

BABEL

Patriots, dreamers, die-hards, theoreticians, all,
Can't we ever, my love, speak in the same language,
Or shall we go, still quarrelling over words, to the wall:
Have we no aims in common?

W. S. GRAHAM

EXCEPT NESSIE DUNSMUIR

Smiling locked round with calling that she is
Over fallen firstfelt nothing so sad is said
As white-killed cunning over her stained eye.
For she grew richly up singing weedwater high
As wallflowers round her shy child her fairest
April and prodigal tongue that looped in a spray
Wades the three wounds from Calder's precious home.
The hall and the hay-hat where she lay dashed
From Dechmont Hill meant for my iron fingers,
Lay knit as the golden mother in a field
And folded more heart than my discovered bird.

We all must, you as my hill and heart and dead
Dark weight of seas turned load behind my eye,
Die and burn down sin from the child's gean tree.
Easily women welcome in their tombs
With pointed tongues the pearl in the vein,
And once encountered, laid with a lid of eyes
Marry the rain-knocked sandstone for the child
That in the chill eye counts the kindling crows.

Except my tongue dipped in the weeding girl
Except her arrival over the sour grass blessed
With the red word out of her cried-out enemies.
And she by the beggar of a common sake
Speaks through her licking joy with a drop of grief.
Call what the earth is quiet on her equal face
That has a mouth of flowers for the naked grave
Sucking my thumb and the mill of my pinched words
In the dumb sneaked room chiming dead in my ear.
Now time sooner than love grows up so high
Is now my warfare wife locked round with making.

B

NEXT MY SPADE'S GOING

Next my spade's going the pivoting beetle
Overthrows windier masters than
My mountain scaffold.
What simple miracle, my mile to topple,
My words leave hold
On oystercatching birds that settle
On aquarium clouds above my field.
My eyes leave hold on cattle.

Silence that makes each grain spin thunder
Litters rebellious whispers down
On the roof of soil.
And the acting pyramid bleeding under
Holds up the tragic gland of summer
For reason in my foot to kill
For the spike of my vertical to spoil.
I sing in each cave in cinder.

All faster histories trace the acrobat
Turning with pockets of myrtle
In under the tongue of the tempest
Sung under the walls of the water-rat.
A war falls past.
No wing on the worm. No clouds create.
My youth will build quick to hoist
The bulb through the snare of the athlete.

Matters the moon to beetles in thunder?
Who sees how silently the mist
Begins ascent
Through gut and keel of each moving cancer?
O see how fastly
The splaying anchor holds the swept flower
Safe off the squalling shoal sent windily
Over the scalp of the whisper.

JOHN S. SPINK

THE STRATEGIC RETREAT OF THE LEFT

THE notions of 'political warfare' and 'ideological strategy' are now firmly established. They provide a useful analogy which can be applied to the analysis of the backward shift which has taken place recently in discussions on political and moral topics, and which has resuscitated, as unsolved problems, controversies in which the issues seemed perfectly plain a generation ago. Translated into strategic terms, this shift appears as a retreat of the Left on a wide front to positions on which the Fascist onslaught, which imposed it, can best be resisted. It has implied the temporary abandonment of the Marxist, and a return to the humanitarian idealist, criticism of society.

The greatest new material force which appeared in Europe in the inter-war years was that of German heavy industry, reorganized and expanded from 1924-28 onwards. This expansion was planned, or rather plotted, on the level of huge financial deals, disposing of enormous credits from international loans. It did not appear in response to an expanding demand for steel. It was, therefore, a monstrous, cancerous growth, and when it reached maturity it found no outlet for its productive capacity. The aims and ambitions of the owners of this powerful new material force were not to be separated from the sheer mechanics of its functioning, that is to say that they were directed solely to the providing of outlets for its products. They were not the soul of this new body, quantitatively separate from it. They were its brain. The soul of the new Frankenstein monster was an *ersatz* soul, a hotch-potch of pre-existent nationalist aspirations, philosophical half-truth, thirst for power, brute passion and intellectual dexterity, devilishly efficient in the field of applied psychology, which goes under the name of Nazism. Nazism does not fit into the structure of European thought. In the whole range of political and philosophical tenets, held from the extreme Left to the extreme Right, there is no place for Nazism, though it borrows terminology and