

invariably have vanquished their oppressors. Not a good idea, exactly, that, and suggestive of a stupid mind, but not politically impossible. Or to attack the Church of Rome, although an equally criminal and senseless proceeding, might, from the standpoint of power-politics, have been a feasible notion. Other people have attacked and despoiled the "old religion" without, in this life, suffering collapse and defeat. Henry the Eighth of England is an obvious example of the political inequity with which that operation may be undertaken. And as to the Anglo-Saxons, many people have attacked them since they first became a world-power; never with success, but that is not to say that some time or other they will not be beaten. Politically it would be a notion that someone outside of a madhouse might entertain.

Then Herr Hitler could have been a little throusome with two of these three international forces, and violently coerced the third; or he could have been extremely throusome with one for a short time, but have allowed himself to be brought off; he could have indulged in any pattern of bluff that appealed to him so long as he saw to it that it remained bluff, and that one opponent was played off against the other. But solemnly and ponderously to give himself up to engaging three such antagonists, was a record in sublime absurdity. It was the mistake of the German People that he was deceiving, by such conduct as that.

The word "universalist," by the way—like the word "absolutist" in the first part of this pamphlet—by now falls familiarly upon your ears, and is, I take it, thoroughly understood by you. Universalists are sometimes, though not necessarily, in competition with each other. But to have an attack made, at the same moment, upon three of the principal bodies of humans qualifying for that term, ultimately may prove to be not only an event of great moment, but a most fortunate one.

teach freedom by first enslaving the prospective pupils: however easy it is to laugh at the Anglo-Saxon pretension, to be the people with a monopoly of the keys of freedom: however middle-headed we may in some respects be; yet no one acquainted with the Anglo-Saxon will deny him a certain fairness of mind, a tolerance, a sensitiveness to what is flagrantlly unjust (even when it is he who is being guilty of the injustice in question!), a respect for the standpoint of "the other fellow" which is almost unique.

CHAPTER VII

ANYTHING WITH *FARE* FOR ITS WATCHWORD MAY BE CLASSED AS DEMOCRACY

IN reading through the last chapter, I see that parts of it—to the general reader—may require further elucidation. I am afraid if I do not go over the ground again a little, he might miss one or two of the points. So this chapter is devoted to clearing up possible misunderstandings or half-understandings.

Democracy is not only a thing of uncertain outline. It is also something like all other living things, constantly changing. It is not only difficult to define; it alters from generation to generation. In the next twenty years it may assume forms that it has never known before. It may, on the other hand, oscillate back to some former phase. What we may be quite sure it will not do is stand still.

This may seem puzzling to a reader who is apt to regard the things for which words stand as something invariable. The word "democracy," he would say, is there upon the paper. It does not change. Therefore the thing it covers, or stands

for, cannot change. But that would be a great mistake. Things pay very little attention to the words that we use to label them.

There it is; words are only cheap, inaccurate, labels. They are not very expressive labels at that. Things that the labels "Man" and "Woman" cover (to give you an illustration) do not cover something that, on the one hand, is all masculine, and, on the other, all feminine. Words are very rough and ready affairs.

Bearing this in mind—this instability, and unreliability of mere words, and how loosely they approximate to the things they represent—you will understand that no democrat is all democrat; no democracy is politically all of a piece. (This point I will however take up in the next chapter.)

As to the unreliable nature of signs and labels, and how words may mislead us, you may ponder the following saying, which illuminates this point; "When Fascism comes to America it will be called Democracy."

A striking saying and extremely depressing. But it was not a democrat who wrote that; and I for one do not believe it to be true. It is not politically impossible however; and it throws a light upon what we are discussing. After all, oligarchy has been called democracy. There is no reason why somewhere in the world (though I think hardly not in the United States) despotism might not be called democracy.

But this has rather to do with the label than with the thing itself: for the label can get stuck on the wrong thing. The thing itself however—and here democracy is the thing I am insisting—changes too according as the nations change who practise it.

Let me give you an analogy for this type of fluctuation. The Scriptures—the Bible, consisting of the Old and New Testaments—have a dual inspiration: a Hebrew and a Greek. Roughly speaking the Old Testament represents the Hebrew

side of our religion, the New Testament the Greek side. Now there are periods when the Greek strain is in the ascendant in our Church. There are other periods when the Hebrew is more powerful (the latter being, of course, the sternly ethical part of our faith—the Greek being the more emotional and mystical).

Democracy has no such simple duality as that, embodied in sacred writings, by a scrutiny of which it would be easy to detect which principle was dominant at the moment. Democracy is made up of many different ingredients. But since Christianity (as I have stressed) is its necessary background, as is Christianity *confirms* democracy *confirms* with it.

Between the two poles of Justice and of Love—between a conception of life that is all thoroughly Justice, and another conception that is all unqualified Love—there lies a considerable variety of spiritual temperaments for democracy—as for Christianity—to measure.

However, this perhaps is not the way to make things clearer. I am trying to show you, of course, what a very variable thing the body of sentiment—for that is all it is—which we label "democracy" can be. Admittedly at times it has been less than democracy—even to such an extent as not to be true democracy at all. And it might become so perfectly democratic as to be indistinguishable from primitive Christianity, in its intense and mystical charity and brotherhood. However, I will go back now to the text of the last chapter, to those points in it that I thought required further elaboration.

The first difficulty seemed to me to be a word. Long words, or unfamiliar words, like "absolutist," are always a nuisance, and one tries as far as possible to dispense with them. But

one of them had to be used, if that aspect of the subject was going to be investigated at all.

Is the world that will come into being after this war—for it is generally agreed that great social changes will occur willingly—I give it as my opinion that there would be most likely a "deliberate plurality of types of political belief." I mean, of course, that no one thing—the democracy—will be universally accepted. That would be too much to hope. But it might also not be desirable. Hence my use of the word "deliberate." Hence also my insistence upon the non-absolutist character of democracy.

Democracy—I am stressing all along—is a limited, an Anglo-Saxon family affair. I feel it should desire to keep itself within certain racial and geographic bounds.

Herren Racial that I should seem to give a nationalistic character to democracy. We must be realist. The forces set in motion by this war will not subside, or demolish themselves, at once, however much we might desire that they should. Consequently it would be better, probably, not to constrain them to do so; but to allow nature (or human nature) to take its course.

Deliberately, we might be wise to effluage a complex pattern, rather than an over-simplistic, absolutist one. And in that case democracy would be one among several ways of life, rather than revealing itself as a political system destined of imposing its beliefs upon all and sundry.

We have had enough of theorists, who impose something ready-made, some brilliant generalization of the intellect—upon recalcitrant organic bodies. Let us try the road followed by nature this time for a change—barren and complex as it might seem. That is all I am saying. Then there would be no absolutism, no imposition of the intellect, as it speak. And that, too, of course, would be the true democratic path, of live-and-let-live.

A LEAGUE THAT WORKS

We are democrats—which is fine and dandy. Let other people do anything their consciences tell them to do, provided they do not try and coerce our unacknowledged consciences; they do not do that upon their right to commit murders every night in their own houses while our neighbours have to lie awake and listen to the screams of their victims.

What the word "absolutist" means should be clear enough, anyway, by this time. An "absolute" monarch—as opposed to a "constitutional" monarch—is a ruler, as you know, who enjoys absolute and unlimited power. The Catholic Church is an "absolutist" Church; for it claims to be, and indeed is, the first and greatest of the Christian communities, and it stays at universal war, in a manner that the Anglican, for instance, does not: the same, even, as the latter indicating its limited pretensions. Democracy is Anglicanism in politics.

The next thing that I will take up again, from the text of my last chapter, is the part about the "great pink tide flowing from Russia"; and how the English and American educated classes, led by the publicists and intellectuals, had plunged into this, or at all events pelted about in it (which is, of course, how it seems to be pink, rather than a violent blood-red), and how democracy might emerge itself in that for a time, or how the healthy impulse to social regeneration might flourish thereby, by answering the latter towards its mystical point—as they might all begin calling each other "brothers," or still better, "brother" and "sister," after the American fashion.

The great pink tide has spent its force. No one can take Russian communism very seriously after Stalin's recent exploits in Poland, Finland, and elsewhere. But the call of it, as I speak (the Christian impulse stimulated by it) might be taken up by the Church, by social scientists, or other persons. Democracy might borrow the last word, and go just

We are democrats - which is fine and dandy. Let other people be anything their instincts tell them to be, provided they do not try and coerce us; and provided, of course, they do not insist upon their right to commit murders every night in their own house, while we neighbours have to lie awake and listen to the screams of their victims.

That the word "absolutist" means enough, anyway, by this time. An "absolute" monarch - as opposed to a "constitutional" monarch - is a ruler, as you know, who enjoys absolute and unlimited power. The Catholic Church is an "absolutist" Church; for it claims to be, and indeed is, the first and greatest of the Christian communions, and it aims at universal sway, in a manner that the Anglican, for instance, does not; the one of the latter indicating its limited power while Democracy is in violation in politics.

The next thing that I will take up again, from the text of my last chapter, is the part about the "great internationalist tide flowing from Russia": and how the English and American educated classes, led by the publicists and intellectuals, had plunged into that, and how democracy might merge itself in that for a time: or how the healthy impulse to social regeneration might flow into Democracy and swing the latter towards its mystical pole - so that we might all begin calling each other "citizen", or, better still, "brother" and "sister", after the American fashion.

The Anglo-Russian alliance has associated communism and democracy in a common effort to suppress Hitler and all his works. Already ^{Sept.} (late 1941) communist armies have contributed as much as democratic armies to the Great campaign: and there will be many Englishmen who will desire that this fruitful collaboration extend from the military field into the political.

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By plunging Russia into the war against Hitler has violently revived communist parties, underground and overground, in every nation in the world. Then the war has been won with Russian help, all these parties, in the German-occupied countries, will burst forth like an exploded dam. Not only will any Germans they can lay their hands on be dealt with, but a sort of civil war will start everywhere - or such will be a very probably upshot of our victory. That might result in some kind of universal socialism in Europe and Asia.

It is not my business haphazardly prognosticate; only to define the ideologies with which the war is being fought, as between the "Anglo-saxon" powers and the Fascist powers. Just for a moment longer, I can overstep those confines, and speculate a little as to the effects of our new recent partnership.

What sort of communism then would that be that burst up in the repressed countries - if it came to pass? No doubt it would

take different forms in different countries
- In France and in Holland for instance it
would be as different as French and Dutch
cooking.

If in England we had communism, as I have
said elsewhere, it would be just an extreme
form of democracy. It would be much more benign
and easy-going than the type of communist
mind in France would bring forth.

None of these things of course may happen,
I am only discussing them as possibilities.
Communism, as such, may disappear altogether.
In a sense, it may not be necessary, so to speak.
All that you get by such social revolution may
in effect be present, in the conditions
typical by the war. Some sort of "managerial"
socialism is probably the most likely system.
Democracy may harness the forces of
revolution, and produce some Anglo-American
compromise in Great Britain. We might go just red

with enough politeness to decapitate its over-privileged aristocracy, and have an intelligent, orderly, shake-up of the social structure, so that the best brains had a chance of functioning freely instead of being stifled and paralyzed by mediocrity, as at present happens in the vulgar and purposeless ignorance of the middle-class businessman's utilitarianism.* All this could be done within the good old framework of democracy, without stretching its principles too far. For democracy can be anything that is free. Let us lay that down for our golden rule of democracy. Anything that has "free" for its watchword can be classed as democracy.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FASCIST TYPE

JUST now I said that words, even the commonest, as a rule cover something complex—not things off through of one quality: of the quality denoted by the word. And so with the words "democracy," or "fascism." These words are ideal. The latter is a grim and ugly ideal, the former a genial and attractive one. But the perfect and finished "brute" (the fascist type) is just as rare a thing as the "very perfect gentleman" (the democratic type).

There are in every nation democrats and fascists. It is not only in democracies that you find democrats, or in fascist countries fascists. There are plenty of both everywhere.

*Seeing what fascism is doing to the social structure in the British Isles—and we are told that the veritable wreckage of the wealth of England will, by the time the war is done, spell the elimination of the entire aristocracy—the "shake-up" I refer to will be effected without any social revolution, a ~~rearrangement~~, a ~~rearrangement~~, a ~~rearrangement~~. What our society will be like after this partly automatic "shake-up" will depend upon the intelligence and initiative of the leaders those conditions will throw up.

The most one can say is that some countries, like England, tend to have a democratic majority; others, like Germany, a fascist majority. The United States of America, although American democracy is a very real, and even beautiful, thing is fairly rich in fascists. That great democrat, Mr. Roosevelt, holds it down with some difficulty.

The word *fascist* has come to signify a type of man, rather than a member of a party. So when I say that America is fairly rich in Fascism, I mean fairly rich in individuals of fascist type. Many an Irish cop, for instance, would do credit to Himmler or Hitler; and there is undoubtedly a variety of American business men—the ruthless go-getter type—whose spiritual home is the Prussian capital.

So a fascist need not be a Blackist or a Silver Shirt. That is quite unnecessary. He can be just any ordinary non-partisan citizen, quite innocent of any affiliation of that sort. Just men who stick their chests out, have a boiler head, with a stop-watch ticking inside it, a big lump of obedience, and no more imagination than is necessary to hit what they can see with a bat so big it can't very well miss its mark: they are fascists, whatever ticket they vote.

"Democrat," no more than "fascist," means an adherent of a political philosophy. All Anglo-Fascists are not democrats, nor are all Italians fascists. Even Mussolini's inner ring of high fascist partisans no doubt vary greatly in their degree of fascism.

A certain type of man the present era has thrown up—that is what "fascist" has come to mean. And it would have thrown him up even if the Führer and the Duce had never appeared upon the scene at all. The fascist does not even have to be a nationalist (though usually he is, since nationalism is an ideal excuse for having somebody else's trait).

Try, some communists are fascists, some

are internationalists, ~~and~~ ^{are} violent chauvinists.

The most one can say is that some countries, like England, tend to have a democratic majority; others, like Germany, a fascist majority. The United States of America, although American democracy is a very real, and even beautiful, thing is fairly rich in fascism. That great democrat, Mr. Roosevelt, holds it down with some difficulty.

The word *fascist* has come to signify a type of man, rather than a member of a party. So when I say that America is fairly rich in Fascism, I mean fairly rich in individuals of fascist type. Many an Irish cop, for instance, would do credit to Himmler or Hitler; and there is undoubtedly a variety of American business men—the ruthless go-getter type—whose spiritual home is the Prussian capital.

So a fascist need not be a Bonaparte or a Silver Shirt. That is quite unnecessary. He can be just any ordinary non-partisan citizen, quite innocent of any affiliation of that sort. Just men who stick their chests out, have a bullet head, with a stop-watch ticking inside it, a big lump of obstinacy, and no more imagination than is necessary to hit what they can see with a shot so big it can't very well miss its mark; they are fascists, whatever ticket they vote.

"Democrat," no more than "fascist," means an adherent of a political philosophy. All Anglo-Saxons are not democrats, nor are all Italians fascists. Even Mussolini's inner ring of high fascist partisans no doubt vary greatly in their degree of fascism.

A certain type of man the present era has thrown up—that is what "fascist" has come to mean. And it would have thrown him up even if the Fokker and the Duce had never appeared upon the scene at all. The fascist does not even have to be a nationalist (though usually he is, where nationalism is an ideal excuse for breaking somebody else's head). Why, some communists are fascists and were sitting before Stalin when the first of his parts with Russia.

On the other hand there are some people who could not be fascists however hard they tried. Their heads are the wrong shape. Their eyes have too tolerant a light; their lips wear too easy, too friendly, a smile; they hold themselves with too unassuming a dignity. They would not know how to be vulgar enough! For if there is one thing more than another that characterizes the fascist it is vulgarity.

We have invented a word "gentleman"—or given the French word "gentilhomme" a new and wider meaning, making it independent of class. We should find it just as difficult to define it as we do "democracy." And the word "vulgar" has no class connotation any longer, except in the mind of a vulgar person. But the "fascist" is the opposite of the gentleman—that negative definition gets us very close to what "fascist" means. For to be forbearing, unassuming, prone to understatement; to be fastidious in one's relations with those less fortunate than oneself; to be un-tailor and to be gentle; there you have a collection of all the qualities that the fascist abhors. To possess even one of them to a marked degree would disqualify you as a fascist.

I said just now that the word "fascist" had passed into currency as a contemporary human type, and no longer meant a German or Italian partisan of the National-Socialist or Fascist parties. This of course makes it easier to understand the political philosophy in question if we want to do so; for all we have to do is to observe the most "fascist" of our friends, and watch him strutting down the street or harping his way into a street-car, in best hit-and-run fashion running over a dog (all fascists hate dogs and sneer at dog-lovers) or handing a stammer-check to some poor rounding-house woman, sneering at a Christmas-tree outside a front door or bullying a waiter because the latter is in a weak position and he is a strong one, admiring his chest in a hotel mirror or tipping a

kill him a nickel because he is not obliged by law to give him a dime, being rude to a decrepit and aged person because according to the law of the jungle such ought to be dead: all we have to do is to watch our friend behaving in that way and it is not necessary to read Nietzsche, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, Borel, or Gideaux.

The character of the individual—of any individual, whatever his political label may be—it is in that that we should pay most attention, then, in arriving at our definitions of "fascist" and "democratic." These things are defined for us in flesh and blood.

But we do not always know what to look for. And often enough we find these terms "fascist" and "democratic" misused. Frequently I have heard a mild little reactionary called a "fascist," or some selfish and self-servatory liberal called a "red." We all could name many people mistakenly "democrats," whose temper is as authoritarian as to fit them for the Wilhelmstrasse. There must be some of Hitler's *Hitler-Guards* who were cut out to be something more truly like that: many Italians must bitterly resent the Mussolinian heroes and ask themselves in the name of what humane political humanity a lot of hardworking Italian peasants were obliged to go and fling themselves upon a lot of Greek peasants.

In a rightist democracy we should be equipped to defend ourselves against counterfeits. In order to do so, we should have to be very clear in our minds as to what the true-gut men of democratic thinking and feeling is.

Let us try and establish, in personal terms, what being "democratic" means. Suppose we tabulate a few of the indispensable components of the true democrat.

(1) No man who is not at heart *pro-Zis* (though it need not follow, a "prolet") can be a democrat. The freemason, the free-brand, is a fascist phenomenon, not a democratic

type. (2) The social snob is inseparable as a
[redacted] If you recognise in a man a weakness
for bogus Russian Princesses, you will know he
possesses at least one of the components of the
fascist mentality. (3) Brutality towards animals
is a fascist trait: many a yokel who passes for
an "honest countryman" or harmless hayseed (though
a bit rough with horses) is a potential Elite
Guardman. (4) The greatest sign qua sign of all
for the observer is an absence of vulgarity: for
nothing is so vulgar as fascism. It is the upstart
[redacted] the modern Gogol, that make the
best fascists (and by the way, the modern Italian
has nothing to do with the Ancient Roman, he is
the cosmopolitan residue of the great latifundia.
He is not a descendant of Cato, but of Cato's
Aegyptian and Erythraean slaves who worked upon his
farm).

When people wish to be offensive about
somebody, they call him a "red" or a "fascist".
Which term the

they employ depends upon circumstances).
As for a long time a certain coldness existed
between Stalin and myself, I have not been
spared the epithet "fascist". But fascism -
and I understood it - seemed to me the worst
of all political revivals. If I discouraged
attacks upon it, it was because the cure
often is worse than the disease; and where
there is any way to compass it, people should
be encouraged to mind their own business and
avoid wars. There are times when they cannot,
as we have proved.

Communism - whatever happens to it
afterwards - does start with a notion of
helping the helpless and making the world a
more decent and sensible place. It does
concern it the human being and his suffering.
It does glorify, ⁱⁿ bloodshed and preaches
that one should model himself upon the wolf;
it would relegate the artist to the position
of a yeoman of revivalist politics; the
philosopher it would suppress altogether.

↑ ↑ ↑

as liable to possess an analytical mind and
too golden a tongue (and gold tongues are
the monopoly of the politician); and its
"leader-principle" postulates a leader of so
low a type as to make it no advance
intellectually upon the era of the great
financial pirates, though decked out in a
glib political jargon.

type. (2) The social snob is indistinguishable as a democrat. If you recognize in a man a weakness for bogus Russian sympathies, you will know he possesses at least one of the components of the fascist mentality. (3) Hostility towards animals is a fascist trait: many a youth who passes for an "honest countryman" or harmless layman (though a bit rough with his horses) is a potential Rifle Guardsman. (4) The greatest sin you can do as a democrat is an absence of vulgarity; for nothing is so vulgar as fascism. It is the apertur nation, the modern Germany, that made the best fascists (and by the way, the modern Britain has nothing to do with the ancient Britain; so is the cosmopolitan paradise of the great delinquents. He is not a descendant of Cain, but of Cain's Amegodon and Northern slaves who worked upon his farm).

When people wish to be offensive about somebody, they call him a "red" or a "fascist." (Which term they employ depends upon circumstances.) As for a long time a certain coolness existed between Stalin and myself, I have not been spared the epithet "fascist." But fascism—once I understood it—left me colder than communism. The latter at least pretended, at the start, to have something to do with helping the helpless and making the world a more decent and sensible place. It does start from the human being and his suffering. Whereas fascism glorifies bloodshed and preaches that man should model himself upon the wolf, it would relegate the world to the position of a prisoner of revivalist politics; the philosopher is, would be, altogether as liable to possess an analytical mind and too golden a tongue (and gold tongues are the monopoly of the politician); and its "leader-principle" postulates a leader of as low a type as to make it no advance intellectually upon the era of the great financial pirates, though decked out in a glib political jargon.

Part II
HOW FASCISM BEGAN

CHAPTER I

THE ROOTS OF FASCISM TO BE LOOKED FOR NOT
IN RACES BUT IN BOOKS

NOW I have to start digging for the roots of Fascism or of National Socialism. I shall not go to the bloodstreams of the Teuton, nor to the soil of the Fatherland. "Hit" and "Rasse" is the Nazi watchword. But "Hit" and "Rasse" are words less intimate than they are physical realities.

The roots of Anglo-Naxon democracy are to be sought in the ocean wave, more than anywhere else (as I shall be showing later on). And that is no mixed metaphor, for in a certain sense Anglo-Naxon democracy is rootless. You cannot dig a root out of the salt tides of the Atlantic Ocean or the North Sea. Yet that is where the roots of the Englishman are most truly to be found, rather than in any "Rasse."

If Anglo-Naxon democracy is a natural phenomenon, again fascism, on the contrary, is an artificial intellectualist contrivance. The fascist, ~~like the communist~~, is a theorist. His famous self-discipline is literature, not the spontaneous flowering of the peasant mind. It is to literature, therefore, that I shall go in my search for his roots. I shall dig it out of the pages of books. I shall look for it in the dogmas of early fascist philosophers. And I shall resurrect and place before you one of these philosophers in person.

Who was the first fascist? We should understand a great deal more about Fascism if someone would do a nation pic-

ture showing the first fascist in the flesh—gradually evolving this fatal philosophy; producing it from his inner consciousness, step by step, and transmitting it to other people. This as an historical film—as Mr. Smith goes to Washington film—would amuse as well as instruct. Mr. Ben Hurst, or some other producer, ought to begin turning it over in his mind. It would put money in his pocket.

I may say at once that it is an error to suppose that Mussolini was the first fascist. He may prove to be the last. But he was not the first.

Well, I actually encountered the first fascist in the flesh. If that motion picture ever comes to be made I should be invaluable in the capacity of consultant. I trained words with this first fascist or, at least, engaged in controversy in the London Press with him. I was denounced by him, and he was unmasked by me.

This was all good fun: for in those days fascism was not called that. It was called something else, namely *Patriotism*.

The fascist revolution was preceded by something of the same kind as the "philosopher" in France, who blazed the trail for Marx and for Robespierre. The verbal bombardments of this primitive fascist—or self-styled "fascist"—prepared the way for Mussolini's more realistic performances: though the present war leaves one with the impression that Mussolini himself will go down to history as a man of words rather than of anything more deadly or concrete.

It may seem possibly odd, at first sight, to be talking about "fascism" in a political tract: for to the American mind (and many of my readers will be Americans) the journalist, the pamphleteer, the agitator, the "philosopher," are not people who start revolutions, in the realm of political thought. That would be *Antony and Cleopatra*, not *Hamlet*.

These journeyman of the pen do a job of work. They may even be well paid. But they are to the minimum independent observers. They are expressions of the group mind. They do no thinking. It is the group that does the thinking.

ture showing the first fascist in the flesh—gradually evolving this fatal philosophy; producing it from his inner consciousness, step by step, and transmitting it to other people. This as an historical film—as Mr. Smith goes to Washington film—would amuse as well as instruct. Mr. Ben Hecht, or some other producer, ought to begin turning it over in his mind. It would put money in his pocket.

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Well, I actually encountered the first fascist in the flesh. If that motion picture ever comes to be made I should be invaluable in the capacity of consultant. I crossed swords with this first fascist or, at least, engaged in controversy in the London Press with him. I was denounced by him, and he was rebutted by me.

This was all great fun; for in those days fascism was not called that. It was called something else, namely Futurism.

The fascist revolution was preceded by something of the same kind as the "philosopher" in France, who blazed the trail for Marx and for Bolshevism. The verbal bombardments of this primitive fascist—or self-styled "Futurist"—prepared the way for Mussolini's more realistic performances: though the present war leaves one with the impression that Mussolini himself will go down to history as a man of words rather than of anything more deadly or concrete.

It may seem possibly odd, at first sight, to be talking about "Futurism" as a political tract: for to the American mind (and many of my readers will be Americans) the journalist, the pamphleteer, the sophist, the "philosopher," are not people who start revolutions, in the realm of political thought. That would be doing them too much honor.

These poor forerunners of the present Fascist movement

The man of the pen occupies a very much less important position in America than he has done in Europe—there are no Bernard Shaws upon the North American continent, nor ever could be. Consequently it is going to be hard indeed for Americans to believe that all that vast commotion, which is turning the world upside down, started as an æsthetic theory (called "futurism") and began in the lecture halls and studios of Europe as a mere art movement—a violent fad—what time the Kaiser was still basking in draughts to blast a way to "a place in the sun" for Imperial Germany, and while the Italians were content to remain a people of hotel-keepers and museum-officials, a role that suited them as much better than the martial one they have since been persuaded to assume.

However, let me proceed to sketch for you the first facet, as he appeared to me: a little Fring person of a man, popping and detonating like a clockwork figure, wound up to astonish and amuse light-hearted pre-war London audiences.

CHAPTER II

THE FATHER OF FURISM

IN 1912 an Italian named Marinetti made his appearance in London. He had a philosophy of life he called "futurism." Now Marinetti was "the father of furism." Under that title he was fêted in Rome a few years ago. It was an official banquet, held in Mussolini's capital. So there is no possible doubt about it—this man did start, and is recognized as having started, the whole thing.

In the writings of Marinetti, if you can manage to get hold of them, you will find the pure fascist doctrine of futurism, as it first burst upon the world in pamphlet after pamphlet, and as it was repeated both in speech after speech, upon the lecture platform and before English and European café audiences. There is no better guide to fascism, its meaning and its methods, than this great verbal diarrhoea, its original inspiration. Mussolini today, even when he declares that his henchmen shall jump over hedges of bayonets or exhibit their physical fitness in other such ways, is merely following in the footsteps of the Futurist Poet.

Marinetti is about the same age as Mussolini. How is it, you may ask, that he did not start the fascist revolution in Italy himself?

The answer is that he was not a politician. Mussolini was the politician, who put this literary ferment into practical political terms, organised his fascist militia, and eventually marched upon Rome at its head.

Marinetti was an extremely active fellow, but too pre-occupied with cultural things to do what Mussolini has done. He agitated in the salon and café or fashionable lecture hall; he could never have agitated in the street, with arms in his hands. He was a pugacious bard, rather than a political gangster.

Then Marinetti was rich, and he had not Mussolini's Marxist training. He did not think in terms of street brawls and revolvers and machine guns. Actually he made use of pictures and of oil-paintings to disseminate his noisy ideas.

Although he inveighed against the status of Italy as a land of picture-galleries, of leaning towers, and frescoed churches—all of which he asserted should be dynamited—he was enough of an Italian to take such things as oil-paintings and statues seriously. He was enough of a Latin to appreciate the power

of the word. He poured forth millions of words every week. And wild and whirling words they were, too.

The French shrugged their shoulders: the English guffawed heartily: the Germans went on drinking Pilsner, and building dreadnaughts. But this obstreperous little man was paving the way for the first of the modern Cans.

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To give you an idea of how even the most serious political matters come to birth in Europe, it was as if Barnum and Bailey's Circus, full of highbrow circus and a thrilling gallery of artistic freaks, suddenly, as a result of its daily performances, started a national upheaval: beginning with a Tower and ending with a Waterloo. Or, to select another equally absurd illustration, it is as if Mr. Barr of the Museum of Modern Art in New York were much more voluble and vigorous than he is, as if he got a bee in his bonnet about Power and Dynamited Man, and suddenly found himself the patron saint of Insurgent Labour in the United States of America. But it is almost impossible to find in the American scene anything to help the American to understand this type of phenomenon.

Signor Marinetti had a Circus, and a very conspicuous Circus it was. His futurist Circus toured the European continent. It was composed of a full staff of freaks—of Mr. Marinetti's famous futurist freaks, who painted, composed poetry, composed music, professed architecture, and demonstrated their philosophy, which was action—just any sort of violent action (not fasty old words, as with Leconte de Lisle with Kavi).

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Here was a new Italian Renaissance, only terribly modern and American. One of the things it admired most was the skyscraper. The racing car was another. The aeroplane was almost its god. Marinetti filled thousands of pages of epileptic rhetoric extolling the bird-man and his mighty wings.

To liberate Italians from the Past—that was the first step. Make a bonfire of all the pictures of Raphael, Titian, Leonardo and so on—until all the Lening Towers at Pisa, Colonnas St. Mark's and the rest had been liquidated; then Italy would be able to lift up its head among the nations.

Europe was inundated with pamphlets, for Marinetti as I remarked was a rich man, his father having. It was said, furnished all the brothels of Alexandria.

One manifesto, I remember, was entitled, "*Contra la Linea Feminea.*"—*5*

—This was a violent denunciation of silk-stockings and lipstick. Hitler himself could not abominate lipstick more than did Signor Marinetti. Women must be put in their place and discouraged from doling themselves up and so spending good fascist money. This money was needed for aeroplanes and speedboats—for anything that moved quickly.

The notion of speed dominated everything else. The stratosphere, naturally, was a great deal better than the relatively impure few miles of atmosphere that immediately impends upon the surface of the earth. But the stratosphere would only be the stepping-stone to something more astounding still.

Signor Marinetti on the platform was a frenzied Jack-in-the-box. He sprang about, a torrent of words pouring incessantly from his mouth. They were great persuasive words, which struck the audience with the impact of the back of a hammer. All of them added up to one thing—to force, to speed, to power.

This embryonic fascist possessed the personality of a Levantine hussar, but he put on a good act. He had been a war-correspondent in the Balkans and his "poems" about war were full of the din of modern battle. Banging and popping, rattling and whistling—the sweet pouring from him—he

gimnased and shouted at you from the platform and really made you feel you had been at the heart of a larrage.

That part of it was like watching a sensational-minded small boy. But there was a serious side to his futurism. All this sound and fury did awaken a response; this little man did stand for something that was in the air at that period. After a brief inspection I detected the pernicious principle in this gospel of demented dynamism, which later, politically, was to become fascism, and I gave immediate effect to my discovery. I denounced him and explained the nature of the disease from which he was suffering.

Collecting together a band of people who felt as I did about it (including Gaudier Braxos—better known in America as the "Savage Monsieur") I marched upon the London hall where he was addressing a fashionable audience, and provoked him with a clamorous opposition. The "Savage Monsieur" was on that occasion especially savage, and made almost more noise than Marinetti, greatly to the latter's annoyance.

Such, in brief, was futurism. In its latter, political version this movement was charged with all the dynamism and pop included upon by its initiator. But in detail it had a different emphasis: the exigencies of politics required that the Colosseum, for instance, remain intact. Instead of *destroying* the past, a kind of Hollywood reconstruction of the past was effected by Mussolini. He took over all the Marinettian ravings about the airplane and the speed-boat, but he associated this modern power-principle with the trappings of Roman power. He effected a violent marriage of the very new and the very old.

Marinetti's favourite word of abuse was "pastiche"—pastel, antiquary. Mussolini is an antiquary, up to a point, in the way that Giorgio Chiosso's gladiators are antiquarianism. And what Marinetti must have felt when he saw his

inferrible modernity led back to the banks of the Tiber, and observed it putting on (in however clownish and superficial a way) the regalia of Augustus, I shudder to think.

The marching song of the Italian Fascist revolution was *Giustizia*, as you may know. And in Italian of course this word means Youth. Like Mussolini and like Hitler, Marinetti ran a postcardist. "Youth" was never off his lips, although at that time manfully adult himself. One of his favorite remarks was that he and all his followers would not dream of living beyond the age of thirty-two. Then they would either fly away, in an extraordinarily swift airplane, into the sunset; or else, perhaps, as they stood beside the throbbing machine, a newer, more powerful futurist would appear and poison them, jump into their plane and whizz up into the air.

Oddly enough, practically all of Marinetti's followers did die long ago. Only he, the promoter of all these romantic ideas, is still alive, and from time to time, blinking.

If you remember the analogy of Karl Marx and Hegel—how out of a mere philosopher the Hegel came a mere economist like Marx and out of him came that mighty disturbance, the Russian revolution; or if you like to go still further back, and consider the rôle "Les Philosophes" or Rousseau played prior to the French revolution, you will not find it so difficult to understand how all our present ills (assembled under the head of one word, *fascism*), originated in a philosophizing journalist and pamphleteer; the Black Arrow Brigades in Spain, and the Brown-shirt armies in Germany—the *Elite Guard*—they all can be traced back to the guru of Adrianople as initiated by Signor Marinetti on the lecture platform; or the futurist phantasmagoria who thought in terms of the *Masse* rather than of *Marx*, though their militancy always threatened to slip over into personal combat.

CHAPTER III

THE CULT OF ACTION AND THE CULT OF POWER

WE are living futurism today; the war of 1914-1918, noisy as it was, did not quite come up to the futurist ideal. It lagged behind the bottom-hall. A major alarmist upon London, of the April, 1911 type, would I think have made the grade and satisfied the insatiable futurist canon.

The Greeks of antiquity, as you are no doubt aware, regarded art—the tragic art, that is—as a purgative. They believed that the function of the tragic artist was to purge our spirits of all the accumulated stuff of tragedy that had collected there. You went to the play, you wept at the misfortunes of the characters in the play, and you left the theatre relieved as it were of a hidden burden of tears, remorse, and compassion. You did not in other words have to suffer a great misfortune yourself, before casting yourself at your expert or chronic Weltschmerzmen. The actors skillfully drained it off for you.

That was the classic statement of the great art—of tragic art, like the plays of Shakespeare. Bach's tremendous music, in the same manner, substitutes itself for something in your personal life. That is one of its functions; and there is practically no art whose justification is not to be sought in the fact that it delegates for humanity.

Art is there instead of something real. It dispenses you with the necessity of acting yourself; it acts for you like the actors on the stage; it absolves you from the necessity of summarizing out something yourself,—it says it better than you can say it; or it sets before you a noble exemplar—like the divine image of motherhood in the great Madonna—which adds a glamour, by reflection, to your own experiences.

Now the cult of the man of action means among other things what might be described as every-man-his-own-actor.

It is now you who act, upon the stage of the world, instead of watching a cast of actors act for you upon the boards or stone flags of a theatre.

As to what these aesthetic principles have got to do with democracy and fascism, that is not difficult to demonstrate. They have a great deal to do particularly with fascism, else I should not be talking about them here.

Fascism (whose prelude, as I have shown, was futurism) is a cult of action: of that heightened action (like war, rape, homicide, atmospheric travel, etc.) which in its intensified trappings brings action almost of art, while the ecstatic moments last, rather after the manner of a narcotic, which provides the dulled man with dreams like those of William Blake or the author of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

To be capable of action, even to be good at it, is a prerequisite of all successful life upon this planet. But a cult of action—a pedantry about it—is another matter.

A jacking-up of action to the point of disintegration—such as the *Stuka*-pilot achieves—is another thing again. That involves putting the "death-wish" as it is called into the initiate. It is Nietzsche's "dangerous Erling" once again, employed to secure some of the conditions of artistic creation.

My objection to "the father of fascism" was not due to sectarian prejudice; it was not because I was an artist I objected to him. That was no more the case than is my objection to Herr Hitler to be traced to my outraged feelings because of his attacks upon the arts.

A very intelligent young English writer has asserted that my disparagement of Herr Hitler (as it appears to him) is to be accounted for in that way. But such an explanation is incorrect. I do not like Herr Hitler any the better for being a bigot where modern art is concerned, certainly. But

my very livelihood and good name. For anyone was a black-hearted villain who wanted to spare the world a repetition of the dark aftermaths of 1914-1918.

Anyhow, I did, even in 1918, have glimpses of a "world without art"—of a barren world, such as is all round us now. And I did, at the time, go into action myself against this philosophy of action-for-action's-sake: just as the whole of our civilization has had to go into destructive action, matching *Stuka* with counter-*Stuka*, to save us from the fruits of the Jewish religion of Power.

I attacked it in article after article. I pointed out how these futurist statues—with moving eyes and painted cheeks—would soon blossom into Barren Stalks. It would only be another step to say: "No statue can be as beautiful as *Greta Garbo*. So why art at all?" Which is fundamentally the philosophy of art of the stockbroker, the bookie, and the automobile magnate.

A world of nothing-but-action, a world of "Men without Art" I pointed out would be a fairly hideous place as it is passing to be. And because this gospel of no-art (as in fact it was) came from such an "artistic" land as Italy, and in the form of an aesthetic crusade, backed by a full personnel of painters, musicians and poets, that did not succeed in hiding from one eye at least its true import, I am gratified to remember.

Well, we will not dwell any longer on, or go more deeply into, those artistic problems created by Marinetti's "Futurism." The point is that that highly theatrical, even ridiculous, torrent of uplift did awaken responses in the political field, that there was something at the bottom of it, sinisterly in tune with the *Zeitgeist*. The future ruler of fascist Italy was listening as well as the rest of us.

*Title of a book by Dr. Wyndham Lewis.

Again, if Marinetti was the "father of fascism," he had his origins too. Unquestionably the teacher who exercised most influence upon Marinetti—and Mussolini has repeatedly made his own indebtedness clear—was Friedrich Nietzsche. The *Reflections* are in *Twilight of Gods*, and of course Machiavelli played an important part. But I believe that the true family-tree for fascism in the realm of ideas is Nietzsche, and, through Nietzsche, back to Charles Darwin.

I believe if you wanted to put your hand on the instigator of fascism (whether it be Mussolini's original brand, or the Nazi or any other variety) that Charles Darwin is your man. Darwin was not a philosopher. He was only a Nineteenth Century "Man of Science." He had, no doubt, a very slender comprehension of what sort of monster he was setting in motion, when he defined the terms of the "struggle for existence" and the "survival of the fittest" (with the emphasis for the definition of what was fit of no mechanical an order); and projected his terrible picture of a machine called nature "red in tooth and claw."

Darwin was just the generalizing research-student, Nietzsche was the philosopher of Darwinism. The latter accepted the Darwinian interpretation (whatever he may eventually have said) and he put into a self-conscious and highly dogmatic form what he learnt from Darwin. This great German sophist systematized the modern jungle—inhabited not by tigers but by much more dreadful machines, invented by man to take the place of the rapidly vanishing faunas. He patented that "tough" picture of ruthless combat, of mortal combat as an ideal mode of self-expression and, what is more, as a mystical, ultimate goal. For there is an inverted moralism in Nietzsche, traces of which are everywhere perceptible in Herr Hitler, from whom a moralist undertone is never absent.

Now, when Signor Mussolini jumps up on a rostrum, opens his brazen jaws and staring eyes, and utters something of

compulsory import at his blackballed followers, it is in the last analysis Charles Darwin who caused him to make that would-be Hegelian jump. It is Nietzsche who armed him with the explicit body of eloquent reasoning and such slogans as "dangerous lying." Nietzsche must always remain the fascist bible—just as Marx is the communist.

Nietzsche mocked at the materialism of the Darwinian struggle for existence, and substituted, as he pretended, the struggle for power. But the latter was merely an extension of the former. The weak power tells its own story of stupid striving of the low-instincts proper to an inferior type of man.

We hear today that the Germans are discussing in their newspapers the problem of setting a "master-race." (And, by the way, what becomes of the noble struggle of the Harcourt against the Harve, if the Harcourts in their turn become masterful Harve?)

Those masters are of course latter day Chremesches. They come out of the splenic lands of the author of Zarathustra who, were the *ewastika* to triumph in Europe, would take his place historically beside Zoroaster.

Part III

SEA-POWER AND UNIVERSALISM

CHAPTER I

THE WAVE AGAINST BODEN

DEMOCRACY and fascism have their counterparts in power-politics. The form in which they stand confronted today is that of a combat between the sea and the land. The Anglo-France is the representative of the sea, or rather the ocean; the fascist stands for the land—almost apologetically for that.

If the "wolf" plays a leading part in national socialist propaganda—if "Blut und Boden" is their watchword, then "The Wave" should, perhaps, be ours: with all that the ocean were taken with it of elasticity and freedom, of intangibility and in a sense rootlessness.

In dramatic contrast with that rooted, that stuffy, peasantish, restrictive solidity of the peasant mind, we could point to the watery waste where nothing grows, where everything washes away, where the most stable thing is a drunken buoy, rolling lustily about on the tide's contrary floor, anchored in the mud, but not rooted in it.

Against Hitler, the Peasant, let us put forward a Roman to stand for us—a symbol of animal rootlessness against the Nazi symbol of animal solidity.

We have already taken so many leaves out of the totalitarian book in other matters, it is rather surprising it should have occurred to no British publicist or propagandist to erect

the Ocean to be an appropriate symbolical counterweight to Hitler's much-advertised Soil.

The English are bad hands at self-advertisement. This is indubitably to their credit. But in a period of bombastic uplift it might be better all the same if we gave more thought to advertisement.

Perhaps however we are not very rich in generalizing words. We possess nominalism by the bucket. We have a great store of bluff hearty goodness, who put across the microphone big bluff personalities, but not much besides. In a war of ideas, an "ideological" war, we should mobilize our brains rather than our beef. The latter was all right for the *Crimée*. In *Korea*, or perhaps *Manchuria*.

Where are our poets, by the way? The nation whose history is embellished with the names of the greatest poets ever, looks with suspicion upon imagination in the field of politics. The poet's proper material is flowers, skyliners, and sonnets. So we are lacking in imaginative politics. Mr. Churchill was kept out of office for years because his speeches were regarded as too "cheer" and he used words that went the Commons too often to its dictionary.

Had we learned to use our national mental riches in these directions, everyone would be much more impressed with us. We should have more allies. All foreigners are impressed by brains for some reason: we ought to use our poets on them, even if we do continue to prefer for our own consumption, in times of trial, the moralizing triteness of our bluff board of comforters, with his sturdy gravel.

Then the "Wave Against Bodes," in any case, we could find no better line, if we ever did decide to embark upon a programme of high-power propaganda. Therein lies, beyond any question, our best retreat to the well-knownness of national-socialism. In as far as there is controversy—and of course

there has been a great deal, good, bad and indifferent—the ocean, the great abstract ocean, is the clue, upon our side of it.

But on this theme, namely of the salient virtue and, let us next consider seapower, but from a new angle, with reference in fact to the novel meaning given to seapower owing to the biologic nature of the present war.

CHAPTER II

THE NEW CONCEPTION OF SEAPOWER *By Field*

"SEAPOWER must always win," declared Admiral Mahan. And this war so far has not shown that airpower is a match for it as a winner of wars.

If one had to choose between water and air, as a major asset, it would be a safer bet to have the water on your side. The fact is that the air so far (in the military context) is only artillery. The water, as a factor in war, eliminates infantry. And as no battle can be decided by guns alone, so bombs alone (in place of shells) cannot do the trick.

Tomorrow, of course, any amount of water, even the Atlantic Ocean, may be no obstacle to air-fleets, though it will be a long time before fully-equipped land-armies can sail through the sky for three thousand miles and abolish the Atlantic and Pacific. But today even that poor little twenty-mile-wide ditch, the English Channel, is as hair-raising a problem for Hitler as it was for Napoleon. The British fleet may yet make it a twenty-mile-wide grave for great numbers of Germans.

There are other weapons, of course; there is always the ingenuity of man to be reckoned with. But the fact remains that the whole war was brought to a standstill—air-bombard-

and apart—the twenty million of water, after the collapse of France. Here Hitler would be in London, and probably in Bombay, at this moment if it had not been for sea-power.

Sea-power, however, means more than a mere defensive obstacle. Today it has come to mean more than the American Admiral Mahan by spelling out loud, in his famous volume. There are two kinds of sea-power, in the first place. And our present enemies have decided "sea-power" for us. They decided sea-power to be Anglo-American sea-power on the one hand—that is the wicked kind of sea-power—and any other way of sea-power—which is, naturally, righteous sea-power.

As seen by the German publicist or propagandist, the Anglo-Farmer has a conception of sea-power that is unlike anybody else's. It is really a quite admirable type of sea-power, which only a peculiarly wicked and selfish type of people, but devil could ever have evolved from their inner consciousness. And it is in that type of sea-power, as they assert, that they have every intention of putting an end in this war.

Now when you and I use the term sea-power, all we mean is the good old-fashioned harmless thing that Admiral Mahan was so charitably diagnostic about. When Dr. Haushofer uses that term he means something much more sinister. And in the jargonistic German fashion he and his satellites have discovered a long word for it—namely, "unreasonableness." They call it daily in "Anglo-Farmer maritime unreasonableness." And it may be worth our while to make an effort to understand what this jargon means. In this part of my pamphlet I exposed and refuted the new doctrine of sea-power; and finally, as you will see, we shall be providing ourselves with important material towards this attempt physically to *defeat* democracy. For it is my belief that democracy, like Timex Aphrodite, was born of the sea. I believe its most perfect expression is a ship's crew. For the Nations are after all our ancestors, and they have never sailed so high as all that about the sea. What the earth

in fact the Hitlerite, what the market-place is for the sea, the ocean is for us.

Now I say I shall refute this new doctrine of sea-power. It would be more correct to say that it refutes itself, for if the First Definition were logically sound every island-power, in distinction to a land-power, would be sinful. By its very nature, a maritime nation, surrounded by the sea, would be taking a mean advantage of continental powers by (a) furnishing itself with ships of war, and (b) obtaining its supplies for food and raw materials from countries at a safe distance from continental interference. However, let us rather consider some of the main arguments for this re-defined "sea-power".

First of all, the shape of the war it is now possible for everybody to recognise. It has assumed itself into something like a battle between a whale and an elephant. The Powers of the sea, as I began by saying, are ranged against the Powers of the land. Air, is, as it were, divided against itself. The English have done, as usual, a little amphibian fighting in Norway, or Crete. And Russia is, of course, an elephant, not a whale. But without the command of the sea, such land-fighting would be in vain.

But it is the Anglo-Saxon order - this term used in its widest interpretation - against which the New Order in Eastern Asia, as conceived by the Japanese, or the "New Order in Europe", as conceived by the Axis Countries, is directed. In the background there are other "orders" more or less new, more or less nebulous which conform, in one degree or another, to the Japanese and Axis conceptions.

The continental nations of Europe usually come together, as "the Anglo-Saxons," the English-speaking nations. Upon that principle, the English and the Irish would be identical in

is for the Allies, the market place is for the Jew, the market for us.

When I say I shall reject this new doctrine of "seapower" it would be more correct to say that it rejects itself, for if the Nazi doctrine were logically sound every island-power, in the situation is a land-power, would be stupid. By its very nature, a maritime nation, surrounded by the sea, would be taking more advantage of continental powers by (a) preventing itself with ships of war, and (b) obtaining its supplies far both and far materials from overseas at a safe distance from continental interference. However, let us consider some of the main arguments for this re-defined "seapower."

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The continental nations of Europe usually lump together, as "The Anglo-Saxons," the English-speaking nations. Upon that principle the English and the Irish would be identical in spirit at all that, as we unfortunately know, divides them.

The only quality that could be alleged in support of this contrast with the term "Anglo-Saxon"—is the fact that the Anglo-Saxon world or world of English-speaking peoples is an island world. The term is its element. That does not mean that it should be expected to function as a state or unit politi-

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unit politic-

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ally, as the ill-informed European tends to believe. But it does impose upon it a certain identity of destiny.

Sea-power means almost as much to a countryman of Roosevelt as to a subject of King George. They are both interested in preserving sea-power. From that it does not follow that they are natural allies. But—more negatively—it does mean that they must have a sort of hyphenated-line working arrangement. And it does follow that if anybody is as stupid as to advertise a dislike for sea-power in the abstract, these Sea-Powers do tend to draw together a little, just as, in a previous "League of Nations" conference, great Land-Powers would tend to vote together if anybody suggested that land-armies should be limited to a token-force, or tanks be abolished.

Both forms of German power-politics, the Anglo-Saxons are the people who control the Seven Seas. America, as much as England, is an island. Australia is another gigantic island. (Cuba!) America was a country of seafarers before it became a country of farmers; and today the United States shares with Great Britain what is called the "mastery of the sea." The two greatest navies in the world are the British and the American, both equally prone to use sea-power to express their pleasure or displeasure; and neither England nor the United States possessed, at the outset of the war, an army worth the name.

Both these great powers think in naval, or amphibious, terms; both are analogies of Carthage, rather than of Rome. Hence, in the mind of the German politician, they are bracketed. The Germans realize perfectly well that the United States of America might never theoretically fire a shot in this war. Nevertheless, they know that a campaign against sea-power—especially sea-power of the Anglo-Saxon type—is not calculated to please the Americans. And whether it turns out that the Americans enter the war (as I believe they will have to do) or do not enter it, they will be the enemies of Germany.

Now as to what sea-power of Anglo-Saxon type means. I will give a few illustrations to make clear what the nature of this distinction is.

Let us take the Japanese who possess a fleet of striking power almost comparable to the English or American. Why should not they, according to this German interpretation of sea-power, equally resent distinctions against sea-power in the abstract? Well, there is a kind of reason. Here it is.

The Japanese fleet is exceedingly powerful, but it is a fleet designed and built especially for East Asian waters. It is regarded as very dangerous, if not actually invincible, in the China Sea. But it was not built for universal use like the British and the American, but for local use, almost for coastal use.

The Japanese have, in other words, resembled the Malay pirates that they have always been—men not looking essentially beyond the waters in which they have operated since the dawn of history. All allowances made for the mechanical evolution of the Industrial Age, their warships are more in the nature of raid war-ships. The Italians are ambitious only to be masters in *Mare Nostrum*, as were before their recent experiences, which must have cured them even of that.

So you perceive what the line of argument of our German enemies is. Only—they assert—the waters of the great Anglo-Saxon fleets are as it were universal waters, after the manner of the Benitic navigators, who, some believe, pushed as far as the Americans in their nomadic contempt for distance and for the cold.

The world-struggle seems then to take more and more the form of a crusade against sea-power with all its implications. Or perhaps it would be truer to say that it is not so much an abstract attack upon sea-power as a concrete challenge to all

the implications of that form of technique of political mastery by another technique of political mastery.

(At this stage I will not stop to point out how hypocritical that attack must really be. For if you succeeded in suppressing sea-power as demonstrated by one nation or set of nations, you would have then to acquire great power at sea yourself. For the sea remains, with all its potentialities in power-politics, whatever happens to the nations at any given time controlling it—and until such times as the Air has superseded it, more or less completely).

America seems destined one day to transcend in importance that extraordinary phenomenon, the British Empire, at its moment of maximum power. And it would be absurd to regard the American citizen of today as deriving in any sense from the ancient Briton. Yet of course the fact that the first colonists in America were of a sea-faring stock—indeed, and to be, otherwise they would never have reached America in sufficient numbers to subdue the Indians and found a new state—is still of some significance.

However much, or however little, significance that over-worked word "Anglo-Saxon" may have, the nations so-labelled are, in the very nature of things (conditioned by the as-it-were oceanic nature of their origin) insular and isolated from other peoples. And, alongside their insularity, is to be found that universalism of outlook so strongly affected in by the Nazi.

It has been said that the British Empire is a great archipelago scattered all over the world. North America is, from the polar sea to the Panama Canal, a monstrous island. Its tongue and its culture are homogeneous, and it is separated from Europe and from Asia by large oceans. However dissimilar in other respects, its people have enjoyed precisely the same sensations of unassailable security as the English, with their impassable moat, the English Channel. And this traditional immunity has bred in the Americans much the same atti-

tude to what goes on in Europe as that of the English in affairs upon the European continent.

Now it may be becoming clear to you how this so-called "Anglo-Saxon" type of sea-power is not only seen as a power-problem by the European politicians who discuss it, and who are at present engaged in re-defining it, but also as a psychological problem. It is a problem of the abstract attitude of the people who employ that sea-power, the problem of people abstracted or removed from the general, terrestrial community of men inhabiting an outer void (namely, the oceans, and their islands, great and small), and approaching all the problems of life and politics in too detached and high-handed—also too unreal, or unrealistic—a way.

The objection of that great typical land-power, Germany, to what the Germans call "Anglo-Saxons" is the universalist interpretation given by the latter to sea-power. It is something mystical rather than military; at all events it transcends the mere military notion of sea-power. The good, honest, military notion, in the eyes of the Germans!

Sea-power within limits, yes! exclaim the outraged Jesters, or their Nazi colleagues. But what is this Anglo-Saxon claim that anywhere a ship may go this mystical mastery of the sea should be exercised? Why, they even tried to make their will run in the Baltic! As if they owned the watery element itself!

Not content with having a *Mare Nostrum* of their own in the Atlantic Ocean, they also—these intolerable Anglo-Saxons! poke their noses into the Mediterranean, the gates of the Black Sea, the Sea of Japan. They are ubiquitous because they are, as it were, universal seamen. Not just windjamming, coast-hogging folk, like Euro-construction.

Such is the main grievance of the Nazi complaint. But there are a few embellishments of this theory of which they

have not thought as yet. Let us do this bit of additional thinking for them and see where it leads.

That there are two types of seafaring—as different, one from the other, as chamber-music is to a symphony written for a great orchestra—we will accept as established. But let us ponder a little more about the ocean—that Sahara if you like that stretches between America and Europe, or America and Asia.

The great deserts, where the nomads live (whose 'desert ship' is the camel) and the great oceans dotted with our merchant navies, are productive of a mentality that is not so very different. The ocean is a kind of nomad. And the habit of the void—whether it be a watery void or a sandy void—leads to the ascendancy of the abstract values, as against the more concrete and homely ones.

It is a genuine source of surprise to the house-keeping present-mind (of which Adolf Hitler is a morbid example) that the "Anglo-Saxon" (whether he be Englishman or American) is so indifferent to race for instance in its narrow sense. But a seafaring nation *par excellence* (the British) is necessarily cosmopolitan in outlook. And the Americans, abstracted, nomadically, from their original habitat in Europe, are necessarily cosmopolitan too. Anyone who tries talking race to an American man finds himself in very *deep* water indeed.

A man who moves about all over the world, though he may retain a great affection for his native valley, knows the green valley between sea and the west as well. And the latter, more abstract, valley is the same for all men, whatever colour their faces may be, whether their scriptures reveal Jahrah sitting up in the sky, or a very sacred and well-cared-for Qum, throwing it down below. He has not the phobias of a land-locked peasant isolated in a mountain home about what is foreign. He has rubbed shoulders with foreigners of all colours

and breeds and he has outgrown his superstitions about them. He has probably found that all men are much the same underneath.

In considering the violent nonsense he utters, we generally forget that except for his World War No. 1 experience—which hardly counts—Herr Hitler's first trip beyond the frontiers of Germany was when he went to see his political god in Venice. He has got about quite a lot in the last eighteen months. But at the time of *Mein Kampf* Hitler was peculiarly ignorant of all but his own South German and Austrian homeland. It was most unfortunate for all of us that that was so.

The insularity of the English is an undeniable fact. But it is a pity more attention has not been paid to the insularity of landlocked peoples. Although there is no water around the Austrian Alps to stop people from passing freely in and out, in the Austrian peasant you get just as much pigheadedness as if there were.

In all the pronouncements that reach us from Germany, Italy, or Japan, throughout all the rhetoric of "expansion," the theme is the same. The resources of the world have been for too long selfishly locked up by the maritime nations. The riches of the earth (especially of the more distant and backward regions) which can only be transported from one place to another in ships, and can only be protected by means of ships bristling with guns, must be secured for the *Race-of-nations*. With bomb and shell they will blast a way through to them somehow. Such has been the argument. And, in order to achieve this, the very notion of non-aggression must be smashed, and its concrete existence abolished.

Naturally a struggle undertaken with such a programme as this could have no other result than to cause those nations whose free existence depends upon non-power to feel uncomfortable, whether at war themselves or not. And that in fact is

what has occurred. It is almost as if the ocean itself were threatened—the ocean across which England looks, and wrapped round with which the citizens of the United States of America feel so safe and snug.

CHAPTER III

UNIVERSALISM VERSUS NATIONALISM

ALL of us at this time believe that we are witnessing the opening scenes in a drama which will have for its culmination the establishment of a world-state. In this war the curtains may not fall upon anything as satisfactory and conclusive as that. But all of us feel that the present struggle with the Drive Reich will at least be the prelude to some such consolidation of life on our planet into one political organism, in place of many.

But a world-state would spell what we should term a "universalist" policy. With it "universalism" would have passed out of the tentative and experimental stage into a synthesis of power. And, in view of all this, any tendency, even, to universalism is of special significance at the present moment.

The opposite to universalist tendencies are nationalist tendencies. And that is why, of course, the selection of that word, "universalist," by the German propaganda-machine to stigmatize British sea-power was so peculiarly apropos, and so much worth while dwelling upon. For it is this universalist streak in the Anglo-Saxon—his sea-power entirely apart—which makes it so difficult for the German to understand him, or, when the German understands him, makes the German feel that this universalist-minded Anglo-Saxon is his natural enemy—this cosmopolitan outlook, or international,

in the best sense of that much-exploited word—which makes the Englishman, and in his different way the American, dislike the German jingoism to the point of fanaticism.

As to this tendency to universalism we are discussing now-power is far from being the only thing is right exhibiting such a tendency. In some ways it is the least powerful, or the least conspicuous and complete in itself. There are several other tendencies of this sort of first-class importance.

Anglo-Saxons are-power possesses that universalist character primarily for physical reasons: because it is far-ranging and ubiquitous. But both religion and race provide us with examples of this same universalist—this cosmopolitan or international—tendency.

Elsewhere, in *The Hitler-Cult and How It Will End*, I have remarked upon how Herr Hitler, in challenging three powers of universalist complexion, was taking on at least two too many. Those three powers are (1) the Anglo-Saxons, (2) the Jews and (3) the Catholic Church.

For a Machiavellian statesman this was strangely inept. But in fact no man with any pretensions to the name of statesman would have committed a folly of that dimension. Herr Hitler, however, is not a statesman. He is a fanatic. And statesman and fanatic are mutually exclusive terms. Perhaps his meagreness power derives from just that fact—namely, that he is not a statesman, properly speaking, at all.

To take these universalists I have cited above one at a time. The Jews are universalists even more than are the Anglo-Saxons. In every land they are to be found in positions of influence; they, like the Anglo-Saxons, are as much at home in Shanghai as in Swansea. They act in unison, as a world force. The Roman Catholic Church similarly has its churches, missions and institutions everywhere; the Catholic thinks and acts, perhaps not always best and fore-

most, but very steadfastly and purposefully nevertheless, as a member of an international community, whether he be domiciled in Buenos Aires or Bombay. If you kill his priests in Barcelona, he will exercise pressure against you in Bagdad, Long Island, as much as in Birmingham, U.K. Likewise, if you beat up the Jewish minority anywhere in the world you will have to reckon with the whole of Israel which is ubiquitous and scarcely a force to be despised.

The Anglo-Saxon is not so fortunately placed as that, for you can take his trousers off and slap his face in Tientsin, and if his newspaper is not equal to the task of avenging the outraged member of this great seafaring community, then the poor Briton has to put up with it; and the affront is minimized and forgotten. All the same, you have to be pretty influential to knock Anglo-Saxons about: and the Anglo-Saxon power in the world (owing to the ubiquity of the ocean) is not a thing lightly to be challenged.

If however—as I have said—you are as foolishly (apart altogether from the question of the barbarity involved) as to beat up the Jew, as to antagonize the Catholic by talking incoherently about Wodan (the God who gave his wooden name to Wednesday, which is Wodan's-day), and as to affront the Anglo-Saxon, all at the same time, then indeed you must be bereft of your senses.

Here either if he is not mad, is undoubtedly possessed of a mind parochial in the extreme, and quite incapable of appreciating reactions outside Germany. He is so hopelessly un-universalist as to be impervious to the fact that he inhabits a universe—not a water-tight nationalistic state.

Barbarity, again, apart—if one can abstract barbarity in this way from the issue—it might have been a possible line of action, compatible with statesmanship, to declare war upon the Jews, a people who have thrived upon persecution, and