which I was not qualified economically or philosophically to read in a critical spirit. And the reasons were by no means purely intellectual.

There was one thing, however, which appealed to all of us. The current expletive "escapism" had not been invented in those days, but we were all able, thanks to reasonably healthy instincts, to sense the selfishness and therefore the unsatisfactory nature of daydreams. It was all very well to try and avoid the harsh realities of the

industrial revolution by picturing a co-operative commonwealth which only existed in our own minds. But the Dream of John Bull was only a dream, and News from Nowhere was only news from nowhere, and none of this helped the victims of social injustice whom we were out to defend.

But Marx told us how it was to be done. Marx was practical. Marx explained the whole process whereby inevitably socialism would cease to be a dream and cease to be news from nowhere. Marx not only explained human society, but showed how to alter it nearer the heart's desire.

Of course, it was not only Marx that excited us. I wonder how many of my contemporaries remember the "Hands off Russia" meeting at the Albert Hall soon after the last war. We were younger then. Is that the only reason why our feelings were probably more generous than to-day?

The other day, discussing the latest example of power politics as they are played by the great police state of Eastern Europe, a friend said to me: "Of course I am not so disillusioned as some people, but then you see I never expected too much of Russia."

Well, we did expect too much of Russia.

When we spoke and agitated and passed resolutions and marched in protest, it was because in Russia we saw the freeing of the soul of man. Oh no, we did not believe in a change in the heart of man, or a sudden miracle. Loving-kindness could only come through a change of economic institutions. We knew this because Marx said so. But here in Russia, the social institutions which caused anxiety and fear and hate were overthrown. If we could keep the grasping hands of greed off Russia, the sort of life about which William Morris wrote would be established securely on earth. The star in the east had arisen.

Those of us who cried "Hands off Russia" in 1918 have lived to see that we were mistaken. That in itself is not much more than a personal misfortune, but what is criminal is that so many of us have either become cynical, saying that disappointment was bound to come and that we are older and wiser now so that we have no need to dabble in politics, or we have become so dishonest as to work for tyranny and the imprisonment of the human spirit in the very name of freedom.

Worse still, we have corrupted the youth, the generation younger than ourselves who, thanks to us, began their thinking political life as "scientific socialists".

Let me hasten to add that when I say we have committed the crime of supporting tyranny in the very name of freedom, I am thinking in terms of our own country, of our own problems and not those of Russia. It is perfectly true that Russia has become, now that Nazi Germany is destroyed, the most perfect example of a police state in the contemporary world, but that is their own affair.

Mr. Churchill will get no more support from us in 1946 than he did in 1918 in any effort to bring his kind of freedom to the U.S.S.R. A "Hands off Russia" movement to-day is, however, not a little ridiculous. For that matter, socialism as an economic system seems at the moment at least even nearer home not to require a crusade in its defence.

But what is very necessary is for us all to see before it is too late where we have gone wrong. Why are we disappointed in Russia? Is it Russia's fault or is it not more probably our own?

Let us return to the unploughed field and the man standing beside the tractor and the plough.

The man in the field standing beside his tractor and his plough I take as a symbol of mankind and the machine age. What we learned from Marx (whether it would have surprised Marx to hear it is another matter) was that the tractor and the plough, and not the man, determined whether or not the field was to be ploughed. More than that, we learned that the thoughts of the man not merely about ploughing, but about his wife, his God, his neighbour, were bound to be different, now that he had a tractor, from what he thought when he still used a horse. Not only different, but so bound and determined by the change from horse to tractor that with careful study we could describe the nature of his thoughts and feelings from the mere knowing that he had a tractor. More even than this: admitting that not only the plough but the man's thoughts were harnessed to the tractor to-day and the horse yesterday, we could foretell what would happen to man's soul if we could merely know the future mechanical progress of the tractor into a still more productive tool. Or rather, we came to the conclusion that as it was not possible to prophecy the development of man's productive tools and econo-

mic surroundings, it was not possible to lay down the sort of future course might lead to his greater happiness and emotional health.

That was the central idea which permeated the air of our generation, not merely amongst Communists or Marxists, for in those intellectually bankrupt years the pressure of ideas was low and the Marxist gas expanded outwards in every direction.

Now there are certain age-old problems of life with which the philosophers and theologians have always been concerned. These include such things as whether on any morning the man in the field is able to make a decision to plough or not to plough according to his own free-will, or whether he must do one or the other because all that had happened in the Universe before determined that one alternative alone was possible and the other impossible.

And there is the other problem as to the mind of man and the things about which it thinks, feels and wills; as to which came first, as to whether they are two or one, and if two, as to which determines the other, or what their mutual relations are.

These problems, nobody would deny, are of vital importance for those who would understand the meaning of

life. They are, however, problems needing special training and more than usual intellectual skill before they can even be stated in the correct form, let alone be discussed or solved. Only a handful of philosophers and theologians are competent to hold an opinion, let alone to give an opinion upon them. When the rest of us examine what this handful have said, we find no agreement. The experts cannot issue a unanimous report, and this is something to think about. When scientific experts work together for a practical purpose, such as the making of an atomic bomb, or the improving of a breed of cattle, or the synthesising of a new drug, or the making of a gas-turbine engine, though each may have personal preferences in matters of detail, they can reach a measure of agreement sufficient to produce something in the end.

There must be something very different about the nature of the problems which philosophers and scientists attack. One is reminded of what would happen if a group of people were confronted with two human skulls. By filling them with shot in the approved anthropometric fashion, absolute agreement could be reached as to which of the two skulls had the greater cranial capacity. But if the same group, so unanimous about this, had been confronted by the two living women to whom those skulls had once belonged,

there would have been very little likelihood of a unanimous opinion as to which was the more beautiful. It would almost seem that whereas agreement between scientists comes from the applying of the same technique with equal skill to the object of research, agreement between philosophers implies similar emotional likes and dislikes, and this is a matter to which we must return later.

What is important here is that we amateur readers of Marx, with no previous experience of philosophical problems, often with no knowledge that anybody had thought about such things before Marx and Engels were born, seized upon their solutions by an act of faith and demanded that our friends should do the same. If they did not believe that the tractor and the plough determined whether the field should be ploughed, our erstwhile friends became escapists, social fascists, exploiters, and the class enemies of the toiling masses.

IV

The particular kind of Jesuit whose job it is to expound orthodox Marxism will by now be certain that I have delivered myself into his hands, for what I said is a distortion of Marxism and not taught by the orthodox

Communist Party.

As to the Communist Party, what they say they teach is not of the slightest importance to any honest man, for they teach one thing to one man, and another to another. In their inner highbrow circles they no doubt observe the decencies of philosophic argument, but as these are not of the stuff with which common man can be moved, they have always been prepared to sponsor any sort of distorted doctrine, provided it serves its purpose, namely the increase of support for the Communist Party as a whole.

They know perfectly well that Marx was a bourgeois and, therefore, unlikely to have taught that none but a proletarian can be trusted to speak the truth. But they encourage, when it suits them, a vulgar Marxism which suggests that the class-war must be fought by the working class alone, and that all sympathy from outside is suspect.

It is true that they have invented the category of "fellow traveller" for the duchesses, bishops, gentlemen of independent means, publishers, artists and authors, whose various brands of humanitarianism or mere sentimentalism can be usefully employed along with any accumulated surplus value that may go with such people's other virtues. But one has only to have heard the vituperation and contempt lavished

in private by Communists on such fellow travellers as Mr. Victor Gollancz or Mr. John Strachey when they have insisted upon getting off at a different station, to realise that the basis of the liaison is strictly utilitarian.

V

Now one of the main reasons why it is impossible to argue with Communists is this very protean nature of what they teach, and so no one need be worried by an excuse that what he says is not orthodox Communist doctrine.

As to the other possible criticism that what I have said is not what Marx meant, I can afford to be indifferent to that also, for what matters in the world to-day is not what Marx said, but what would-be progressive minds, most of them untrained in philosophy, have been led to believe true about the world they live in. And particularly, since progressive-minded people are so because of moral rather than economic ideas, how their scale of moral values has been influenced by the current philosophic theories, mostly Marxist, which have been dinned into them.

That is why it was a betrayal of the first magnitude when our generation departed from utopian socialism

to so-called scientific socialism.

Because it was called scientific socialism, they felt it would deliver the goods, because science always does deliver the goods, whether in the form of an atomic bomb or a new healing medicine, or an engine which works. It was an act of unselfishness: they gave up delightful daydreams, their personal escapes from the sordidness of industrial civilisation, so as to combine, they thought, to promote the interests of the toiling masses.

Unfortunately, an unselfish act does not mean necessarily an increase in the sum-total of a man's virtue. If in the act of being unselfish you emancipate yourself from certain other virtues, such as truthfulness and loving-kindness, you may find that your moral stature has diminished.

And this is what we all found. For scientific socialism has the great disadvantage that sooner or later it absolves those who devote themselves to the cause of progress from performing their duty towards their neighbour, as this has been commonly understood.

Let me take one example. Scientific socialism pours ample scorn on charity. Nothing is more certain than the fact that a good capitalist is worse than a bad one. The man who drinks and gambles his ill-gotten surplus value

away can almost claim to be socially useful because he fills the bill of the wicked capitalist so perfectly. But the hard-working capitalist who lives abstemiously and founds hospitals and libraries and universities is really a scoundrel.

I know that this is quite logical. Here is a man employing thousands of men to whom for every twelve man-hours of labour he gives back only ten. The other two he filches, salving his conscience by devoting one of them to ostentatious social works - a bad business certainly, and in the long run likely to bring its own apt doom. But in practice, it seems rather silly to blame Mr. Cadbury or Lord Leverhulme or Lord Nuffield for having a social conscience instead of an uncontrollable lust for diamonds and champagne.

But this view of charity and good works has far more serious consequences on the ordinary individual. It may not be a good thing to give a sixpence to a beggar, but the theory as a whole can so easily become an excuse and therefore, a cause of the atrophy of all normal generous feelings.

Now I take this as a very simple example of what I believe to have happened. Namely, that the points

of view, semi-philosophic and semi-reasonable as they may be, which have become the creed of left-wing intellectuals in the last generation, are likely to breed Jesuitism rather than Humanism.

It happens in two stages. The natural Jesuits, those who put the Cause before the human individuals, the future before the present, the end before the means, form the nucleus, and because they offer that thing for which all human beings who have not been depraved desire, namely united effort for something outside and greater than mere individual gain, they attract to them those who in more fortunate circumstances would have seen the deadliness of all Jesuitry however well disguised with the mask of a human face. That is what has happened to us. We have been corroded by a demoralising creed.

Never was there a doctrine so generous in the outlets which it gives for our feelings of hate and uncharitableness, so profligate in excuses for dishonesty and disloyalty, as the vulgar form of Marxist socialism which has for so long been the sole practical philosophy open to left-wing intellectuals.

Let us reconsider for a moment the question which we left open as to why philosophers, however highly

trained in the technique of their profession, cannot agree as scientists can. Surely it is because a philosophy, an explanation of life, is at bottom human emotion intellectualised.

We can agree upon the right construction of an engine, or even on the part played by nucleic acid in human inheritance, because there is relatively little at stake, but in the explanation of life and the Universe as a whole there is everything at stake, and, right in the centre of every philosophic system, desires and aspirations of the individual philosopher will be found enshrined.

It follows, therefore, that for practical purposes the rightness or wrongness of philosophy is of secondary importance. What really matters is that every philosophy will attract a given emotional type of individual, and therefore the ruling philosophy will impose upon other types the domination of the particular type to which it is fitted.

If the ruling philosophy is one which will stunt the generous feelings, the social conscience, the desire for truth in daily dealings with one's fellow men, it does not matter how correct it may be on its logical and rational side, it will be a poison to the generation which accepts it.

That is what happened to our generation. We

were poisoned by a social philosophy which gave ample encouragement for envy, malice and all uncharitableness. It discomfited the kindly man and encouraged the disgruntled and the ruthless.

VI

There could have been only one excuse for all this; that scientific socialism was really scientific, in other words that it would deliver the goods. That by following its logic we could achieve the results on which our heart was set.

I take it that we can agree upon what we wanted. We wanted a new kind of individual and we wanted them on a large scale. On the negative side we wanted the abolition of all those forms of social injustice, of privilege, of inequality of opportunity which prevented health and happiness from being enjoyed by the majority of people.

We wanted everybody to have freedom to develop in their own way, provided that way was not anti-social. There are a number of well-worn phrases for what we wanted, and underneath them all there was a belief in the perfectability of human nature and an ultimate perfect human so-

ciety.

It is important to remember this at this point, if we are going to ask ourselves whether scientific socialism has really delivered the goods.

Remember, we became scientific socialists partly because we accepted one boast of Marx and Engels. Other philosophies, they told us, seek to explain the world, our philosophy seeks to alter it. Has Communism altered the world in the way in which we had expected the world to be altered?

In so far as Marxism was responsible for the Russian Revolution there have certainly been changes there, but are they the sort of changes which we expected; the sort of changes for which we enlightened Englishmen sold our birthright of British utopian socialism?

There has been a change in the group to whom power belongs. Let us suppose for a moment that the Russian Revolution was and has remained a proletarian revolution, and that all power has gone to the toiling masses. Were we interested in the exercise of power? Did we not know that all power corrupts, and that absolute power corrupts absolutely? Can anyone point to any individual anywhere who has been happier, saner, a more contented

being simply because he has had power to wield?

Our interest in power lay solely in the prevention of its use by anyone to exploit another human being. Are no human beings exploited, impoverished by the exercise of power in Russia to-day? Does Russia avoid the exploitation of individuals or groups within its borders simply because there has been a transference of power from the incompetent Czars to the highly competent Commissars?

There has been an enormous increase in the material efficiency of the Russian people. It has been brought about partly by importing certain methods which capitalists elsewhere desire to use but which working-class protest was powerful enough to prevent. The workers of America, for example, defeated the de-humanising efforts of Mr. Taylor, those same methods amid the blare of trumpets are re-christened Staconovism, are the glory of Russia and, curiously enough, the proud boast of the British Communist Party, who would of course, and rightly, fight to the death against their introduction here on the ground that the worker was a human being and not a machine.

But just exactly how far have the changes brought about by Marxism in Russia changed the world as

we would see it changed? There is precisely the same amount of political crime, or perhaps even an increase over the days when the Czars rewarded literacy with exile to Siberia. Whatever view one takes of the Moscow Trials and of the less publicised Purges, the mere fact of their happening is not a credit to scientific socialism.

If it is a man's environment that moulds his thoughts, it is odd indeed that the socialist environment of Russia during the last twenty-five years should have been so fruitful in traitors.

There was a time when nothing annoyed a Communist more than to have suggested that the Russian Revolution did not conform to the criteria laid down by Marx for his social revolution. It is now clear to any honest observer that nothing that has happened in Russia since remotely resembles the assumed progress of man's destiny in socialism.

Vll

There is a good deal to be said for hate. Certainly it is my experience that men who imagine and tell you that they love all their fellow creatures, both known

and unknown, are not only socially dangerous, but very often personally repulsive.

But there is nothing at all to be said for the kind of hate which grows on love like a cancer, gradually overcoming every healthy cell in a man's emotions.

The man, therefore, who clings to the vulgar Marxism which expresses itself in ink in the Daily Worker and in chalk on every vacant wall, (jostling sometimes for space with the other philosophy so psychologically similar, which expresses itself concisely in such phrases as 'Perish Judea') must do so for one of two reasons; either he is a fool or he is a knave. If he likes a philosophy which in practice derides truthfulness and ruins every human relationship with intolerance and suspicion, then he is a knave.

But it is more likely that because he believes, through despair of alternative philosophies, that the tactics of the Daily Worker and of the Communist Party are necessary if social injustice is to be attacked, he has allowed himself to turn a blind eye and a deaf ear to his first departures from decency, and has finally got so in the habit of prevarication, clever evasion and defamation of his best friend who disagrees with him politically, that he has become a child of darkness, largely because

he made an effort to be a child of light.

He should not have been so innocent of the world's ways; he should have known that the worst enemies of humanity are most apt to disguise themselves as humanity's friends.

But let me suppose that such a one is not convinced that scientific socialism is a false prophet. He demands the proofs. Well, here they are.

First let me state plainly what it is I attack. I do not attack Russia. I thank my ancestors with all my heart that I am not a Russian. I pray to my descendents to protect all Russians from those who would obstruct her first childhood steps towards becoming civilised. But, I also pray to my descendents to protect themselves from imagining that Russia shows a way to them. I attack the attitude which turns the English Left into a quisling party in the service of Russia. I attack the attitude which imagines that Socialist economics plus a police state is an advance on the sort of capitalism we have in England today linked to a potentially democratic state. I do not think that even the castrated capitalism, so different from what Marx talks about, is likely to last, and I certainly think that the standard of democratic institutions

in our England can be raised. Indeed, I believe that the only hope for the world is a Western European socialism which seeks to integrate the individual in the community rather than to sacrifice him to the state.

I believe that with all our faults we have already created in Western Europe a finer tradition of kindness and tolerance than ever came out of the East, and that the way to safeguard this is to continue developing it in an ever freer world and not to lock ourselves in and hand over the key to any dictator, individual or group, however well intentioned.

I see nothing at all in recent history which gives me any confidence that scientific socialism, invented by Marx, revised by Lenin, manipulated by Stalin and vulgarised by the Daily Worker, is a trustworthy guide towards such a goal.

Let us examine first the theory. Marx begins by telling us that he is about to "lay bare the economic law of motion of modern society." This law of motion, properly understood, will enable us to prophecy the future, and particularly to prophecy that capitalism through the seeds of decay already visible within it, must lead to socialism.

The seeds of decay are due to the way in which capitalism works, and particularly to the fact that the production of goods must under capitalism constantly increase, and in such a way that there will be more and more wealth in the hands of fewer and fewer people, while the increasing majority will become poorer and poorer.

When this has come about, as it inevitably must, there will be only two classes left in the state - the bourgeoisie, gradually decreasing in numbers and increasing in wealth; decreasing in numbers because every capitalist destroys many other capitalists by ruthless competition and forces them to join the number of exploited. The other class which will gradually be joined by the defeated enemy, the capitalist, by farmers and peasants, the small shopkeepers and other lower middle-class groups, is the vast army of the exploited proletariat, ground down more and more in the losing battle to keep the capitalist rate of profit up.

The inevitable result of this is a social revolution. In Marx's own words: "Along with the steady decrease in the number capitalist magnates who usurp and monopolise all the advantages of this development, there grows the extent of misery, oppression, servitude, degra-

dation and exploitation; but at the same time, there arises the rebellious indignation of the working class which is steadily growing in number and which is being disciplined, unified and organised by the very mechanism of the capitalist method of production. Ultimately, a monopoly of capital becomes a fetter upon the mode of production which has flourished with it, and in it. Both the centralization in a few hands of the means of production, and the social organization of labour, reach a point where their capitalist cloak becomes a strait-jacket. It bursts asunder. The hour of capitalist private property has struck. The expropriators are expropriated."

Finally, Marx prophecies that the only possible result of the social revolution will be the coming of a classless society, and then, since there are no longer exploiters or exploited, the need for a state will disappear, for the state is simply the machinery with which the exploiters carry on their exploitation. The state will wither away.

The scientific socialist in 1946 has the impertinence to pretend that nothing has happened to cast doubts on the success of Marx as a prophet. I do not mean simply that he roundly declares that things have turned out

as Marx said they would. He goes further than this. He affirms that in the light of all that has happened since, Marxism can be taken as a guide for those who would crusade in the cause of human progress, and that unless a man submit to the discipline of the Marxist method, he will find himself a lackey of the bourgeoisie, a social fascist, a class enemy and an escapist into the bargain.

The two most important practical effects of this doctrine are first that Communists oppose every attempt to solve social problems which come from outside their own Party, and that it is an act of faith that whatever Russia desires in the field of foreign policy, down to the minutest detail, must be supported, even though to everybody else in the world such a policy may seem to strike at the roots of international welfare and the welfare of everybody, including every worker in other countries.

I know of no more tragic sight than to watch decent-minded young men and women, full of social conscience, only too anxious to set the cause of humanity before their own personal comfort and advancement, struggling to obey these two palpable lies, and to see the deformation of character which comes to young people who are the salt of the earth when they try in all humility to toe

the Party line.

How are we to explain that Marxist teaching as I have set it forth in brief, although it has been so falsified in every line by events, is yet defended?

It is, of course, possible to find an excuse for any mistake that Marx made. For example, he was wrong in believing that in advanced states like that of Britain, there would be a continuously increasing of capital in a few hands, and equally wrong in teaching that the working classes were bound to become poorer and poorer.

The very fact that revolution came first of all in Russia and not in one of the economically advanced states where it was supposed by him that the social revolution would start because of this increasing misery, makes nonsense of the whole Marxist policy.

But that does not worry your scientific socialist of the present vintage. The thing was put right by Lenin. Lenin showed that Marx would have been quite right but for one thing, Imperialism.

Imperialism is the last dodge of capitalism trying to put off the pitiless day of reckoning. Imperialism consists simply in keeping up the standard of your own working class by exploiting the subject races in other

parts of the world.

There is a lot in this idea which Lenin, of course, borrowed from the English economist, J.A. Hobson. But from the point of view of the seekers after a philosophy which will help them to alter the world, it is a thousand pities that Marx was not able to prophecy the effects of Imperialism. It would have avoided disappointing those who accepted the social revolution in Britain, Germany and America, and the coming of social revolution in Russia would not have taken scientific socialists everywhere in the world so completely by surprise.

Then again, if you ask a Communist how it comes about that when in Russia the social revolution expropriated the expropriators and produced a classless society, the state did not wither away, after looking at you with the contempt you deserve, he will tell you that the Russian state cannot be expected to wither away so long as it is surrounded by the hatred of a capitalist world.

Of course, this answer is common sense, but nowhere in Marx's prophecy do we read that the classless socialist state will have to be strengthened by the sacrifice of every individual to it in order to oppose its enemies outside.

It is a pity that Marx did not make this clear. If in our callow youth we had realised that the inevitable result of a revolution in one country would be the setting up of a police state far more ruthless than anything the world has previously seen, far more devastating to the moral fibre, to the humanism of its individuals, and of its supporters in other countries, we might have thought twice before abandoning our kindlier, though perhaps less efficient teachers for Marx and Machiavelli.

VIII

To many people, no doubt, the fact that their prophet has proved so wrong will sufficiently explain the signal lack of success shown by the Communist Party whenever they have tried to influence the course of human events. But I think that there is another reason, and one which gives one some little ground for optimism. As I have said, philosophers, unlike scientists, contain an element which comes from the irrational part of the human mind; an explanation of life is never altogether objective. The type of emotion embedded in the philosophy of vulgar Marxism is of so unattractive, so sordid a nature, that any hum-

anist will be thankful to find it so frequently leading to errors of judgement.

It is worthwhile asking ourselves, who are the Communist? Nobody needs telling that membership of the Communist Party of Great Britain is not economically determined. It is not a working class party. A certain number of workers pour in and out of it with great rapidity, but the functioning backbone consists almost entirely of fellow-travellers of the proletariat. Membership, indeed, is psychologically determined.

In so far as the Communist Party has working class support, it does not come from the skilled artisan class where Marx prophesied its strength would lie. True the Communist Party can point with pride to Mr. Harry Pollitt, but one swallow does not make a summer. The Communist Party is not the Party of leading scientists, even though at least two Fellows of the Royal Society are counted among its members.

IX

Why then did our generation fall for such an inefficient form of fortune-telling? To answer that it is

no use exploring the realms of reason. We must have been emotionally starved and we must have found in the Marxist philosophy the food for which our emotions craved.

The First World War left behind it a universal sense of futility which was far more devastating than the war-weariness which we are feeling at present.

Comparing the two wars, it is impossible to read into the first the important motives which impelled us in the second. In current jargon, the first war was not, and the second war was, a war of ideologies. The hate and fear of Germany that we then felt was largely synthetic. It did not spring from the sense that the powers of darkness and light had met in mortal combat. The aims of our enemies were in the same category as our own aims. We were fighting to retain our larger share, and the Germans were fighting to obtain a greater share of material things. If the Germans had won, they would have made inroads into our colonies, our trade and our material wealth. But they would not have tampered with our culture or our soul.

In fact, if you were not seriously interested in material possessions, the stake for which you fought in that first war seemed in retrospect not worth the trouble. And in this war of second-rate motives, young men were

slaughtered by the tens of thousands to serve no adequate military purpose at all. I think it is important for the generation which has just been fighting to realise that, with the improvements in the machines of war and in spite of the ruthlessness and determination of the enemy, their lives were safeguarded whenever possible by a strategy which aimed at never losing a single life if it could be possibly avoided. But in the first war, thousands of people were killed on both sides in futile efforts to gain a few yards of trench, simply because nobody had thought out the implications of machine-gun fire.

The strategy of our best generals was to lose a hundred thousand lives provided the enemy could be made to lose a hundred and twenty thousand, and in the long run the war was not won by this master method, but because the German army was demoralised at the sufferings on the home front caused by our blockade.

The survivors from this singularly futile carnage must have spent the rest of their lives with a strong sense of the futility of everything. Moreover, they and their civilian brothers alike were returned to peace conditions without rehabilitation, moral or physical, and

without any sign that a single statesman had ever grasped the problems involved in demobilisation.

In due course there followed the years of unemployment, when any young man must have had a sense of futility drummed into him yet again.

But no man will submit to a sense of futility for long. He must feel that he has a place in the world which is not only secure but, and this is perhaps more important, which he fills better than anyone else. It is necessary to everyone of us to feel important.

In earlier days it was relatively easy even in periods of social strife for the individual to find a sense of security and a sense of personal grandeur. The Christian religion gave him both. To be in possession of the certainties of the Christian faith brings security to the most down-trodden. To know that you are right and that those that disagree with you are wrong is a great comfort. To be certain that you are one of the elect whose future is rosy makes up for the difficulties of the present.

The fanatic who marches up Oxford Street displaying a large poster stating in red letters that the day of the Lord is at hand does not fear intellectual comparison with the greatest of scholars and scientists. The

most unhappy and lonely spirit can defy the demons of loneliness by stalking out at night and chalking up on the wall: "God is Love". There is nothing like the certainty that God is with you for increasing your own courage and decreasing that of your neighbours if they happen to be not quite so sure. Moreover, there is nothing like an unquestioning faith in God for helping people to shut their eyes to unpleasant realities, and, most important of all, such a faith in God seems to afford ample excuse for indulging in the more disreputable of our human emotions. But for a blessed power of self-deception, kindly men, who normally think very poorly of such things as hate, jealousy, envy, cruelty, might be alarmed to see themselves justifying all these natural but deplorable attitudes when they seem adopted for the greater glory of God.

Looking back on history, the most sincere Christian must be troubled to notice how in most men an ardent belief in God has tended to justify all uncharitableness. One is tempted to say that in so far as religious belief brings with it a sense of power, such belief falls beneath the condemnation which cannot be too often repeated, that power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely.

We must not forget, of course, that in a few

rare individuals, absolute religious belief, though it may bring a sense of power, does not bring desire to use that power over other men.

Religious certainty of belief can produce humility, but this is rare.

But, for various reasons, to the men who found themselves in their twenties in the 1920's, the Christian religion was excluded. Christianity had conditioned itself to the static dream of the late Victorian and Edwardian period, and established religion finds it hard to take the lead in a period of fundamental social change, and the churches made no effort at all to meet the universal anxiety and restlessness which had overcome the soul of every man.

In their heart of hearts even politically-minded young men were too exhausted to want to tackle the problems of the day. They wanted to be released from all sense of responsibility. A weary generation after four years of futile and unpleasant action wanted to be relieved from having to do anything practical ever again. Some quite simply said: I have been so hellishly uncomfortable for the last four years that I am going to see to it that I am never uncomfortable for five minutes again.

These built around themselves a sort of chrysalis and avoided further contact with the problems of existence.

But for the better sort, this was impossible. With sufficient social sense to remain a functioning part of the community, they were too drained of vitality to stand on their own feet and think for themselves.

For these the religion of Marxism was an answer to prayer. Scientific socialism strengthened their courage by giving them a 'must' instead of an 'ought'. 'This ought to be' involves personal effort, but 'this must be' does not.

Moreover, if you march with the army of 'must be' you have far less to fear from your opponents than if you merely march with the army of 'ought to be'. If you have faced an enemy across a few hundred yards of no-man's-land for months on end, you know the superiority of 'must' over 'ought'.

It is true that the naive determinism of vulgar scientific socialism (which, as has been pointed out, is simply a new name for Jehovah) demands sacrifices on the part of the individual. You must not think for yourself. But think what you get in exchange for this comparatively small sacrifice. You are no longer responsible

for many of your own actions.

The ordinary simple-hearted man has an instinctive sense that he is bound to be truthful. The enfant terrible is the child who blurts out the truth in accordance with a law of nature. The child has to be taught to be deceitful, and though most children learn the lesson readily enough, there is always a conflict between an innate love of truth and the personal desire which calls in deceit to help it gain its end.

I do not think that the average intelligent Communist enjoys distorting history or suppressing evidence, or imputing false motives to opponents, or promising absurdities, or calling black, white. Each time he does this, the internal conflict would be exhausting, were it not that his religion resolves the conflict and makes a virtue out of vice.

X

There is one great difference between the Christian religion, at least in the form which we know it in modern times, and the new Marxist religion. The Christian religion is a very subtle and highly successful form of men-

tal healing. Its object is to take the uneasy, restless and therefore socially dynamic individual and give him peace. It is a very superficial criticism of Christianity that it is an invention of the exploiter, tended to prevent the exploited kicking against the pricks. Capitalists do not have to invent something for this purpose, because it is a very natural desire of all human beings, whatever may happen with saints and religious geniuses, the ordinary man, when he is at peace with himself, is apt to become self-centred and to withdraw from the chaos of the world.

The man who feels himself at one with God is apt to forget that he has a neighbour and therefore, of course, that he has a duty towards his neighbour, and he will have very little use for rebellion against things as they are. Only the uneasy and the disquieted are likely to make good social revolutionaries.

The Marxist religion is the precise opposite of this. It can only be actively served by those whose mental conflicts and the energy generated by them can be harnessed to the cause of social change.

Marx was quite right in saying that religions were the opium of the people, but he forgot to add that

the religion to which he called people, though not a soporific, was nevertheless a drug, an unnatural stimulant.

Whereas all other religions had sought to heal man's disquietude, by returning him to the peacefulness of the womb of holy Mother Church, that is to say, to a blissful state of total inactivity, the Marxist religion founds its purity of power in the call to action, but, as we have seen, makes this action freer of responsibility and of the effort of personal judgement by setting its objects in the distant future and building a highway broad and straight called 'Must' instead of forcing people to wander anxiously through the open country of 'Ought'.

And the Marxist religion might claim to be an advance on the earlier forms of religion because it did not withdraw human activities from society, but sought rather to concentrate them there. But it was vitiated by two fatal errors, both of them incidentally highly attractive to our lost generation.

Marxism denied Original Sin and substituted for the idea of a duty towards one's neighbour the thoroughly unsatisfactory idea of a duty towards the future.

The avidity with which our generation seized

upon the idea that original sin was a myth is highly significant. It has also been the fruitful source of most of the troubles from which the world is suffering at the present moment.

Our generation carried a load of guilt. You cannot suddenly order a whole generation of men and women who are the heirs of a few centuries of ethical training of a sort, to carry out evil acts which go to make a war, of which killing is only the most obvious, without throwing a strain upon them. It is perfectly true that war can be looked upon as a glorious excuse for doing all those things which the society normally forbids, and as such, war is undoubtedly likely to be greeted with a certain degree of enthusiasm. It is a pleasure and a relief to be released of one's inhibitions, no doubt, but not a lasting pleasure nor a lasting relief. Ancestral voices sooner or later insist upon having their say. No doubt we all want to kill and are glad to have an opportunity of killing with honour, but it is equally true that owing to our social training we want not to kill. The conflict remains, and with it a sense of guilt and anxiety follows. On the morning after, we weep relief from the hangover.

How satisfactory then to be told that far from our actions being our own responsibility, they are really merely a reflex of our social environment. It is the system that is wrong, not ourselves. All we need do is to continue working for the destruction of the system which makes us evil, and meanwhile it is not our fault that we continue to be evil ourselves.

Looking back on the intellectual history of the period, one is impressed with the way in which an imperative need for such a reassuring doctrine appears again and again.

At that period, Morgan and his fellow workers, thanks largely to their researches on the fruit-fly *Drosophila*, were beginning to reveal the true mechanism of heredity. How eagerly our generation seized upon the new knowledge. If we sinned, it was the fault of our forefathers. A man cannot be blamed for conduct conditioned by his genes.

Meanwhile knowledge, important enough to turn the world outside, upside down, was coming from Vienna. The passionate interest in psycho-analysis did not spring solely from rational sources. Everything that we heard about Freud reinforced our conviction that we were not

responsible for our actions. Many were found quite able to believe at one and the same time in economic determinism, biological determinism and psychological determinism, a kind of trinity in unity quite as easy to understand as the Athenasian Creed.

It can be fairly certainly stated that neither Marx nor Morgan nor Freud ever wished to suggest that man could not be held responsible for his overt and conscious acts, but it is very certain that many of our generation found peace in such an interpretation.

The vulgar Marxism went further than this. It not merely took the sting out of sin, but by teaching that the social and economic environment is the cause of man's actions, good and bad, it implied that by reforming this environment, man too could be reformed. Nor was it merely a matter of curing the half-starved or highest exploited worker of the natural consequences of these conditions - bad temper, envy and the rest. Since economic institutions could obviously be perfected, the perfectibility of man followed.

The doctrine of original sin is a complicated one, but one part of it denies that human nature can ever be made perfect merely by altering human surroundings.

Unlike most metaphysical doctrines, Marxist perfectibility and the doctrine of original sin can be put to the test. The love of power is evil. All history has shown it. According to Marxism the social revolution was to bring the classless society and the state would wither away. This means, amongst other things, that out of the social revolution there would not rise a class separate from the rest of the community, desirous of exercising power over the rest of the community. On the other hand, the doctrine of original sin implies that the love of exercising power is inherent in human nature, that without the necessary checks, moral or otherwise, there will always be individuals whose imperfections will take the form of wanting to boss and bully others. It is perfectly relevant to ask whether the manifest and universally known experience of the Russian Revolution lends support to the first or the second of these theories.

5.4: Reflexions de la dècada 1936-1946

Like most of my contemporaries I have lead a busy life during the last decade. A pacifist in my earlier days, I was forced by the coming of Hitler to prepare myself for the war which by 1933 was clearly inevitable. By the time Franco had been flown over from the Canaries in a British piloted plane to start making his country safe for Christianity by setting Moors to murder catholics, and safe for landlordism and capitalism by slaying as many peasants and workmen as possible, I felt that the European conflagration had begun.

I had warned a London newspaper of what was coming in April of that year and had been sent to gather information. I had seen the new Spain in scarlet, or in scarlet and black, celebrate the millenium on May Day. I had seen the blood on the woodblocks of Barcelona when the F.A.I. began to assassinate their enemies and had filed past the bodies of the victims along with the excited populace and wondered at the post-mortem growth of beard on their stiffened cheeks.

On a day in July I bought a motorbicycle and with my fifteen year old son on the pillion motored into a country at civil war. What I saw in the succeeding months was to prejudice me against any theory of social action which favoured the uses of force for the overthrow of one's own government. In many a daydream I have murdered Lord Simon or Sir Samuel Hoare, but I have been glad in my heart that I belonged to a country where instead of lamp posts we use the House of Lords for the extermination of political criminals.

In Spain I learned all I could about partisan fighting, and with the help of Italian and German bombers, collected information which was later to be of some slight help to our officials in introducing realism to A.I.P.

On the night of Munich I stood and tore off the news from the ticker tape as it tapped out the death of civilization in a Fleet Street office. At 3 a.m. I stepped across the street bought a copy of the Daily Telegraph scanned the advertisements of houses for sale, went home, woke up my wife and said "War is coming we are going straight into the country to buy a hideout for the baby". Stupidly enough we choose East Sussex in a rural district where 424 flying bombs were later to be brought down. The hideout lost its roof and several walls in the blitz and after

Dunkirk every hedge and stream had to be turned into a defended position. Yet how glad I have always been that I did not, as some of my wiser friends did, dig myself into a fastness in North Wales.

War came and the first alert in London. In a disciplined manner I at once filled my bath with cold water and then as nothing happened I had a cold bath.

The phony war got on everybody's nerves. Sir Kingsley Wood was proud of not having spent all parliament had given him to spend. Mr. Leslie Burgin said that it was no bad thing that there were a million men unemployed as it meant we had a useful pool on which to draw later in the war. Then Russia invaded Finland. This was a turning point in my life.

I had two reasons for getting myself sent as a war correspondent to Finland. I was sick and tired of life in England as it was in 1939 and I was sick and tired of the dishonesty of my communist friends. If they had taken the line that in a world containing Hitler and Chamberlain Stalin could do no otherwise than act according to the best principles of Machiavellian power politics, it would have been reasonable. But they did not take this line: they whipped themselves into a frenzy of righteous indig-

nation against a quite imaginary Finland. They swallowed all the gaff about Kuusiner, that singularly unconvincing pre-Zuisling who was neatly forgotten by the Kremlin when he had served his purpose. The very same people who had stood in the Shoreditch Town Hall in my honour and sung the Internationale in my honour because I had protested against intervention in Spain now abused me for objecting in precisely the same way to intervention in Finland.

I am very glad indeed now that Russia did attack Finland because it helped the Allied Nations in their most dangerous hour against Hitlerism. But the fanatical little British Communists have not that excuse since in 1939 they were insisting that we were fighting an "Imperialist War" in which one side was as bad as the other.

But all that is over: as far as I am concerned I learned in Finland a few new facts about war and, more important, from watching the antics of some of my friends a good deal more about human nature. Having been bombed by Italians and Germans in Spain and by Russians in Finland I knew quite a lot about blast and having seen two populations flee before invasion I was more than ever unsympath-

etic to anyone who thought that revolution was so desirable that all compromise, all good political behaviour by the "wrong people" even, was to be ruthlessly attacked. Though social injustice remained in my mind a deplorable thing to be eliminated wherever possible I became more than ever convinced that very little was to be gained by men and women being personally unjust to their political opponents. I go so far as to say that a lie in the Daily Worker seems to me as deplorable, because as dangerous to social good, as a lie in the Daily Express.

Then came May 1940 and Dunkirk. Do you remember the days which followed? Do you not agree with me that everything since then has been a spiritual let-down? Those were the days when strangers in the street were knit to one by bands of true comradeship. What wonderful summer weather we had! Centuries of the best English poetry came alive in the woods and flower laden fields. Everybody you met was thinking and feeling very much as you were.

The Home Guard was formed. On the strength of my experiences in Spain and Finland, the local parson asked me to address the villagers in the parish church. Instead of the usual thirteen, the congregation numbered over four hundred. I talked from the chancel steps on how we should behave in the invasion. I was asked to repeat my

sermon in a dozen or more Sussex villages. Then someone asked me to write a Home Guard Training Manual. I remember reading carefully a pamphlet by the eccentric Colonel Macerone "Instructions for Arming the People". It had been published in 1832 and was intended to prepare the way for armed revolution on the part of the people of England in the event of the Reform Bill being thrown out. I got many good ideas from this, though the more strait-laced of the H.G. Gallatlon commanders, who were later to recommend the manual's use, would have been displeased had they known the source. I also used what I had learned in Spain and Finland and filled in with liberal doses of common sense.

About a quarter of a million of these Manuals were sold, which must be a record for a military manual written by an ex-pacifist who had never used a weapon in anger. But more surprising things were to happen later.

All the blitz winter I toured the country lecturing to huge Home Guard audiences. There is one personal detail which somehow crystallises for me the spirit of 1940. I lectured in a pair of corduroy trousers and a brown leather jacket with a zipper fastener. It may not have pleased all the distinguished officers who were my

chairmen but nobody grumbled openly. But in 1941 I should not have been able to dress like this anywhere outside Monty's Eighth Army.

For myself the leather jacket and corduroys were important emotionally: I could not altogether reconcile myself to the fact that I was teaching an army how to fight. I could only feel that it was right if I associated myself with fighters with whom I had always had full sympathy, the Spanish workmen and peasants defending themselves almost with bare fists against professional armies. My heart and soul were of course in what I was doing, but I wished somehow to preserve my amateur status and the clothes did it. Later amateur status was not encouraged and by 1941 I would not myself have been comfortable outside my uniform.

In the intervals of these tiring meetings from which I returned often in the early hours of the morning to the blackness and loneliness of the London blitz, I went to my Sussex village. I inspected the small bridge over the little river which I and a local farmer were expected to hold for twenty minutes or so against any enemy AFV's. I learned about the fougasses which were to be my main armament but which somehow never got themselves dug

into position. The farmer and I speculated as to the best direction in which to make our get away and discussed sundry wires to be put at neck height across the lane to cut off Nazi motorcyclists' heads. It all sounds strange now but of one thing I am quite certain: if Nazis had come to our village they might well have passed through, but behind them there would have been more dead villagers than live ones. I daresay however that among the larger houses not requisitioned for troops there would have been found here and there a collaborateur. For after all it has been found in many European countries that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man not to be a collaborateur.

Then something happened to me that will never cease to surprise me. By May I had become tired of the sound of my own voice and I told the War Office that I would not lecture any more but that I would prefer to prepare myself for an operational role.

It seemed to me that if an invasion took place in the South East the most important thing the Home Guard could do would be to act as an intelligence and spy service and that a body of men able to move unseen, to report accurately, and to ambush small groups of the enemy caught

unaware would be invaluable. These men should know how to live off the country and especially how to carry on in enemy occupied territory. I felt I could organise and train such a group.

My ambitions were purely local but as things turned out the local Home Guard were the only battalion in the British Isles which remained entirely unmoved, or rather hostilely moved, by what grew up out of my original modest proposal.

To be brief I found myself the commandant of an Army School to which Home Guard, Recon Battalion men, Canadiens, Brigade of Guards, Commandos came to be instructed in ambushing, stalking, camouflage and living off the country. First General Paget and then Monty made themselves the patron saint of the school and almost everybody above the rank of G3 helped with all their power.

Once more early prejudices along with common sense made me insist on keeping my amateur status. I was never paid a penny during the two and a half years of the school and this alone preserved me amid the jealousies and red tape of the lower orders of staff officers who did everything they could to sabotage the show directly Paget and Monty's backs were turned.

Unfortunately however the army authorities responded overenthusiastically to my request that the road down to my house be repaired and helped by incompetence they found it necessary to spend several hundred pounds on it, a fact which my neighbours refused to forgive. Wonderful rumours began to go abroad. I was known to be in communication with the enemy by way of a powerful transmitter kept in my cellar. My adjutant was not really an adjutant but an intelligence officer kept by the Army to watch me. I made a thousand a year out of the school not including the very huge profits of an illegal canteen and the sale of vast quantities of army stores.

Without exception the neighbouring farmers sent in regular demands for compensation for damage done to their crops, herds and property by the students. One went so far as to say he had had to give up farming owing to a nervous breakdown brought on by the sight of my students defaecating in his fields at my orders. Another claimed a hundred pounds for apples stolen from an ancient, lichen covered orchard whose decrepid trees had been stripped of all blossom by a May frost.

I learned a great deal about humanity from my neighbours, but, I am glad to say I learned still more

from the five thousand students who passed my way.

Every Friday evening wet or fine there arrived at the school gates from fifty to eighty men. They came from as far north as Angus, from Northern Ireland, from the Isle of Man, from Westmoreland and Kent, from London and the Black Country, from Wessex and East Anglia. They were all ages from seventeen to seventy; all professions, bankers, actors, factory craftsmen, farmers, dockers, tradesmen; there were agricultural labourers and millionaires, cockneys and country gentlemen, men with four rows of ribbons and men who had never heard a shot fired at a man.

It was necessary at once to turn these heterogeneous elements into a group, working together, thinking together, feeling together. It always struck me as a problem in psychology and I was pleased to hear that one pupil, an architect, described the course as the best piece of stage management he had ever seen.

In spite of my neighbours' opinion to the contrary two and a half years voluntary service left me considerably in debt and I resolved to do something else which I had never expected to do. Heaven knows I had never expected to be the commandant of an army training school,

but hardly less surprising was it to find myself the
director of a nice little business.

APENDIX 6: DIETARIS, 1948 - 1955

When he was 50, P.B. gave a small birthday party, to help, as he thought, reconcile himself to the passage of so many years. It was no great occasion but there was enough to eat and drink, and there was good music and fairly good talk.

When the people had gone, P.B. began to put away the books which had been turned over and discussed, to rearrange the piles of gramophone records in their proper cases and to look at his pictures, all of which had as usual changed somewhat in his eyes as a result of the comments, admiring but not always deep, of his guests.

In spite of the pleasure these possessions had given, and of the reflected praise which had passed from them to him as their owner, P.B. became more and more depressed. A large proportion of these material objects, the accumulation of those fifty years whose end had been thus celebrated, seemed now for the first time meaningless and unnecessary. There was hardly a book on all his shelves that he could imagine ever wishing to open; he wondered

if he would ever again want to take out a record of a Beethoven Posthumous Quartet. He saw his collected objects for what they really were, stop-gaps, substitutes for what his life had failed to provide.

P.B. sat down at his desk and began scribbling. He showed me the scrap of paper the other day. "People accumulate things", he wrote, "only when they have not enough love in their lives. And they buy books to help them think they are wise. It is something that I know this. When I cannot resist buying something I shall scarcely ever look at, or a book I shall perhaps never read, I do not deceive myself. And the final proof would be that if I ever meet a woman who will love me as much as I want to love her, I shall sell all these things; and I shall sell them without the shadow of a regret. Not very suitable thoughts, however, amid the cigarette ends and general mess of a dead fiftieth birthday."

Two years later P.B. had sold four-fifths of everything he had. I leave you to guess what fortune had come his way.

P.B.'s experience is one that should be considered carefully by anyone wishing to learn the art of love. And there is a good deal that we must say about

this connection between possessiveness and loneliness. Loneliness means that we are not laying up stores of treasure in heaven, and so we are forced to accumulate trash.

Sunday, 17.10.48

Mother

My mother is dead. I heard the news yesterday morning. It means that I shall be very busy for weeks to come.

I shall be busy, because of the peculiar emotional state that will now arise. It is about two years now that I have been able to admit to myself that I hate my mother. Of course I must admit that this hatred is somewhat of a museum specimen. It bears as much resemblance to the fiery active sensation, which forces one to act, as a pressed flower in some eighteenth century herbarium to the flower which was picked one day by a secluded stream in Kent.

It was living and active for a moment only, and the only action it forced out of me was to put it into words for the first and last time. Do you know, I said to my beloved companion, the truth is that I hate my mother; and at that moment the sensation of bitter hatred was like a live coal. But the heat went out immediately; it was still there, it was none the less real, but it was for ever after a faded flower in a small collection. It remained my fa-

vourite specimen, the one I liked to look at best, the one I looked at every day at least once. Indeed I was often tempted to do a very weak and foolish thing, to take this faded flower off the page where it had been fastened down, and to go through the day, foolishly, with it in my button-hole.

And now that she is dead I must defend her. I cannot allow her to go down into hell, simply because with all her good intentions, she did her best to ruin me. Oh no, I make no claim to charitable feelings in this matter. I am not imbued with a spirit of forgiveness. That is a luxury reserved, in this unfair universe, for those who have the impertinence to be unforgiving in the first instance. I cannot even pray; father forgive her, she knew not what she did. In our day that is such a shallow prayer, because we all know that no one can be held responsible for their actions. We are caught in the whole vicious circle of the unending generations. We do not sin our own sins, but the sins of our parents, and our children after us are doomed to sin our sins. Oh no! Nobody is responsible for their actions: that has been conclusively proved to us in several ways, which are none the less satisfactory to us because they are irreconcilable with one another. And so it seems that forgiveness has no meaning if it is

given to individuals. It is the whole human race, from Adam onwards, that must be forgiven, en bloc and altogether, if the word is to have sense.

Well, you ask me, (if this is how you feel - and how tactful you are not to start an argument this early -) at what court do you conceive yourself bound to plead for your mother? You do not yourself accuse her, she has gone down to her death without enemies. Isn't the whole affair a closed book?

How much more easily could I answer you, I reply, but, I am afraid it is chiefly to gain time to find the real answer, if you and I believed in reincarnation. No one surely wishes their mother to be reborn an unclean beast or a creeping thing. After all our parents in their next incarnation are, thanks to the tangle of the generations, in part what we have made them. Indeed they become to a certain extent, our children. We would feel responsible for them, especially if they showed themselves to have taken a step or two down the scale of existences.

But as, thank heaven, we are both sane and possessed of reasonably well-trained minds?

That being so, I went on, we must look for any results of a successful defense in the living, I

suppose?

Is it possible, you say, that the real you, the you which your mother fashioned, has an enemy under your own roof? Are you defending her against the accusations of the you which, as you think, might, nay ought to have been? But even your frankness doesn't go far enough, I reply. Perhaps you are right that the adversary is this me that might have been. But if so it is not my mother only that I feel the need to defend. It is also the me that she fashioned; for to be frank, I do not admit that this me is so very poor a specimen. I was not ruined by my childhood. I was given a problem to solve by it, that is all. The other me, which my mother stifled, would have done very well, no doubt; indeed I am rather certain that he would have been Prime Minister by now; but he would never have made much of a success at being this me. There I am his superior and I am not prepared to forget it.

There is one thing that occurs to me, you say, the other you that your mother strangled, it would have been far more satisfactory a son from her point of view, would it not?

A point which I shall bear in mind, I said rather testily. It alters nothing, but it might be considered in mitigation.

Journal of Escape

begun April 1950

Fremia

The word escape is abnormally charged with emotion for me thanks to a trivial accident of personal history. From 1930 to 1934 I was living in America in conditions which made a complete break between what my life had been in England and what it was to be on my return.

Until I left England I had been, or at least felt myself to be, one of the rising adult generation. My friends, for the most part, and I, had a great faith in humanity, and particularly in working-class humanity; we had read William Morris as undergraduates, and we had thought about Robert Owen. Although we had read Marx and protected ourselves against our own sentimentality by affirming our belief in scientific socialism, our ideas were British in origin and our desire to have things changed was rooted - though we said little about it - in human love.

Our intellectual landscapes had been coloured by Shaw, Wells and the Webbs, so that although there might

be little logic in them and much confusion, there was also a gusto, an enjoyment, and a desire to be happy ourselves, and to see the world happy and at peace. Of course there was an admiration and a protective spirit - strange these words sound in 1950 - towards Russia. They were largely caused by our having constructed a new Russia in our minds where our aspirations were on their way to a triumph. Meanwhile the battle which really interested most of us was waged elsewhere than in the field of economics. Bertrand Russell and Freud in their several ways had opened the locked doors in the house of sex where there are many mansions often with underground cellars. In our and the century's twenties we had heard with enthusiasm that we must give up possessiveness and concentrate on creativeness, though creativeness with some of us never amounted to much more than the right to possess our friends' wives. We had very many ideas about freedom, and, although some forms of freedom were unlikely to improve matters for those who practised them, or for their neighbours, I still maintain that more good than bad comes of a belief in freedom, and far more good of a belief in amorphous freedom than of one in 'the freedom of necessity.'

But in the late twenties and the early thirties all this was changing. The change was gradual no doubt but

the effect of my four years break of continuity had the effect of concealing this gradualness from me.

I returned to England to find a new generation pushing its way to the centre of the stage whereon youth is wont to act out its tragi-comedy. I was soon to find that a hungry generation was indeed treading wine down.

These young people, who had never heard of Robert Owen and never read William Morris - or the authorised version of the Bible, or Shakespeare or anything else except perhaps Anton Duhring and a number of works by John Strachey and Palm Dutt - seemed to me at first glance rather unattractive, taking a delight in bitterness and not wanting anyone, even themselves, to enjoy anything at all.

Of course we, in our day, had from time to time been rude about the Webbs, laughed scornfully at believers in the inevitability of gradualness and been tough about the necessity for a certain amount of unpleasantness in the process of changing the world; but we had, I think, never made the mistake of not admiring the Webbs; we had given them the credit due to them and though we had regretted the Trade Union's unimaginative mind it took a great deal to convince us that a leader was a lost leader and a traitor.

Above all our dreams were certainly concerned with universal happiness and the simpler pleasures for all, and not with power, power bulldozing human nature into conformity.

It is more than probable that we were in a weak position philosophically and that by revolting against a too narrow interpretation of what is meant by original sin had distorted the truth about human nature, but this was better perhaps than the hate-determined attitude of the new youth which called anyone but the true believers, not merely mistaken, which would always be natural and even proper, but evil, dishonest, suborned.

It sounds naive of me, no doubt, but it was with astonishment and quite a high degree of irritation that I now found myself described by these only slightly younger people as a social fascist and an escapist.

Moreover I was disturbed to find that the symptoms of being a social fascist and an escapist turned up in the most unexpected places. In our day - for it soon became clear to old fogies like myself in their middle thirties that our day was over - in our day we naturally assumed that anyone who disagreed with us was the victim of a bad education which had left him unable to

think and political argument kept pretty narrowly to economic themes. Now all that was changed. Not a good word was to be said not merely of the opponent's intellect but of his morals, his honesty, his common decency.

And consider the symptoms of escapism which you might show. If you enjoyed a play by J.B. Priestley, you were an escapist; if you put on a dinner jacket except to wring money out of the rich for the cause, you were an escapist; if you regarded religion as anything but the opium of the people - and this even if you did not profess a creed, but mildly urged that as a sociological and psychological phenomenon there was more to religion than that - you were an escapist. You soon became an escapist if you were interested, perhaps without being a Freudian, in Freud.

There was a very earnest group of leftist dancers who believed in satirising society - bourgeois society - in bare feet with abdomens held prominently forward in "peasant" stance; and to the members of this group anyone who preferred ballet, even Russian ballet to their offering was an escapist. You were not even allowed to take an interest in both bare feet and ballet shoes. This very strict set of Marxist aesthetes were unfortunately torn apart in due course by the Trotskyist schism.

Sometimes a fleeting enthusiast for Russia which did not last turned people from escapism to non-escapism and back again so fast that it was hard to know whether one was allowed to admire them or not. The perfect example of this phenomenon is of course M. André Gide. They have by the way, grown more careful now in Moscow and they preserve continuity by distinguishing between a man and his works. Thus Picasso's pictures, a mountain of escapism, are kept under lock and key in Moscow so that they shall not corrupt, while the Master himself can sit on platforms in Western Europe and whip up support for the U.S.S.R. by his admired presence.

Well, as I say, it came as a serious blow to me on returning to England, expecting to take up my life in its main public aspects as if four withered years did not lie between the two parts into which it had fallen, to find that I was labelled an escapist. That I was in good company did not help. I think I must have been abnormally earnest as well as stupid to react as I did; for I took the criticism very seriously to heart and spent much time in considering whether the things I liked best and admired best in life were justifiable, or escapist. As I think back I wish that I had had the intelligence then to accept the challenge and to declare then as I most certainly do

now, that no man who is not an escapist has any claims to sanity, that escapism indeed is that quality in living things which makes flowers and insects beautiful, instead of being merely efficient as breeding machines, that makes some men write poetry and less gifted men, that is less efficient escapists, make something more out of their brief lives than a struggle for animal necessities. But it took three wars to reach even such elementary wisdom as this.

First came the Spanish Civil War. Having lived in Spain off and on since 1920 I threw myself heart and soul into the struggle, one of the small minority who did what came to their hand for love of the Spanish people and not in the service of any ideology. Along with deans, duchesses and dilettantis, poets publishers and cinema magnates, all touched by the dreadful human tragedy, beyond the Pyrenees, I was "used" by the communist party - or at least that was their way of putting it, and from their point of view an accurate enough way, for they not only used us but they used the tortured women, the decapitated children, the exsanguinated multitudes of Spain for their own purposes. They took them up, and dropped them again over the precipices into hell according as it suited Russia's foreign policy. My version is that it was I who used the communist party, and I dare say that is the version of the duchesses,

the poets and the rest, who knew suffering human beings when they saw them and had human feelings in sympathy with human sorrow.

I enjoyed being made much of by the communists. I remember returning from Barcelona after a series of rather heavy bombings, as they seemed to the world of innocents who were yet to experience a real blitz in London. I addressed an audience in the Shoreditch Town Hall, and the whole hall full, a thousand or so strong, stood and sang the International in my honour. How they cheered my indignant condemnation of Germany and Italy trampling on a small nation, my ringing call to all the world to take up the challenge of fascist while the bombs fell on Madrid and Barcelona and not to wait until we heard them fall on London, saw our own children reduced to pulpy, amorphous, wet sponges of dead tissue. What a temptation it was to those of us whose politics were three parts emotion and quixotism to throw in our lot with these hard-working, enthusiastic, determined people who seemed the only people in England not content to fight Hitler and Mussolini with paper resolutions and umbrellas. I very nearly slipped.

Then came the enlightening buffoonery of the communist party's attitude to our war. Friends, who, in the words of a publisher who had been "used" very exten-

sively until the outbreak of our war, used to live in the daily and hourly realisation of the supreme horror of nazism, now began to think that to support our "imperialist war" against Hitler might be worse than to call off the fight on Hitler's terms. I suppose doctors and nurses in lunatic asylums get used to their job and lose the primitive aversion, amounting in many of us to sheer horror, of human beings with decayed and rotten brains, but I confess that from then on, increasingly, I have experienced the same acute discomfort from contact with a communist that I get from contact with any other psychotic.

After Spain came Finland. Even in 1939 after the hobnobbing of Stalin and Ribbentrop there was left in me something of the faith which twenty years before had swept through the great Albert Hall meetings where we cried to our victorious war lords: Hands off Russia. It seemed quite impossible that Russia was doing to Finland what Germany and Italy had done to Spain so recently. Russia according to the news services had attacked a small nation. Russian bombers were destroying homes including working-class homes in a quite inoffensive peaceful neighbour's territory.

Of course my communist friends did not see it

that way. "Russia is not fighting Finland" one told me, "She is fighting Mannerheim the fascist toads of International Nickel." Communists, in that fertile way of theirs, built up for themselves a picture of Finnish workers driven unwillingly to the trenches to do the dirty work of international capitalism, and without more ado they sincerely believed their picture to correspond with facts.

That is perhaps the most revolting thing about communists: the sincerity with which they believe what they want to believe; it is the very quality which makes a conversation with a paranoiac so horrible, this sincere belief in a world built out of diseased mental processes.

I went to Finland. I lay flat in the snow while Russians rained hundreds of incendiary and anti-personnel bombs all round me and I was terrified and could not understand what on earth had brought me to these dreary arctic wastes. My communist friends understood. I had simply sold myself to the lick spittle, anti-democratic press. As a matter of fact I was getting about ten pounds a week less than I got from my paper when my despatches from Spain earned me the cheers and unison singing of the comrades of Shoreditch.

Meanwhile General Franco's card index in Burgos, if it still existed, as late as 1939 had me listed as "a Jew in the pay of the Comintern" and when the Finnish minister thought to show his gratitude to his Friends of Finland committee by giving them a copy of my book on the Finnish war, one recipient wrote back to ask why after all he had done for Finland the minister had insulted him by sending him a book by a Red, "which of course I immediately threw on the fire."

I got back from Finland in time to avoid being caught by the Nazi invasion of Norway and to experience the London blitz. All that winter I was rushing from one end of the kingdom to another lecturing to great rallies of the Home Guard on what I had learned of "guerrilla" in Spain and Finland. I dressed in a leather jacket and corduroy trousers on the supposition that we had entered the last days and that nobody would ever wear a suit with collar and tie ever again. Yes, I sincerely believed that.

My garb must have annoyed a number of senior officers who had to sit on platforms with it but in those days orthodoxy, and especially military orthodoxy, had so lost its belief in itself that nobody had the courage to object.

Then I started my school for teaching all sorts of people Fieldcraft and for three years that became my only interest day and night. I am told that it was a useful improvisation and certainly five or six thousand men of every condition, age, experience thoroughly enjoyed their strenuous weekends of camouflage, ambushing, unarmed combat and unorthodox bivouacking. But nobody profited more than I for it proved to me something I had never had an opportunity of knowing before, namely that I could organize and manage men. Having learned that rather late in life, certain ghosts of my childhood and youth were at last laid and I have never had the slightest desire to organize and manage anyone ever again. In the same way a few years later when I entered business and was three months later made a director and three months after that was offered a third of the business free - and a very lucrative little business it was - another set of ghosts was laid and I learned that I could have been a business man and made money if I had chosen to do so. One is so corrupted that one cannot help feeling inferior if one has never earned a very good salary and this surprise was therefore very valuable to me. Having satisfied myself that the thing could be done, I turned my back on business for ever and was filled with loathing at the very thought of it for the rest of my life.

Thus for fifteen long years I had very little opportunity to escape from the effects of the collective foolishness of the human race, even had I wished to. The experiences of three wars were nevertheless having their underground effect. Quite early in our war I found myself saying: When this is over I am going to get out of it all and go and live simply in Spain. But though the geographical direction of my intended escape became thus early fixed, my idea of what escape itself involved was at that time unformed and very limited. I wanted to escape from a wet and weary climate, from too much income tax, from the vexatious distractions, the cluttered up existence of urban civilisation, from having to earn money in order to spend it on things which did not really give me pleasure, thereby curtailing time and energy available for "the work I really wanted to do."

I was even able to balance those tangible benefits which could be derived from escaping to Spain from what I might do if I remained at home living the sort of life that that would involve. Sooner or later a labour victory was to be expected and on general principles I was a labour supporter. Should I stand for parliament and go in for a political career? Should I continue what was really quite a successful career as a journalist? This

last heresy, as I now regard it, did for a time paralyse my will because I seemed to be earning so much that I dreamed of becoming through monetary success a comparatively free man. I supplemented this motive for stopping where I was with a belief in the educational value of my popular but accurate scientific journalism. Had I a right to throw up all this; to stop performing what was after all a useful social function?

When I thought this I was of course condemning myself out of my own mouth. I was accepting the claptrap phraseology in which the ignorant, humourless, dehumanised young people of 1934 dressed up their ethical ideas. A good man was one who allowed himself to be chained to a social function, to become a social implement; a bad man, an escapist, was one who preferred to remain a person instead of becoming an implement, and who is not prepared to put off that waking out of sleep implied by integrating one's complete personality, until he has been "used" for social ends.

How was I to know what good I could do, if any, as a social instrument until I had achieved something a little nearer a complete personality than I knew myself to be. No society can be healthy if it has to make use of stunted personalities and I was a stunted personality.

That was not other people's judgement of me, it was my own judgement of myself. And a man is stunted if he knows himself to be so.

One may be fairly well satisfied with one's actions and one's daily existence and yet suddenly become aware of acute dissatisfaction with what it is all going to lead to in the end. It is this moment that decides a man's fate. Either he must act, he must make his escape, or he must remain a slave and stunted. There will be many arguments urging him to submit and very many of them will sound ethically exalted. It will seem courageous to go on bearing one's accustomed burden, it will seem unthinkable to hurt other people who may be adversely affected by your banging the front-door behind you, it will seem egoistic and selfish to imagine that you have the right to go prospecting for the precious metals hidden in yourself by the debris of past mistakes and disappointments.

All this must, I suppose, be put in the balance against your ever-increasing certainty that if you are to be born again you must die to the circumstances, including the obligations, of your existing manner of living. I say, I suppose this must be done, because it is so hard to avoid discussing our problems in conventional metaphors. I do

not believe anyone really weighs the pros and cons until after he has done what his personality, with all the outside forces which impinge on it, determines to do. Then our consciousness records the fait accompli and being a waster of self-deception believes that it has been responsible for the action which in reality it does no more than reflect.

I do not here wish to say anything about the most important aspect of my preparations to escape, of the unexpected and perfect friendship which made it possible to think of escape. To talk of that would be as banal as to supply a programme to a piece of music which one has composed and is about to play, or an explanation to a poem which should be self-explanatory.

May 11th, 1950. Read P. the passage in *Fruits of the Earth* p.99 about inns and wine and thirst. We agreed that it illustrated what is meant by saying Gide is untranslatable. His whole thought is distorted every time one has to pronounce the word 'drunkenness'. Every time that word comes into the text the whole weight of English social history with gin palaces, Dickens and the Salvation Army crushes down on his slender and innocent shoots and stems. Yet what else can we use. Intoxication? - which is poisoning pure and simple. Inebriation? - a word with religious significance from dead Dionysian rituals, which therefore we English can only use comically, shamefacedly, as we do perspiration for sweat.

The passage contains a suggestion: why not go out all day walking in the hills without having prepared a pleasant merienda, without going to an inn to eat or even looking for a spring for water? Return in the evening not only tired, but starving, footsore, with discomfort distributed all over one's body. Why have only cushioned experiences? Few experiences are more delightful than the passing away of pain and weariness.

Only, the walk would have to be solitary; a companion would mean a discharge of tension by way or irritability. A quarrel would spoil the sensations of thirst

and footsoreness by distracting attention from looking forward to the moment when they will be dissipated.

Yes, this cushioning oneself against anything which may hinder the writing of so many thousand words of journalism a week must stop. It means that you never see a sunrise in summer, lie in bed trying to get to sleep when everything in you suggests getting up, and so on. Moreover these regular habits defeat their own ends. They do not keep the body fit if they are never broken. The arrogant body becomes contemptuous of them and finds ingenious ways of seeking out ill-health. Give it an occasional chance of having to withstand ill-treatment and it will respond with added well-being, as if to prove how powerfully it can resist. You should mistrust a stomach that never gets out of order because your diet is so soundly devised. It is probably brooding some dark revolt in its silent darkness. Give it something to cry about sometimes; it will be a more faithful servant afterwards.

May 12th. Read Huis Clos to myself and some De Quincey to P. The first made me angry and the second bored us both. We had to give it up as being too psychologically slow. I had not read the Opium Eater since I was a boy and it was a disappointment to find no pleasure in it.

The studies of Wordsworth are more interesting because of the injured sensitivities always visible between the lines. I must think about Huis Clos later.

May 20th. Read the first 23 pages of The Unquiet Grave to P. Again I ask, why did Connolly not take off fourteen pounds weight and try again? He seems to know at least one of the things which makes him second-rate, but evidently he wishes to remain second-rate. It is an honest book, a masochistic performance. Nonsense whenever he talks about women. P. complained that he's 'so old fashioned.' She meant particularly that his pert analysis of Jesus reads like a village atheist of the 1880's. Often he seems to suggest that he believes in and feels the important things such as reverence for life, but he can never keep it up because he hates himself too consciously.

May 21st. Read bits of T.S.E. to P.

"Literary criticism should be completed by criticism from a definite ethical and theological standpoint. The 'greatness' of literature cannot be determined solely by literary standards; though we must remember that whether it is literature or not can be determined only by literary standards."

Most readers of fiction especially look eagerly for themselves in the book, but only for themselves justified. The character in a book which is usually most fully justified contains something at least of the author. Thus a book may be the means whereby a superior craftsman is able to justify not only himself and his point of view but that of all those readers who have the same point of view. Now if the writer's attitude towards life is one that can be severely criticised according to ethical standards, his book, however arresting as a piece of writing, in fact the more so by how much it is arresting, may be a disaster.

Thus to-day society produces many neurotic, unhappy, incompetent people with their backs turned on life, unable to enjoy the world, to love other people or to respect themselves. In life those are unlikely to find justification, but in literature, yes. That is the meaning of the popularity among the unanchored intelligensia of our time for Kafka. In him the death wish is justified.

And therefore we should attack and condemn Kafka.

As sentimental human beings we must be sorry for Kafka as a man. And he like everyone else has a perfect right to his own philosophy of death in life. But we have more than a right, we have a duty, to oppose the

encouragement he gives to worms to think well of themselves. It makes no difference that the worms have been cut by the plough of contemporary society as it cuts through the breast of nature.

It makes no difference either that all these "unhealthy" writers - Lawrence, Joyce, Sartre, Kierkegaard, Kafka have admirable qualities. In the present age most of their greatest admirers are not attracted by these qualities, but by the evil in their own hearts which they see reflected in their books.

The tragedy of Lawrence is that as a psycho-sexually impotent man he suffered from the malady which most he attacked - sex in the head. In consequence most of his ardent admirers are precisely those who suffer from sex in the head. Potent men who are happy in their potency do not like Lawrence, even if they acknowledge his technical skill. Instead he has become the patron saint of the psycho-sexually impotent. Birds of a feather flock together.

Joyce on the one side is undoubtedly a writer's writer. His technical experiments, his command of vocabulary. But his kindest admirers are not interested in literary technique....

Unfortunately the only people who carry out T.S.E.'s rules methodically and ruthlessly are the communists.

May 23rd. Following a small quarrel at lunch about my table manners, we sat in the garden and listened to the Choral Symphony. This seemed to upset the birds who came and raged in the Eucalyptus, just as if the cat or an owl was threatening them. Then the laundress stopped at the gate and asked if we were broadcasting the service from Montserrat. She thought we must be because the bishop and governor of Barcelona were visiting the Monastery to-day. P. thinks it must be odd for a girl to be called Jagged Mountain.

Then I read her the chapter from Gulliver on

. Some sentence about a dream suddenly brought to mind a very vivid one of mine that I had completely forgotten. I was experimenting with ants which were marching in column. I broke the column, whereupon the ant thus isolated from its fellows whirled round so violently in the sand that it shot off to some distance. It then seized on a white butterfly which flew it back to its lost companions. I was delighted at this observation and felt that by describing it I should gain a reputation for having done good scientific work. All the elements which went to make up the dream are clear enough, but why did I so completely forget it, and why did Swift bring it all back so vividly?

"The tragedy of the spirit when it is not content to understand but wishes to govern". Santayana: The

best Puritan.

But perhaps the tragedy begins with insisting on trying to understand - the tragedy of the spirit when it is not content to wonder but wishes to understand.

At supper P. said: That odd old doctor passed to-day when I was in the garden and looked down on me. I realised that, since I was the only person in view, for the next five or ten seconds I would be in his mind. And it seemed so strange to think that I would be leading a double existence in his mind and in the garden....

If I were to write an Anti-communist Manifesto what would the main headings be? What have we got to put up as a better moral cause than the one they pretend to? There are things to which we must subscribe if we are to outbid them as revolutionaries and the only way to counter a revolution is to preach a better one.

1. Atomic bombs. They must be unconditionally outlawed by us. Then we can point to them as the people who refuse to outlaw them, since they refuse to give the safeguards which will show that they have done so.

2. A positive world policy on food, natural resources and population control as a basis for really raising the human standard of living.

3. Complete renunciation of racial discrimination and a policy which accepts the equality of Asia and Africa with Europe.

4. Unification of European resources, industry and trade so as to destroy the evil side of national boundaries.

5. Emphasis on all fundamental freedoms but equally a denial backed up by action of any attempt to attack the state by means of force.

6. An ultimatum to Russia to come in on our terms to a unified civilization backed up by a complete withdrawal of all intercourse diplomatic, commercial, cultural unless she accepts normal standards of decency.

7. Unification of all military forces among those who accept the anti-communist counter-revolution.

8. Having justified our defending ourselves by purifying our aims to leave nothing undone which is needed to make ourselves strong.

9. No relations of any kind with nations which refuse to have complete cultural relations with us i.e. free broadcasting, free travel, free exchange of news and no false propaganda in education.

The manifesto should be called: Two Worlds or War. We asked for One World. But THEY would not have it so. And now a spectre is haunting Europe, America, Asia, all the continents and oceans; the spectre of communism betrayed, prostituted by an oriental despotism. Attila, Timur, Tamburlaine have returned to the earth and now bombers and tanks have taken the place of their cavalry, atomic bombs are arrows.

We wage a cold war. What is a cold war? A hypocrisy in which one side clings to hopes and ideals which the other side has made impossible, while that other one prepares to use cold steel in its own time.

Let's stop being hypocrites. The best time to face the inevitable is always the present.

10. The idea of patriotism and the idea of nationalism must be rehabilitated.

May 24th. But the sort of political objectives which we should profess cannot be formulated until we have formulated the kind of world in which we desire to live. We must do three things, 1) describe that world, 2) describe the political programme for achieving it, 3) give our reasons for supposing that 2 will actually approximate us to 1.

We do not have to argue that 1. is a good world. In fact we ought not to be able to argue it since we should be intuitively convinced in ourselves of its goodness.

The world we need is one -

1. Wherein nothing is decided by force.
2. Wherein no human being is the mere instrument of another.
3. Wherein nature is wooed not raped.
4. Wherein every man may live for himself as well as for the community. .
5. Wherein the state is concerned as an instrument and not as a collective being. .

May 26th. Yesterday I wrote the beginning of a political manifesto based on the above notes.

Time has gone so slowly in a way since we came that it is worthwhile making a note of the chief dates.

March 7th. We left England.

" 9th. We reached Premia.

April 14th. Our furniture arrived.

We have therefore had our furniture six weeks to-day.

Since I came out here I have written (or re-written) I.C.I. book 52,000 words, Catalunya 20,000, L. a T. 5,000 = 77,000 words in 77 days mostly without furniture. Actually no work began until April 1st = 56 days.

I have got to write of these books I.C.I. 10,000 words, Catalunya 50,000, L. a T. 65,000 i.e. total 125,000 words. I have 35 days before I go to England. I think I can finish the first two.

If I get back on August 1st there will be 98 days until November 8th when we must go to England. In that time I could virtually finish L. a T. and the Hospital book. But there is also the Evans Bros. work.

By the end of 1950 I might have the following potential income earning books finished - Catalunya, L. a T., Evans Bros. books. I should also have finished all my obligations i.e. I.C.I. and W. Hosp.

June 8th. Spent most of the day reading Kierkegaard which so disgusted me that I read P. Medea in the evening. We were interrupted by the laundry woman bringing us huge carnations which had been brought to the image of Santo Cristo up the road in the course of the much rained on Corpus procession.

June 9th. P. pointed out the applicability of Jason's lines:

It would have been better far for men
To have got their children in some other way,
and women
Not to have existed. Then life would have been
good.

as a motto for Gulliver in Pflumpf.

Read P. F.W. Wright on Ovid.

This was the young man who in his middle twenties fell in love with a girl of fourteen, declared his love three years later, was accepted, and immediately set about to find a way out of his obligations, and wrote and published five whole books to explain and justify his action.

June 12th. Hot thundery weather has cut down mental energy, but thank heaven to-morrow the I.C.I. book will be completed - 62,000 words of it since we arrived here 96 days ago and half the time without books, papers, furniture.

During the last few days have read a good deal of Kierkegaard which always depresses me. What verbosity, what conceit. Horrible that so many people now find a response in him to their personal needs. All the world loves a (tragic, self-centred, pompous) lover, it seems.

June 14th. Finished the I.C.I. book (62,000 words).

Read Freud on Leonardo to P. also looked right through the Drawings and the Note Books. It will be worthwhile to examine each piece of Freud's 'evidence' as fact and apart from interpretation. Must find out whether it was a vulture or a kite. And whether it was his mother or his housekeeper. Surely the allegories both drawings and notes should contain material. Must analyse Freud's 'argument' as to L.'s age when taken to his father's house.

June 15th. P. and I to Barcelona on business. There is a young handsome well-shaven man without any hands who works the trains regularly. Does he have an arrangement with the train man to travel without a ticket? Or does he make enough above the fare? Has he an excellent pair of artificial hands at home which he discards when they would interfere with business?

We saw the vice-consul about nationality of infants and nursing homes. P. has decided to have the baby here.

We bought material for the spare room. On my talking Catalan the salesman went into voluble abuse of Franco and all else having to do with Castilla. At the

shirt shop the salesman remembered my name and referred to Josep Pla's mentions of me in Destino.

We walked back in the evening from P. de Mar crushing Colorado beetles as we stepped.

June 20th. Went to Barcelona. Saw British Consul about a maternity home.

June 21st. We got up at 5.45 and caught the 7 a.m. train to Blanes, thence by bus to Lloret where we found that the bus on to Tossa only began to run in July. However we "made an arrangement" and P. and I, along with Pedro who had turned up at Blanes and two businessmen were taken in a brand new autobus built to hold 50 to Tossa and back for 30 pesetas for P. and me. Having heard enough from Pedro to be fairly certain that Kim was a scoundrel, and having said good day to Teresa - as lovely as ever - we bought cherries which being pecked by birds were only 4 pesetas a kilo, a bottle of wine and plums and climbed up and down to Llanvell. P. is a Kierkegaardian Repetitionist. We ate and looked at the sea and caught the bus as we had arranged on the road. At Lloret we had gasiosa and Pernand and walked via Sta. Cristina to Blanes. An admirable walk to be repeated. At Blanes vermouth and muscatel and then by bus to

the station. In the train a mother (bourgeois and Castilian) had a 3 year old little girl with her. She gave it a dummy to suck and stimulated its bottom and other parts too all the way to Premia to the accompaniment of loud sucking kisses like one of those rubber suction rings with which you clear obstructions away from waste pipes. P. was loudly furious with all Spanish treatment of all children. We walked up from the station and got home pretty tired at 10.30 p.m. A very good day.

June 23rd. We went to Barcelona. P. examined all well. Expected date November 19th.

June 24th. My saint's day. P. cooked excellent special meal.

June 25th. Picnic with Bradys and three friends on road to Hostalrich. Thence to Arbucias. Back very late with Bradys stopping until after midnight.

June 26th. Met Mrs. Kipping and got her back here by 8 p.m.

June 27th. Read the news about Corea for the first time there having been no paper on Monday. Also listened to the

B.B.C. Is it 1938-9 all over again?

June 29th. St. Peter's Day and therefore the Festa Major of Premia. The festa has started quietly but we watched the "Authorities and Local Hierarchics" being taken by the band to their Vermouth de Honor; and we received a very handsome bow from the priest.

Patricia is now well into the first garment for her future lord of creation.

July 30th. After a month's break in England during which Mrs. K. was here. She went yesterday and I open this book again.

August 24th 1950

I have been very much annoyed by dreams of late. I do not think it is anything but misleading to say, as we all do, I have had a dream. Dreams are not isolated clouds which float across our night sky, passing and leaving it clear again. What happens to me is that I drop from the level of consciousness to the level of dream. That level is a continuum, it is always there as it were a measurable number of feet below the surface. It follows that the dream level is there, active, existing, even when we are fully awake. Yes, I can only think that when sleep comes it is like a sudden 'bump' in an aeroplane. One falls a hundred feet into a curious cloudy level, where the mind does not work, or rather works according to different laws.

All that Freud discovered about wish fulfilment in dreams, true as it is, is only secondary, the use to which our conscious mind puts the eternal stratum of feelings which we experience always, awake or asleep, in parallel with our wakeful world. Indeed our wakeful world is

merely a selection from this terrifying chaos with an artificial order imposed on it by our minds. When our minds cease to work in sleep or death we 'bump' down to the dream level, and find ourselves in heaven or hell.

How do we make the choice between heaven and hell? The dream stratum is the sum total of our unacted desires, bar unfulfilled ambitions. We can only fulfil ambitions and act our desires when we are awake. That is why we are given, or have learned how to take, the opportunity for action and for putting things straight which we call life. A dream is a warning of what we have left unaccomplished in the only stratum of our existence that has an eternal significance. When we clarify our conscience by choosing good and eschewing evil, the really important thing is that we have exorcised a ghost down there - down there where one day we must take up our eternal residence.

Our conscious life is an artifice for bringing peace to the dream level by

ObituaryLafranch. August 1st 1951

I would like to make a habit of writing down my personal reminiscences of people of some interest who die or otherwise distinguish themselves and it is proper that the last annotations should be followed by a few words about John Rickman.

He died on July 1st and his obituary appeared about July 13th in the Lancet. It was interesting that the usual personal details - who he married, left one daughter etc. were omitted. Part of the obituary was by Bion.

I first met John Rickman at the 1917 Club at the close of the First World War. He was a rather plump young man with an enormous black moustache and a eunuch's voice. He had just come back from doing Friends Relief Work in Samara where he had met the American Quaker whom later he married. She was a most unattractive woman with rimless spectacles and a rather bad Philadelphia accent, a

good deal of money and her name was Lydia. She was most socially minded. I cannot imagine how they ever got together to produce their daughter Lucy.

When I first met John I was a member of the Society of Friends which was a link. We both attended Yearly Meeting in 1919 and I had the temerity to be moved to oppose the S. of F. endorsing the idea of the League of Nations on the ground that a L. of F. must be backed by force and that the S. of F. was pacifist. I said that as a conscientious objector just released from prison I felt I must speak on behalf of all the other C.O.s still in prison and therefore unable to attend the Meeting.

All this John thoroughly approved and came to me afterwards to say so. In this way a mild friendship began. When I bought the Sundial I came to know his mother at Dorking and his Aunt Florrie Marsh at Holmwood. His mother was a fine old-fashioned but liberal type of Quaker, devoted to her son but very doubtful about psycho-analysis which he now took up.

He was, I think, the first Englishman to go to Vienna to be analysed by Freud which he did in a very thorough manner. At this time he struck me as a rather unwholesome type. He was very greedy and always eating

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American candy. When one stayed in his house he would produce odd little special foods from a cupboard and though he gave one a share one felt that he went for second and third helpings directly one's back was turned. I remember a very pleasant stay with him in bachelor quarters in Sutherland Avenue.

Apart from his almost schoolboyish greediness one could not help noticing that he was obsessed with his excretory functions.

In due course he wrote his thesis for his M.B. degree. It was an argument that women with prolapsed uteri were really trying to simulate a male member. Even his psychoanalytic friends such as Alix Sergeant Florence and James Strachey were rather surprised that it was accepted.

At this time he was living in Kent Terrace and he and Lydia invited Connie and me for the night before we left for Spain. He was in an odd mood. I had recently had a bit of a success with my Short History of Women. He suddenly attacked me and said it was disgusting that my crude journalism should make money when he could not get five pounds to publish really serious and significant scientific work. He became so excessively rude that I begged to be excused and spent the rest of the evening

walking round Regent's Park.

When Lucy was a small child John and Lydia had frequent quarrels as to how she should be brought up and when these were really serious John would take an aeroplane, so it was said, to Freud or Ferenczi to put the problem before them and particularly to subject his own reactions to psychoanalysis.

Once during these early years I was staying with John and mentioned casually that I suffered from constipation and that the only thing that helped was the very mild confection of senna. This seemed to excite him and he asked me to lie down on a couch while he sat by and tried to elicit matter of moment from my unconscious. I was not struck by the technical means he employed and helped by some knowledge of the literature I soon saw that he was wanting me to have "free" associations in a certain direction. I refused to be influenced by his leading questions and after about fifteen minutes he told me I was suffering from too violent resistances for him to be able to do anything useful.

In the difficult 30's while I was away Connie and the two boys saw a good deal of them but the boys could not get on well with Lucy.

I lost sight of John until 1938 when I published *Air Raid*. He was very much interested in the question of panic and took my MS before publication to read over. He returned it 48 hours later with three copybooks full of notes, some of great interest, others nonsense. When the book was published he reviewed it at enormous length in the *Journal of Psychoanalysis*. I should think the review was 1,200 words long. He got me to speak on Air Raids and to a crowded meeting of the Institute of Medical Psychology at the School of Tropical Medicine along with Eric Straws and Bion. I will say unblushingly that the other two talked nonsense. It is odd to think that I was at that time one of the very few British civilians to have been frequently bombed in an air raid.

About this time John had a quarrel with Ralph Wright who was responsible for a luke-warm review of *Air Raid* in the *Daily Worker*. Ralph wrote one of his typical letters (at that time) explaining that the *D.W.* existed solely to further the aims of communism and whatever the truth might be about the book in John's eyes that was quite secondary. John never forgave him and foamed at the mouth about it seven years later.

When the war came John became a Major in

Wosbies. I remember meeting Mrs. Rickman senior in Dorking High Street. She talked of John with tears in her eyes "To think of my son a major and in uniform. What would his father have said!" John, by the way, used to tell the story that his grandfather had a very fine cellar in the days before the tee-total mercy attacked Friends. One day his son, John's father went to him and said he had become a tee-totaller. Three days before his doctor had forbidden him to touch alcohol and threatened him with rapid death should he disobey. When this terrible news came from his son the old man was so vexed that he resolved to drink a bottle of wine a day so long as he could. He continued to do so until the last bottle came up from the cellar and was drunk and then peacefully he died.

John surprisingly made a great success as a movie star being quite the outstanding character in the Wosbie instructional films. I met him once or twice and exchanged notes about his experiments in association with Bion and my Field Craft School.

I next saw him just after the war when I was alone and very depressed at Holmwood. He came in to call and was most friendly. I told him I was very low in spirits and would like to do some work of social value. I

said I had thought of offering to help the Peckham Health Clinic. He was up in the air at this and I found that he and all the psychologists regarded it and Scott Williamson as phoney. He pointed out that in the list of 1,500 or so members examined about a thousand suffered from iron deficiency and only 4 from any kind of nervous trouble. Anyway, he said, I have something better for you than that.

That is how he came to introduce me to A.T.M. Wilson and Eric Trist and the Institute of Human Relations. The first meeting with Eric Trist was odd. We dined at a club, John and Lydia, Eric and myself. Eric was still in colonel's uniform, red tabs and O.B.E. ribbon. He was very silent and I began to wonder if he had taken a rooted dislike to me. Suddenly without saying a word he got up from the table and walked out of the dining room. John imagining that he had been taken ill, went after him, to find that he had forgotten to go to the lavatory before dinner, had hung on as long as he could and had finally made a run for it.

By this time John had had a coronary thrombosis and on recovery he had adopted a new role. Hitherto he had been the faithful son who would brook no criticism however slight of the great father Freud. Now he himself became a benevolent father figure saturated with an immense gent-

leness. He told me that for the short time he had to live he hoped to devote himself to helping in any way he could the new generation that had taken the place of his e.g. Tommy Wilson, Eric Trist. This was all very well as far as it went and they accepted him at face value, but neither years of Freud's analysis nor years of psychoanalytic practise had done much for John's faults. It may be unfair but I cannot help feeling that if one has subjected oneself to a thorough analysis and if one has explained motives and so forth to others for years one should be able to deal with one's own irrational temper, jealousy and greed. This John never did. So long as nothing happened to disturb his self chosen role all went well, but I think he was emotionally the most unreliable person I have ever met.

He shepherded me into the Public Relations Committee of the Inst. of Human Relations and for months all went well. He congratulated me time and again on my useful services. Then, literally without warning, came the thunderclap. Sam Campbell of The People asked me what qualifications a man should have to give psychological advice. The question had come up because two quacks were advertising in theatre programmes and Sam scented a scandal to be exposed. I said I did not know but that I knew someone who could answer with perfect accuracy and suggested

them getting in touch with John who as secretary to the Psychoanalytic Institute would have chapter and verse. Apparently a reporter called on John to ask for the information. John opened the door and on hearing who it was slammed it in the reporter's face and sat down and wrote a most offensive letter to me about my having subjected him to the insult of an interviewer from the gutter press. I tried my best to explain that I had suggested he would give accurate information and that it was surely wise that even the gutter press should be helped to be accurate. I only got another very rude letter and from then on I never got anything else.

Last winter came the extraordinary news that John was the 'guilty' party in a divorce case. I can only imagine that he and Lydia had lead a cat and dog life for years and that John had waited for his mother to die. I wonder who the girl was. It is impossible to believe that it was a love affair or a sex affair. Then on July 1st he died "in a garden which he loved very much".

It is curious that I owe to John my meeting Patricia.

Diary. April 1951

Premia

Diary. April 1951Premia

Sat. April 21 We returned from England by plane to Barcelona on Friday April 13. Topsy greeted us from Gregori's garden and at once took up residence with us as if we had not been absent six weeks.

Saturday, Sunday and Monday were glorious sunny days and by dint of sunbathing on the roof I got rid of my bronchial troubles which six weeks of English bitter weather had brought back in full.

On Tuesday April 17 I went into Barcelona, tried on night blue velvet 'smoking' and got my shirts and pyjamas from Rocas. Saw Puig and went to the Bank. Called on David Low and his friend at the Regina. On Thursday they spent the day here. Both are bearded. D.L. not the better for his wine. We enjoyed the visit, but a faint aroma of Iz. hung over them and caused me to have a nightmare. I usually find that when I have been unconsciously irritated by friends I only become aware of the fact through the agency of a dream.

On Friday at about 7 p.m. Peter Shortt and Peggie arrived, dead tired from Valencia, disgruntled at the weather and he at the roads. He had followed my ad-

vice and sought out Hieronymus Bosch at the Prado. His visit to Toledo handicapped by his Spanish opposite number over-showing the Alcazar. This is now a shrine. A marble tablet about the famous telephone conversation (which Brennan quotes as a disgraceful act by our side). He is as usual much puzzled to understand the Spanish situation. Who would not be?

They stayed until this afternoon. P. made an excellent rice and her usual snacks. Greatly praised. Two thunderstorms to ruin the day. In the evening Nicholas' four-in-one TRONA, his cot and the cork for his PARQUE arrived from Jorba.

This week I have read to Patricia - Bishop Blongram's Apology; Mr. Sludge, "The Medium"; In a Gondola; A Grannarian's Funeral; Caliban upon Setebos; Lionel Trilling on Freud and Literature and on the Kinsey Report; first two chapters of Jean Guilton's Essay on Human Love. P. particularly liked Mr. Sludge and said she could not understand a word of In a Gondola. I wish I could chart out her blind-spots and see what shape they make.

We listened to Beethoven Op. 95 no. and
third mov of Choral Symphony.

During this week I have had two ideas for short studies. The Volcano Man joins pleasure cruise of San Francisco. Description of the type of person that goes on such a trip with analysis of motives. The artificial community based on a hedonistic social contract; free from normal inhibitions of their life on land. A tornado strikes the ship before people can become acquainted and drives it for a week far out on an unchartable course. The ship is wrecked in the dark. The narrator manages to haul himself onto a raft and rescues a passing man who he cannot see. They are dashed onto a volcanic island after indescribable sufferings. The beach strewn with corpses and wreckage. At first they cannot face the corpses but hunger soon makes them indifferent. Useless pleasure stuff like band instruments. Bizarre corpses. The young man becomes infatuated by his rescuer who as days go by sinks into narcissism. Difficulty of ever smoking volcano - no use lighting fires to attract passing ships. Signs of coming volcanic activity. Narrator sees that they must get away on a raft. Young man driven mad by the memories of the wreck refuses to consider reembarking. Destroys raft as soon as other builds it up. At last narrator kills other so as to get on with the work. Finishes raft and embarks just before volcano blows up. Is carried to an-

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other island and finally rescued years afterwards by parts of scientists who have come to study returning vegetation. Mistakes them for police come to investigate the murder. Main objections - analysis of pleasure cruise group, description of young man's passion for his rescuer and his insane clinging to land, description of narrator's frame of mind when finally picked up.

In the Beginning was the Word:

I walk on a hot very dark night in June in a public park. I lie down under a clump of bushes to cool off. Presently a couple come and lie down within a few feet of me ignorant of my presence. They begin to make love. I describe the words with which they accompany their acts all of them debased by an ignorant cinema-going generation from their high original meanings - Platonic love, romance, infatuation, passion etc etc.

Yesterday April 20th. I began the first letter to Chloe.

Read Ronald Firbank's Eccentricities of Cardinal Pivelli - worthless and silly.

Nicholas was 20 weeks old on April 19 at which time he had doubled his birth weight. It is not simply that he is healthy, strong, good; there is a gentleness and a lovingness in him which are overpowering. In spite of all his efforts to crawl he remains static but revolves in a circle in a clockwise direction.

Subjects for essays on love

Adam and Eve

Shekinah

Sunday April 22nd. A letter from Henry Schuman Inc. N.Y. asking if I would care to do a book on "History of Sex in the Western World". Drafted a reply and read P. 60 pages of 'S.S.S.' to see if it would do for the purpose. Spent all the possible dollars.

Read Moravia's Fancy Dress Party - good movie stuff as a story with some mild but good satire.

Read P. Browning's Fra Lippo Lippi and Kanshish. She stopped me reading Bishop Orders His Tomb as she did

not like so much about death.

When we woke this morning we were ashamed of the brilliant blue sky after the day we had given the Shortts! (but the shame did not last, nor the sun!)

Nicholas occupies his cot for the first time - looks like a sleeping adult. Also dedicates his High Chair.

A wet day; we joyfully use it as an excuse for crying off Barcelona to-morrow for P. and N.

Revised most of last chapter of W.H. history. P. will type to-morrow. Read Potter's Gamesmanship in bed early and Prof. Kisch's

P. and I discussed, over supper, her feelings about love poetry apropos of her lack of all interest in In a Gondola. P. says that as poetry is the sole art that can be used for the expression of love it seems to attract men who are unable to express themselves in lovemaking itself. As she does not like that type of man she does not like their love poetry. Nothing will shift her. She admits she likes some love poetry e.g. Shakespeare sonnets, Donne, but thinks on the whole its a confession of weakness to have to write instead of act. Pays me the compliment of saying that I could never possibly write love poetry,

and there she is right, though her reasoning is probably wrong.

We are appalled by the physical energy of Nicholas. His moods of intense muscular activity alternate with contemplative quiet and all is rounded by sleep. He is now using a high chair for short periods. His vocabulary of indignation and of humour is well-developed. Of course he enjoys his functions but has a distinct prejudice in favour of cleanliness. He dislikes most a too sudden transition from sleep to wakefulness; next anything which occludes the nipple of his bottle. He jumps violently at a cough and watches the moving shadows of leaves on the ground and the moving branches of trees overhead with great content. He is now exactly like his father except for much better ears and the promise of a much bigger chin. With luck his mouth will be bigger and his eyes and nose as good. He may have my over-short legs, but is not as asthenic as Patricia. To-day he explored the cat. He seemed to notice the rearrangement of his nursery furniture and to protest mildly at being translated from cradle to cot. I suspect all his foods of being diuretics. He wastes a great deal of my time!

All my life I have claimed that I never do anything which I feel to be wrong. Does not that mean that I have never had any morality? Is not the proof that a man is a moral man the fact that he comes up against things which do not budge, that do not give way directly he wants to find an excuse for considering them legitimate? Perhaps morality is not a matter of not doing wrong, but of barking one's shins on an immovable obstacle to one's desires. One may climb over the obstacle and go on one's way and so do wrong but not be immoral. To be immoral would be to be unaware of the obstacle, to walk right through it thanks to blind pride.

Thursday, April 26th. Tuesday in Barcelona in heavy rain all day. Lunched with D.L. and his friend. Uncomfortable. Probably hurt D.L.'s feelings by saying that people who constantly took up argumentative positions that they did not really believe were revealing unhappy personal relationships. We walked through the rain to the Café del Lyceo for our coffee. Longish talk with Manent also with Zandreras about submarine fishing equipment. He gave me a book full of terrifying pictures - all the fish bigger and even uglier than the men. I shall be afraid to paddle.

Bought N. a mosquito net. Saw the dentist

about broken plate. Tailor failed me over the velvet 'smoking'. Lost train by five minutes and was nearly blown over by the gale walking up from Premia de Mar. P. had spent day typing Westminster Hospital history. Met Derek Patmore at Brit. Inst.

Wednesday another day of rain. Read a good deal about witchcraft, inspired thereto by the Schuman offer. Shall begin the book, if I write it, with the cinema advert. I saw in London - "A film to see with someone you love very much". The day was so cold that we erected the camilla downstairs. Read bits of Malleus Maleficarium to P. Thought it would be a good idea to compare the exposition of the technique of incubi and succubi with the contemporary discussions of A.I.T. and A.I.D. Read some Buba's Utopias but found it dull.

Thursday Sun at last but still chiefly overcast. P. and I took our first walk round the back of the village.

Began to write about A.I. as a final chapter of the possible Schuman book. I want to equate it with succubi and incubi but am not sure how.

Saturday, April 28th Friday in Barcelona to dentist. He will make a new plate but wants me to pay 250 pesetas

for the mechanic's fee. Went to B.I. and found many parcels of books waiting for me. Big thunderstorms.

In morning continued A.I. In evening began reading A. Huxley's collected essays and articles.

Saturday Find a phrase for this idea: we are always told to face the problems of life with an eye on all that is known; but it is equally important to keep an eye on the unknown. Rather like past and future.

P. points out the handicap of having to use 'ness' for so many words, happiness, goodness, charitable-ness, ugliness.

Brought P. tea in bed and read some Huxley. On the Margin - ordinary competent journalism and very up and down. Water Music excellent, trite beyond belief. I suppose one is always conscious of it when a man is writing to a given number of words.

On the Rocks. The only vice, or at least the vice which most affects us, of these people is their utter lack of conscience about noise. It is natural that they should shout at us by way of translating their language, for all men seem to think this to be the best way of making themselves intelligible to a foreigner; but on other occasions

there is less excuse.

Thus they greet our baby, or for that matter, any baby of their own with a series of shrieks both ugly and overpowering. We watch with despair his whole nervous system being shattered. We do not know which to prefer, the occasions when his underlip turns down and a wail of disapproval ripples out from his puckered face, or the other occasions when a charming smile, due we hope solely to politeness, encourages louder and longer explosions. For though the smile encourages, the wail encourages as much or more. A horrible crescendo is well-nigh unavoidable.

More difficult is the interminable recitative with which any servant and most workmen accompany their tasks about one's house. You cannot stop people from singing, it is like forbidding happiness. As I write Antonia's song rises above the sweeping of her broom. It has not paused for half an hour and has therefore brought all more serious activity than this to a perpetual end. I shall not be able to think about anything very serious for three more hours.

What are the typical sounds of our life here: somebody singing somewhere, somebody slapping either laundry,

carpet or walls to kill flies, Grigori's metallic cling, and his pump, the creak of our gas metre, the cuckoo, the nightingale and the h , the cart bells, the street greetings, the creak of Mrs. Grigori's roof gate, the church bells.

One of the earliest sounds when we first came, the shuffle of the paralytic.

Read P. Huxley's essay on Swift and first 30 pages of Texts and Pretexts.

Began Time Must Have A Stop.

Sunday, April 29th. Is it a sign of very great intellectual weakness that I am sometimes bowled over by a very simple remark? Thus to-day read Huxley's Time Must Have a Stop, the remark of Bruno reported by the young Malpighi (p. 82 - 3) "there's only one corner of the universe you can be certain of improving, and that's your own self... So you have to begin there, not outside, not on other people. You've got to be good before you can do good - or at any rate do good without doing harm at the same time."

This is the answer to communism in brief. It is also the answer to reactionary anti-communism. The first ignores the quest for personal goodness altogether,

the second does not try to help either outside or inside. Perhaps this is the second plank in the anti-communist platform the first being the giving up of the use of determinism as an excuse for being no other than one is. Or as it is an aim it should come first, the other being considered the first obstacle to the aim to be destroyed. We could go from here to communion and the realisation that the I - It world alone is mere mechanical slavery.

(see white pages for working out.)

Read P. some more Huxley essays.

Finished Time Must Have a Stop but only by a good deal of skipping. It is odd that Huxley who when being amusing, cynical, descriptive writes lucidly, economically, crisply becomes laboured, obscure, tired, boring in his metaphysical and religious passages. Does he really believe what he preaches? Has he any clarity in his own mind?

Raining hard again to-night. Every day this week except Sunday. When P. told Antonia there'd be enough electricity this year, Antonia answered: "don't you believe it. You don't understand. It's nothing to do with the rain, it's the government selling all the electricity to France." Utter cynicism everywhere.

Tipsy after a week of rut arrived late to-day with his scrotum and rear generally torn and bleeding, the penalty of feline Don Juanism.

I've written 5,500 words on A.I. in the last four days, the skeleton of the final chapter of the proposed new book for Schuman. Also to-day wrote the two first pages on "The Answer to Communism" see above.

Monday, April 30th. P. read Barker's Dead Seagull in bed last night but even this could not account for N. having a bad night and depriving us of much sleep. That was decent natural wind. As for Barker - To-day we read Tea with Mrs. Goodman, about 50 pages. This struck us as one of the best things written in recent years.

Wednesday, May 2nd. P. and I spent tea-time (in the garden) dealing with words beginning with gn in the O.E.D. Our favourite is gnomon c. joc. The nose - 1803. The real meaning of the word is the pin or triangular plate in an ordinary sun-dial. This of course reminds one of dial as a face, but the O.E.D. does not give dial joc. face. Gnomon also means "that part of a parallelogram which remains after a similar parallelogram (this word is received by N. with hoots of joy) is taken away from one of its corners."

P. says gnat etc. are beautiful words which would absolutely lose their beauty if bereft of the mute g. (By the way is the g mute? Dictionary does not say though it says K is mute in kn, to which we are about to repair in a moment). Gnat by rights belongs to *Culex pipiens* whose female has a sharp pointed proboscis, but until 1616 it was also the Sandpiper *Tringa canutus* and the Lesser Tern *Sterna m.* . In America it is almost any insect which bites.

Ugliest words gnathonize (v. rare) to behave like a sycophant; and gnomonically. Gnu must be one of our very few Hottentot words.

Kn has a silent k we are told but what about knab which means to bite lightly, rather different from nab. He was knabbed by the police might be a case of assault against them.

Knavery = popular name for bog asphodel

Knap-bottle = " " " bladder campion

How surprising is knicker-bocker. One would have thought that the current use as an article of clothing came first and Washington Irving etc. second. Not at all 1848 W.I.'s pseudonym comes first and hence New Yorker. 1859 name given to clothing from the "knee-breeches of the Dutchman in Grickshurch's illustrations to W.I.'s Hist. of

N.Y."

Knife and Fork illustrations to Hert Robert and club-ness.

Yesterday (Tuesday) almost finished W.H. Kist in morning and went to Barcelona afternoon - dentist, 'smoking' and pushcart of the best for Nicholas, 100g. of toffee for P. In evening P. went to bed early and I did more of W.H. Kist.

Friday, May 4th. At last summer. I am writing under the orange trees. Two hoopoes are flying back and forth from their nest on the flat roof beyond Grigori's. At least three nightingales are defending their territory raucously. An occasional distant call of the hoopoe from the hill behind. The white rose in full bloom. Grigori has just up his forge with sweet-scented pine wood.

Yesterday and this morning (it is not yet 10 a.m.) I have read most of Maritain's Introduction to Philosophy. What a lucid work. It might be the introduction of choice for any student however little of a Thomist he expected to remain. The explanation of the hierarchy of science-philosophy-theology excellent. Useful ideas for a new letter to Chloe. Also for ending the Sex book after discussing A.I. and Population. The uselessness of

of psychology for setting ethical questions. The need of judging all psychological findings by their accord with an overruling metaphysics - but what metaphysics? The anarchy of the A.I. conferences.

Yesterday too read most of W. James lecture on Mysticism in his Var. of Rel. Exp. to P. What a pity all psychological students are not made to read James first. His errors can be explained to them afterwards, but there is a wisdom in him which they will certainly not get from the up-to-date text books. What if his style and gift for imagery arise so excellent that he leaves us thinking we know more than we really do. That will inevitably be deflated in time, but he will also give us the sense of wonder, of admiration, , which may make us philosophers. "The wise man is astonished at nothing because he knows the ultimate causes of all things, but he admires much more than the ignorant man." Maritain p.142 Intro. Phil.

About Mysticism. Is it arrogance that makes me doubt anything that cannot be expressed in language so that something is lucidly conveyed from speaker to hearer, or writer to reader? I do not mean that there are not things that cannot be put into words, but that if they are put into words

then both the thing written and the writer stand or fall by the lucidity. Not of course immediate comprehensibility, certainly not acquiescence, but a meaning as far as the words used are concerned.

Saturday, May 5th. A heavenly day at last. All the joys for which we came to Spain..... I think I must devote an occasional note to the contents of the Vanguardia. Earlier this week there was a photograph of four stalwart policemen who were removing a struggling, baldheaded demonstrator from in front of Bow Street during the dockers trial. The caption was "How they deal with strikers in democratic England." Of course the point was that these demonstration strikes in Barcelona and elsewhere are much in everybody's mind and the implication was that in England we deal with strikers more brutally than they. No mention of the fact that our police are not armed, and that in the case in point - which was not a strike anyway - there were no truncheons even. Our char was much relieved when I told her how unfair and untrue the implication was. Her husband was nine years in prison as a republican. She thinks Franco is selling electricity to France.

To-day the Vanguardia published its London article with the heading: "Two Solemnities in One Day."

One third is a quite friendly account of the Royal Family at the Festival of Britain, the other two-thirds describes the solemn reception by the Spanish Ambassador of a Stradivarius belonging to the Royal Palace at Madrid which had been sent to be repaired.

Yesterday I wrote a few hundred words on Platonic Love for the Sex book. All the afternoon we sorted the cuttings collection and took out useful items. We finished James on Mysticism and I continued to read Maritain's Introduction. This morning before breakfast read Lord Samuel in the Hibbert Journal (April '51) on What is Happening to Religion To-day? I disagree with almost all of it but am particularly incensed with his final question: "Might we then answer the question Why are there wars? by saying - Because men choose to wage them; and that it is a better cosmic plan for men to suffer evils in one age so as to learn in other ages how to avoid them, rather than never to have choice of action at all?"

Here we have the arch-heresy, the most horrible of beliefs, that some generation can be sacrificed to others unborn. It is the evil conclusion that comes of a belief in Progress. Whatever is true, this is false.

Jaspers' article in same number of Hibbert. Nietzsche, Marx and Kierkegaard, their importance in history of philosophy. A superficial article with one or two good sentences.

Nietzsche would not read his own writings and wrote to a friend that all he wanted for a number of years was to be left in peace "for the development of something that wants to mature within me" and he calls this something "the ultimate sanction and justification of my whole life (a life that for a hundred reasons will otherwise remain eternally problematical)." Compare Kafka: his desire that nothing of his should be published, his final finding of his life's sanction and justification.

Jaspers' comments on N.'s lack of "a clear and comprehensive pattern of thought." He must be understood in the light 1) of his work being a mass of fragments, 2) the destructive effect of his disease, 3) the difficulty of the very nature of his kind of philosophy.

Of the three, N., K., and M. Jaspers says "the way to be taught by them creatively and not destructively has not yet been discovered. Their thought not only lays bare a disaster that has taken place. It is in itself a still continuing process of destruction."

It is surely odd that although a modern doctor examining a man with peptic ulcer, usually asks him whether there is anything wrong with his personal emotional relations, nobody ever asks this of a philosopher or a prophet who seems to be prophesying doctrines in contempt of life and human nature. If your stomach can be ulcerated because you do not get on with your wife, surely your outlook on life can also be made sickly. Ought we not to be warned by the traditional wisdom of words: thus a man whose liver is upset is jaundiced and has a jaundiced view of life; if emotional upsets can hobnail the liver then they can and will produce a jaundiced view of life. All my prophets were emotionally sick, hence their appeal to a sick world.

If you insist upon regarding your age as the end of a long climb up from the moral morasses of the past you will run the risk of imagining that the future is another morass on the other side at the foot of an almost perpendicular precipice. Or is it any better to think that you will be giving up half way up the upward climb leaving it to other generations to go on climbing and climbing and climbing?

With regard to the discussion of A.I. and the catholic emphasis on masturbation as a deadly sin, we should remember that not only catholics have strong views as to the wickedness of sexual peculiarities. I have known many atheists and rationalists who clearly believe that at any act of masturbation God would turn in his grave.

The problem of the declaration of independence from philosophy of the scientific man worried Nietzsche and is of great importance to-day; but an even more important problem is the attempted independence from ethical philosophy and moral theology of all educated people. Every doctor, psychologist, biologist, sociologist, social worker seems to think that their excellence in their own specialism gives them a right to judge ethically such things as A.I., contraception, population problems. The fact that they disagree on all subjects does not deter them.

Yet what is the solution? The multiplicity of philosophies is evidence of the fallibility of human reason. It would not matter so much if philosophy did not have the duty of keeping the sciences in order including some very practical ones at present arrogantly trying to assume control over the acts and feelings of human beings. How can philosophy do this if it cannot keep itself in or-

der? But hitherto it has been kept in order successfully only by theology and nobody will accept theology as a master any longer.

Before we congratulate ourselves on the emancipation of philosophy from theology let us realise what is happening. A period of intolerable anarchy is giving place to the dictatorship of a new theology, dialectical materialism. This explains e.g. Lysenko.

Is there any way in which we can oppose this? It seems clear that just as sciences need the discipline of philosophy so the latter must be disciplined by a theology.

The A.I. conferences are of course the perfect example of present ethical chaos. We must note that no theology can do its policeman's job unless it is fully backed by the State. Are we forced to assume that without totalitarianism we must have ethical chaos?

A possible way out might be through Law. This would involve the abolition of Sin as a category. We should have a code, enforced by purely natural sanctions, which need not involve any infringement of religious fields.

P. says there are many girls about who would look the better for uplift panties. We went for the first

time since our return up the S. Mahon road. It was very much queener than this time last year and the rock roses far finer. We had one hour, during which N. was to sleep with Maria Grigori keeping her ears open for squalls. However N. never woke. He is getting a russet colour now that the sun is coming out. We spent most of the afternoon dipping into Nietzsche and looking up what B. Russell, H. Mann and Jaspers had to say about him. I made a very bad oversalted habas catalanes for supper.

Sunday, May 6th. Festa of La Cisa. Got up at 7 a.m. leaving P. in bed and settled down to read Jaspers' Perennial Scope of Philosophy Ch.V. Philosophy and Anti-Philosophy. His division of "Anti-Philosophy" into Demonology, the deification of man, and nihilism.

At 9 a.m. the postman brought a reply from Mr. Henry Schuman about the Sex book. He offers me a thousand dollars advance and talks in a rather inarticulate way about what the book should be. Under the spur of filthy lucre I at once got down to writing an introduction which was almost automatic writing, but P. finds it good. Wrote 1300 words. It was the Cisa Festa but as the day was overcast we did not go. In the afternoon we went to S. Jaume and danced our first sardana of this year. N.

in his blue suit knitted by P. went in his new pushchair and was very good. We handed him over to a Riera matron while we danced. He appeared to appreciate everything in a solemn manner and was much admired.

Monday, May 7th. At 6 p.m. I finished the last words of the Westminster Hospital History, the heavy stone has been tipped over the precipice at last. Now I look forward to concentrating on Sex and the Western World.

Wednesday, May 9th. Yesterday I went to Barcelona and posted off W.H.H. Went to see Brady about my lecture for May 19th. Decided the subject should be "In England Now: a poetic criticism." Brought home a pile of odd Highberts which I shall be reading through from time to time and I will distinguish any notes here which result from my reading with the letter H. It has rained all night and it is now wet, cold and gloomy. What a disappointing spring!

In denying that what is good is by definition the will of God we should be careful to avoid forgetting that there is a possibility that God is sometimes right.

ibid. p.350-1. Prof. H.D. Lewis makes the

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good point that to demand an autonomous ethics does not mean that the ethical philosopher will arrive at his conclusions without looking at what the psychologist and the theologian are doing. He will consult with them at each step and not wait until he has completed his system and then look only to find that he is not in agreement with them.

In Sartre's philosophy le néant is the void between man as an existent self and man in his functional aspect, between me and me-the-journalist. Contemplation of this void causes anxiety or dread. I am not wholly a journalist but only if I were would I be content, as I am not and cannot be I must have a sense of frustration. "The incomplete poursoi would like to be like the complete en-soi on its own higher level, but is eternally foiled in the attempt, owing to the presence of the néant (void)."

Saturday, May 12th. 9.a.m. Have been reading Eckhart. Two things strike me. We are in a world in which metaphor plays a leading part in all intellectual exercises; but we only go in for 'metaphor-exercise' of one sort. We try to find metaphors to fit new knowledge of a non-sensory sort e.g. a metaphor for the structure of an atom. These meta-

phors, for want of anything better, we accept as true. Our imagination comes to our rescue and we do get at least some of the truth. We are forced indeed in many ways to accept metaphors as a plain statement of truth.

There is another 'metaphor-exercise' which might be equally valuable as mental training. Many beliefs of past ages remain on, not as beliefs, not even as valid or accurate equivalents of the truth, but as 'mere metaphors'. E.g. we can as a mere fancy say that some pious man felt nearer to heaven on top of a mountain, but with Moses, Elijah, Jesus it was not a question of feeling, they were nearer the heaven, not merely the retreating blue sky, but the concrete dwelling place of God. Now it would be valuable to take 'mere metaphors' and by disciplined imagining force them closer to the truth in our minds. That is to treat these metaphors as accurate and truthful and then see how the universe looks. We would get nearer to the mind of the past. We would also get a clearer idea of how our minds and their contents will seem to the future.

In short add to 'discover a truth and find a metaphor to describe it' 'examine a metaphor and force ourselves to see it as descriptive of the truth.'

The other point is about Eckhart himself. His method at first sight is to take a biblical text and then to make it mean anything at all that occurs to him. E.g. l.p.100 "We read in the Gospel that a woman came to Our Lord Jesus Christ. She said, 'Sir, I am a widow, and had an only son who is dead.' Our Lord said, 'Young man, Arise!' The widow, this woman whose husband was dead, and her only son. By this woman is meant the understanding, her husband is the man of the soul, and the youth the highest intellect, for that is the young man."

Is there any justification for this sort of thing which seems to amount to interpreting the Bible by free association? I suppose the justification is this: if the Bible is inspired and has occult meanings (which all Christian mystics would accept since to them everything has an occult meaning); and if the man is purified by spiritual exercises to the possession of certain and true facts amounting to a vision of reality; the legitimacy of the method follows. For as Jung and Freud clearly showed there is no such thing as free association and all associations are caused by the contents of the associating mind. Since in the case of the mystic the mind is swept clear of the usual rubbish stored in the unconscious, so that it contains nothing but spiritual truth any associa-

tion set off by the right sort of stimulus will be a statement of truth.

It might be argued then by people who believe in these things, that the Bible is a collection of stimuli carefully selected by God for the carrying out of an association test. Eckhart's free associations, quite arbitrary as they must seem to an unbeliever, will be spiritually valid because of the state of grace in which he keeps his mind. My free association will be mundane.

Eckhart. How different from the Spanish mystics. The key to the difference is surely p.116 "Meister Eckhart said: Doctors debate which is the nobler, knowledge or love. Some say that love is better than knowledge. I say it is not. Our best authorities declare that knowledge is nobler than love."

Sunday evening, May 13th. A vague hope that finer weather is on the way. We have had incessant rain and quite cold weather for weeks. There is said to be more water in the reservoirs than ever before 78% of their present capacity. This week heavy snow fell from Nuria to the sea and as the Tramontana blew it was bitter. Spent much time sorting files, papers, microscope apparatus etc. Next week I shall

get down to some real work I hope in spite of the interruption of having to go twice to Barcelona. To-night read P. a few pages of Wooley's Ur of the Chaldees. The old desire to excavate is not far below the surface.

Saturday, May 19th. It has been a rather broken week with some work done on S. in W.C. To-day we returned from Barcelona having been there all Friday and to-day at the Manent's. The chief reason for the visit was my lecture at the Brit. Inst. on What is the Human Body? We left by the 9.15 bus and Nicholas slept most of the way in the train. Arrived at Manent's at 10.30 left N. and P. went shopping (mostly window shopping) while I went to the dentist. Lunch as usual at the Manent's, plenty of good food, all let to go cold. Went again to dentist in the afternoon. 6.20 sherry party for us at Brit. Inst. - Charles Riba, Tomas Garces, British Consul General, Mitchell, Mrs. Hinada, Keef (Josep Pla's brother-in-law) etc. etc. After lecture dinner party at Brady's with Consul General and his wife, and Keith and his wife. Keith gave the best resume of Spanish conditions I have heard. To bed at 2 a.m. Nicholas had just begun to cry. Not much sleep. To-day Saturday took Patricia to lunch at Caracoles - asparagus, caracoles, strawberries and nata. Home by 7.05 train. Round letter

from Brandt and Brandt about Schuman suggesting we could get 1500 dollars advance and 10% rising royalty. Also letter from Westminster H. acknowledging receipt of my manuscript.

Earlier in week went in rather fruitlessly to Barcelona on Tuesday. For the rest of the week (cold, dull rainy weather) wrote introductory chapter for Sex book, read Eckhart, tidied many papers. Also read P. some of Ur of the Chaldees and Maupassant stories.

Monday, May 21st. Last night read the excellent first broadcast of E.H. Carr on The New Society - 1. The Historical Approach.

Saturday, May 26th. We have still been waiting for good weather, though there have been bits of sun on most days. On Tuesday Patricia, Nicholas and I went to Barcelona and spent most of the day with the Puig's. N. was in admirable form. In the evening Copleston Philosophy Vol.2, Spender's autobiography and Mounier's Be Not Afraid arrived. I spent some time during the rest of the week reading the first. It is more arid than I had hoped. Other books browsed in during the week included Saint Alphonse de Lignori, Boswell's London Diary (read aloud to P.), and some Hibbert Journals.

Wrote a good deal of the Sex book and I have now some 30,000 words in first draft form as well as many pages of notes. Friday was Corpus, flower petals everywhere, the sacrament shown to our paralytic neighbour who sat as last year in a wheelchair at the end of the road. To-day all our guests failed to turn up - Tomas Garces and the familia Sagrera. We listened to music and it was hard not to believe that Nicholas appreciated the Corelli oboe concert. He danced the fast movements and sat wide-eyed through the slow, showed signs of uneasiness when the record came to an end and glanced at me to see what was to happen next. On Thursday N. was weighed 20lbs. at exactly six months. In the evening read F. some Rabelais but we find him tedious read aloud. Found some useful passages for the Sex book including the description of Plato's grounds for considering the uterus an animal on its own. N. was a bit of a nuisance on occasion this week. He seems to need less sleep than is normal and to demand intellectual papulum. He has got a private life of his own already and will sit for a long time thinking things over. To-day Josephina de Riera brought her big, ugly, pasty-faced baby (15 months) to call along with her pretty sister-in-law. N. was very much amused at the child's sneezing fits. He finds Topsy absorbing at all times and loves flowers and the shadows

of moving leaves.

Sunday, May 27th. A delightful day of doing very little. Got up at about 7 and read Burckhurt's Age of Constantine while making breakfast and most of the morning, also Flugel's Psychology and Population Problems. P. made her best rice yet for lunch and N. had his first finger tip of Chartreuse. Potted geraniums and two carnations given by the Grigoris. Lounged most of afternoon while P. finished Nancy Mitford's Pursuit of Love.

At 6 Mr. Sagrera and his son and Roser came for cocktails. Mrs. was fortunately confined to bed with a difficult period, we were told. After they had gone gave the Grigoris and Antonia snacks.

In the afternoon played Beethoven's Fifth Symphony to which, according to P., N. listened with the rapt attention of a musical prodigy. If he is held and bumped about to the rhythm he enjoys any music.

Monday, May 28th. In yesterday's Vanguardia there appeared an article which seems to me to illustrate the different point of view of Spaniards from anything that comes natural to both of us. It describes the presentation of a gold medal by the Toledo city council to the Toledo

munitions factory. Just imagine Woolwich local government presenting a medal to Woolwich Arsenal. For what? If such a thing happened it would of course be the Arsenal football team for winning the Cup Final, not the Arsenal for being itself and turning out munitions.

Anyway the Minister of Public Works presided while the mayor presented the City's gold medal at 'a solemn act' to the factory director. The Cardinal Primate, the Director General of Military Industry and Material, the Director of the Polytechnic School, the town Generals of the Corps of Engineers of Arms and Buildings, assisted.

The ceremony took place in the Clock-Tower Square near the Monument to the Heart of Jesus in the presence of 1,600 workers.

The Minister of Public Works said that from that day the chains binding the City to its factory for two centuries would be strengthened, that the factory had always been a centre of honour, patriotism and work, and that the Medal implied the honouring of all the chiefs, officials and workers of yesterday, to-day and to-morrow, because Spain needed the collective force of all and not merely somebody's individual brilliance. He reminded them of the heroes of the Alcazar and stated that the workers would be unworthy of the medal if, should it be necessary,

they did not understand or could not imitate the sacrifice of the defenders of the glorious Toledan fortress. This function, he added, ought to stimulate the feelings of gratitude of all for Toledo, of love for Spain and of loyalty to the man who by the will of God and design of good Spaniards rules the present destinies of the Fatherland.

The Minister ended his speech, which was interrupted from time to time by the applause of the workers, with cheers for Spain and Franco, which were unanimously given.

Those present were then given a glass of Spanish wine. The factory gave a luncheon to the Minister and the authorities.

In view of the impossibility of entertaining all the workers, the factory gave them a cash present and a holiday for the rest of the day.

If one considers the background of the Civil War in Toledo the hypocrisy of all this seems astonishing but I doubt if the Minister was really a hypocrite. He, like all other Franco Spaniards, has actively forgotten everything about the Civil War which the workers in this function must remember. Indeed Spain to-day is a fascinating example of mass-repression of uncomfortable thoughts. That is the key to understanding it. The majority of Span-

iards on whichever side they may have been have blood on their hands and yet they have blotted out that fact from their conscience and their consciousness. The Franco people really believe that their fiction of the "Reds" is fact.

Tuesday, May 29th. Yesterday afternoon read a great deal of Burekhurst's Constantine to P. N. seems willing to sit quiet for very long periods of reading. I would like him to grow up to take for granted that reading aloud is part of normal family life.

Wrote about 2,000 words of Sex History and read some dissertations from Sanchez de Matrim.

Sunday, June 3rd. Chief event of the week was my visit on Thursday to Llafranch. By leaving here at 6.30 I caught the 7.08 which arrived at Massenet-Massanas (empalme) at 9.55. The day was perfect and the journey up to Blanes between the sea which is proper blue almost for the first time this year and the white villages bleeding with geraniums. After Blanes an unending . From Caldes to San Feliu where Gandol was absent at Barcelona, so saw S^a Frigoli. Got from her the inventory and her deceased father's glasses having for the first time in my life forgotten my own. To Palafrugell by 6, thence on

foot to Llafranch. Picked up by Bruguera the taxi man and electrician who refused payment. The house filthy, moth in the bed furniture, kitchen utensils worn out. But the whole place heavenly. Sat with two blinds up staring on nothing but sea and rocks. What sunsets we shall see! A good meal and bed at the hotel for 45 pesetas. Lost my passport. Got up at 7 and walked to Palafrugell to catch the 9.05 bus. This however broke down and so there was no time at San Feliu to see Frigola. Three New Zealand girls in slacks, politely treated by all, but why do tourists insist on making themselves so conspicuous with clothes that are no more convenient than the normal. N.B. the Destino cartoon 'quick Maria, tourists!!!' Got back earlier than P. expected and found N. with his first cough and cold. The garden terrifically tidied by the Grigoris in honour of Manent's visit. Had a row with the P. de Bone recadero over the high charge.

At San Feliu I visited Pagés who once more entertained the at coffee with his indignation about the sardana episode four years ago. Pagés said Gandol is a man who always whatever happens politically falls on his feet, I am a man who always falls on my head. His trembling more advanced. Mrs. Pagés has a house to sell me for 750 pounds. Lunched at Les Noies and voted

that the meal which once seemed so good after the war years in England now seemed poor as a result of a year of Patricia's cooking. "How fortunate that Patricia should turn out a good cook" as Peter said.

On Saturday I wrote quite a lot of Sex and read Patricia a good deal of Aldington's Lawrence book in the hope of dispelling her complete dislike of D.H. She has been reading the Plumed Serpent and storms at the bad writing. The rest of the Lawrence Penguins arrived as well as Vol.1 of Coplestone and Dunne's Experiment with Time. Was reminded how when Dunne first came out Vera Meywell said "No, I haven't read him. I have no time to waste on other people's paranoiac fantasies" and that was that. Poor Vera, she even bungled her suicide. She wrote a letter for her son Benedict to get after it was all over, which he missed, and arrived unwarned to find his mother still in the gas oven. What an odd thing Frances' poem in the Observer was.

I shall have to be very careful when I come to write about Lawrence because he hits up against a number of personal prejudices and irritations e.g. Margaret Barr and also the vision of him, Lytton Strachey, Lady Ottoline or Alix S.F. or Carrington I can't remember which, marching up the gangway to their places for the Russian

Ballet, talking and laughing at the top of their voices during the previous item of the Coliseum variety show. They had only come to see the Ballet, most of the audience had come to see everything else and they wished to show their contempt. Lytton looking like a cross between Jesus Christ and Buffalo Bill. I don't like rudeness either in Dr. Johnson or D.H.L. And then all that disgusting nonsense about Michel Straight and M. Barr. Mrs. Elmshurst giving her sixteen - or was it 15 or 14 - year old son the "sexy" D.H.L. items for his birthday and M. encouraged to think he was in love with her and would marry her. Not likely! She was no catch for Mrs. L.K.E.'s son. She was there to teach Beatrice dancing and when B. ceased to approve of Martha Graham-cum-communist-peasant-style out went Margaret. Not D.H.L.'s fault, but it all fits into the picture. On the other hand the happy episode of my lending the original limited edition of Lady Chatterly to Bot. He returned it in two halves, explained that he and Pat, 'his wife' read it together in bed and each wanted half. Pat's remark "but what was the point of his putting flowers there twice?" That horrible Dr. in N.Y. who ruined my tonsils and stage-managed Men in White told me "Lawrence has been very important here; he introduced the use of words like fuck and cunt into American love technique."

My history of the National Physical Laboratory also arrived and a good number of press cuttings. Read it through with some satisfaction but a nausea at the idea of having to do scientific journalism ever again.

Told Patricia that I had dreamed I was burying M. and that the great worry in the dream as in daily life is how to comfort her if anything happened to him. Then I said as she held him, "I shall not be afraid to leave her in your hands M." She said "Where are you going?" I said, "Oh to hell I suppose," she said "oh no, I know where you'll go, to the strangers' gallery in heaven."

The Parents arrived at about 2.30, all except Albert. P. had made wonderful rabbit pies, salad and fruit salad. We discussed the eternal problem of the trees while Grigori lurked in the background to agitate for repair of the waterpipes. They really are a pale sad family but so nice, and so really good. N. of course the centre of attraction. He has got over the worst of his first cold and has taken the whole thing as a new experience and apparently enjoyed his snuffles, wheezes and coughs. He is such a good person.

I woke up with this family throat and staved off the misery and symptoms with dexodrine and drink. The effect having now (9.30 p.m.) worn off I am going to bed.

Monday, June 4th. Poor P. went to Barcelona to have a wisdom tooth removed. I was left to deal with N. and am proud to say that the day was a triumph. The right thing in the right place every time.

So far as I could spare time from N. I made good progress with preparations for Llafranch. Chose about 300 records, packed and assembled this, that and the other. P. returned very much the worse for wear. N. behaved splendidly. What a joy he is. I cannot understand his extraordinarily rich inner life - wit, private opinions, 'child among us taking notes'.

P. returned red-rimmed, and grey-yellow from the sacrifice of a wisdom tooth. Poor dear she looks more miserable than I ever remember seeing her.

Tuesday, June 5th. Awoke with a wretched cold. Spent most of the day packing. Letter from B.N.L.D. asking for financial help. Had to refuse.

Wednesday, June 6th. Really bad colds both of us and P.'s face still terribly swollen. However N. is cheerful and the day lovely. Packing well advanced. Passport found.

D.H. Lawrence wrote: "You must start everyday fresh from the source. You must rise everyday afresh out

of the dark sea of the blood. When you go to sleep at night you have to say: 'Here dies the man I am and know myself to be.' And when you rise in the morning you have to say: 'Here rises an unknown quantity which is still myself'."

This is wrong in emphasis at least. Continuity is a great achievement, the constant flow of all bodily elements, the making up and breaking down of cells, the borrowing and stealing of molecules, make continuity an even more wonderful thing than it seems on the surface. We should hang on to it. But what does change every morning and is new is the universe into which we wake. The ideal would be to see the sunrise as Adam saw the first one, every morning. At least to be more alive to the differences than to the similarities in the events which repeat themselves. On waking the lovers should be conscious of this new universe as such, and they should also be conscious that they do not know the universe which has been born around the other. It should be a daily adventure to discover its nature. It is a daily danger that by not doing this the two should start off by diverging paths, so that by mid-day they have lost one another to sight.

The usual way of assuming that the universe is the same for all only leads to making a skeleton of it,

leaving out all the parts that move and change and therefore depend on the subject's point of view. Such a universe is the least common measure, a poor affair. (F. calls from the baby's room that N. has a tooth 'about to spring out').

Perhaps it would be good to write a sort of Spiritual Exercises for people on their honeymoon. If one did there would be some poor fools who would go through it handbook in hand, like the people who copulate with Van de Velve propped against the sub-lumbar pillow.

I wonder what Lawrence meant about arising everyday from the dark sea of blood. Aphrodite? It reminds me of the butterfly's pupa, a vessel full of a white milk into which the caterpillar melts, to coagulate later into an imago.

D.H. Lawrence seems to see the whole world as a series of contradictions which could only be resolved if he and his hero-type could be united.

What annoys me about him is not his childishly arrogant opinions so much as the obviousness of the faults of character from which they stem. His sacred hate for this, that and the other is so obviously hatred for things in himself projected into the world outside. No doubt the same can be said of all of us, but surely there is a cer-

tain dignity about not allowing the externalising to be an absolute revelation of the miner man.

Monday, June 11th. Llafranch. Our difficult transference is well over. All Spain having been thrown into turmoil by the first change of railway timetables for years, it was impossible to decide the best route. As it turned out I made every possible wrong choice. It seemed wise to go to Barcelona and catch the international express at 2.10 p.m. All the morning I tried to book a taxi but for the first time in our history not only was Kevvie's illicit de Dalt taxi away, but all the de Mar taxis had vanished. By combined ops. with the de Dalt phone and de Mar restaurant a taxi did get us ten minutes before the train to Barcelona. N. showed an ominous excitement and interest in all details. On getting to B. we found the express completely full so now took the 'omnibus' which did the journey to Caldas in one and a half hours longer time. At Caldas we found no bus connection until the evening and so we agreed to take a taxi to Llagostera along with 3 English girls (who turned out to be physiotherapists). At Llagostera we waited two hours until 7.30 p.m. for the train to San Feliu and by the time we got there we decided we had had enough of it. We spent the night at Les Noies and N. showed what he could do

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to turn night into day. Exhausted and depressed we left by the 11 bus next morning and taxid from Palafrugell to Llafranch. Here we found the landlady, anxiously awaiting us, Topsy in an A stable even more anxiously. All our colds and coughs had reached a climax. It was hard to believe that the summer could be anything but a fiasco. Then we discovered that the house water was too salty to drink. Otherwise all seemed satisfactory. Since then we have spent Saturday, Sunday and Monday working hard to turn an alien house into our home and my regular primitive reaction of horror at a new dwelling is passing off. The 'colmado' a great friend of Pla has taken us in tow.

To-day we got down to some reading again and I read P. the first 60 pages of Collingwood's *Speculum Mentis*.

"The life of the mind is not the rotation of a machine through a cycle of fixed phases but the flow of a torrent through its mountain-bed, scattering itself in spray as it plunges over a precipice and pausing in the deep transparency of a rock-pool, to issue again in an ever-new series of adventures."

"An engineer whose engine will not go does not plead that Nature's stores of energy are exhausted; but the social reformer who cannot get society to obey him is

too ready to explain the fact by accusing his age of spiritual poverty. He ought to know better. He ought to know - or his license as a prophet ought to be taken away - that the spiritual energy pent up within the breast of his own boot-and-knife boy is enough to overthrow empires if the word were spoken that released it. Our age suffers from no lack of spiritual energy."

The anti-escapists seem to claim that because the boot boy (obsolete since R.J.C. wrote in the 20's) lives a life wherein his spiritual energy is pent up we too should do the same; that to escape from the kind of organism which immobilises the spirit is a vice. Granted there is the economic dilemma that we earn from this organism and therefore at the expense of its enslaved members and this involves the taking of a vow of at least limited poverty. If we are content with less of the purely material things than most people we are less in the debt of slaves. To claim spiritual freedom involves living pretty close to the bone. It involves another thing both in its very nature and as a matter of ethics. It involves using our freedom to develop whatever gifts we possess of use to human beings. They may be of many sorts, the gift of being a good friend to all who require friendship, is itself a justification of escapism since nothing is more needed and

in shorter supply than friendship. I daresay Ralph Wright is worth a salary of a thousand a year from society simply for his success as a friend and companion to large numbers of lonely or disintegrated people. I myself have not got this so fully developed. I am probably worth about two hundred and fifty pounds a year for my companionability, but I can make it up on writing books of value to people which I could not write as a working journalist. So if I am prepared to live on about three hundred and fifty pounds a year free, instead of struggling along on two thousand pounds a year bound, who is there to throw a stone at me - not certainly the parlour communist who dreams solely in terms of power and revenge.

Tuesday, June 12th. Llafranch. A soft blue day, Cornish rather than Mediterranean. All our coughs are better.

This welfare state business is a great trap for some of us. We get our children educated free, our health maintained free, burials and births, pregnancies, wonderful drainage, transport, play-parks, exhibitions, museums. But to pay for these free things we have to give over about three quarters of our income - between income tax and indirect taxes of all sorts and rates. Now there are certain things that some of us value far higher than

most of these and we may have our own ideas on education and even amusement. We want to have books not always taken from the free library, we want to go abroad, to buy gramophone records to supplement the municipal concerts, to buy nuts and wine in order to stimulate conversation to supplement the excellent third programme talks. In the Welfare State all these are luxuries, heavily taxed to provide the 'necessities' of the majority who do not have these tastes. We who put such luxuries before the necessities and are willing to forego the latter are not allowed to do so. We must have the necessities and pay our share for them and if we want the luxuries we must first pay a good contribution towards the necessities of other people. If I want to spend twenty pounds on a collection of Beethoven Quartets I must first earn another sixty-six pounds which goes to build up a society which gives me no pleasure. I do indeed think that everybody's child should have milk at eleven and that hospitals should be free for all, but I still do not feel that all this should be done at the expense of those who would go without most of their dinner rather than not listen to good music in their home.

The result of the Welfare State in England has been to destroy writing as a profession, that is free writing. The day will come when the writer will have to earn

his living at the C.O.I., the most soul-destroying institution to which a writer has ever had to submit - far worse than the daily newspaper.

And the non-intellectual graces of life - the Welfare State will no doubt provide more and more municipal tennis courts, but will the joy of playing on them make up for the fact that soon no one will be able to own their grass court amid the shady trees with unreliable netting at one end and the need for somebody to use the lawn mower to get it ready for the weekend. It will be fine to see every septuagenarian from casual labourer to ex-millionaire lined up close together on the municipal bowling green, but something will be lost when the last parson has to grow potatoes so as to save the upkeep of the vicarage croquet lawn. That I myself never had any wish to play on the vicarage lawn has nothing to do with it, I regret the lessening opportunities for people of all sorts to spend their leisure as they wish. And I hate to think of our legislators who have no intention themselves of playing bowls, or using green belts, or going to state arranged picture exhibitions but who organise all this with joy to think that they are making the other kinds of pleasure impossible. They read between the headlines "Another bowling green opened in the park," the happy little corollary

"Another parson obliged to dig up his croquet lawn."

And yet the Welfare State is right and inevitable. Come to Spain to see the alternative. The Costa Brava ruined by a wave of black marketeers. What ten years ago was one of the most perfect pieces of natural beauty in Europe is now a rash of chalets, villas, torres some of them in exquisite taste it is true. Ask how each of the owners got his money to build. You will scarcely find one that has done it honestly. But the black market is too complicated a phenomenon to dismiss summarily. A close study of what would happen if the black market was abolished would produce surprising results. In Spain they make a large number of laws, not expecting them to be kept, but so as to give an opportunity to people to show their ingenuity. 'Here are the hurdles learn to leap them and the world is before you.' Brenan is good on this.

Collingwood Sp.M. p.23. "medieval life was altogether governed by the idea of institutions. The individual counted for nothing except as the member of his guild, his church, his monastic order, his feudal hierarchy. Within these institutions he found a place where he was wanted, work for him to do, a market for his wares.. the very narrowness of medieval institutionalism, secured one great benefit, namely the happiness of those humble

ordinary men and women who ask not for adventure or excitement, but for a place in the world where they shall feel themselves usefully and congenially employed."

In short, security. Not to ask for adventure or excitement is to ask for security. Not security from death necessarily, but from being socially stranded. This is the attraction of the army, and therefore of war. If war was declared to-morrow millions who at present do not know where they are or where they are going would feel integrated. Their regret and foreboding would be drowned in the relief of having a recognised niche.

So too I suppose in the fully developed Welfare State if only the emphasis is not laid as at present solely on what people get out of it for their money contribution. This is what is meant by the criticism of the Labour Party that it is spending its energies exclusively on organising socialism and not at all on making people socialists. That is why the lid will blow off sooner or later and an election defeat surprise these good men at the ingratitude of those they have benefited.

One of the psychological causes of my turning against the Welfare State - to the extent of living abroad - was that I had no place in it. The only contribution I was asked to make was a monetary one. As I hate organising al-

though I am a good organiser, I am not sore about this. Had I been asked to serve the struggle to refuse would have been greater, that is all. But there must be thousands who have not been asked to serve and therefore are against the Welfare State for that very reason. People who willingly work for the public good, nevertheless resent being made to part with any of their money. Something to do with anal erotism no doubt - if that helps.

Perhaps it is even worse than I said above. Perhaps the emphasis is laid not on what people get out of the Welfare State for their money contribution but on what they get for other people's money contribution. Peter Shortt would certainly claim that it is.

An agreed estimate of Nicholas' state of development on arriving at Llafranch age six and a half months. N. celebrated his arrival by accomplishing linear motion in a forward direction; hitherto such progress was accidental and a by-product of his earlier circular motion about a fixed point. His interest in music is harder to assess but if helped by expressive movements and noises from one or more parents he certainly responds to any rhythmical tune e.g. a sardana by a special sort of smile with very bright eyes and a sideways leaning of his head

while he bounces up and down approximately correctly in common time. He grasps at everything and continues his exploration of all available textures. He has met with sand and gravel which he felt for a long time and made no effort to put into his mouth. He specially likes strips of material e.g. a long piece of elastic, the tape-ties of a mattress, his vest strings and his straps. He drinks very well from a cup and has held one on his own several times without major accident. He cannot be said to have a tooth yet. He is very amiable with all strangers. He fell out of his highchair without untoward result. He shouts rather than crows. He imitates me coughing and has for a long time carried on a dialogue of sounds. He can push himself in his wheeled-tower and is able to turn wheels round when he gets hold of them. He invariably sleeps on his stomach and on waking adopts the knee-elbow position for a long time talking to himself and gradually beginning to shout to us for attention. He quite definitely indicates his need for a pot by facial and vocal signs and has almost mastered absolute cleanliness. This has been done without compulsion or even very much organised persuasion on P.'s part, merely a common sense watching of opportunity. He has never once shown the least interest in his functional products nor even looked at them. He hangs on to his penis

just as he does to his ears or toes. He shouts for the next spoonful of food and for the next course. On the whole the verdict is that he is now getting more like F. than me, except for one very merry smiling look. The physiotheropists said they saw no resemblance to his father. My feeling is that he is abnormally energetic.

P. has just returned (8.30 p.m.) with phosphorescent fish for Topsy, both she and I thought independently as we watched the light on the sea 'there indeed is the wine-dark sea'. The wind has died down after gathering a canopy of thin cloud which reaches nowhere to the horizon. It is now salmon pink - the cheaper sort of tinned salmon - and the sea is a muddy purple.

Vanguardia has arrived for the first time and I find from it that the two disappeared diplomats included Guy Burgess. I first met Burgess over my broadcast on the Barcelona air raids in 1936. He was then at the B.B.C. talks dept. He invited me to his flat in or near Ebury Street and when I came seemed to behave in an odd unfriendly way. He had told me before that he was an ex-communist party member but that he had quarreled with them. He said he was a fascist neo-communist or some such thing and that if he still belonged to the party he would advocate inten-

sive action in India as the logical place to weaken the British imperialist structure. I felt very uneasy about him and felt too that he has taken a strong dislike to me. This surprised me as he had been most enthusiastic about my broadcast and had had it duplicated on wire for use in the B.B.C. School.

Some years later Trevor Blewitt told me that on every occasion when my name came up at the B.B.C. for a talk Burgess opposed me violently. I expressed surprise in view of my former success with Burgess. Blewitt said: You can take it from me he's your personal enemy for some political reason which I don't quite understand. Anyway Burgess is a dangerous man to be avoided.

In view of Trevor's unreliability I took less notice than I might. But I had a feeling that Burgess was part of the communist network for killing the reputation and keeping from publicity men who like myself they wished to destroy. Later I asked Trevor how Burgess was getting on and he replied "Oh he left us (i.e. B.B.C.) long ago, he's a big shot in the Foreign Office." I said: "What! Burgess?" Trevor replied: "Well there you are, that's the sort of thing that's allowed to happen."

I would have thought that any judge of character would have known that Burgess was an untrustworthy

type from a few hours with him.

According to the Vanguardia Spender and Auden have rushed into print to say that nobody who knew him would suspect Burgess of being a communist. I shall wait a bit; but if I ever get down to my heart to heart talk with Spender I shall have something to say about that.

Have just failed to kill myself. An enormous black cat attacked Topsy and drove him up the fir tree which clings to the rocks outside our front door. I sought to dissuade him with a flit gun, slipped, hung on for a moment and let go and fell about twenty feet. Poor F. watching thought she was a widow but all that happened was a grazed left arm and left thigh with a lump like a golf ball on it; quite painless, and an excuse for another Chartreuse.

Wednesday, June 13th. A bad night of coughing but singularly little discomfort from the fall. To-day we had the three physiotherapists to lunch. P. made a very good rice in a cassola lent us by the Colmador. The milkman told me that Pla's sent his best wishes and had told him to see that we got everything of the best at the cheapest rate. A woman arrived with vegetables and said she would be coming everyday. The postman's father roared in with some letters and papers.

Sunday, June 17th. Our first week at Llafranch is over and we begin to feel at home. The weather is hot and very humid. Three heavy fogs at night one with a foghorn blowing throughout. My famous 'smoking' arrived. A letter from Robins saying they cannot come out. On Friday P. went in a small boat with the physiotherapists to La Fosca. We took Nicholas for two evening strolls and dabbled his feet in a rock pool. P. says he has lost weight but he is certainly healthy and his cough well-nigh gone. Not so mine. At least one violent bout every night. My bruise is the size of a breadplate and variegated. Never had a moment's discomfort from the fall. Read P. some pages of Walt Whitman and some more R.J.C.

This week began work on Catalan Book. About 5500 words of the Barcelona chapter.

Friday, June 29th. The gap in the diary represents the visit of Ralph and Bertha Wright and Bertha's young priest Johan. On June 19th Tuesday, Roser Manent came so that P. and I could be a bit free of N. to go for walks etc. We had a lovely walk to the unspoiled woods beyond Calella. And an excellent visit to Llofriu where Josep Pla and his mother entertained us with champagne, cherries, loquats and doughnuts. Pla gave us a watercolour, two of his books,

a litre of milk and some doughnuts. Roser is a quiet, shy, sensible girl with every sign of suffering from the restricted atmosphere of the Manent house. Hideous clothes, bathing dress, a tendency to be surprised at our light heartedness. One wonders what will happen to those three girls, so intelligent and within limits lively but given no opportunity to look nice or to regard personal and household beauty as virtues. Will they ever find husbands? They are full of maternal instinct but probably one at least will become a nun for lack of opportunity to meet and attract a man.

The Wright visit was a disaster. Bertha is seeking religion largely in the company of this handsome and youthful anglo-catholic priest. Ralph is odd man out. I shall write very fully of them at a more convenient time.

We had a good day in their car first at Palamos, which was having its festa major. P. and I danced a sardana with a very good circle which however disobeyed some of the rules and did not have any leader so that it was very hard to see what the repartiment was going to be. We went on through San Feliu to Tossa where Maria Theresa and Pere gave us tea. Returned via Llagostera. Then to our amazement they announced their intention of going off together to Gerona for the day. This upset P. almost more

than me but the general atmosphere of intrigue had by then become insupportable. Bertha's lack of dignity, Johan's exhibitionism and Ralph's excessive dignified resignation all grated. We had to come to the conclusion that Bertha was not sympatica. Johan left yesterday by some mysterious manner which involved Bertha taking him in to Gerona and spending the day there.

To-night we summed the whole thing up. The trouble was that their whole visit was a display of bad manners. The fundamental fault, was the bad manners of coming at all, as that involved the inflicting on us of a triangular situation which made the organising of a satisfactory visit impossible. This was grafted on Bertha's essential ego-centricity and toughness. One saw Bertha intriguing to be away with her priest and Ralph in a muddle between covering up for her and being cussed about leaving the two alone. Their obsession with their own triangular relationship left them no energy over to want any kind of friendly companionship with us. Even when the result was not mere lying it appeared to be so.

The matter of baptizing the baby arose. P. felt that this was an opportunity to have it done with the least trouble and Berthe said "Yes, he can certainly do it, and he'll do it beautifully" and then decided to be bap-

tized herself. All this was before I was told of the plans. When I heard I explained to P. that unless it would hurt her beyond words I would beg of her to have no more of it. This not because of an irreligious attitude to the ceremony but on the contrary because I felt that the communion of personalities involved ought to add up to something dignified and creative. A group in which a middle-aged woman's erotic religious flounderings would dominate was to me too awful to contemplate.

I began with very strong feelings of pity for Ralph, a wish that Bertha could have held on to the end with her splendid, though stormy, relationship with him. For the first few days I was therefore furious. Then I became merely bored. Because I realised that Ralph was getting quite a lot of self-congratulation out of being a patient martyr. Much as I like him this episode made one see the bare patches in his mantle of glory. Really the absurdity is that two people who impose on one another so greatly should genuinely believe in their lifelong devotion to one another. Is it really love this many years of devotion united to utter selfishness?

One of the things that has disturbed P. most is that all this has produced in me a mood of cynicism. Having seen two old friends floundering in self-deceptions

has made me feel that I, who am no better than they, am probably deceiving myself equally in my patient searches after God - as P. sees them.

It is horrifying to be reminded that the profundity of self-deception is immeasurable.

Saturday, June 30th. Our spiritual crisis has begun to pass. P. has had two long evenings in bed and has taken things a bit easy generally. I find it hard to understand why we both found ourselves so tired by the Wright trio; except on the assumption that our normal simplicity of mental behaviour leaves us at the mercy of such whirlpools of behaviour.

I am particularly glad to have got well down to the Barcelona chapter of the book to-day and to have written several thousand words. It has released me from a great deal of depression.

I have read most of Pla's life of Manolo to-day and yesterday, some of it aloud to P. to whom I have also been reading Chesterton's Browning.

N. now is almost too mobile. He seems also to be experimenting with consonants.

Tuesday, July 3rd. Yesterday was a bad day for all of us.

It had been decided that P. must go to Barcelona to see a doctor. Sunday night she seemed to be running a temperature of 103 degrees F but we realised that the thermometer must be wrong. Even so she was ill and I soon became so. Monday we were in the depths but it was all right by evening and most symptoms immediately disappeared. Last night we both slept well. I had been having ghastly nightmares. To-day worked all morning on Catalan book, while P. and W. sat on the beach in the midst of a swarm of small girls who descended suddenly. A hot haze to-day but cool as yet.

Browning. Concerning the relationship of philosophy and poetry much has been written. One school says that the only value of any philosophy is the poetry embedded in it. Nobody has ever said that the only value of poetry is the philosophy embedded in it. Indeed the opposite has been held, that if there is any philosophy then it is bad poetry.

It seems to me that the unpopularity of Browning to-day has several causes. The chief is that we are ashamed that we have let down his high ethical standards. This would not be admitted by most of his detractors. They would say that his philosophy was antiquated and that there were no other qualities to make up for this. Another difficulty is that his starting point is out-of-date by present prac-

tise. That is; his *raison d'être* for writing any particular poem. Almost always he starts with a general emotional experience known to all sufficiently developed human consciousnesses. The act of individualising this to a specific experience without losing universality is his poem. His poetry is not, as is usually thought, didactic because the thing he individualises is a dilemma, a problem, not its solution. He tells us not what men should do, but what they feel. The proper way to enjoy Browning is to approach his work with preparation, which is no criticism of his poetry because it is equally true of all poetry except sheer lyrical singing poetry. Scarcely any narrative poem is not the better for a preface.

The particular kind of preparation is to state the universal emotional problem as we may suppose it to have entered Browning's head before he began his work of individualising it.

Let us take an example. Consider the perennial theme of the relationship of a man's love to his work. Specifically an artist's love and his work. Love makes us desire to sacrifice all to the beloved. Yet we believe that no sacrifice should be made of the integrity of a man's work. We also believe that a man's love inspires his work. Men have constantly felt that a harmonious re-

lationship with a wife must lead to them producing their best work. Browning himself has found that in his own case.

The ethical philosopher will take these various assertions and discuss them intellectually without once looking at a concrete man and woman.

Sunday, July 29th. Llafranch. The gap has been due to our long-drawn-out visit to Premia. Not imagining this would be more than a few days I didn't bring the diary and in the end we were away 24 days and only got back here yesterday.

The overshadowing fact is Patricia's health. On the advice of Joan Puig we went to Dr. Sistach, who seemed a very good doctor indeed especially for general diagnosis. He took me aside and said that he feared the diagnosis was likely to be subacute bacterial endocarditis but that there could be no certainty until a variety of tests had been done. He had good reason for so alarming a statement for P. presented fever, mitral deficiency, racing pulse, rheumatism and purpura.

The Puig's at great personal discomfort put us all up and early next morning the team of two biochemists came for samples of P.'s blood. We also went for the X-

rays of her sinuses and teeth. The throat specialist said her tonsils could not be the cause of sepsis though badly done.

The blood tests proved quite negative - sedimentation normal, no bacterial culture, but considerable anaemia.

The X-ray showed a very clear sinusitis quite blotting out the right fronto-maxillary sinus.

Thus the heart was cleared, F. being able to say that she had had mitral insufficiency diagnosed in childhood. Moreover we found that I too had been running a temperature of 102 degrees nightly probably for more than two weeks, so the syndrome did not really hang together.

F. first had penicillin 100,000 every 5 hours for 7 days. On re-examination the heart was much improved and the fever disappeared. Next she had injections against the rheumatic pains and tablets with vit.K. At present her pains are rather less, but her purpura increased. She looks and feels far better. We can only wait and see what to do next and to see what can reduce the anaemia.

I imagine the fever which we both had (mine was intermittent swinging diurnally between 102 and 96.8) must have been an obscure virus. Apart from fever the only symptom was quite abnormal lassitude and acute depression

such as I have never known even in the 1918 'flu days.

Throughout all this Nicholas remained his usual superbly healthy and alarmingly energetic self.

Really this summer so far has been a disaster. Neither of us well and no good work done, dear little N. a tie and disrupter of all intellectual communion. We have both accepted this but have also made plans for the future. At Premia it works well to leave N. with the Grigoris and Antonia may come for four hours a day every day. In this way P. and I will work together again and get things done.

I have decided that I must attack the American market seriously. Brandt advised strongly against Schuman on financial grounds although he raised his bid to 1500 dollars. I have written to Ben Huelisch and at the same time Cyrus Brooks has apparently talked with him.

We have talked over a series of potential best sellers - the H. of Sex book, the Decisive Battles of Dr. Wakley, Nine Wonders of Man's Body, Nine Wonderful Animals.

I tell P. that with a stable routine I ought to be able to average 1,000 words a day like Arnold Bennett. That would mean three full length books a year. One of those could be the first writing of such a book as these,

one a careful revision of a book started the previous year and the third Love Against Time. Thus I would put out a money making book each year and steadily go on with my own books which could take their chance as they came along.

I shall probably put all this up to Ben Huelisch in a letter.

Chanced on the death announcement of two old acquaintances about whom I had been talking. John Rickman died July 1st "in a garden he loved very much." W.M. Gordon died early in July. I had mentioned him in a letter to Sholto Douglas almost at the time. This letter was about the possibility of co-operating with B.E.A. over hotels.

Wednesday, Aug. 1st. Llafranch. In the last three days we have been able to get down to work together. We are revising the first chapter of Catalonia and twelve pages of the final draft are already typed. I am hopeful again.

Patricia looks so well and so lovely. Nicholas' fifth tooth has arrived. He is perfectly happy provided he can crawl wherever he likes. His locomotion is rapid and accurate and his balance perfect. He will not be left alone in his playpen for long, but if someone else is near he is content without their attention. He is beautifully

healthy and his limbs and muscles have profited by the freedom they have. He is over-eager when eating and often shrieks with impatience between mouthfulls. He does not seem to put things to his mouth as incessantly as most babies. I am not absolutely satisfied with his navel.

Topsy was on our return in fine form. All his fur is back and he has no raw places. He will not drink his milk and we wonder who drank the half litre while we were away. The Colmado's daughter fed him daily.

Our real trial is water. To-day the pump has completely stopped functioning; I carry up buckets of sea water and of course we have the daily canti of drinking water from the Colmado.

On Sunday there were Sardanas and we danced three including Bona Festa. Fortunately we spotted a small group of serious dancers and so enjoyed ourselves much more than the night before.

Dreams. I would like to make a whole time study of them. Freud skims the surface of their significance.

My most frequent-dream-theme is of a walk, usually amid very high mountains though sometimes amid buildings and bridges by the sea. The way is fraught with horrible dangers - knife-edge bridges over abysses,

crumbling precipices, unbridged holes and chasms, all with no way round and I am always terrified. A curious feature is that in nearly every case the route is passed over twice. Although I came through the first time without mishap, everything seems as difficult and dangerous the second.

This week I dreamed true to this form. I had to scramble over a most horrible course of obstacles. It was quite a party, including P. (I think) and a very elderly couple. The last obstacle caused me great fear although it was only a deep well-like gap in the road about four feet across with a stepping stone halfway.

I then repeated the dream without waking in between. On this occasion at the last obstacle the old couple were just ahead, the man in ducks, a straw hat and a walking stick. They were walking over an overturned marble classical column and he said to his wife "if we can do this naked I don't see why we shouldn't go over the other naked." Just before their column was the deep but easily negotiable gap but I was paralysed by fear and could not face it. Someone - it might even have been myself - said "you see you've negotiated all the other far more difficult obstacles and you can't face this simple one because you have identified it with your fears of sexual falling or transgression."

I woke as usual with an acute heartburn and a difficulty in breathing, and the need to lie still until a sort of fear-cramp subsides.

Two things in the dream had immediate application to events of the previous day. I had had to scramble round the outside of the terrace barrier onto the precipitous scree by the side of the house in order to rescue a piece of typescript blown by the wind. P. had said, you are not to go and get the other piece - which was farther away. As usual I was most uneasy and glanced down and noticed an open well immediately below the precipice which I had not seen before. The old man was suggested by a paragraph quoted from H.E. Bates in a rude review in the Times Lit. Sup. which I had begun reading to P. and stopped as she had read it.

But what of the whole dream so often repeated? What is the relationship between dreaming at all and the indigestion. The general Freudian interpretation is obvious but not very interesting. What is much more interesting is the balance or interplay between waking life and dream life. Thus when the other day I fell twelve feet on the scree on the opposite side of the house and knew at the moment that I might be going to fall much farther (it was dark and the chances could not be seen) I was perfect-

ly calm during and after the accident. I instinctively did the best thing and directly I struck the ground I reassured P. in the calmest of voices. Moreover the contusions on arm and thigh which were pretty extensive were absolutely painless and healed without trouble.

Why the absence of fear waking, which I have noticed on all such occasions, and the terror dreaming? Are they not connected?

Could I have and now resolve that next time I dream this particular dream I am going to throw myself over the precipice or what not? Would I be able to do this in the dream and what would happen if I could?

Do I dream of precipices because I have been frightened by them? Or are the waking fear and the dream fear both caused by the same unknown phobia of my unconscious life?

Would our phobias so interfere with our daily efficiency as to make life impossible if we were not able to get rid of them in the comfort of our bed?

Then the seemingly irrelevant addition of the old couple coming as it does from H.E. Bates. What has this to do with my strong antipathy to H.E. Bates which is due to his Illustrated article on Spain. I had nothing against the old man in my dream and they were certainly

not causing my perilous adventure. Indeed they, their column and their conversation seem quite another story.

I am getting used to being uncertain whether P. is or is not in my dream. She is evidently a composite figure stretching back no doubt to my mother.

August 2nd. Llefranch. For the last two days the sea has been in an odd new mood. It has been windless most of the time and yet long rollers have been coming in and breaking thirty or forty yards higher up the beach than is normal. No white horses, yet every now and then a very long ribbon of white, stationary, right across the bay. The boats have all been drawn up higher. To-day the rollers have gone; there is less of a swish up the beach but out to sea there are quite a number of white horses. It is very cloudy and cool.

We have no water again and I have to swill out the W.C. with buckets drawn from the sea.

Steady progress with the book. An annoying letter from Murray foreshadowing difficulties with the Bank of England. A letter from Gerald Wendt. I have written at length to S.K., to Ralph Wright, to Albert Manent who wrote from his conscript camp on the mountain above

Monday, August 6th. After a week of poor sleep and therefore much depression and irritability I took a sleeping draft last night and woke happy and refreshed. We began the day by rationalising the keeping and putting away of papers and then we moved the camilla drum to the closed in part of the porch. Here I hope to sit and work.

There have been a lot of worries. I don't understand and P.'s health, much less her attitude to it. I'm afraid there is an irrational element involved. If anything difficult comes along she tends to develop symptoms and then a few hours later has a perfect rush of energy and happiness. When we were afraid about her heart she was scornful but now that we are reassured she is afraid.

My own troubles are chiefly caused by poor sleep. I woke up tired with the activities of my dream world. The experiences of half-sleep are very tiring, those of deep-sleep often refreshing, recreating. Woke up with two thoughts which I shall transcribe - 'wonder' and 'Professor Riley'.

Monday, August 6th. Llafranch. Wonder

Far from leaving the age of wonder we are approaching it. When men believed that a god existed able to do what he liked, whether by routine or by miracle, nothing was wonderful. There was nothing that could not be easily

explained. God did it.

Next when science began to elucidate secondary causes scientific explanations were by way of being anti-climaxes, e.g. man was a machine that is in the same category as things which man himself could make. This was a great come-down for the temple of the holy ghost. When the material universe was found to consist of particles of dust having to conform to laws which man was able to discover and then use, that was a come-down. A star turned out to be mere dust. Man was overestimating a mere manifestation of dust. But look at things to-day:

1. Matter is no longer a mechanical affair involving various kinds of dust all composed of smaller dust holding positive and negative charges of electricity. Everyday almost new 'ultimate particles' are being discovered like the platoon of mesons, many of which, far from being permanent, have lives of less than a millionth of a second. Matter is not even eternal; not even matter is eternal.

2. The human body is formed of cells. Fifty years ago a cell was regarded as a virtually undifferentiated mass of protoplasm. Now the cell is seen to be a laboratory containing thousands of different chemical compounds each capable of doing one job and usually unable to do anything else. As each job is useless unless it is done in the

right order in a long succession of jobs the thousands of chemical compounds are packed in the one order which enables this to be achieved. There are a billion billion cells in the human body, nearly all of them contain at least a thousand highly complicated organic compounds each needed for a certain purpose.

Moreover each of the molecules in these cells is in a constant state of flux. In most parts of the body the molecules composing the cells break down and reconstitute themselves by taking in new atoms several times in twenty-four hours.

3. A cell such as this, or a cell living on its own like a bacterium, or even a detached nucleus of a cell like a virus, seem to be able to carry out complicated behaviour involving choice and purpose far more rapidly than the human brain can think, let alone organise action.

Thus we live in a world where the ground beneath our feet is in a perpetual state of earthquake and self-destruction; where the material of our bodies carries out purposeful cooperation on a scale which beggars the imagination; and where in doing this it is far more successful in what we have considered the higher faculties of mind, than minds ever are.

Is not there more scope here for wonder and therefore reverence than existed in a universe where a god made the sun stand still to secure his followers victory and behaved generally as we would if we could flout the laws of nature?

At Peter's house the young man asked me (when I was saying that it was wonderful that although when we began a sentence we had not thought what the end would be, nevertheless we could always end sentences, even though their correct ending might require a correct beginning) will you tell me what you would not think wonderful?

Of course we must ask what the quality of a thing is which makes us say it is wonderful. This I must do soon.

Wednesday, August 8th. Llafranch. The Hugh Francis who finally arrived Monday have been camping on the little hill by the chapel. They have a tent for the adults and the two boys sleep in the station wagon. A very neurotic family. Hugh is much better than he was a few years ago. Marie Ann seems very worried about the children. Simon has an I.Q. of 146 and sulks and is moody, Martin (aged 9) has excellent social manners but is being psychoanalysed as he won't learn, is "too good" at school and has nightmares.

We gave them supper last night, a veal stew cooked in the new pressure cooker. The flavour was excellent. They left at about 11 p.m. for their camp. At about 4 a.m. there began the worst thunderstorm I ever remember. Not a breath of wind, incessant lightning, raindrops as big as hen's eggs. K. woke and took very kindly to the excitement. Topsy would not leave us for an instant. I put on my blue bathing shorts and waded down to the terrace to rescue papers and oddments. The whole place was awash and yet the curtains on the terrace were hanging absolutely still. Half the kitchen was under mud: rocks from the precipice at the back kept hitting the back walls and windows. The whole sand surface of our steps and slope has been washed down into the barraca where there is an inch and a half of mud.

The village is much affected. The little square where one dances sardanas is like a dump of broken bricks, the riera filled and carried its course in the sand to the sea; the whole bay has lost its blue and become brown in the mud.

This morning I tried out another of our new cooking gadgets, the electric café express maker. We hope that this will prove economic enough to make breakfast coffee possible.

Yesterday Hugh drove us into Palafrugell and I bought the famous privately printed Pla's Coses Vistes. The printing is 58 copies with 14 original watercolours in each. The whole thing done one winter by a group of friends in Palafrugell.

To-day is still completely overcast. Nobody remembers a summer like this.

Yesterday I had two "epoch-making" letters from Harold Gainsberg of Viking and Cass Carfield of Harpers. They both show what seems like real interest in the book suggestion I offer them. We already see ourselves with a car and a house built to our specification.

Thursday, August 9th. Llafranch. The weather is past a joke, rain, heavy clouds. Nothing has begun to dry up from Tuesday night's thunderstorm. The owner of Sport Bar says he can remember 36 summers but never one like this. Marcelino's brother says it is dolent and desagradable and unheard of.

Life has been made very much easier by the arrival of the pressure cooker, and the primus, and by my buying an electric café express maker. Really charcoal is a bore. Not only does it take a long time to light but it makes the lighter and the kitchen so dirty. Charcoal

is the method of choice for grilling of course.

Yesterday too we experimented with an excellent new technique: we walked to Calella with the baby in a knapsack on my back. The entire population was entranced at the sight and Nicholas smiled all the way. I would rather walk five miles this way than carry him in my arms to the bus stop.

Yesterday evening the whole Francis family came in and we played Rosita Serrano and showed them the sardana.

Tuesday, August 21st. Llafranch. Patricia's birthday. She is spending it "quietly" with her son who was not alive on her last birthday. The day started with a bad thunderstorm but not such a bad one as the other night. In it Peter went off to catch his train back to England. The plumbers are wrecking the house all water having ceased to flow away.

We had a special lunch at Celima's. N. not too quiescent. N. now stands for some seconds in his pen before subsiding onto his seat.

Sunday, September 2nd. Llafranch. The chief reason that I have written so little in this diary of late is that I

have not been reading anything. I have also been working hard on the Gatherings from Catalonia m.s. is approaching a final stage. Pla has the first chapter and P. and I are hard at work revising the Barcelona chapter.

Monday, October 15th. Premia de Dalt. I take up my diary again after the disappointing summer. I shall record what is left of it in my mind when I have time. At the moment I wish simply to relate a resolution made yesterday - Oct. 14th - That as from now on I have to do so many things to books largely designed to make money I shall try to keep up an average of 1000 words a day on some book not meant for immediate publication. I will record the progress of this on a special page of this diary. The rule will not apply during visits to England or for one month every year while P. and I take a holiday.

Tuesday, October 16th. Premia. Matthew Arnold said:

'Poetry is a criticism of life'. But you can't criticise life any more than you can criticise the number six. Yet Arnold was a very intelligent man and must have meant something. That being so he must be convicted of writing careless prose for a phrase which is quotable, yet meaningless away from its context is that sort of bad prose which is a

sin, because it can lead people into a lot of useless and meaningless argument and hair-splitting.

Monday, October 22rd. Premia. Patricia has been ill in bed all the week and I have fought her cold fairly successfully. In spite of this I was able to get about 10,000 words in first draft form written of Trophets against Love. To-day the carpenter has constructed the pen for Nicholas out of the old dining room together with an outside pen in front. Nicholas took possession for tea and spent the rest of his evening pushing his pushcart round. All the furniture has been redistributed and my study gets most of it. I am going on the opposite tack to last year when I wanted almost a cell without any distractions. Now the larger alcove is full of books and the Maple table at which I am writing, the smaller alcove will be a sort of secular oratory with the Catalan table, the Goyas etc. The refectory table lies against the long wall.

November 17th. Premia. Is not the division between democracies (free thinking people) and dictatorships left and right a dangerous half-truth? The dictatorships of which we know in the modern world are not functions of the whole state. They are tyrannies by a privileged class and to

equate the problem of Democracy. Dictatorship with Individual, la Persona - State is misleading. It obscures a vital problem namely the proper proportions of freedom and discipline. It forces us to believe that the good of the individuals and the good of the state are incompatible enemies.

The state can be the ultimate expression of individual personality which does not reside in the isolated individual though it must begin there.

The expression of personality called the state is arrived at from the expression of personality called the individual by a series of integrating steps each of which can be degraded if what is machinery is mistaken for what is essence.

Thus the first step is marriage: the "union" of two people in a life-long relationship with a metaphysical objective. Unless the object of this union is understood the process of integration is held up.

Thus marriage is not for the production of children, or for the protection of children, or for the economic provision of living conditions, or for the legalising of sexual desire. All these are contingent goods effected in the course of marriage but they are not the true end or meaning of marriage.

The true end of marriage is the abolition of

metaphysical loneliness by the realisation that another being is a persona like unto oneself. It is the annihilation of the temptation and the agony of solipsism. From this intuition which marriage gives there broadens out the realisation that human beings are all personas and not objects, instruments, or machines.

A marriage which does not achieve this result is adultery. Adultery is the state in which probably most men and women in this age must be content to live.

Marriage is not the sole species in its category. There is also celibacy as a means or consequence of communion with God. There are the relationships between artists and their work of art. There are, dangerously, certain almost pantheistic accords with nature, there are friendships But as far as the community, as far as the process from individual to state is concerned these are not root, or stem though they may be flowers (Lilies that fester.....).

The second step is the family. Although procreation is not the chief end of marriage it is involved. We have seen a revolt in our time against the patriarchal family which was a necessary dialectical stage. We must swing back to the patriarchal family purged of its main deficiency which was the unregenerated individualism, the

tyranny of the father. The family which is a step in the integration of personality is the one in which father and mother are in communion, in which both thanks to their emotional relationship have realised the other as a persona and are therefore able to recognize their children as personae.

The true family bestows on its children the great benefit of their never having to pass through a stage of solipsism.

In the patriarchal family this sensation of solipsism was induced by tyranny. The father in his loneliness acted as a dictator (love of power is a 'sublimation' of anxious loneliness). The parents not having achieved their integration were not able to give its advantage to the children (though they may have brought them up very well materially). The children had to start the process of integration de nova.

The family unit of integrated personae must be integrated into the group of neighbours. Here in modern life the process utterly breaks down. Neighbourhoods are created by the state and the state being to-day solely mechanical and functional creates neighbourhoods in which functions rather than persona are catered for. Thus one neighbourhood is a dormitory - what a mockery a neighbour-

hood regarded as where one sleeps.

New towns are zoned - here you shall work, here you shall buy goods, here you shall eat and sleep, here you shall play (or watch others playing), but nowhere for you to be a persona.

Planners investigate things as they are and build accordingly - families consist of 2.25 children, therefore houses are to have so many bedrooms and no more. Thus by their shells human beings are forced in future to have no more than 2.25 children. Man is reduced to a lower status than the hermit crab, which can get out when it expands.

You cannot build without an ideal. . Oh but we have an ideal the planners reply - x cubic feet per person. Ideals are nowadays definitions of mechanical measurements.

In an ideal community what functions are familial and what neighbourly? By answering this question in terms of economic necessity we constantly get farther away from the ideal.

What functions are familial? Those which separate the personae sufficiently for them to grow to their full stature and those which make it possible for the family as an essence to achieve full value. For the family is not merely an instrument for the development of personae,

it is a flower garden as well as a vegetable garden. It should be beautiful to look at from outside and a model of all communion beyond the original man and woman when felt from within.

Neighbourly functions are those things necessary for preventing the family from becoming hidebound. If the integration of the persona stops at the family level the family will breed vices which we would call anti-social. Many societies suffer from the fact that loyalties and moralities are felt only to this level. Especially is this true when the family is a unit not built on the original communion of the father and mother. The unregenerate family becomes a fighting unit against the rest and each member uses the others as a weapon. Once more use becomes dominant and of all ways of using another human being the worst is to use it as a weapon.

January 1st. 1952. Hallam Street, London. 6 p.m.

My dear: When you left me this morning you left with me a sense of calm and of delight which has grown throughout the day. I went for a brief period to the Wellcome Library and read for my chapter on Roman conditions and then met R.O. Kapp for lunch. A good lunch; his chief desire is that I should find him openings for his ideas. He says that he cannot find six people ready to sit down and consider them seriously. He also says that he is president of a small private society for the study of the methods of expressing scientific and technical thought and that he would like me to give them a lecture next time I am in England. The members are university professors, directors of large engineering firms and publicists for large concerns like I.C.I., B.E.A. It would no doubt be a good group for me to meet.

From him I went to David Low, but we found the Bank was shut. I dropped in on Watkins next door and bought three books. One of them may prove very important to me: it is Fr. Poulain S.S.'s *The Graces of Interior Prayer* which looks like answering all the questions that are in my mind on that subject .

I came back with it and made myself tea here and read. As I read I seemed to fall into a sort of ecstatic contemplation of you. I called to mind your face as it was at Veglio's last night when the books of the woman at the next table called my attention to the unworldly beauty of it. It may be strange that I who know and love every light reflected from your face should thus have my love and knowledge reinforced by an unknown woman in a restaurant and indeed this has made me think much and, I hope, wisely on the dangers of familiarity.

I called to mind too Nancy's remark: "I could not stop looking at her. She seemed to be seeing something very beautiful and I hoped that if I looked at her long enough I should learn how to see it too."

And all this woven into the thoughts I have had so long, received enlightenment from the book. As I read I felt the need of a ritual and a practise of love and loving contemplation of you. I saw how I could use the four degrees of ordinary prayer, which he defines, in the contemplation of you. I saw that I needed this as others need it though in their case the object is whatever they happen to call God. Nor do I think that such love for you differs much from religion. Prayer need not have,

Poullain tells me, God for its object, but just as easily or wisely one of his attributes and certainly the thing in you which is the object of my prayer is an attribute of God, by any definition of deity.

You know how I feel that we have so circumscribed, stunted human nature in our enthusiasm for a mechanistic world that it is hardly worth attempting to study divine nature until we have rehabilitated human. It may well be that prayer with the loved one as object may be one of the necessary ways of widening human nature. And surely I want of you many of the things that men want and seek in prayer to God. I want through prayer to bring you close to me when you are absent. If they can contemplate the cross or an image of the Virgin and Child, I can use, if necessary, your photograph. I want to transcend distance with thought or feeling, and who knows that the practise of prayer will not be able to do this? Who knows, until they have tried? I want to abolish the mental remnants of past bad or foolish or unfortunate acts and what better way than to stay silently with the prayer of simplicity addressed to you. I want to have no other ambition, no other desire but you and how better than to devote a time every day remembering you. For in these things forgetfulness advances in

on the mind like blown sand and must perpetually be kept back.

Though I have not told you I have been contemplating a brief book of essays on love with many of the thoughts which I have had and which you have read. The first essay is on The Two Kinds of Beauty. After my experiences of to-day the second one seems likely to be On the Approach to the Beloved. For I have been putting into practise what I have been reading and the intensity of my prayer with you as its object was such that tears streamed down from my eyes and my face and neck became rigid and my head seemed to be constrained to look upwards. And all this was with joy and a sense of utter absence of loneliness. Perhaps there is much to be learned from constant practise, if at the beginning there is already this.

And even if I tell you that I am hoping to keep this diary it seems to me essential that you should not see it at least for a long time. This growing intimacy with you must be a secret from you, or the process might be held up by self-consciousness. Nor do I know that the mood will last - it cannot last, but I do not know how often it will return. But this I know that all the depressing thoughts of the last few weeks vanished to-day.

It cannot be because a new calendar has been begun. In any case there will be no good in my private pleasure unless the proof comes to you in even better companionship and a growing thoughtfulness of all your needs. Perhaps by this time to-morrow I shall be feeling irritable or careless! Then what I have written will seem a mockery. Perhaps it is as well to write down the good moods, to have them on paper and, as it were, signed and dated, for then I shall have more compunction in going back on them when the bad moods come.

January 2nd. 10 a.m. I woke at 3 a.m. very full of thought and put on lights and fire and made tea and read and considered Poulain for two hours. Then I slept with occasional wakings until I was called at 8. Much the same sense of alert peace remains with me to-day. I would like to spend the morning reading and thinking about communion with you, but I must fulfil my daily duties and I am off to the Wellcome Museum.

A very nice letter from Prof. A.G. Hardy asking me to go to Oxford and referring to the sea-squirt.

11 p.m. An unsatisfactory day yet with some of the contentment of yesterday remaining. In the morning a

sterile session at the Library. Most works on sex are mere pornography, compilations of tit-bits erotic or obscene - and so dull.

For lunch half an A.B.C. fruit cake. Then to Hensman who reassured me about cancer but pulled a long face about the condition of my anus. He wants a second opinion. Home to read Poulain and very little done owing to a feeling of being physically outraged by the doctor! Patricia a little worried about possible exposure of Nicholas to mumps.

January 3rd. Thursday. We met at Lorna's for lunch. First I went and deposited my MS with Murray's. A good talk with Jock Murray. David Low met us at 3 and took us down to Bromley. Nicholas lovely and delightful.

January 4th. Friday. We went by Green Line Bus to the Pudneys. We liked them. P. and N. back to Bromley and I on to Victoria. Feeling pretty miserable until about 9 p.m. when got down to my book. Wrote and arranged a large portion of the chapter on the Sexual Task of Christianity.

It is now nearly midnight. I am sneezing and my feet are frozen. I shall glance at Poulain from the be-

ginning.

The Approach to the Beloved. So much work, 'research', on the approach to God, the problematical, the uncertain. So little on the approach to the Loved One. Every word in Poulain suggests an Exercise for the more perfect approach to Patricia.

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December 9th, 1953. This will be my final attempt to keep a diary. If I fail again, it will no longer be worth while to try.

I am 56, Patricia 31, Nicholes 3, Andrew 4 months. We have lived at Casa Kovira for a year and a half. I am almost at the end of my book, Sex, Sin and Sanctity. The world is considering a speech by President Eisenhower to the U.N. on atomic energy control.

The Spanish papers are only interested in the Feast of the Purisima Concepci6 celebrated yesterday.

I am still in the midst of this odd experience of night-activity. The cough wakes me regularly and I take a dicodid and at once it stops. This is usually an hour after I have gone to sleep and recurs perhaps once more at about 3 - 4 a.m. The dicodid seems to give me a mild euphoria, wherein I lie half asleep or less, meditating on various things, usually Patricia. Though my mind is thus busy many hours of the night, I have never felt less tired in consequence during the day.

Last week Dr. Muñoz, P.'s gynaecologist in Gerona, a most intelligent man told me that this cough was

due to circulatory causes probably a rather low blood pressure. I must get out of breath at least once a day. I shall try him out, and began at once with a few 'yogi' exercises. The very first night I did not cough, but one swallow does not make a summer. Even if they do not cure the cough the exercises have already given me a very pleasant consciousness of my body, a thing which I have not had for a long time except when one part of it offends.

We have just enough money to see us through with care to the next season in June. Our two good servants Eusebia and her older sister Asuncion (Shon) leave December 19th, at the call of their mother in Estremadura. Gerald Brennan sends us two more after Christmas from Malaga.

Thursday, December 10th. 10 a.m. Lovely sunny morning, with all the garden cheerful under a heavy dew.

As usual the family visited my dressing room after coffee. While Andrew sits on his mother's lap and stares, nothing will keep Nicholas quiet. To-day he is a cat and crawls round the room until he is gently turned out. Our attempt to establish zones of silence is being only slowly successful since poor N. must find outlet through his motor nerves. But he almost respects the

casita.

During the night I have been reading Hackett on Malaria in Europe, a change from mysticism!

10 p.m. Another normal day has ended. Patricia has done a great day's work at typing the book and I have tinkered with two more chapters.

In the afternoon gardening together. Already Andrew enjoys Nicholas more than anyone else. He lay and roared with laughter at tea while Nicholas rattled his rattle.

I have had a letter asking me to do a Casement Booklet on Atomic Energy. Apparently they sell chiefly in India.

Friday, December 11th. 9.30 a.m. Patricia has gone off to Gerona to the dentist. I was able to touch the ground in the Plough position in my exercises last night, and also to rub my forehead against my toes. Progress!!

The temperature has gone well down 49° at 9 a.m. compared with 62° three days ago. And it is drier. The doors don't stick. The weathercock points north but there is no wind. All we need now is a tramontana off the new snow.

Read more of Hackett during the night. Thought much of viruses, their mutation rate, what are they cocking up for humanity? What will happen when a chicken virus mutates to deadliness for man? What are all these viruses which cause P. and me odd fevers, commenting on which our neighbours say "It's the weather. Everybody in San Feliu is ill."

Sunday, December 13th. 10 p.m. Thank heaven after months of waiting the casita green corduroy curtains have arrived. In consequence P. and I have had a most happy evening listening to the Brahms Violin Concerto. Earlier N. and I very seriously looked through the whole Raphael Phaidon. He particularly liked the "little boys with their mother." He also danced riotously to some radio jazz band.

He has been sad all day, probably we think because Eusaebia is going soon.

Ridiculous weather 60° at 10 p.m.!

Began a few words of the Casement Booklet. Re-read Hiroshima with increasing gloom. A little perturbed at the news. I have a feeling we, or America, is hotting up the cold war. Dean tough at Panmimjong. Am. Amb. tough in Moscow about Eisenhower offer. Dalles tough in Berlin etc. etc. Have written to S.K.R. asking his opinion.

Saturday, January 29th, 1954 We have passed through one of the most frustrating six weeks of our lives. We have been very happy together but always with that feeling of waiting for better occasions to enjoy one another, that have been rather too frequent.

First a fiasco about the servants promised by poor Gerald Brennan in Malaga. They never came and from December 20th to January 17th we were without any help except an enormous and efficient char. Now through the picaresque Pujol we have a Cordoban, 18, rather slatternly, laryngitic voice, admirable worker. She was, so they say, sacked from the last place, Hotel Costa Brava, on suspicion of stealing money. She says she had a row with the cook. P. says she admits her virtues but can't keep her long as she finds her repulsive. Where will this lead us?

January 1st 1955. San Feliu de Guixols

Superficially at least the year opens in gloom for us. Patricia is in bed with a very bad cold and exhaustion after night after night of broken sleep with Andrew. I have as bad a cold as Patricia and a worse depression. Nicholas and Andrew are recovering from whooping cough. Little Maria as well as having a bad cold is running chance only results on the Zener cards. We have been rescued by Maria Teresa come from Tossa in response to a phone call.

My own depression will not lift. This morning I woke to remember it was New Year's Day and then the thought thrust itself forward that on November 11th 1918 I went with another man and two girls to an Armistice Celebration. Now the other man, C.E.M. Joad has died terribly with cancer of the prostate and both the girls ended their lives with their heads in gas ovens. Vera Meynell and poor Connie; how different they were. In both cases their sons found them.

It is laughable to be beginning a diary once more! I shall perhaps do better if I remember that at my time of life diaries should be reminiscences rather than recordings. Perhaps I shall really get down to my bio-

ographies of contemporaries.

Yes reminiscences rather than recordings. I have begun to have an old mind, with the past more vivid than the present - like the B.B.C. with its interminable "Hits of 1920" and "What I thought of the World in '04."

Highlights of 1954 - The slaughter of my Sex, Sin and Sanctity by Mr. John Raymond et al. - The highly successful season of Casa Rovira - The New American Library and Seeds of Life - Dingwalls visit - the telepathy of Asuncion, Eusebia and Maria - Connie's death.

During the summer good concerts - Patricia's birthday party - Nicholas' birthday party - excellent Christmas dinner, out of doors for third year running - Sardanas - picnics alone with Nicholas - Andrew begins to walk - Aldous Huxley's Doors of Perception.

The affair of Asuncion on Carnaval Night - The tragedy of Maria Luisa.

1954 was in many ways the happiest year yet, but with some heavy shadows. Never again will be allowed one summer life to be so wrecked by our visitors.

APENDIX 7: MISCEL.LANIA7.1: Some Catalan Poems, 1922

SOME CATALAN POEMS

The European importance of contemporary Catalan poetry is already acknowledged, but perhaps more readily in France than in England. Probably there is no city in the world, including Paris, where so much good verse and prose is being written as in Barcelona to-day and a few translations cannot hope to give any idea of the sustained level of excellence. Nevertheless the following poems may interest English readers among whom there are at present few who are in a position to read them in the original. They have been translated under the supervision of Mr. López Picó and Mr. Manent and form part of an anthology of Catalan poetry shortly to be published.

The first poem is by Joan Maragall who died in 1912; he was the first man to write poetry in Catalan in whom the artistic feeling equalled the patriotic. Verdaguer, for example, though certainly a poet, was interested primarily in the fashioning of a literary language for patriotic reasons, but Maragall patriot as he was would have been a poet in any language.

The Blind Cow

Nodding her head past every fallen tree
 Unsteady progress by the water path
 Makes she: the cow who no companion hath,
 Is blind. A stone's throw aimed too steadily
 By cowboy one tore out; the other eye
 Fate covered with a scab. So cow is blind.
 As in the past years goes she now to find
 Drink at the stream, yet not as formerly
 With firm step nor companions: no, alone.
 Her sisters sound their bells over the screes,
 Cropping the slopes by streams in silent leas,
 Where they've gone
 She'd fall. She gropes her muzzle towards the trough,
 Frightened recoils: then turns her head again
 Bends and drinks calmly, but she cannot drain
 Deep: for her little thirst little's enough.
 Then to the sky she tosses her huge moist nose
 With great and tragic gesture: orphan of light,
 Which twinkles upon her eyeballs dead to sight,
 She turns beneath the burning sun: then goes
 Along the road her memory does not fail
 To find, lurching and swishing her languid tail.

Another recently dead poet of a younger generation is
 Folguera, who died in at the age of . The following
 two poems are by him, the first is typical of Catalan poetry
 to-day with its novel and arresting image simply expressed,
 for catalan poetry is "Imagist" but with a liking for tradi-
 tional form.

Clouds

Solemn, heavy their take their path in space,
 I find to follow no rhythm obedient:
 One on another with easeless clumsy pace
 Interminably moving up the firmament.
 I look at them, one moment tires the glance,
 Back to the earth the eyes by instinct sent,
 Seek mud: the subtle point of their sharp lance
 By deadly edge of each white cloud is bent.

. . . .

Invocation to Christmas

Cold me send and wind me send
 Since fire has too much charity,
 Cold

Invocation to Christmas

Cold me send and wind me send
 Since fire has too much charity,
 Cold and wind without you send
 How shall sorrow fuse and bend?

Cold me send and wind me send
 Since night has too much purity,
 Cold and wind without you send
 How shall sorrow fuse and bend?

Cold me send and wind me send
 Since love has such fragility,
 Cold and wind without you send
 How shall sorrow fuse and bend?

The same imagist quality is found in Marià Manent, who has translated Keats and Rupert Brooke and is influenced by them in his later work. The following poems are from his first volume.

On a Bare Tree

In the suave sunlight of this January day
 'Tis inmy gnarled and twisted spirit's eye
 Like an arm stretching a wizened hand away
 Upward to snatch a morsel of blue sky.

Epigram

On the January moon
 Alternatively on laziness

A bright night silver-dyed outside
 Me weary by the miserable stove:-
 There stands the guardian mother moon
 Fostering wood and city and passer by.
 I feel my heart is soaked in a deep desire
 I long to be aroused and walk abroad
 Under the guardian mother moon
 On white paths ending where I cannot see:-
 But linger lazy by the miserable stove.

Summer, by Josep Carner

Love's burning pleaseth me,
But longer to enjoy
The shining mystery
You hold in your employ,
I beg a little air.

Oh blinds without a breeze,
Oh garden all afire,
No singer in the trees!
Heart choked with desire!
I beg a little air.

For once I pray you make
Your lips into a sound,
Sweet lips!- and eyelids take
A quivering glance around:-
I beg a little air.

INACABAT.

7.2: Spanish Adventure

The notice in the Barcelona newspaper was sandwiched between an announcement of a lecture at the Atheneum on "Art at the Boil: Marginal Comments on Ultra-realism and Abstractionism" and the programme of the following Sunday's Bullfight.

It said that owing to the inclemency of the weather the advertised uranium foray had had to be postponed, that it would take place on the coming Sunday, and that all those who had been unable to purchase the special pendulums required could now do so at the office of the Association of Radiesthesists as a new supply had arrived.

I had already made arrangements to visit the Association, which I am told is flourishing to the extent of having over five hundred members, when I had a letter from my friend Mrs. K.M. Goldney in London. Mrs. Goldney works at the Society for Psychical Research and is used to handling delicate situations. Moreover I had written to her about the flourishing state of radiesthesia in Barcelona and saying I was about to investigate.

Mrs. Goldney had just had a visit from Señorita Francisca Barbera Cayeso, secretary of the Council of the Association of Radiesthesists of Barcelona. The interview was made difficult because Señorita Francisca does not speak English and Mrs. Goldney does not speak Spanish, and as so often happens the small bodyguard of interpreters who had come along with the señorita really made matters worse by their volubility.

What it boiled down to was that the señorita wished to demonstrate certain occult powers she possessed. She wanted Mrs. Goldney to go out and buy some dead fish, she stipulated that they must be dead; the fish would be held in the señorita's hand for twenty minutes on that and the following day and after that it would never decompose.

There are no fishmongers near the Bloomsbury home of the Society for Psychical Research and the society's offices are not conditioned for the manipulation of fish dead or alive, so Mrs. Goldney sought a compromise. The señorita was more accomodating than is usual with Spanish ladies and agreed to hold an orange instead of a fish.

Mrs. Goldney bought three oranges, one for the señorita to hold and the others as controls. The held

orange grew harder and harder until after some time it approximated on the scale to the hardness of a bullet. One of the controls was put near a hot oven to see if it was a heat effect from the señorita's hands, but this orange went pulpy; the third orange left alone began to harden up too, but nothing like so much as the first one.

Mrs. Goldney told me that it was certainly quite an odd effect but not necessarily psychic and would I investigate.

It is not often that fish, dead or alive, oranges and uranium meet together in one scientific investigation and I looked forward to meeting Señorita Barbera with interest and some slight trepidation. It seemed likely that she had other powers beside that of preserving fish and hardening oranges and I speculated on what they might be. As far as uranium is concerned I am prejudiced in favour of Geiger counters for its detection, but I have an open mind and certainly the special pendulums were likely to be cheaper than a Geiger counter. Weather permitting I quite liked the idea of a uranium foray as years ago I used to go to the fungus foray in Epping Forest run annually by some enthusiastic amateur

botanists. The fungi did not need pendulums to find them, but if we are to believe the radiesthesists a pendulum can be very useful for finding out whether they are poisonous or not.

My own pendulum, by the way, for I possess one, is usually to be found in the children's toy box. I have had no certain success with it. Of course I have not tried for big game like uranium, but, following the instructions, as far as that is possible, in a small treatise on the art, I have held the pendulum over each area in turn of my hand to see if I was healthy. Each area, says the text book, corresponds to a part of the body and the pendulum swings or gyrates in various ways which indicate the health or otherwise of that part. The pendulum did move in various ways and reference to a clear enough diagram told me that I was quite healthy except in two parts, the brain and another which I need not specify. This alarmed me and I read further for comfort, if possible, only to find that all meanings are reversed if, as I am, you are left-handed. In short the only parts of my body which are healthy are my brain and the other part. If our conversation goes further than dead fish, oranges and uranium, and includes dowsing for health (I must look up the Spanish for that) I shall consult Señorita Barbera.

It will be remembered that when Señorita Barbera visited Mrs. Goldney she proposed to confer incorruptibility on dead fish by holding them in her hands. Now people do not bother to cross strange seas and visit countries whose languages they cannot understand with such propositions unless there is something in them. There is no motive that can be suggested for wishing to perpetuate a fraud of such a bizarre nature. What transpired in the sequel, I have already recorded, but when I first heard of the transaction there was another reason why I was interested. In all this strange story the strands keep crossing and recrossing.

Incorruptibility is an old story. It has not been usual to associate it with fish, but rather with holy men, and Spain has many tales of saints fresh as a daisy long after their demise should have been followed by their dissolution.

A week or so before I learned of Señorita Barbera a Barcelona bookseller had sent me his catalogue and one item in it seemed to stir a memory. It was a life of Geronimo Batista de Lannza, bishop of Albarracin near Zaragoza who died in 1624. As I read the bookseller's catalogue I was only aware of the other Lannza whose folio

on angels and devils I already possessed and about whom the reader will hear in a later chapter. Lannza is one of the most distinguished names in the history of Aragon and there was nothing surprising in finding a life of another member of the family, yet I felt that there was something else I should remember.

Next day I took down Father Thurston's book on The Physical Phenomena of Mysticism, a book which of course I knew well, and opened it at page 289. And there I read:

"Another very remarkable and apparently well attested case is that of the Dominican, Geronimo Batista de Lannza, Bishop of Albarrazin.... Thirty-six days after his demise the body of the holy Bishop was exhumed and found without a trace of corruption... A strange compromise had been adopted by which the city of Albarrazin was to retain possession of the lower limbs, while the body was to find its final resting place at Saragossa. A skilful surgeon was summoned to amputate the legs at the knees. Although some effusion of blood was foreseen and ligatures made to prevent it, the precautions were quite ineffectual, It is stated that a great quantity of blood flowed, as fluid and as vividly crimson as if the operation had been performed on a living subject. The biography of Lannza,

published twenty-four years later in a folio volume by Fray Geronimo Fuser O.P. who had been his confessor, professes to give the names of seventeen persons who were present at this amputation, together with that of the surgeon, and it seems certain that the writer had access to the formal depositions made by them and by other medical authorities in the process of beatification. One would have liked to see the actual terms in which the faculty gave their evidence, but unfortunately these documents are not reproduced in the life, and the process of beatification is inaccessible to me. There seems, however, no reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of the statements made."

There are several ways in which such a story can be received. The commonest, I suppose, for us who are not true believers is to fall back on the omnibus solution of priestly chicanery. We should be careful of this however because, although we probably regard ourselves as children of the Enlightenment we are also children of the Protestant Reformation, which for all the good it did, perpetuated its own set of superstitions in place of those it upset. One such superstition is the permissibility or a priori denial that anything miraculous ever took place after about A.D. 100 and especially if believed by a Papist.

Now what we know of D.D. Home, of Ewapia Palladino when she was not cheating, or Stainton Moses, if he was not a totally deluded madman disguised as an eminently sane schoolmaster, of Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. Willett about whom no ifs and an's are possible, makes us cautious of rejecting out of hand evidence which we cannot check simply because we have decided that such things don't happen.

If seventeen people all sign documents to say they have seen life-like blood flowing from a dead man they must have seen something. Moreover those who are prepared to deny everything ever stated about saintly miracles should not do so before they have seen Prospa Lambertini's (later Pope Benedict XIV) De Beatificatione et Canonizatione Sanctorum. They will there discover that the rules of evidence laid down, the procedure required, the care demanded in sifting the evidence are of a very high standard. I therefore do not feel inclined to reject the Lanza story out of hand.

One could make a first class horror story out of it I think. When I bought the Life I found that Father Thurston had somewhat softened the account of the "strange compromise". Far from being a compromise at all on the

part of the citizens of Albarracin it was a midnight conspiracy involving, one would think, sacrilege and certainly theft. We will go into the details later, but what immediately struck me was that if the thing was a fraud one might as well make it a horrific one. Knowing that his beloved Bishop was going to be exhumed, and believing no nonsense about incorruption, a devoted novice had taken steps to remove the body and to place himself suitably disguised in the coffin. With admirable fortitude he bore the surgeon's knife fully recompensed by the gasps of admiration from the seventeen as they saw apparently, a dead man's arteries testify to his sanctity by turning to crimson fountains. The novice must of course have had accomplices who rescued his limbless torso sometime on the journey to Saragossa, and thanks to the surgeon's tourniquets he lived to beg alms outside the Pilar in his crippled but happy old age.

Or then again the story might be true. The thing was to get a glimpse of the documents and nobody seemed to know where they were. So far the Bishop's case for beatification has never been settled and it was necessary to find whether the affidavits and other documents were somewhere in Saragossa or in Rome. Meanwhile Fray Fuser turned out to be an excellent biographer. He gives

his references and he includes little for which he cannot find a witness. And his subject matter is good indeed.

To my mind Aragon is the grimmest part of Spain and the most typical. I know of no city that fills me with more terror than Zaragoza; (but then I have not been to). In spite of recent building on a grandiose cosmopolitan scale it remains a city of yellow mud built on yellow mud, save that the word mud suggests the saving grace of moisture, which does not exist here. Zaragoza is like the inside of one's mouth after eating the skin of a persimmon. Twenty-four hours before Franco's rebellion it was the headquarters of the Anarchist Party; twenty-four hours after, the headquarters of the Falange. It stands in the midst of a treeless desert, with nothing to temper the sun in summer and in winter; it has nothing between it and the Pyrenees to temper the ghastly north wind. It is a military barracks and a theological seminary. It is a vortex of sadism, a spear-head of ruthlessness. Its inhabitants have nothing in their souls between absolute zero and boiling point.

The countryside of Aragon is worthy of the capital. Not that there are not many cases of indescribable beauty for indeed there are. Yet one is oppressed

by the ghastly grandeur of it all, the bare bones of the soil-less hills, the precipices, the vermilion and purple rocks, the absence of green, the intolerable thought that men spend their lives struggling with the pervading sterility. I can imagine a man retiring to end his life close to nature and God at San Juan de la Pena for example, but only if he had abjured all thoughts except the solemn and the sombre. Here you need no current knowledge of speeding nebulae a million light years away to make you feel small. The scale of the chaotic mountains is sufficient. Extraordinary men have grown out of this landscape, not necessarily genial ones. Men with excess in their natures, violent men or at least men of such force of character that they are not overawed by their natural surroundings nor by their neighbours who partake of those surroundings. From Prudentius of Zaragoza in A.D. 350 through Goya to Ramon Cajal, Spain's only Nobel prizewinner, and as such to be treated as a national asset though a thorn in the side of every orthodox believer, all Aragonese have been tough-minded.

You will find nothing moderate about our Bishop Iannza. Take for example his degree of virginity and chastity. Not content with what would be enough for most saintly men he carried things to a point inconvenient for himself

and his friends. To him virginity had nothing to do with sex, for such a thing as sex was too utterly remote from his experience to be worth counting. His virginity was a matter of ignoring the existence of his own body. Throughout his life to his deathbed no part of his anatomy except his face and hands was ever seen not merely by a woman, for that goes without saying, but by a man. Indeed there is excellent evidence that he never once permitted himself to see his own back in a mirror or to pass his hand over it. All this is set down in the Processes for Beatification and corroborated by signed affidavits.

On one occasion having severely injured his foot he had to seek help at his sister's house and put himself to bed pending the arrival of a doctor. When this man arrived he could with difficulty be prevailed upon to show him the wound and when his sister later knocked at the door and asked to help dress the wound, he forbade her to enter and threatened to leave the house if necessary by the window since she was barring the door.

He suffered from a tendency to run high fevers, caused apparently by spiritual fervour rather than by any virus or bacteria. On one occasion the doctor ordered him to cool himself off in the river. He waited until

night and went with his brother to the riverside. There he left his brother and sought a secluded spot where he could not be observed even if there had been any daylight; and having satisfied himself of the complete privacy, immersed himself up to the neck. While thus standing he heard the splash of his brother swimming towards him, half in terror, half in anger, he cried out forbidding his brother to come any nearer on pain of his submerging himself totally at the risk of drowning himself.

All his life he believed himself to have a hump or lump between his shoulders which accounted for his tendency to stoop; but when his corpse was laid out for burial the protuberance was found either to have miraculously disappeared or, more likely, never to have existed at all.

Not only did he never permit himself to be alone with a woman but he took a vow to allow no women to kiss his hand on public occasions when this was normal. He had to be persuaded to revoke his vow as not even he could perform the conventional acts of a bishop and keep it. One of the very few women, a devout nun, who succeeded in obtaining this privilege testified that a scent came from his hands which was altogether unworldly and most delight-

ful. His biographer emphasizes that the bishop certainly never used scent so that this must have been a special grace. When he was forced by his priestly duties to speak to a woman he insisted on the audience taking place in a Church and contrived never to look at the woman during the interview.

He always dressed and undressed behind closed doors and refused even to change his shoes in public, and he always made his own bed and was revolted at the idea of a servant, even a male servant, performing so intimate a service.

He had the corresponding fault to all this almost excessive virtue, namely a rather exaggerated code for other people not so supernaturally gifted in this way as himself. It need hardly be said that he suffered no bad language, loose talk, or risqué story and his standard was almost too high in those matters. Thus on one occasion while driving with his chaplain their carriage was held up by a crowd of admiring children. The chaplain engaged them in playful conversation and asked one little boy if he were married. The Bishop rebuked him severely for using such loose language in his presence. One may suppose that the Bishop had a very vivid and concrete imagination of what

marriage means.

Chastity when it reaches such lengths as these is not considered in these days a very genial attribute. I hasten to add therefore that the Bishop was equally endowed with those attributes such as charity and humility which are still considered almost respectable. But we must hurry on to the catalogue of paranormal phenomena reported under oath in the Processes.

It is important to note that on these matters, so much more interesting to us than the subject matter of his voluminous writings, the Bishop is exceedingly reticent. Fray Fuser tells us that when on one occasion in the Confessional he tried to draw the Bishop out about the special graces conferred on him, he was reminded that these were not sins and that their discourse was of sins alone. Moreover the Bishop had a very low opinion of private revelations. Thus on one occasion it was reported to him that a certain nun was so spiritually advanced that she had two hours conversation with her guardian angel every day. He was not impressed and ordered that she be told to waste less time talking to angels and spend more on useful occupations such as prayer and her rosary.

Of the standard psi-phenomena associated with

Christian mystics the Bishop experienced a number of the less exciting. As I have a personal partiality for it, I regret that levitation was not one of his experiences. But he was frequently the source of non-natural lights particularly when preaching. We have the affidavits of several people held trustworthy by his biographer. Thus while he was preaching to a congregation of nuns, the prioress distinctly saw threads of ruddy light issue from his mouth and reach to the heads of all the nuns. It was noted that great spiritual good was done by this particular sermon.

Fray Fuser himself testified on oath that on the occasion of the Bishop's last sermon he had seen the paranormal splendour issuing from him and when cross-examined he described how he moved round the cathedral to see if the sun was shining through any window on the preacher and satisfied himself that this was not so. He also examined the mitre carefully and found that it was a plain one without jewels or other adornments which might reflect light.

It is to be noted that on each of the five occasions when witnesses at the Process saw lights issuing from the Bishop they were apparently the only people who

had the experience in spite of there being present large congregations. It would seem therefore that the effect was due to the suggestibility of the observers rather than to any idiosyncrasy of the preacher. On two occasions moreover the witnesses pointed out the lights to a neighbour, but we are not told that the neighbour corroborated the fact. The same explanation seems best in the case of the evidence of a nun who saw him helped at the altar by a very beautiful youth who, she felt, was certainly not human. As the Bishop was probably unaware of these abnormal occurrences it is not surprising that he spoke very little of them to his Confessor or anyone else.

We come now to a type of evidence where the occurrences can almost certainly be explained by coincidence.

On the fourth of December 1624 our Bishop visited a Canon of his Cathedral who was dying of spotted fever, which was raging through the city of Albarracin and decimating the population. In consonance with his normal exercise of Charity he embraced his colleague and on the following morning began to feel unwell. From the start he was sure and gladly sure that it was to be his last illness. His dying and death were, as we would expect, exemplary and I shall spare the reader all details. Holy dying is apt to

conform to a pattern, with which I am sure the reader will be sufficiently familiar. It was when death had come that the story becomes worth retelling.

The city was plunged in grief, those who had been close to him were overcome by his meritorious end. All was emotion everywhere. But death demands practical behaviour. Neither eloquent grief, nor pious wonder can deal efficaciously with the brutal facts of corruption. The body would have to lie in state in the Palace Chapel, the multitudes would press in on it and insist on kissing its hand, the nature of the disease was such that the stench would within a matter of a few hours be intolerable. The great Don Miguel Batista de Lanza, knight of the Order of Santiago, King's Councillor, Secretary of the Supreme Council of Aragon, Chief Master of the Royal Mint, nephew to the defunct bishop was there from Zaragoza to deal with the situation.

His servants were provided with powerful scents to enable them to approach the sacred remains and Don Miguel gave orders that his uncle should immediately be embalmed. He was terrified lest the normal procedures of nature would not only inconvenience those who would be doing him reverence, but also make it impossible for him to be removed

for many months to Zaragoza where the magnificent family tomb awaited him. Even at this early date Don Miguel seems to have foreseen that this transfer, his dearest wish, would be a difficult matter so that the sooner it was done the better. He therefore instructed the official city surgeon, Jacinto Berges to make no delay.

And then at the very moment when the surgeon had everything prepared Don Miguel changed his mind. Recalling the almost excessive virginity of his sacred uncle in life, his reluctance to allow a surgeon to see even a foot, he felt that even in death his uncle would dislike the far more intimate surgical intervention involved in embalming him. This change of mind, according to Fray Fuser, must have been caused by God himself who acted with speed to prevent an act which was not merely, as we are soon to see, unnecessary but one which would have spoiled the miracle which was later to be consummated.

Clothed first in the habits of the Dominican order and over them in his Pontificals, Bishop Lanza was carried to the Chapel of the Bishop's Palace. Since it was December there were no real flowers and so he was adorned with artificial ones, particularly a bunch of annunciation lilies in his hand. As hour followed hour and

the wending crowd filed up to kiss his hands and feet Don Miguel's apprehensions gave way to wonder. Nobody complained of the usual consequences of corruption and indeed it became more and more noticeable, and more and more commented on, that a heavenly fragrance was being distilled by the corpse, gratifying to the senses and edifying to the souls of all those who approached.

On the third day the body followed by all the city was carried in solemn splendour to the Cathedral where the Mass de corpore presente was celebrated and then it was taken to the Church of the Dominican Order to be buried in a place made ready on the left hand side of the high altar, the place of honour on the right being already occupied by another bishop. All this time there was no breath of corruption noticeable, so that the evidence was mounting up that here was something supernatural, that Albarracin possessed not merely the body of a beloved bishop, but a relic which might well prove when in due course the right authorities had passed judgement the priceless relic of a saint.

It is now that the rift in the lute began to make itself felt. The Cathedral Chapter very naturally wished to have the body in their own keeping. To remove

the holy thing from the Church which had been the centre of its life to another Church, even though it was of the dead man's Order was, to say the least, unfeeling and, some people began to think, possibly much worse than unfeeling. Don Miguel was only able to overpersuade the Chapter by affirming that the bishop had himself asked to be buried with the Dominicans. Much as they regretted such a wish, this settled the matter for the moment, and, after all, as Don Miguel pointed out to them, the chief thing was that Abarracin should have its highly valuable relic, and Albarracin would have it whether it lay in the Cathedral or in the humble Dominican chapel.

Plausible as all this sounded the Chapter was a prey to steadily increasing doubts. After all Don Miguel had spent large sums on turning the Chapel of the Annunciation in the Cathedral of Pilar into a family mausoleum; was it not natural to suppose that he would wish the chief family treasure to lie there; and was it not likely that he had arranged for the body to go to the Dominicans because it would be so much easier to steal it later from there than from the Cathedral?

It was a delicate situation. Even a Cathedral Chapter could not possibly offend a knight of the Order

of Santiago and King's Councillor, nor could they risk going against what as they were told, was their beloved bishop's personal wish. But they could be vigilant. They could not tell Don Miguel that they expected him to come like a thief in the night, but they could get a watch, and they did. From now on the Dominican Monastery was carefully picketed by a volunteer citizen force.

The fear of losing the corpse became spread wider and wider among the citizens of Albarracin as reports of miraculous events associated with it began to be whispered abroad. These events were on a minor scale but they might well be harbingers of greater things to come. The first concerned an elderly and pious lady named Ana Perez de Toyuela, widow, and very partial to the bishop in his lifetime. At the Cathedral hindered by the crowd and crippled by her eighty years she could not get near enough to see her beloved spiritual teacher, let alone to kiss his hand; so she resolved to try her fortune at the Dominican church. To her own very great surprise as well as that of her neighbours she found herself hurrying with all the agility of a girl in her teens and she made such excellent time that she was well in advance of the crowds and succeeded in helping herself to a sprig of the flowers, which, as has been said, adorned the bier. Her muscular

activity was in itself a marvel, but the effects were not confined to her muscles. She had for very many years cherished an ungovernable hatred for one of her neighbours but on placing the purloined blossom above her heart the evil emotion vanished, so much so that she sought the woman out and embraced her. This she stated later on oath at the Process at Albarracin. In the same way but rather later one of the Cathedral clergy found that the lily he had managed to break off was invariably efficacious in dispelling black moods of depression to which he had been a martyr, while by placing the lily over his eyes an infirmity of sight associated with migraine was cured at once after five months' torture.

Such things made the retention of the dead bishop more and more desirable and increased the suspicion against Don Miguel, good man as he was.

The secular authorities of Albarracin now begged the Cathedral Chapter to act, and to transfer once more the body to the Cathedral, a course which had the Chapter's full sympathy; but it seems that some parties concluded that the matter was not immediately urgent for two good reasons; first that the corpse without embalming was certainly by now unsuited to a journey, and second

that Don Miguel himself was now reputed so ill as to have received the viaticum. It was a false security into which these were lulled by their assessment of the effect of these elements in the situation.

Don Miguel, it is true, was exceedingly ill, but this only increased his desire for the possession of his sacred uncle. Moreover he correctly estimated the frame of mind of his rivals and concluded that now would be the easiest moment to affect the much desired transfer. He therefore collected a task force headed by his friend Doctor Don Diego Serra, like him a Knight of the Order of Santiago and King's Councillor as well as Fiscal of the Supreme Court. Dr. Serra was legally empowered to transact the business and, taking a notary with him and a platoon of eight trusted men, appeared at the monastery between eight and nine of a dark December night and explained he had come for the body.

The monks were of course devastated but agreed with Doctor Serra that as the transaction was legal and could not be prevented it was by all means desirable to carry it out in secret so as to prevent a scandal. It must be done without the knowledge either of the Cathedral Chapter or of the secular authorities of Albarracin, for these,

fiscal or no fiscal, would certainly put up a fight. The one thing the monks asked was that they should be allowed to retain some portion of this highly desirable body from which great benefits, both spiritual and temporal, might certainly be expected.

This was a serious matter on which Dr. Serra would have preferred to consult Don Miguel; but Don Miguel was sick, the Cathedral Chapter were concerting plans of their own, the secret could not long be kept, and the night was none to long for what had to be done. Seeing that the monks could not otherwise be pacified Dr. Serra agreed on his own responsibility to let them retain the sacred legs as far up as the knees.

For what happened next we have the testimony of seventeen witnesses including the party brought by Dr. Serra, a number of monks including their Prior and the surgeon summoned to carry out the agreed partition of the treasure.

The monks were delighted to hear that they might retain the legs and hastened to disinter the body. The vault was broken open, the coffin recovered and opened. It was now thirty-six days since Bishop Lanza had died. The party gathered around, astounded and relieved that

still no breath of corruption assaulted their senses, they gazed upon a face as healthy or more so as it was in life; they lifted a hand and found that the sinews and muscles were as yielding as ever. Dr. Serra, wise man that he was, immediately ordered the notary to write down what the seventeen witnesses saw and to have the document signed by those present.

Next two priests, carefully arranging the pontificals to cover the whole body as its owner would most certainly have wished raised it in their arms and laid it on a coloured cloth. All noted that face, fingers, hands, arms, feet, legs were as in life, the veins standing out as usual, the flesh firm, the pigmentation excellent. Only one difference could be ascertained, the soul, they said, was no longer here but in heaven. Reverently all kissed the sacred hands.

And then the surgeon, the same Jacinto Berges who had been saved from having to embalm the body by the scruples of Don Miguel, got down to work. The robes were lifted to discover the knees, the scalpel was ready, Jacinto Berges examined the limbs and drew back. The condition of everything was so identical with that in a living man that he feared the amputation might mean an

inconvenient effusion of blood. He applied ligatures as he would have done in the case of a living man and proceeded to cut. In spite of the ligatures fountains of blood spurted from each artery, bathing the bystanders and staining the cloth. They ran for basins and collected as much as possible for future use and they dipped whatever textiles they could into the fluid so that the number of relics could be multiplied.

The amputation completed the body was placed in a coffin brought for the purpose and Dr. Serra, evidently a man who thought of everything, locked it and pocketed the key and then had it stamped and sealed, all in the presence of the notary. The monks for their part deposited their share of the treasure, diminished in bulk it is true, but probably not in virtue, in the original coffin and sealed up the vault once more, hiding as far as possible all traces so that the secret might be kept.

Here Fray Fuser permits himself the nearest and indeed the only approach to a kind of humour in the whole of his grimly earnest volume. He describes the great uneasiness of the party from Zaragoza: the journey was to be by farm cart to avoid suspicion and would take four days; now that a secret could be kept, when as many as seventeen

people know it, for more than two days would be a miracle almost as great as the miracle of the living blood. Dr. Serra entrusted the loot to the notary and a servant who pushed it in a wheelbarrow to the Zaragoza road where they hired the cart telling the driver to drive carefully as the contents of the box were sacred ornaments. At last the migrant body came to rest in Zaragoza where in the Cathedral of Pilar it remains until this day. Before it was finally bricked in, several of the most important officials and leaders of Zaragoza society climbed down and satisfied themselves that the body was that of Bishop Lanza and that it was still uncorrupted and giving forth the perfumes of heaven itself. What the people of Albarracin thought and did when they heard of their loss can be left to the readers' imagination. After some days during which the authorities civil and religious feared every sort of riot and scandal things calmed down when the crowds were allowed to see that they still possessed the two legs.

7.3: Un Retrat d'E.J. Dingwall

The whole thing began with an American publisher asking me to collaborate with my old friend E.J.D. A book was wanted which would satisfy both Julian and Aldous Huxley. It was to deal with the Unknown in a way which would command the sceptical scientists respect and yet not offend the opinions of the less sceptical. Our critics no doubt would say that the choice of joint authors had been made because I knew little about the subject and E.J.D. could not write in a way interesting to the layman. However that book and its fate are of no concern here; all that is relevant is that thanks to my agreeing to write it E.J.D. came out to Spain, witnessed the beginning of the Spanish adventure and indeed brought it to birth by his enthusiasm. This being so I have ample excuse for doing what I have long wanted to do, namely to put a full-length, or at least a half-length portrait of E.J.D. before the discriminating reading public.

If you were to go to the British Museum and bequest to see E.J.D. in due course a bent, emaciated figure would be seen creeping slowly towards you through the

locked shelves and showcases of the King's Library. As it drew near you would see that it was furnished with round, steel-rimmed spectacles, chosen you would feel, to emphasise the general roundness of the face, the eyes, the head.

These wizened trappings would almost certainly fail in their intention and you would observe an irrepressible youthfulness, a youthfulness handicapped, perhaps, with more or less genuine physical agonies, but breaking through like sunshine immediately a subject of interest to its possessor was broached. E.J.D. moreover has a pink complexion which one does not usually associate with the disastrous pathological conditions from which, he will certainly tell you, he is a martyr.

When you know him better you will have doubts as to the essential insufficiency of the frame, but you will be perfectly prepared to believe that the state of constant mental exasperation in which E.J.D. has always lived is able to cause any ill-effect that such mental friction can contrive and manifest in physical form.

Now and then we meet someone or experience something that helps us to realise the realism of an English word. Usage has satisfied us with feeling only

its metaphorical level of significance; but now we pass beyond the well-worn surface to the raw interior. E.J.D. will do this for you with the word exasperated. When you see how he is perpetually exasperated, you feel the unlubricated rough edges of his nerves grinding against one another; you run your hand over spiritual goose-flesh, your very heart is pierced by splinters from the unplaned wood. Normally the word exasperation does not let loose images of rough things, but now you see and feel all rough and fraying things that the world contains.

Exasperated people are almost always exasperating, a roughened edge is after all rough, and E.J.D. has his troubles with people. He does not altogether find it easy to make it easy to get on with him. I want therefore at the very beginning of this story to say that although there are many points of disagreement both as to subject matter, method of handling it and, more important perhaps, as to the world in general and how to behave in it, we never had a moment of friction from the time the book was begun to the time it was done.

E.J.D. has two 'subjects', not I am glad to say necessarily for conversation, but in the sense of fields of knowledge in which he is expert. He claims expert knowledge of a good many other things, including

clocks, mechanical toys, stock market dealings, medicine, particularly the sins of doctors, law, particularly the wickedness of lawyers, psychology particularly the charlatantry of psychiatrists, and psychoanalysts of all shades and grades. But his two real subjects are pornography and psychical research. It is as a pornographic expert that he deserves well of society as I shall later show.

He is an honorary librarian at the British Museum where, but for the need of not offending Mrs. Grundy he would probably have some such title as Honorary Keeper of Smut. He has been Research Officer of the Society for Psychical Research, a group of people who from their beginning have tended to a rather high-minded approach to the facts of life and to disapprove strongly of E.J.D.'s other subject. This of course has been a prolific source of exasperation all round.

As a psychical researcher E.J.D. has the reputation of an ultra-sceptic. There is almost nothing that he is prepared to believe, and as his whole temperament leads him to long to find something in which he must believe, this too is a source of exasperation. I have watched him how more than once come up against some paranormal phenomenon which prima facie is genuine and proved

so on excellent evidence. His face lights up with excitement, it is like mists rolling away suddenly from the mountains as they are doing opposite my window as I write. Very soon however one is conscious of a mental activity like the pecking of a bird eating a coconut. He has begun to peck at the evidence. He shakes his head. "I don't know" he murmurs more than once. Gloom sets in. Desire to believe having momentarily been satisfied, desire to disbelieve has been born and until he can find good grounds for disbelief he will be as unhappy as he was before he believed. It is then that the sceptic reveals the weak side of his nature, for, lacking anything better, the grounds finally chosen for disbelief will be as flimsy as any that bind a spiritualist to her fake medium.

On the other hand he is prepared to believe almost anything about human beings. Whether this is due to his vast knowledge of pornography or to his personal contacts with other mortals, I do not know, but he holds our race in low esteem and believes whatever is to our discredit without any evidence at all. I find it hard to illustrate this side of E.J.D.'s nature since I have no desire to have this book locked away in his department of the British Museum Library. I think I have seen a photograph of Dr. Kinsey and that his hair stands up germanically

like a stiff hairbrush. This is a pity for what E.J.D. could tell Dr. Kinsey about the behaviour of American airmen on their afternoons off in Cambridgeshire would take the kink out of the hair of the Kabaka of Buganda.

And that reminds me that another subject in which E.J.D. considers himself an expert is America, particularly American women. He has written a book on American women which has been refused by every American publisher bar none. E.J.D. once told me that he had reason to believe that diplomatic representations had been made about it and that a threat was made to terminate the Marshall plan even before it was terminated, if the book saw daylight. From personal experience of how Americans like to be abused I find it hard to think that some other reason lies behind this unusual unanimity among publishers.

As far as I have been able to understand him, E.J.D.'s main thesis is that the American woman's main objective, no doubt at least partly subconscious, is the emasculating of the American male. If so she is to the casual observer going a long way about doing the job. However I do not talk much about this to E.J.D. because it evidently exasperates him so much that he cannot talk quite coherently while the topic is in the air. I know that he

possesses a wonderful file of press cuttings, advertisements, excerpts and so forth which prove his point to the very hilt.

The only American for whom E.J.D. expresses unmitigated admiration is of course Dr. Kinsey. Dr. Kinsey's virtue is, of course, that he deals in facts and wastes no time on emotions, feelings, desires and so forth. If a thing can't be counted or measured then it is not a fact for Dr. Kinsey and therefore not sex. "But for Kinsey we would never have known whether the Arab tribe of X really" Alas what we now know about these Arabs cannot be repeated here although it is a mere anatomical angular measurement and not in any way disgraceful; but it did seem to me one of those facts without which civilization could continue to limp along. This attitude horrified E.J.D. "What do you mean? It's a fact about human nature. Surely every fact about human nature is an addition to our knowledge of human nature. I would have thought you would have agreed to that."

During the war E.J.D. had some mysterious job in military intelligence. He was, as he used to say squeezing every drop of juice out of the phrase, "on the black side of the work." I suspect that what his depart-

ment did was to devise disintegrating leaflets to be dropped on the German armies with such messages as "Go home. Don't you know your wives are sleeping with Polish war-prisoners."; but E.J.D. says that his activities were far more dark and deadly. I once ran across him on a Piccadilly Underground platform during the Blitz. I had not seen him for years but recognized the little figure with a beret and umbrella by the steel glasses and associated circularities, and threading my way through the prostrate Henry Moore forms sheltering there, shook him by the hand. In those days, though he may not have been immune from all sorts of infirmities, he fought them and concealed them. His greeting was even physically cheery. After the usual what are you doing now on both sides; "I say" he said "do you know of a good secretary. Mine's left me. Can't stand the strain. She looked into my secret files and ran right out of the office. speed short-hand, typing, and an exceptionally strong stomach. All three are essential, especially the last." My train came in on the other platform and I had to rush and I never saw him again during the war.

Besides reading a vast number of books from cover to cover in his own subjects (I doubt if he has

ever read a work of literature) E.J.D., I have always said, must know the short title of every book in the British Museum Library Catalogue. I once bet him I would find a subject about which he knew nothing and would discover nothing. Well, what's the subject, he said. Potoeconomy, I said. Potoeconomy? What on earth is that? If it exists there must be a book or a pamphlet written on it; but what is it?

"Potoeconomy," I told him "is the art of lining the inside of glass bottles, such as bedroom drinking water bottles, with transfers in a way which makes them look like painted Japanese vases. It was popular with our Victorian grandmothers and I read all about it in a large book of etiquette."

A day or so later I got a postcard with his spidery handwriting along the top fifth of the writing space. He had found one booklet in English on potoeconomy and one long article in German.

E.J.D. has written a large number of works all of which would be more generally known had not he had, at least according to his own account, a strangely consistent run of bad luck with his publishers. These, contrary to my experience of publishers and that of most authors,

made a practise of burning, pulping, losing or remaindering the stocks of E.J.D.'s books without consulting him. One book was bought up by the spiritualists and destroyed to prevent its criticisms of certain spiritualist mediums from getting about. If this had happened to one of my books the publisher would have joyfully reprinted, but in this case it was the end of the book's life.

E.J.D.'s most important piece of research, bar the as yet sterile masterwork on the American woman, is on the history, geography, sociology and psychology of the Chastity Belt. All that most of us know about this subject is comprised in the sad story of the returned crusader knight greeted by his still beautiful wife only to find that he had left the key in the Holy Land. Owing to the rarity of the work and my preoccupation with other things that is all I know about Chastity Belts to this day. But it has importance beyond its subject in E.J.D.'s life as partly explaining his exasperation with America. According to him it was more or less pirated by an American so-called sociologist and reprinted with minor additions of his own as his own work in an edition clearly intended for the pornographic market. Now three things would inevitably outrage E.J.D. if such a transaction took place,

or even seemed in his own mind to have taken place; first E.J.D. has a very strong prejudice in favour of being paid for any work he does; second, he is proud and rightly proud of his own research and, third, if there is anything that could hurt his feelings more than anything else, and sometimes I doubt if one thing is more likely to do this than another, it is that anyone should mistake his work for pornography.

A word or two must be said in amplification of this third thing: E.J.D. is in many respects a Puritan. He is the last person to whom I would ever tell a risqué story. He would not stomach a music hall joke. To him the oddest facets of the human sexual comedy are subject for solemn research and I have often found it hard to keep a straight face when he has been recounting some aberration which seemed to me unusually silly. No you might as well find a chemical reaction funny as be amused at what some of your fellow men think up for themselves to satisfy their erotic inclinations. E.J.D. would be disgusted with you if you smiled and of course equally if you signified even a mild sensation of nausea, as must happen sometimes. These are facts. We are scientists. We must react to them solely as facts. You must not regard chastity belts as comic, tragic or least of all despicable, but solely as

facts.

One of E.J.D.'s treasures now locked away in some B.M. shelf and only to be seen by professional men screened and accepted by the trustees is a catalogue of a clothing and general goods manufacturer who supplied in the inter-war period all the brothels of Paris. I remember being fascinated, surprised and, I admit it, amused to find that a minority of men, sufficiently large to make catering for them a commercial proposition, preferred their lady friends clothed in tiger skins complete with jaws, claws and all. E.J.D. intimated that I was not looking at his treasure at all in the right spirit. Predilection for tiger's fangs and claws was a fact and should be treated as such. It was about as bad to be amused as to be shocked, though of course not quite as bad.

7.4: Twelve Sketches, 1969

H.G. Wells

The last time I saw H.G. was during the war and I was walking alone round Regents Park. It was a grey somewhat miserable afternoon at a very bad moment for morale and he was sitting with some friends on the balcony at Hanover Terrace. He waved me to join them. He was wearing a little blue beret that made him look more absurd than ever. It was, I suppose, during his last period for he sent me afterwards the typescript of "Mind at the End of its Tether."

Poor H.G. He was originally a left-over from the most credulous type of Victorianism, the type for which Darwin had proved not merely evolution but progress also, has ended before even the false dawn in which we now bathe had come to dispel the shadows.

It was an even more gloomy moment than the time before when I had been at Hanover Terrace. I remember washing in the lavatory on that occasion with the other two

speakers at a meeting, G.D.H. Cole and Lance Hogben. Cole was injecting insulin into his leg, I was swallowing a benzedrine, and Lance said he could not take benzedrine as it raised his sexual desires so much. That I think was one of Lance's poses because benzedrine, if it has any effect on them, is apt to deflate everybody else's sexual desires. Cole said he hadn't any to deflate or inflate. In those days you used to buy it freely over the counter at any chemists and then it was chiefly used for reducing appetite if you were too fat or for curing children from bed-wetting.

Soon after H.G. was told by one of his sons rather brutally that he had cancer and not long to live H.G. was put out, and went so far as to protest at the way of telling. His son said that he had always thought his father believed in the naked truth being spoken. H.G. was rather non-plussed. When she was told, Rebecca West was furious. It was she who told me and knowing the son in question I believe her..

Nobody could have been more unhappy on his deathbed: he carried the hopes of the whole of mankind, so he felt, to the tomb with him. He is now almost forgotten. I suppose it will be 1980 before people begin to read him again.

E.J. Dingwall

The honorary keeper of Smut at the B.M. and the soi-disant British Kinsey. Ding. knew about an enormous number of subjects and was nearly always serious about them. I never ended a conversation with him without marvelling at the vistas of human experience down which I had never been - and feeling thankful for it. I am so glad I am more or less normal; though it means I shall never be interesting enough to be by a Kroftt Ebing. Ding has told me of a philosopher, at Cambridge I think, who knows he can only fall in love with a person half male and half female and another who longed to make love to an infant in arms, but had given up all hope of getting his desires. Ding does not know enough classics to realise that the first had read Aristophanes' speech in Plato's symposium. Ding however has told me many more credible things. At the B.M. he says if an adult asks to read certain French books they have to get an official to watch him lest he steal the illustrations. I was more surprised

to find that at the London Library they keep similar books under lock and key for the same reason. I was surprised because I had always thought that all the other members there, except myself were bishops, elder statesmen or literary giants and an innate snobbery made me assume that only the lower intellectual orders busied themselves with feelthy pictures. But to return to Ding.

Ding lives by successfully playing the market which he does most scientifically for a stated period after breakfast. He knows all about the techniques and history of clocks, mechanical toys and musical boxes, all about curiosa, whether disguised as anthropology or not, all about psychic phenomena with a complete understanding of how fraudulent mediums do their tricks, all about hypnotism, magic, conjuring and sex, about artificial distortion of skulls, infibulation, chastity belts. He is very proud that he was in Intelligence during the war and emphasises that it was on the Black side. One girl applying for a secretaryship took one look at his files and fled.

One day when I was writing a book with him I asked if we should include "book-tests". A book-test is where a medium tells you at line so and so of page such and such of a certain book and you will find a significant

passage of some sort; and there have been some inexplicable cases. Canasta does it on TV, but then of course one knows it's a trick, and does not hope to explain it.

Ding was against including book-tests as it is hard to measure the likelihood of coincidence. We discussed the matter finally, "Well," he said, "let's do one now. Go to the eighth shelf of the shelves on the right of the door in the front passage take out the twelfth book and look at page 64 and you will find something about sunlight and health and there is also an incomprehensible name."

I obeyed instructions, only afterwards we found I had counted the ninth shelf by mistake for the eighth. "The twelfth book looks like a pamphlet and certainly hasn't 64 pages; shall I go on to the next?"

"No you may as well take that one."

I did, and found an article from Picture Post by myself on how the sunlight made a vitamin necessary for health. By the side was an advertisement with an odd name. Ding did not know he had kept it, and I cannot explain it. We were certainly neither of us cheating. Ding as someone said would deny it if Jesus and the Twelve Apostles completely materialised before him and he never mentioned book-tests

again. He had been too much shaken. He had spent his life seeing and believing, and then patiently proving it was not true.

Malcolm Muggeridge

There must have been some extra-systoles on Croydon platform that day. The teenage girl had arranged with the teenage Malcolm to meet him there and to elope with him. She had made necessary economic preparations for this sentimental act; she had sold her tennis racket in order to buy a ticket.

She had however made one fatal mistake; she was so excited that she could not forbear to tell her best friend. And her best friend was far too thrilled to be able to keep the secret.

The result was a bevy of Croydon High School mistresses including the headmistress on the platform at the appropriate time, to prevent the catastrophe.

Rumour has told me that she has later become the bride of a B.B.C. personality and I am sure nobody has any ill feelings any longer.

It is about all I know of the early Muggeridge.

I dare say there is much more to be dredged up from the depths of his soul, but now that he has become our leading mystical opposite number, shall we say, of Bridget Brophy, someone should be collecting every scrap of relevant information. This innocent little episode in the declining railway age is too delightful to be forgotten. It gives one something to think about after listening and watching the great man talking to Father Heenan or some such gentleman. Teenagers today do not elope; locomotion is out of fashion; they stay where they happen to be.

Sir John Murray

I see that he died yesterday (October 6th, 1967). I always think he must have been surprised to find himself allied with a dubious (he would have thought) mit-tel-European over the publication of a rather successful book of mine, The Home Guard Manual, but it was Noel Carrington's design, an adept then at driving unlikely pairs in harness together.

Sir John was aristocratic to his fingertips and apt to confine publishing to memoirs of aristocratic friends. His chief hobby was caring for the sick and I wrote the official history of Westminster Hospital for him. The chief surgeons disliked the MS of this book heartily. They wanted an account of the Queen or King of the day opening the nurses' home etc., with photos of notables included, and I had written a social-history study of the somewhat murky past of hospitals in general and the Westminster in particular. (It always pleased me, by the way, that when it was found in about 1830 that the two W.C.s in the basement, one

labelled "Men", and the other "Women", were really not enough for the patients of a rather large hospital, and that one at least would be required on every floor, the new W.C.s had to conform outwardly to the Gothic Shape of the whole. The governors were particularly pleased that such earthly contrivances had been made to conform so well with the Gothic exterior.)

We had a meeting. Sir John delivered a broadside on his opinions of doctors and their knowledge of books and publishing in general; before Sir Stanford Cade could reply as forcibly, indeed with even greater venom against publishers and Sir John especially, Sir John resorted to his usual tactic when crossed in argument: he removed a device from his ear and became stone-deaf.

It was always useless to argue with Sir John; the removal of the device had become second nature; having stated his case he became incommunicado and so always won, until his adversary had had time to write a letter. Then the apparently irascible and impregnable controversialist became the mildest and most accomodating of old men.

Sir John had another hobby besides hospitals: he "collected" the green areas within the boundaries of London; and he had amassed many more than a hundred. You

could always please him and defer the excision of the device if you began by asking if he had found any more green areas since you saw him last. We probably know the Parks and most of the Squares and Gardens, but Sir John knew the old churchyards, the abandoned synagogues, the grass which concealed criminals or plague victims in their common graves. It is a good game for any Londoner to play: I do not remember now how many such pieces of grass Sir John had accumulated: I hope his list has not been destroyed. But each new one was like some philatelist's rarity and one has a poignant picture of an elderly man alone spending his Sunday afternoons searching for a blade of grass while others watch new sky-scrapers crushing out the nooks and corners they knew as London.

Willie Bernstein

Sometime during the war, I wrote a book which John Murray published, called Fifth Column. It drew attention to the hidden collaborators of Hitler in our midst. I received a letter saying that its writer very much approved of my book, thought it ought to be in the hands of all public characters, and would be glad to help financially in distributing them. He asked me to lunch in Long Lane, and signed himself William Bernstein.

I arrived at the appointed time and place and on the pavement stood an obvious Mr. William Bernstein, in white overalls. I noticed that as I reached him a newsboy gave him an evening paper for which he did not pay, and that everyone said "Morning Mr. William" as they passed.

He took me back to his offices; a very modern looking young lady sat at the very modern looking telephone switchboard and opposite was a very modern door, which Mr. William flung open. "There you are," he said, "they call

me the Rat King of England."

This long room, perhaps 100 feet long, was choked with musquash coats. The rest of the building was much in keeping. There was plenty of evidence that Mr. William Bernstein was indeed the very wealthy Rat King of England.

We went to the Great Northern Hotel in a taxi which we did not appear to pay for, and as we sat down the head waiter rushed to us with a full bottle of whiskey, a rare sight in those war-time days. We ate and drank well. Mr. William showed at first no desire to discuss the matter in hand, he talked about his business. He said he had always taken his father's advice: "William", he used to say, "always put a third of your profits back into the business, invest a third in jewels and precious stones, and a third in real estate." I've always done just that.'

Then we discussed my book and he offered to buy one thousand copies, provided the publisher did not try to make too much profit, and provided I would autograph them and send them to members of both Houses of Parliament, bishops, headmasters of Public Schools, mayors, and I forget what other members of the Establishment.

In contented though rather surprised mood, I

remembered an appointment at Albemarle Street. We went out into the street; a taxi at once drove up: "Here, take this gentleman wherever he wants to go and don't let him pay you anything", and he handed the taximan a good tip in advance.

"I see you know him," I said as we trundled along.

"Oh yes, everybody knows Mr. William," smiled the taxi driver. He said good-bye when I got out at Albemarle Street and did not seem to expect even a tip.

When next I saw William Bernstein, incendiaries had gutted his office, musquash coats and all, and as for the precious stones and title deeds, nobody knew where they were as the Bank at the end of the street was a mass of rubble over its own strong rooms. But blitz or no blitz, Mr. William was all right; he owned property near Crawley with a mile or so of road frontage and Gatwick Airport on the other side, and no doubt he was well insured. He used to entertain all the officers stationed at Crawley, in the evenings, and after the excellent meal give them each an expensive cigar. "They're fighting for me, aren't they? Where would I be if Hitler got here?"

I visited him at Crawley and the air-raid

warning went. We decamped, Mr. William carrying a large brief case, into an underground shelter, the only one I visited during the war. I patronised the built-in bar but not, thank heaven, the built-in first aid alcove. Of course nothing happened.

Mr. William, I believe, made millions out of bombed property after the war, and has now, if alive, gone to Canada. The fate of the thousand copies was rewarding though not profitable.

Lord Redesdale

He was one of the beneficiaries of Mr. William Bernstein (q.v.). Having got one of my books "Fifth Column" from him he wrote to me saying that though he had been wrong from the beginning and wrong all the time, he agreed with every word of it, and would I come to tea with him at the Junior Carleton.

An old man, and a sad one. "The truth is, Lord Redesdale," I said, "your family have become associated in the public mind with anti-semitism." He assured me it was not true that he was anti-semitic; it was all due to some silly actions of poor Unity, his daughter. It was, of course, quite untrue, he said, that she had a love affair with Hitler. Hitler wasn't interested in women, perhaps unfortunately. Unity had admired him. But she was quite loyal and so were they all, the whole family. It was not fair that he should be so unpopular and misunderstood. What could he do to combat this reputation.

An idea flashed into my head. His town-house was empty. Why not persuade him to make use of it in some way, especially associated with helping Jews. I said: "In an hour's time numbers of families in the Commercial Road district will be bombed out of their homes. It will happen night after night. Why don't you take in as many as possible and shelter them?"

He thought for a moment: "Well," he said, "I could do that if I hadn't to pay the rates." I was too busy in those days to see whether the seed had fallen on good soil or stony ground.

But on the back of Nancy Mitford's Penguins I read how she spent the war caring for refugees from the East End in her father's house. I wonder whether she ever knew how the idea was started.

The communists spread it abroad that a batch of homeless Jews arrived at the Redesdale mansion, but when they were told whose house it was they refused to enter. A sillier piece of behaviour I cannot imagine and I hope it is not true.

The last time I saw Unity Mitford was, I think, when we stopped her and Moseley marching through the East End. I remember the episode because I took some photos

with my Leica but left them in the camera, and when, later, I got to Barcelona, I had my camera confiscated by the anarchist "incontrolats" because they had seen me taking photos of their attack on the Telefonica. They asked me what photos I had got in it. I said I thought they were of my dear wife and children so far away, and that I should be very sad to lose them. They gave me my camera back, almost with tears of sympathy in their eyes. They could and would kill communists but they would not deprive a foreigner of photos of his dear distant (and, I may add, non-existent) family.

Lord Redesdale died soon after our tea and probably felt bewildered to the end. But he has been made immortal by the pen of two of his daughters. He seems to have been rather quick tempered sometimes, but to me that afternoon he was only courteous and sad.

Gilbert Cannan

When I was rather young, some of my relatives thought it would be good for me to meet some literary figures. Their first introduction was to Gilbert Cannan. He is of course forgotten now, but in 1912 he was a novelist and a poet of some promise. I got out of the train somewhere, I can't remember where, on a hot sunny day. At that time Cannan was engaged in running away with, or being run away with, J.M. Barrie's wife, who seemed to me, fifteen years old, a middle-aged harridan of about thirty-five, thickly disguised in ill-considered make-up. She kept him virtually under house-arrest in a beautifully converted windmill and one felt that time was not on her side. I seem to remember that the decor was chiefly blue.

Cannan had had a novel banned. It was called "Round the Corner", and the offending scene was of a girl watching some men bathing or a man watching some girls bathing; I have not read it, so I do not know which way round it was, but I do not think it would be considered

offensive in the Mailer-Chatterley Age.

Cannan was out at the moment and I was told by Mrs. Barrie to go and watch the village cricket match. A very tall, very thin, very earnest man was at long-stop, and later he was put on to bowl one erratic over which included, I recall, a full-pitched wide. This was Cannan.

I was very shy afterwards at tea and so was Cannan, who played most of the time with a large dog.

At some later date Cannan managed to give Mrs. J.M. Barrie the slip and turned up at Mr. Henderson's bookshop in the Charing Cross Road, the Bomb Shop, as it was called by radicals, who congregated there in large numbers. A versatile crew they were too, and likely to believe anything, for in those days there was no orthodoxy like the communist or labour party line. Cannan looked very ill and there was a strangely dressed girl in the shop at that moment, with a thick mop of hair, who had come all the way from South Africa to destroy the British Empire. That was long ago; today she would probably prefer to destroy apartheid if she still feels destructive. She took one look at Cannan, decided he was in need of care and protection and took him home.

By the time I visited them in their St. John's

Wood studio, she was known to all by the name Cannan gave her of "Plucky Little Gwen". There was a young man staying there too and Cannan bent down and whispered to me: "Of course he is very much in love with her, but Plucky Little Gwen manages him beautifully." She did; and later, when the young man was a Peer, and not a Life Peer either, Plucky Little Gwen was his lady and a Peeress. Now he is dead and she is a dowager duchess.

One day my uncle was walking across a London bridge with Cannan and Gwen who was dressed in approximately harlequin clothes, less common in those days than now. A gang of workmen making up the surface was amused as they passed, and showed it in the rough, hearty way natural to them. Cannan bent down from his monumental height and whispered - he always talked in whispers or a soft voice - in my uncle's ear: "Plucky Little Gwen, she makes everybody happy!"

Cannan was of course a pacifist and published the first volume of a long poem which was to save the world. No more volumes appeared. At last, I am sorry to say, he announced that he was Jesus Christ, and had to be hurried off at Gwen's husband's expense to a Paris institution.

Every year until his death the Peer and Peeress went to see him and bring whatever comfort and love they could. And now the still Plucky Gwen, widowed by her husband's terrible disease, dispenses much hospitality to the insulted and injured. The British Empire has gone without her help, but with her help the Kingdom of Heaven remains.

Middleton Murry

Nobody, as far as I know, got himself so disliked by so many people as Middleton Murry. He had only to write a book showing that Christianity and Communism were much the same to annoy most Christians and all Communists. But it was a personal quarrel and set of personal relationships which I found most interesting.

In those days I had to travel across the dreary North Atlantic in winter to lecture in the U.S.A. On one homeward voyage I found Murry, who had also been lecturing, on board. He saw my name on the passenger list and asked me to join him. We travelled alone together for five days. We ate and drank alone for five days, we talked alone. We have never met save in that vacuum, before or since. And now of course he is dead.

In those days he seemed to generate his own atmosphere or aura; he was both pathetic and despicable. One felt him on the defensive though no-one was attacking;

one felt that he was only looking for a suitable opportunity to offend. And yet there was a Christ-like element about him - or at least a Quaker-like element.

I was all the more surprised because, when still a schoolboy, I had been introduced to Dostoevsky by an excellent book by Murry. One wonders whether his wife, Kathleen Mansfield, was really good for him, just as most people felt that he was not good for her.

Of course most of our conversation was about D.H. Lawrence, and of Frieda his wife. Murry's story, and he made no bones about it, was that he had slept with Frieda and been told by her that Lawrence was psychosexually impotent. That is as may be: I have only Murry's word for it and I am apt to disbelieve anyone who talks about the details of sleeping with anyone. But one must believe one thing: Lawrence suffered from precisely the malady which he most often attacks, "sex-in-the-head". Whenever he gets excited about sex, the malady, with its anti-woman and crypto-fascist side-effects, is manifest. After sleeping with Frieda, Murry was remarkably objective about Lawrence, but I suppose you always are after sleeping with your friend's wife.

Middleton Murry was not in the least like that

boring, overpublicised Lady Chatterley's gamekeeper. There must surely have been some blushes if the witnesses for the defense ever read over some of their approving speeches.

Some of them knew that it was a propagandist tract and not a novel. I once lent my copy of the original edition to a friend in America and was rather surprised to receive it back in two halves. The explanation was that both husband and wife wanted it at the same time in bed. I expect both were rather bored.

Middleton Murry was one of those people who seemed to displease even when he was affable enough. I felt he should not have talked to me about Lawrence or Frieda. Perhaps he should not have looked so conventional while revealing unconventional secrets. Perhaps he should have described his actions without giving them a sacramental character.

E.M. Forster

I have always thought the most senseless bit of bombing in England during the war was the dropping of a bomb on E.M.F.'s Abinger home. It was of course dropped quite unintentionally by some pilot who wanted to get home in a hurry, and without his bombs.

It was a completely Victorian house belonging, I think, to his aunt. So far as I remember, the bedrooms, the bathroom, and W.C. upstairs, all bore the names of Books of the Bible, and furniture, fittings, ornaments had been left in their original places. You went into another generation when you visited that house.

I lived at South Holmwood just over the hills, and one day an invitation arrived: Would I like to walk over to tea with him and "Goldie" Lowes Dickenson?

It was a warm afternoon, and when we arrived the two of them were digging quite deep holes in the garden. It was odd, to say the least, to see Lowes Dickenson,

(perhaps now chiefly remembered for his "Greek View of Life") digging a hole. Forster explained: "We are burying marble busts of Victorian Bishops." And so indeed they were, six heavy busts. Very heavy they were and very harmless, but still they were best underground.

At tea Forster asked me if I would like a bust or two for the children. "I thought they might like to paint them over with red paint." I pointed out that they would be rather heavy to carry over to South Holmwood and he agreed. The idea was dropped and after tea the burial continued. But perhaps there had been something symbolical at the back of Forster's mind when he spoke of red paint. He was always too kindly to be more than a Two Cheers man.

Forster also gave me a pair of mittens knitted in red wool by Hannah More for his aunt Thornton. His aunt had never worn them but kept them almost as a sacred relic in a little bag. He also gave me Hannah's letters to his aunt; well-written, but, like all her works, on subjects which nowadays seem dull. It is a pity she usually wrote about such dull things for her prose style was admirable and should be read for itself perhaps.

Later I happened to go and live in a Thornton

house on North Side, Clapham Common in the very midst of what was once the Clapham Sect, with Wilberforce, Zachary, Macaulay and Thornton and the rest of the Anti-Slavery Set. Now its inhabitants included Graham Greene and a very blasphemous, very able member of the Foreign Office. Once I had Paul Robeson for a drink there and he sang Negro spirituals.

I first met Forster when "A Passage to India" was creating a furore in America. As I had been lecturing there, he thought I might be able to explain what was utterly incomprehensible to him, why the Americans in particular liked the book. I told him of the lady in the audience at Detroit. Those were the twenties and the Americans still expected to collect our war debts from the First World War. After all, Finland had paid up. "Could not Britain give India to the United States," she asked, "in payment of your war debts, so that we could give India back to her own people?" It was ladies such as that who had bought "A Passage to India" in the hopes that it was a work of propaganda against the British Raj. In the end Forster thought he had better spend some of the money collected from American royalties to go and find out for himself.

Cyril Joad

The last time I saw him was during the blitz, in St. James' Square. As usual he looked scruffy and wore a visibly dirty shirt. A strange man intellectually, brilliant and dishonest, sincere and flippant. His lisp was something more than physical, it affected or symbolised his character perhaps.

The stories about him are legion. There is the girl who asked him what he was writing at present. "I'm writing a little book about Ethics." "Oh, I do wish you'd write one about Sussex, it's a far more interesting county."

There is Kingsley Martin's favourite: Joad was at a summer school and, as often happened on such occasions, shared a bedroom with a stranger. "Oh, I say, I wonder if you would mind exchanging beds. This one feels rather damp."

And there was the bio-chemist and chess-

player and inveterate left-winger, Alfred Bacharach, who entered the 1917 Club dining-room and told us that Joad had decreed that the name of the deity should henceforth be pronounced with a soft G and a long O. Alfred, by the way, was chairman of a club called the King's Enemies and was shadowed by Scotland Yard who thought him a dangerous republican until it was found to be a chess club.

There were all the people, some of them smarting because the title had not been given to them, who were furious because he was called "Professor" Joad when he ought to have been content with his real title of Dr. There was the strange tale of the three bells and his big toe!

According to this story, he had made advantageous arrangements with the parents of a mistress, whereby he had a flat on the top floor of their house. At the foot of his bed within reach of his toe were the three bell pushes. They rang downstairs. If he rang the first bell it meant "Don't come on any account." The second meant: "Come if you like," the third: "Come at once."

"Whenever I see a pretty girl at a party," he told me, "I attach myself to her and ten to one the

turns out to be interested in philothophy." The only party I remember going to with him sticks in my memory because the two girls with us have since both committed suicide and Joad has died a painful death.

He made many enemies but those who said they hated him as a broadcaster always turned on again next time. "It depends on what you mean" has become almost as much part of the language as "To be or not to be." Indeed the Brains Trust was Joad. Oh yes, it included Commander-Campbell and many other good members, but it was Joad, liked and disliked, who made it go, and when Joad left, its spirit left it too. It became nothing more than a forerunner of The Critics on a bad morning. I suppose most of those responsible for getting rid of him are dead by now or there must be some guilty consciences about still.

It happened like this: one of Joad's many obsessions was that the State owed him free transportation. A guard, or a ticket collector or some such official had it in on him. He was caught travelling without a ticket and fined. That was too much for Auntie BBG. Many of those responsible there almost certainly made false expense returns to cheat the Income Tax man, but Joad had been

caught travelling without a ticket! The BBC, then as now, valued its ability to maintain moral standards, and Joad's name could not be allowed to corrupt the general public; the Brains Trust knew him no more and forthwith wilted. Of course he was guilty of all sorts of bad taste, but we prefer bad taste to no taste at all. His last words on the Brains Trust were in answer to the rather silly question: "How do you know that a girl is in love with you?" Joad said, roughly: "Of course, perhaps I should not say it, but I always know when a girl is in love with me by a special look in her eyes." Not the answer to give perhaps to a nation devoted to monogamy, but the only one that stays in the memory.

When he was staying with me in Spain, I introduced him to a fiery Catalanist named Casanova. This gentleman had a Hispano-Suiza car and drove furiously. "It's all very well," said Joad, rather bored with Catalan independence propaganda, "but whenever we come to a good patch of road it's Catalan, and a filthy road is always Castillian. Roads don't change nationality like that." Curiously enough, Joad was wrong, the central government in Madrid tended not to keep up its road in these parts, while the local authority, the Mancomunitat of Catalunya, spent much money on new roads.

Someone once said to me: "Everyone has unkind stories about Joad, yet I have never in many years heard him say anything unkind about anyone." He may have been dirty, and sometimes intellectually dishonest, he may indeed have travelled without a train ticket, but he was generous to his opponents, and reasonably kind to all. He became a Christian and wrote a book about it. His reasons did not seem convincing to me, but they did to him. He spent his last day correcting proofs for the New Statesman. R.I.P.

Lytton Strachey

I saw him quite often and talked to him superficially once or twice at the time he attended the 1917 Club. I can see how a trio: Lytton, his brother James, only less ugly because his colouring was less repulsive, and Carrington, - Carrington, distinguished among women at that time by always being called by her surname; always dressed, winter and summer, in a whitish sheepskin coat; she committed suicide on Lytton's death.

They floated, the three of them, up Gerrard St. past the women smoking at the corners. (John Goss the singer, who went to Canada, was approached by one of them: "Willie," she said. "Nillie," he replied, without stopping, half-turning his head.)

Lytton especially was so two-dimensional that he could have been washed across the street by the air-flow from a taxi.

I do not remember now whether it was Lytton

or James who gave that lecture, but probably the latter, though Lytton supported him. They had formed an Education Group and were allotted the writing-room on the top floor for the lecture.

In one corner, very quiet, was an elderly quaker composing a letter. He was at first quite unconscious that a lecture had begun, but having discovered this he courteously resolved to stay and listen to the end, rather than risk disturbing it. He was upset, however, when the subject turned out to be Onanism; he was more upset when the men in the small audience described their personal experiments illustrating the subject; but he was more upset still when the women, two or three of them, followed suit. He went downstairs and resigned his membership of the Club forthwith.

Lytton was of course a conscientious objector during the First World War. He disconcerted the military tribunal by taking out of his pocket a ring-shaped rubber cushion, blowing it up and sitting on it. His piles were almost as bad as were Ernie Bevin's later. However, the army representative, although he could not have wanted Lytton very much, did his best. "What would you do," he asked, "if you saw a Hun attacking your sister?"

"I suppose," he answered in his cracked falsetto voice, "I should try to get between them." As those who knew his sister will agree, it would have been an episode worth seeing. She would certainly have been better at looking after herself than Lytton.

We all know that Lytton started a new school of biography with his life of Queen Victoria, but by now we have come to realise its defects, and, particularly, how unfair he was in his Eminent Victorians to people like Florence Nightingale and Dr. Arnold. General Gordon may not have been any more perfect than, say, George Brown, but both possessed virtues (not the same virtues perhaps) that Lytton could hardly claim for himself.

How wonderful we all thought him! He was here to put the low-brows in their proper place. I remember him at the Coliseum along with D.H. Lawrence, and the inevitable Carrington; they arrived late at their seats and disturbed everyone and talked and laughed. They had come for the Russian Ballet number and they ignored all the other more vulgar numbers. They ignored the existence of anyone else too. The rest of the audience had come to enjoy every number except the Russian Ballet. "Who is that man over there," said my neighbour, "who looks like a cross

between Jesus Christ and Buffalo Bill?" Quite a sea of "Shut ups" broke over them.

A most unpleasant lot, really, the Bloomsbury set. They reached the height of intellectual snobbery. Yet they produced Keynes, E.M. Forster, and some others. How true it is that you should never meet the authors of books you have enjoyed. E.M. Forster is certainly an exception. Not even in his youth would he have disturbed the Coliseum thus.

You will see why I do not give her name, if you read to the end of this note. I tell her story because it sums up for me the Prohibition culture as I saw it among the Intelligensia of New York in the Twenties, or the Scott Fitzgerald epoch.

In those days Irita van Doren was the queen of literary society there, and as editor of the Books section of the Herald Tribune could make or unmake a literary reputation. But this note is not about Irita who, as a matter of fact, was too kind to unmake anyone, only it happened to be at her house, at one of her apple-jack parties, that I met this lady who I will call X. (To make apple-jack, a deadly drink, I found, you put a keg of cider in the snow. The water freezes and in the centre is an amount of unfrozen liquid. This is apple-jack.)

X was beautiful and ruthless. Her husband, as far as I could see, a gentle and unassuming minor writer. Both of them looked healthy and "normal"! Y was in love with X and the husband and wife of X and Y respectively

seemed to bear with it. I do not know that anything "criminal" had transpired at that time.

Eventually X more or less went to live with Y. It did not last; after a time, Y could not stand X any longer. She became promiscuous. That did not satisfy her. She became a Lesbian. Even that did not seem to be her true vocation. Finally she could only get satisfaction from Lesbian relations with coloured women.

By this time she was absolutely destitute, and of course a drunkard, incapable of any work. She got monetary help from time to time from Y, who had at last been courageous enough to refuse to see her and to confine his sentiments for her to pity. They were now, it seemed, quite free of one another; but there came a weekend when she had no roof for her head; and in desperation she phoned Y. Y said that as he was going into the country for the weekend she could sleep in his flat, but that he must have it for work early on the Monday. On condition she had left before his return she could sleep there on the Sunday night as well as Saturday. She agreed. She would leave early in the morning. She promised.

Y came back early on the Monday, as he said he would. He found that she had cut off everything

fleshy she possessed, and flung it about the room so long as her strength lasted, a breast there, a buttock here, an ear there and the remainder of the body, the unchuckable, lay dead in most of its blood in the middle of the room.

I heard of this long afterwards and it probably had more effect because I had seen the protagonists in their clean days, clothed and smiling, swilling apple-jack; the Great Gatsby would have understood.

But I remember another thing far less macabre, also symbolical of that rotten society.

It is a huge cocktail party to open, I think, a new publishing firm. It took place on a high floor of an unfinished but high building. Everyone was more or less drunk. Next to it across the seemingly narrow street, (all New York streets between skyscrapers seem narrow), the steel framework of another tall building was being riveted into place. Opposite us, so close, you felt, you could touch him, was a typical American workman, probably as conservative as you can find them, but looking like a revolutionary poster in his overalls and warm leather coat and gloves, brawny and tall. He was holding a leather and asbestos bucket and catching the molten rivets as another

workman threw them to him.

Every time he caught one he lifted the bucket to us as if giving us a toast, and grimaced. There you had all modern civilization, on one side authors who wrote useless books, on the other the magnificent workman who was making useless (to him at least) buildings, both thinking only of money and themselves, no saints or heroes anywhere. Natural enemies, and between them a cold war.

These reminiscences make one fear the future. Yet good can grow out of corruption. And the workman has never dropped a blazing rivet on the passers-by below. Not yet, at any rate.

It was hard to remain sober in those days; partly because crime had been made profitable by prohibition and society had the money to force liquor down one's throat, partly because one's host felt he had not been hospitable unless he gave his guests a chance of being drunk, but also because in a corrupt, a rotting society, it is better to be drunk than sober. The Second World War was to come to sober us up a bit, but, now, are we not slipping back?

7.5: Un Article no publicat a "Destino"

I note from reading a recent number of Destino that the season for attacking foreign tourists has begun. Now I am not a tourist, although I am an Englishman in Spain, and I dislike most tourists whether they come from London, or Geneva or Sabadell. I have loved Barcelona so long that I am able to forgive the spots on her face and my lifelong hope has only recently been fulfilled with my return to my favourite town on the Costa Brava. I do not wear shorts when visiting Barcelona and the area of bare flesh which I expose on my favourite beach is less than the average. Nor does it give me anything but pain to see the average female figure in two piece bathing suits or jeans.

I mention these personal matters because I wish to defend the foreign tourist or at least to suggest that it is not altogether their fault if the cartoons of Castanyes or the powerful articles of S. Galinsoga are usually justifiable.

The truth is that Every Country Gets the Tourists It Deserves and if the foreign visitors to the

Costa Brava are not all notable for the refinement of their culture we must ask what forms of Natural Selection are exercised by the hosts of these visitors. What is offered to us foreigners to attract us to your shore? Nature gives us abundant sunlight here, colour, a kindly sea. What are the attractions added by man to these? Almost the only thing besides not altogether necessary Baths that anyone seems to have been able to suggest is Alcohol. The most charming and seductive bars, cafés, casinos have sprung up everywhere. Is there one place on the Costa Brava which offers a visitor one concert of good music in the whole summer? The land of Casals, of Millet, of Manen, of Garreta, of the best choral singing in the world, adds to nature's gifts precisely one form of human culture, Swiss Pernod. It is a drink I like, but, as I can always have it, I do not drink it to excess. My countrymen, already intoxicated by the beauty of your land and disarmed by the inevitable freedom of being abroad, away from the inhibitions of normal everyday life, with only two weeks in which to drink, discover that the price is about one tenth of what it is in England and their fate is sealed. The cure is a few less American bars and a few more bars of good music.

Compare two villages, one in Italy and one on

the Costa Brava, Portofino and Tossa and consider their fate. In Portofino you must get out of your car and walk before you can enter the village. At Tossa you cannot move for foreigners dodging foreign cars. Portofino has retained its charm and its attraction for artists, writers and quiet folk generally. In Tossa the cafés are so attractive, and the beauty of the place so obscured by notices that English is spoken, that within five years nobody but the Pernod drinkers will want to come - along with those who wish to buy hats and shoes such as no Catalan in his senses ever wished to wear. Tossa could be saved by prohibiting motor cars, notices in foreign languages, a weekly concert of chamber music and encouraging fishermen to be fishermen.

Or take Gerona, the most neglected of Europe's lovely cities. The Cathedral cloisters are open for precisely four of the twenty-four hours. There is no café closed for as many hours as the cloisters are visible. I have never known a foreign visitor of the sort which I can assume Catalans wish to welcome who has not been moved deeply, whatever his religion, by fifteen minutes in the Cathedral, but the Cathedral is closed from 12 until 4, a thing which is unheard of at Canterbury or Westminster Abbey. As it is very difficult for those not actually

staying in Gerona to get there before 12 and as no Englishman knows how to take four hours over their midday meal most return to England to tell their friends: "No we didn't see the inside of the Cathedral, it was shut; but we had an excellent Swiss Pernod under some very pleasant arches."

Is there any place on the Costa Brava which has attempted to help foreign visitors to appreciate the Sardana? A good deal of the interest of that dance lies in understanding it as well as seeing it. The average foreigner quite in the dark about what is happening takes up a position near a circle where there is the most amount of movement, the largest number of exhibitionists, the largest element of boogie-woogie and thinks what a clever lot the sardanists from the province of Barcelona must be.

Does any hotel in Palafrugell, Palamos or San Feliu have a notice up in foreign idioms offering visitors a chance of seeing a cork factory? I do not pretend that a cork factory is the most exciting invention of the human race, but why should almost all foreign visitors go away without knowing that there is a connection between those odd looking trees and the useful objects they pull out of bottles.

As for Barcelona few foreigners visit the most wonderful collector of Romanesque art in the world, but not one leaves without having suffered persecution from the limpiabotas. Unlike the attentions of the traffic police there is nothing picturesque about the monstrous discourtesy shown to foreigners by what was once a genial and 'sympatico' profession. Do the managers of two important cafés on the Paseo de Gracia realise that any sensitive foreigner who objects to walking into a man pointing at his quite clean shoes and shouting at him, must cross to the right side of the Paseo when he reaches the Avenida Jose Antonio and remain on that side until he reaches the Plaça de Catalunya. It is also impossible to enter the Correos without being insulted and virtually assaulted by those modern highwaymen whose predecessors were such simple and kindly conversationalists.

I do not wish to suggest that the only tourist to be encouraged should be the highbrow tourist or that most Englishmen abroad wish to return educated but I am amazed at the inability of many Catalans in the tourist industries to display their most attractive possessions. Take wines. There really are Englishmen who prefer wines to Pernod. There are hotels which provide rather poor

rioja wines with imitative French descriptions 'claret', 'burgundy', 'sauterne', at prices higher than the best Catalan bottled wines. Would it not be better to have a wine list which instead of pretending to offer something like well-known French wines, gave intelligent advice about Spanish wines. I can assure you that most wine-conscious Englishmen return from the Costa Brava convinced that there is no drinkable table wine south of the Pyrenees. The same fear of being oneself is revealed in the menus. The best meal to be had in Gerona or Palafrugell, to take two examples personally experienced by me, is at a restaurant where only Catalans eat and only Catalan food is served. I have never seen a foreigner at either of them and I confess I have never revealed their existence to any of my fellow countrymen.

Various factors not under human control have robbed the average festa major of its interest and not least the fact that the local inhabitants nowadays prefer American Hollywood pleasures to anything more indigenous. Now is Llagostera's decision to have a bullfight a step in the right direction. Traditional dress is I am afraid a thing of the past in Catalunya though I cannot be the only one to regret for purely pictorial reasons the passing of

the barretina from the countryside even of Olot. Yet surely something could be done in the interest of the Tourist Industry to encourage traditional customs and to keep alive the old aplecs. The picnic in a pinewood is one of the true amenities of life yet the tourist propaganda seems to assume that nobody wishes to be more than 20 metres from the sea. If it was realised how easy it is to hire a bicycle and how beautiful the country is away from the sea many non-Pernod drinkers would be attracted by that alone.