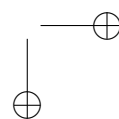
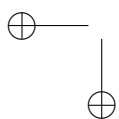
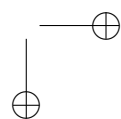
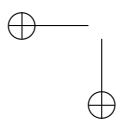
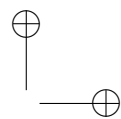
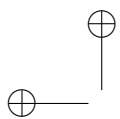
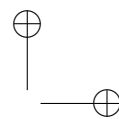
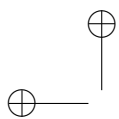


FLOWERING RIFLE
A POEM FROM
THE BATTLEFIELD OF SPAIN



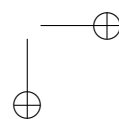
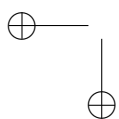


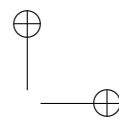
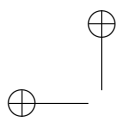


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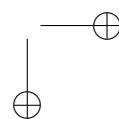
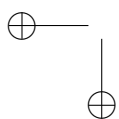
Roy Campbell

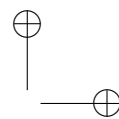
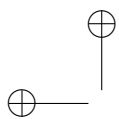
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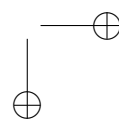
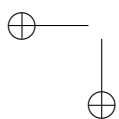


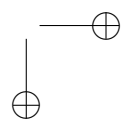
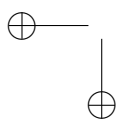
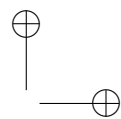
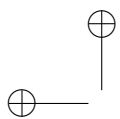
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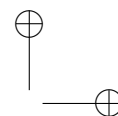
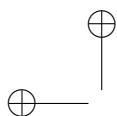




TO MARY CAMPBELL

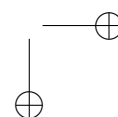
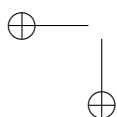


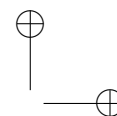
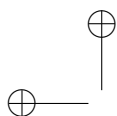




AUTHOR'S NOTE

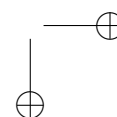
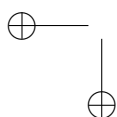
Most of this poem was written before Mr. Chamberlain interrupted the disastrous course of English foreign politics herein satirized: and the manuscript has been out of my reach most of the time since. I hope this will excuse what might otherwise seem congenital pessimism and ingratitude for not alluding to the event. But before that it was difficult enough for born Englishmen to feel very patriotic, let alone for South Africans like myself! I therefore retain the original diatribe for its bearing on the decisive part of the Spanish War and also as a talisman against any relapse into suicidal hysterics on the part of British foreign policy, since Democracy is so subject to war-psychosis. How far at sea the Russian experts and their British satellites were about Spain there is no need for me to rub in. The bulk of my Spanish "War Poems" were printed in England two or three years before the war, and the last one to appear, early in 1935 (in *Time and Tide* of all places) clearly symbolized the Spanish war in a nutshell, together with the Red Debacle – "The Fight." These poems (with the exception of four on Toledo inserted in the proofs) were sent in before the war and appeared as a book in the first weeks of the war, predicting the Red Debacle at a time when the British Intelligentsia was celebrating a Soviet triumph, so they were not very popular. They were treated as the work of a romantic, and excused on "literary grounds" for being on the spot (as usual) about ten years before the British Intelligentsia! In this book, naturally, I have still refused to wear the compulsory intellectual uniform of the British Intelligentsia, however romantic it may seem of me to walk upright instead of crawling about on all fours in the

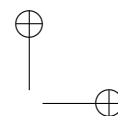
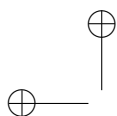




mental outfit of a moth-eaten Beefeater: and I have every hope that this work will appear as strange to them as my last, for events are anachronizing them so quickly that they can only continue to exist by intensifying the make-believe and unreality of their world, and by increasing their overtures to death, or, more belatedly, to birthcontrol (“not to be born”) – for their spiritual self-abortionism shows them to be more at home in the “Au Delà” than ever they will be in this life.

Humanitarianism (their ruling passion) invariably sides where there is most room for sentimental self-indulgence in the filth or famine of others. It sides automatically with the Dog against the Man, the Jew against the Christian, the black against the white, the servant against the master, the criminal against the judge. It is a form of moral perversion due to overdomestication, protestantism gone bad, just as are the other perversions with which our intellectuals are riddled. It was natural that it should side with the party that, at the very beginning, had slaughtered more unarmed victims than the whole war has yet slain (with battles, sieges, air raids, and our executions) of soldiers and civilians alike. It is as helpless in front of propaganda as a frozen tadpole in front of a boa-constrictor: and propaganda is the Red’s main arm. Like all English writers on Spain I am biassed, but not by this form of sentimental perversion. I am biassed, unlike any of the others, by a thorough first-hand experience of life under both regimes as one of the working population: by the price and quality of bread: by the filth and famine obtaining on the side which had the entire Capital of the country and the richest lands: and by the record-breaking harvests and prosperity on the side which only has the Labour – pulverizing any pretensions of the “left wing” to represent the Spanish worker, who can produce double of everything (where that paralysing influence is removed) with only half the amount of hands: thereby proving, according to the Marxian



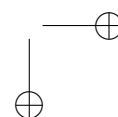
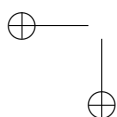


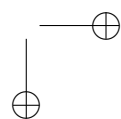
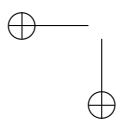
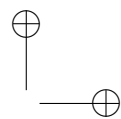
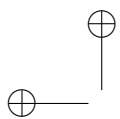
standards of *productivity*, that the Marxist is an anachronism and an economical drag on the country, who even in his own paradise has sunk far, far beneath the lowest level of pre-war republican production and should be (*according to his own lights*) “liquidated” forthwith, as an unproductive “mouth,” and a parasitic belly. He is fortunate to have more merciful judgment. This poem does not attempt to emulate such fine writers as Claudel and Pemán, who have done justice to the Epic and Lyrical aspects of the Spanish Renaissance. This is simply an account in terms of everyday life, from my own experience at the front and in both rearguards, of what must be the most extraordinary awakening of a national consciousness in a ruined and prostrate country that the world has yet seen.

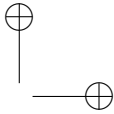
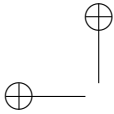
VIVA FRANCO! ARRIBA ESPANA!

ROY CAMPBELL

Airosas. Toledo. III° Año Tríunfal

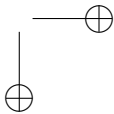
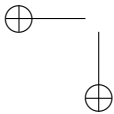


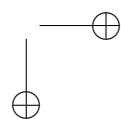
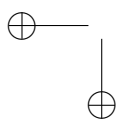
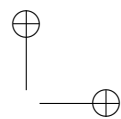
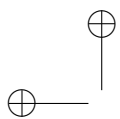


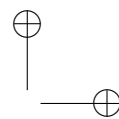
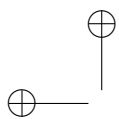


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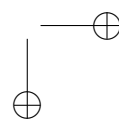
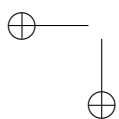
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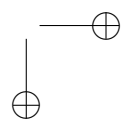
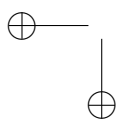
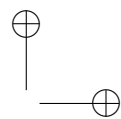
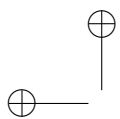


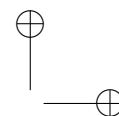
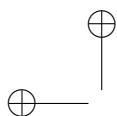




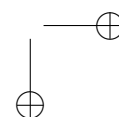
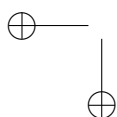
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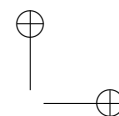
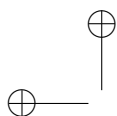




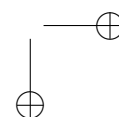
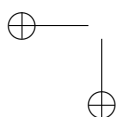


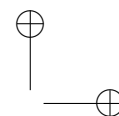
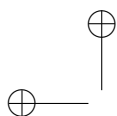
Against the Bogus prophets of the Day
Chained to Corruption, Failure, and Decay,
What can I do but take the trampled sand,
Diestro by the Rightness of my hand,
Whose opening Palm, of Victory the Sign,
Branched from the mesa with the Bread and Wine
By the same toil engendered as the grain
With many a million more, the Might of Spain,
With palms of triumph foresting the day
To wave the golden harvest on its way,
Of which strong millions, strictly contraband,
I introduce this sample to a Land
Where all the sweet emoluments are thrown
To that snug, sinister, and bungling drone,
The fist-shut Left, so dextrous with the dirk,
The striker, less in battle than from work:
The weed of Life that grows where air is hot
With “Meetings” for its aspidistral pot:
That leaves its labour to the hammering tongue
And grows, a cactus, out of hot-house dung:
A manual head-ache, fastened in a fist,
And fed with fumes of foul carbonic mist:
A vegetable cramp: a bolted clam
Whose grudging doors on life and daylight slam:
The “No” to life translated as “I Am,”
A Life-constricting tetanus of fingers
Under whose sign an outworn Age malingers,
While from its back the nails eat slowly through
For communists out-fakir the Hindu,
And hanker for stagnation thrice as vast
Where all must starve beneath the lowest Caste;
The fungus that by still decaying grows:
Sleep’s Aegis, save when dealing dirty blows:
Like the raised claw-bunch of an ancient stork:



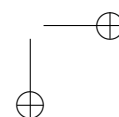
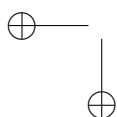


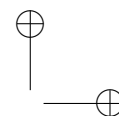
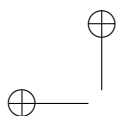
With cork-screwed fingers, like a crumpled fork,
In a rheumatic ecstasy of hate
Clenched at the world, for being born too late;
This weary fist infests the world entire
As common in the palace as the byre,
As limply fungoid in the idle rich
As when it grimly toadstools from a ditch,
Or, friend to every cause that rots or fails,
Presides in Bloomsbury with tinted nails;
As doomed anachronisms, Sire and Son,
Capitalist and communist make one,
The scrawny offspring and the bloated sire
Sentenced by nature to the same hot fire;
So in red Bloomsbury the two are tied
Like gangsters to be taken for a ride –
Smug rebels to Society, the tame
Charaders in a dreary parlour game,
Where breaking crockery gives a lawless thrill
And Buffaloes each smug suburban Bill,
Where the Left Fist will pelt you from the fence,
But when you lift a hand in self-defence,
Although it scorns the bourgeois law and state,
Off to the lawyers takes the broken pate,
And at the first sign of a lifted quirt
Will cling its Mother Grundy by the skirt –
From every communist you can unsheath
The snug fat “bourgeois” creeping underneath,
And every Babbit is a foxes’ hole
From which a scrawny “comrade” snarls for dole!
So in Red Spain they’re fighting side by side
By common desperation both allied,
Both indispensable and no more strange
Than the unhealthy hide is to the Mange –
But on our side such itches cannot grow



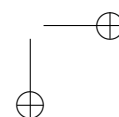
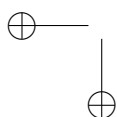


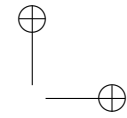
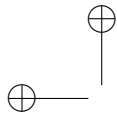
Since, with us, the whole Donkey had to go!
For though with lies your hearing they belabour
Theirs is the Capital as ours the Labour –
As fat Prieto boasted with a grin
“The Rights are penniless, and cannot win.”
But nature’s elements, except for gold,
Will shun the Yiddisher’s convulsive hold,
And it’s an axiom that mere eyesight yields –
Grass hates to grow on communistic fields!
The plains and valleys fought upon our side
And rivers to our Victory were allied
That (loosed to whelm us and to flood the land)
Were parted like Red Seas on either hand:
Our comrades’ blood, still conscious in their veins,
Headed the waves away with curling manes,
And swerving on both sides to let us free,
Galoped them foaming headlong to the sea –
In death still present, hand upon the reins,
Such friendship links us riders of the plains.
Nor can a clenched left fist create or fight
With the calm patience of the open Right
Nor help a needy comrade, as we see
Each time they leave their wounded, when they flee,
When to remove their numbers to the rear
Might sow the grey, demoralizing fear.
Yet see this smuggled Right hand that I bring
The lightest feather moulted from the wing
Of our great Victory, spread from star to star,
With thunder-hackled mountains in her car,
Which all the way from Portugal to France
She inspans in her thundering advance,
Changing their fiery teams at every stage,
For new ones filled with ever-towering rage,
And loosing these in turn to drink and graze



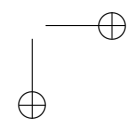
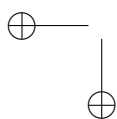


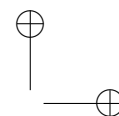
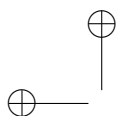
The peace-calm waters and the flowery ways,
Till, last and most superb, the Pyrenees,
Snorting a fiery steam around their knees,
Shall trail her spoor of villages set free
Through waving cornfields to the Midland Sea.
By this light hand, this feather of her wing,
Had you but cared to watch the careless thing –
Just by the mere direction it was blown
This war was long predicted and foreshown –
Directness, Rightness, has that airy power,
Anticipating victory to the hour:
While Leftness fails in all, as it befell
When Strachey prophesied at Teruel.
Through its brown palm as through the map of Spain
The Lucky line runs free of worldly gain
Like Tagus through the brown Castilian plain;
Inept the gadgets of the Mode to peddle,
But while a working stirrup is my treadle,
A serviceable implement enough
To rope a Calf or Red-Neck by the scruff
And treat them kindly though they cut up rough;
Whose knot of nerves, by common labour spliced,
The rope and rein for manicure sufficed,
It scorns the scarlet nail-dye of the Left
And only in dexterity is deft,
Too business-like, unladylike a fist
To tantalize a British Communist,
As found the Tomboys of the Summer Schools
At San Mateo rounded up like mules,
As if they came not here to fight and kill
But to some nudist camp of Swedish drill
With semaphores no soldier understands
First clenching fists then throwing up their hands,
And when they're wearied of their jamboree,
Ask to be bathed and taken home to Tea!



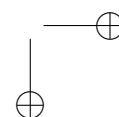
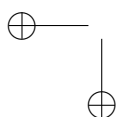


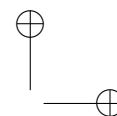
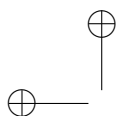
But firstly, to fulfil the boastful promise,
In my last Book, of SAYING IT WITH POMMIES,
To show I was in earnest when I spoke
And did not Dedicate them as a joke,
And though I could not say just where or when
Was certain they would flounder to my pen
Which never yet in prophecy has failed
And had them counted years before they sailed
And over lands and seas were puffed and floated
To within half a mile of where I wrote it –
Equestrian Muse of our Castilian trails,
Accept this offering (as of votive quails)
Of these three hundred Red-Necks, thrilled and caught
By Prophecy, on the live wires of thought,
Brought here to learn why communists feel small
And we so perpendicular and tall
(Like a Cathedral over Comrades' Hall)
For whom I sent the gay whip-cracking words
To round them up in flabbergasted herds,
And stretched the wire of rhyme, and switched the shock
That numbed the birdsclaws of their noisy flock –
Those scrawny fists, late screwed into a knot,
But now their manual tetanus forgot,
As with the grapenuts reddening in their crops,
In Roman fashion, they salute the Wops –
Renouncing all their "Meeting"-gotten valiance,
To crawl before a handful of Italians!
Whose plight, electrocuted half by fear,
Must be my mandate to their Country's Ear –
That huge spittoon of webbed and scarlet gristle,
Credulity's Lofoden, the Niagara
Of Suction, where the lies like whirlwinds whistle,
And to uphold whose weight, a drunken staggerer
Revolving to its windmill-like career,



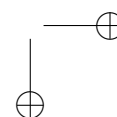
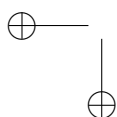


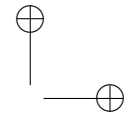
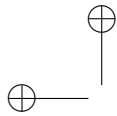
The Nation groans, the Atlas of its Ear!
And well might Lenin shout, such lugs to spy,
“Well-used, our Mightiest Weapon is the Lie”:
With Kosher-cooked Alcazars to be blasted
As badly as the real one was devastated,
Its huge defenceless target weakly wags
And streams in tatters like a hundred flags
For all to spit in – journalists or “highbrows”
(If guaranteed no brain behind the eyebrows)
For defrocked scoutmasters and wheedling Jews
The dumb receptacle of doctored news,
Of prophecies so stubbornly perverse
That they work out inspired in the reverse,
(Like Lockhart’s Prague and Strachey’s Teruel
No sooner to be published than they fell)
And all those plans that democrats expound
To boomerang, in life, the wrong way round.
Where wowsers may discharge their wondrous lore
Who’ll “fight for peace,” and yet disarm for war –
This Ear, Public Convenience number One,
For all who rave or froth beneath the Sun,
Which sucks in all that’s said, or thought, or written,
And loves by Hebrews to be mauled or bitten,
Yet when I near it, gives a threatening wag,
“For MEMBERS ONLY” running up the flag,
Because I’ve got the future in my bag
And by the tail can swing that howling cat about,
Who live the things they only chew the fat about,
Since my existence has been lived and fought
As theirs at Oxford ready-made was bought
And in my teens I’d shed like threadbare trousers
Every experience possible to Wowsers;
I know what wrings their withers night and morn
To wish (quite rightly) they had not been born



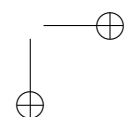
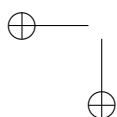


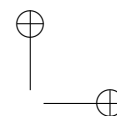
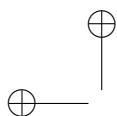
Since of the English poets on your shelf
The only sort of “Worker” is myself,
Grown wiser in the company of mules
Than they with learned pedantries of fools,
And, since I was not sent with foreign cash,
Like some, to spread the bolshevistic rash,
Able both to explain the “Spanish Worker”
From the inside, as to expound the Shirker,
The Communist, whose bungling Left we fight
With this Right hand – in every sense the Right!
So that when I approach that Red Left Lug
And honourably would discharge my plug
Of truth, the buckshot of my deadly mug,
To pepper with reality its dream –
Like an anemone, with folding seam,
Into its neck it tries to disappear,
And where it wagged the Man, he wags the ear, –
Who every time contrives to swing the lead
When I would raise my trumpet to his head,
Though in this cud of victory that I chew
There’s balsam for the spittle of the Jew:
Since in a land where everything’s called New
That’s ready to dilapidate in two –
With “New Verse” and “New Statesman” to be new with
Alas, it’s a New Newness they could do with!
All things that date the most, this label means,
To-day’s boneshakers, last night’s crinolines,
That with the latest fashion and the mode
Still to the scrap-heap point the shortest road –
So I must strive its meaning to re-New,
And stir the fossils in their rancid stew,
By showing them a thing they’ve seldom seen –
A writer who is not a dead machine
Turned out like Ford cars in a time of crisis



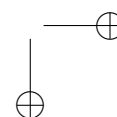
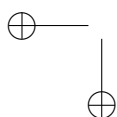


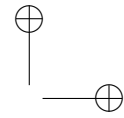
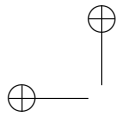
From Charlie-factories of Cam or Isis
And only guaranteed to run down-hill
Where failure can be headed for a spill.
For naught have they espoused in prose or rhyme
But perished through incompetence or crime:
What they uphold of its own self will fall
And out the Blums and Beneshes will crawl;
Though Lenin triumphed, into fullness blowing,
Ere these lugubrious Mascots could get going,
That was his luck, for Luck where they appear,
As from a Bunyip, howling flies in fear –
As now poor Lenin's cherished dream of Spain,
Through their support, has gurgled down the drain:
When from his eminence Azaña fell,
It was upon the day they wished him well;
A letter came, from Woolfs and Huxleys sent
Support and sympathy to represent,
And straightway all his energies expired,
Something collapsed in him, he went all tired
And from the State executive was fired:
And flawlessly this axiom has been kept
What Auden chants by Spender shall be wept –
Go ask the poor old Negus if I lie
And Largo Caballero by and by!
For they're signposts that always point the path
First to Geneva, afterwards to Bath,
When, crunched by the Right-handedness they lack,
Fach Thug or slaver takes the scrap-yard track,
With these funereal croakers at his back;
Vultures and crows so rally to the field
And where they "group" you know the doom is sealed,
Before it hits our nostrils ripe and hot
They've long ago divined the inward rot,
And as by sympathy I sense the rose



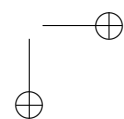
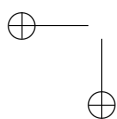


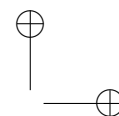
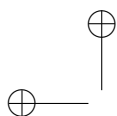
Of Victory before its buds uncloze,
So they (before it trumpets to the nose)
Anticipate the maggot on its way,
With it co-operate in swift decay,
And so with one more carcass strew the way:
Which you may spoor, by no exception crossed –
One trail of causes villainously lost!
See, how they come Democracy to save
The moment it begins to dig its grave,
While jutting bonework corrugates the scurf,
With murderous paws to shovel its own turf
A starved hyena at whose sapless dugs
The Russian Romulus in frenzy tugs,
While Spanish Remus has the brighter wheeze
To polish off its last remaining fleas –
Till even such a chump as Herbert Read
Woke up to it that things had gone to seed,
And chose the next most mouldy thing he could
That promised nits and jiggers in the wood,
Who now in Anarchism's foetid cell
The elixir of life pretends to smell.
Decrepitude for them's the only Right,
Though as "humanitarians" they write
With greasy Tartuffades to slime the cause
That has more victims in its murderous jaws
Than ever were destroyed in mortal fight,
Blasted with bombs, or heaved with dynamite,
Or executed here, to serve them right:
Not only that, but if we well examine,
Invariably they side with filth and famine,
Morality for them has never mattered,
Except when crime or failure must be flattered:
For all their talk of what is Right or Wrong,
What matters most to them is – "Does it Pong?"



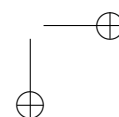
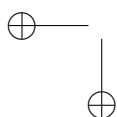


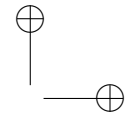
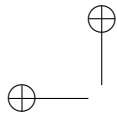
For they'll have nothing but what's stale or late
And to be "modern" must be out of date.
They bury facts as crocodiles their meat
Returning later to "debunk" the treat
Which most they live for: like their friends, the Reds
Who pulled the mouldering corpses from their beds,
Who in Huesca's graveyard raised a Bar,
And drummed with thighbones to the shrill guitar,
Doomed by the same sub-realistic curse
In living bodies to forestall their hearse,
A doomed and dying species, with their cause
Condemned by the inexorable laws,
Who only by inversion can exist
As perverts, in a charnel-breathing mist,
From Death and Sin their scrawny themes to twist –
And with such bards to trumpet them to battle
No wonder British Reds stampede like cattle!
Their "Progress" is to shunt along a track
Where "Left" means left-behind and "Front" means back –
When was a Front so definitely split
As this fat Rump they have mistook for it,
And shown us little else as we advance
Our proper Front from Portugal to France:
And if they're facing "Front"-wards, I'll not quiz
What must the tail be like, if that's the phyz?
With them, for opposites we have to hunt –
"Backward's the word, when Popular the "Front."
From Seville to Toledo, every day,
They write up their advances all the way:
With victories they fill their daily sheet,
Woe to our cause, then, if they should retreat –
God save us from their ultimate defeat!
In a whole year when they would do or die
Their sole Alcazar still has been the LIE,



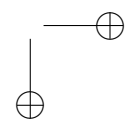
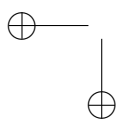


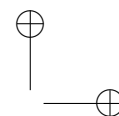
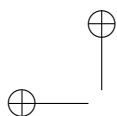
There all their foes are routed, only there
Pusillanimity can fight with prayer!
Put France and England's might upon the main,
The Gold of Moscow, and the loot of Spain,
Have all your mobs from arsenals prepared
Against a cause already thrice despaired,
A country prostrate, so that Moscow's powers,
Can say "Within a fortnight Spain is ours" –
Add but their vows – and all is ineffectual
Once smiled on by the British Intellectual:
For they have spat on Life, the valiant Friend,
Who must be our companion to the end,
And he, no Red-Neck to forgive such fun,
From where they look, will turn away the Sun!
This, which I only whisper to my gun,
To the dry grass, and to a broken tree,
Long after may be heard beyond the sea
When nations catch their ancient health again
From the new might of Resurrected Spain,
That like a miracle, from nothing born,
To nightmare-ridden Europe shows the Morn
And stands between her and the living Hell
No liberal Democracy could quell –
But let these prisoners speak for my precision
And answer for my range and drive of Vision,
Who promised this before the war begun,
And drilled them with my pen before my gun
To dance in dudgeon what I wrote in fun:
And come like "Calais Burghers," as I planned,
"With their pink halters tamely brought to hand"
In every detail fleshed, as fancied then,
When first the Sword was fathered by the Pen:
Surrendering without a single blow
For nothing, save that I foretold it so –



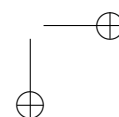
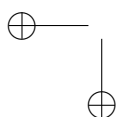


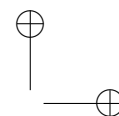
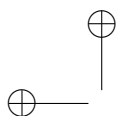
To make this great round-up at San Mateo
A film of my original rodeo –
To see them act down to its quaintest antic
The verse they dared to dream of as “Romantic,”
When (ere they dreamed of it) I had portrayed
The British International Brigade,
And twice predicted clearly in advance
Lest any fool should foist it on to chance
If only once I’d whirled the whistling line
To get them hog-tied with iambic twine,
Preventing all suggestions of coincidence
When the live words should burgeon into incidents;
And now like filings to its powerful magnet
Like barbels gasping in its mighty drag-net,
Daring all likelihood of place or time
To prove my sure trajectory in rhyme,
Trampling geography, deriding space,
To fetch these grapenut-crunchers face to face,
I fish them out of their sub-human trance
Before a true reality to dance;
For the first time by a creative thought
Their Joadified existence has been caught,
Their miserable can-can they rehearse
As margin illustrations to my verse,
Projected by its force, gambol by gambol,
Through its side-splitting rigmarole to scramble,
And learn the difference if they didn’t know it
Between a left-wing Charlie and a poet!
Some fools may find Romantics in my Obra –
But where’s a Realism that is soberer
When heroes Rooperted in Spauden’s line
As dying stoics, nonchalant and fine,
Like numbed, frostbitten bullfrogs to a Cobra,
Galvanically volted through the spine,



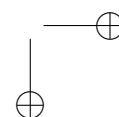
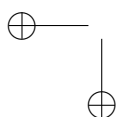


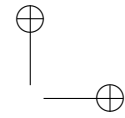
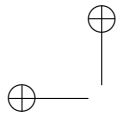
Confront the cool Reality of mine?
I warned John Bull to fatten up his son
And Jackie Veal-Calf to be underdone
When with their stainless cutlery and steel
Like waiters they would serve their own cold veal,
Yes, even blobbed with mustard-coloured hair,
Which I'd forgot to order – all was there
A prophet's feast of laughter to prepare!
And vain were all their boycotts to deflect
My prophecies that hiss their hair erect,
Who guaranteed their Popular Behinds
To show a pair of cheeks to all the winds,
And could as easily, in my Delphic rapture,
Have prophesied their slaughter as their capture,
But here the very Quarter-masters vex
For Turkey-food to redden up their necks
Till, all unhurt, we ship them to their shops
With grapenuts still distended in their crops
If we can find any – treating them kindly
To send them home from where they rushed so blindly
To fling their scraping curtseys to the Wops,
After they'd sacked the Churches, looted farms,
And raised us angry cattlemen in arms –
Leftness of Hand (the shame of work and war)
Disgracing England on a foreign shore,
Whose honour here I battle to restore
From such unholy ridicule to save her.
And when I Bolshevize for Royal Favour
Amongst her Modern Southneys, henna-tressed,
By watering down the Vodka like the rest,
May my Right hand lose cunning, flinch, and waver,
Salaaming there for baksheesh with their best,
Who'll call you honest, daring, fearless, bold,
For blacking boots and doing what you're told,



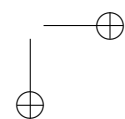
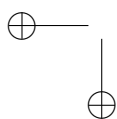


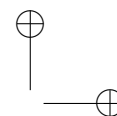
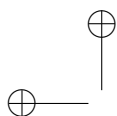
If only you upclench that “no” to life
And wish your Father hadn’t took a wife,
If only you renounce all Faith and Vision
Foresentencing your manhood to derision.
For King’s Gold Medals when I strive to please
Their winning will require a sterner test,
No defrocked Scoutmaster could Tupper these
That jingle with the Cross upon my chest:
When Britain and her poets stand for causes
That aren’t foredoomed by foul subhuman crime
They’ll change their present sanctions to applauses
And own me for the prophet of my time,
Since the whole trouble with the other chaps is
Whatever cause they flunk for collapses
However well it flourished at the time:
For I foretold La Mancha’s Knight would prance
With Charlie like a cockroach on his lance
Which I was called Romantic to believe:
Around the Fates to play at pitch and toss
Like kittens with the skein of Atropos
My devil-daring prophecies had leave;
So happy were the Fates at last to weave
A prophecy that wasn’t pusillanimous,
And when they saw my program, were unanimous
I’d come a tedious chapter to relieve:
So merry hummed the wheel and clashed the shears
Was never such a miracle for years
Materialists and wowsers to aggrieve:
For when our cause was scarce a handsbreadth grown
And theirs in blood and arson towered alone
And Absolute from Portugal to France,
With flawless certitude I flung defiance
At all our pundits, bards, and men of Science,
Who’ve always viewed my gasconades askance,



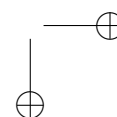
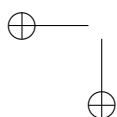


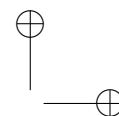
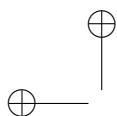
Since well they know, those paladins of failure!
They've backed no cause from Greenland to Australia
But petered out for fear of worse mischance.
For still the "Southern Stranger" of their theme,
My "Southern Gestures Modify" their dream –
And well may they beware: for from her chain
A "Southern Gesture" liberated Spain.
For where they doze in faint Utopian steam
Among their vicious languors and their lilies
My Hand will pepper them with Southern chillies
Whenever I can spare it from my team,
As these found out, these gutless weary-willies
Who but that I had called this dance of wowsers
Would still be hiking in their sawn-off trousers
Or climbing grapenut-trees in some green lane –
But that I gave the rendezvous in Spain,
And came to greet them, shouting from my mule,
"Woodley! Old Woodley! welcome Home to School!"
One votive goat, had they but spared my kraal
Would have been worth this batch, their kit, and all,
Who had not even the guts to run away
When their Red Paradise behind them lay
And not a single man to bar their way –
Inviting them with all its charms untold,
The New Jerusalem, the Age of Gold,
Where loving comrades howl for gory tripes
And pay their services with shots and swipes.
But take them, Muse, since they were in our contract,
Forgiving me the horseplay of this Entre-Acte,
And oh, sweet sister of Right-handed men,
Be ready to direct my willing pen
With the same constant certitude as when
Though years and seas and lands between us lay,
It goaded them my summons to obey:



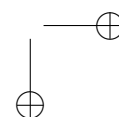
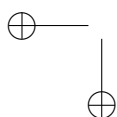


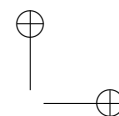
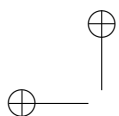
And as it then Collectivized one Fool
Out of these Tomboys of the Summer School
Grant that it now may move as many minds
As here it chivvied prominent Behinds –
Popular Fronts – ahem! I meant to say
For we can euphemize as well as they –
And so collectivize a Wiser Man
Out of the better specimens of this Clan
Till England is unpommified once more
And poets grace her God-forsaken shore.
For just as ably, and with equal vision,
As I forecapture pommies with precision
And with a breath can puff to non-existence
Three years of time, a thousand miles of distance,
I can distinguish Right from Crying Wrong
And that's the theme and purpose of my song.
So sun my couplets with your lovely smiles
And ride with me these long Castilian miles
Your weight upon the croup behind me swinging,
Your Open Palm upon my thorax clinging,
That palm of victory in whose warm hold
To lullaby a wound my heart is singing
Like a red bird within its frond of gold;
While lovely as the lilt of the guitar
The silence of my rifle sounds afar,
Your jet-blue curls and lips like burning chillies,
Your beauty, like the Giantess of lilies,
Respiring fragrance as we ride along,
The one-horse cavalry whose charge is song,
Two voices underneath a single hat
Two singers on the same red bronco sat,
Two melodies in love with the same tune,
To run in gold and silver to the moon –
And like the rushing Tagus let us sing



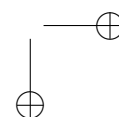
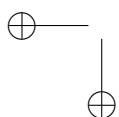


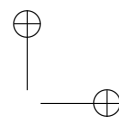
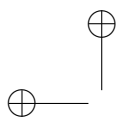
How houses from their blasted ruins spring,
For one bombarded town how twenty rise
And float those lovely colours to the skies:
How kneeling crowds receive our marching hosts
As if we had been dear, departed ghosts:
As if they had forgot that wine is red
And dazzled by the whiteness of our bread.
The loaves and fishes of an "outworn creed"
Suffice the starving multitude to feed,
And that is wrought by the mere faith of Spain
For which the purse-proud nations strove in vain.
Shiploads from Britain, loaded trains from France
Served but the march of hunger to advance,
As Bread to famine, water turned to thirst,
The miracles of Jesus were reversed:
In vain the Gaucho toiled for their relief
On Pampas thundering with tons of beef –
Round up the plains, or trawl the teeming sea
Where the Red Curse is, there will Hunger be!
The cargoes of a myriad trains and boats
Shrunk to a spider's breakfast in their throats.
They gasp to see our half-ton bullocks bleed
Whom wealth of mighty nations failed to feed,
To see the flocks of fat merinos spring
From some poor provinces where Christ is King,
Where loaves are multiplied from scanty grain
And fishes seem deserters from the main.
Now through the Nation as our legions spread
The richer by the poorer half is fed:
Beside the lewd inscription, where they sprawl,
From loafing idly charcoaled on the wall
Hammer and Sickle to their labour fall.
Storks to the steeples, rollers to the wires
Return, and swallows to the broken spires –



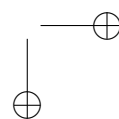
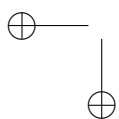


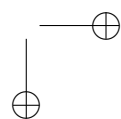
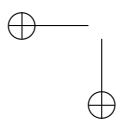
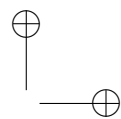
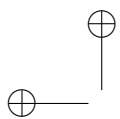
And men to the religion of their Sires!
Over the blood of martyrs scarcely dry
Toledo, there, against the morning sky
Like some great battle-cruiser from the fight
Returned with Victory (terrific sight!).
God's flagship, she, with shattered sides, presents
Her leaning funnels and her gaping rents,
In high salute uplifts her steepled guns,
And far the deep reverberation runs –
Through echoing gorges of the hills it roars
The listening plain receives it and adores
And at her mast the Royal Ensign soars,
Where one ecstatic eagle soars and faints,
And morning like a red and golden banner
Is roaring in the hurricane hosanna
Of the Heroes, and the Martyrs, and the Saints!

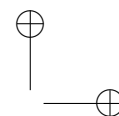
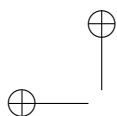




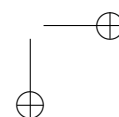
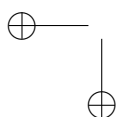
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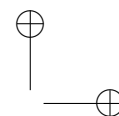
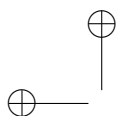




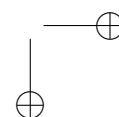
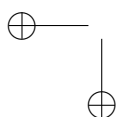


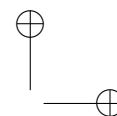
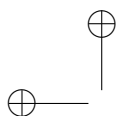
A hundred years of strife with warring vans
Had winnowed Spain in two distinctive clans
Upon the left, inflammable, the chaff,
Corn to the right, the vulnerable half,
And thus in Spanish history began
The war between the Wowser and the Man –
Him that through tortoise-shell the rainbow saw
And ate his breakfast through a dead man's jaw,
Who over lenses droops his godless lugs,
To regulate his life by those of bugs,
And whether it would better them or not,
Upon all others would impose his lot:
To figures who would subjugate our souls,
And hold a meeting when the tempest rolls,
By dead statistics would control a city
And run a battleship with a committee:
Though through the world wherever he prevailed,
His meddlesome experiments have failed:
Whether at work by the Infernal Lake,
He urge the world to war for peace's sake
Like a snug lawyer fostering the Feuds
From which his slimy livelihood exudes,
Or godless surgeon in a sinecure
Who farms the cancers he pretends to cure,
And at all costs will keep the sickness sound
With busy Maffias working underground:
But when by pulling wires and licking stamps
The nearest to his victory he ramps,
And (history can testify the rule)
Would leap into the saddle from his stool
The bronco Life, with angry snort of fire,
Has ever boomeranged four feet entire
And stamped him like a cockroach in the mire.
Upon the Right his would-be victim stood,



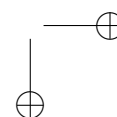
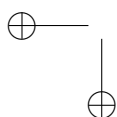


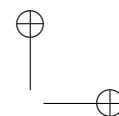
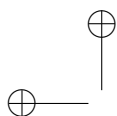
Armed chiefly with a sense of Bad and Good,
Who had retained erect his classic form
Through all the epidemics of Reform:
Catastrophes of progress failed to bow
His haughty gaze and heaven-seeking brow:
His mother wit rejected any movement
That bid him cut his throat for self-improvement,
Nor would he hack away his legs or arms
Because his sires had used them on the farms:
Whose life's a Georgic orderly and clean,
Who long has learned what dud reformers mean,
Shrewd in philosophy the fraud to scout,
In labour proud, in worship most devout,
Who reads less nonsense from his running brooks
Than waiters, primer-proud, with knowing looks,
Can mumble out of newspapers and books.
Who scorns the bargains of the soul-contractor,
To give his horse up for the Common Tractor,
And slave beneath a fiscal or a Factor,
Who've got the Russian fool Jew-jitsu'd clean,
Whom they can starve and trample and demean
By shutting off his store of gasolene:
The Russian was a savage: he of Spain
More highly civilized and deeply sane
Than most who read the papers in the train,
Was first the foreign heresy to hate,
On his broad shoulders fell the bloody spate
But only proved as many times before,
The Man of Peace is terrible in war!
He had a private spirit of his own
Nor pined for letting other folk alone,
But he would fight to keep his home entire
Although it was the devil lit the fire:
In him you have the Adversary, Man,





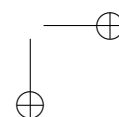
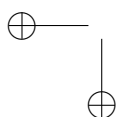
Go Hammer him according to your plan
And geld him with a Sickle if you can!
And that he took not kindly to the chain
Well may the baffled demagogues complain
Who never knew the Eagle Heart of Spain,
Nor nearer came to her dark eyes or hair
To see the deeps of splendour burning there,
Than to some Charlie's meeting in the Square –
Nor guessed how high she lifts her peerless head
Whose burning saints on cold and hunger fed:
And, since the pain and sorrow of the world
Was far too soft a pillow, fiercely hurled
Their empire to the ends of the Abyss,
Searching the gulfs of the subconscious mind
New fiends to conquer, continents to find,
And ray their thoughts like comets to the blind:
Who face to face would meet with fiery beams
The eyeless monsters that molest our dreams
To show the way they can be faced and routed –
And Freud, the Charlies' Bible, gaily flouted,
All his worst nightmares they had foxed from earth
And hunted down – an age before his birth,
When the subhuman dream, to its derision,
Confronted by the clear seraphic vision,
Shrunk like a squid: and left the wakened sprite
To sun its clouds with valour and delight –
All our psychology so damp and dreary,
By practice mastered, where we grope with theory,
By conquest answered, where we pose the query –
Where ours leave off by darkness circled in,
Their terrible discoveries begin,
And far across the line where we draw rein
Their fiery beacons light the fearful plain,
Over the wreck of battles fiercely won,

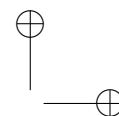
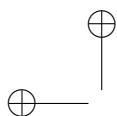




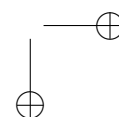
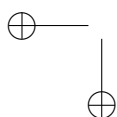
The vanguard and the outposts of the Sun!
Was this the race that could be tamely fed
On the Utopian blarney of the Red,
Or bribed to trade its devil-daring breath
For slavery, equality and death:
And, if these lying promises were truth,
For cheaper bread renounce its flaming youth –
Or the religion of the heart and head
For that of the soft belly and its bread?

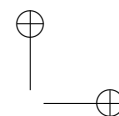
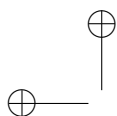
Though “Pity the poor Reds” is now the cry
To greet our hard-won conquest of the sky,
When with our cities blown about our ears
We bore in silence what they bawl in tears
Before we had a bomber fledged to fly,
And months before we ventured to reply;
And bombs seemed respite to their thirsty knives
When young and old with half a million lives
Defrayed their clinic rage of G.P.I.
Whose Freudian delirium slew more
Than on both sides the heavy toll of war
And robbed the graves lest souls in peace should lie,
To whose main swamp and tidal wave of blood
The war seemed less a tributary flood
Than channel sluiced to drain that welter dry
Which still, in Russia, after twenty years,
Undrained, a stagnant fever-swamp appears,
And here, unconduted, would reek as high:
But that in Spain has waked a different breed
The murder-thriving bureaucrats to weed,
Who only prune themselves to multiply,
For all the rage of battles, sieges, bomb-raids,
Falls short of the Humanitarian “Comrades”
To whom the cowed and crowded cities yield
More room for prowess than the open field –



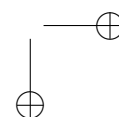
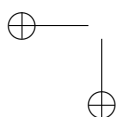


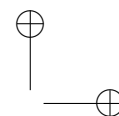
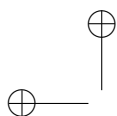
As will be seen when Triumph clears the sky
With Nitre less obscured than by the Lie
Lenin's "Most Powerful Weapon" (as he boasts)
To sow hysteria to the farthest coasts
Exasperating multitudes to die;
Then who this Glorious Rising would forgo?
Since Nature rose, Herself, the way to show
On her defacers raining blow for blow:
Corn, out of shame, refused for them to grow
And Gold (the looted wealth of all the land)
Inured to theft by every filthy hand,
The least fastidious Element we knew,
That loves the chill, webbed hand-clasp of the Jew,
Its abject soul no further could demean
When Villainy and Fraud were swindled clean,
But rushed their frontiers headlong from a scene
Where forces nameless yet in books of crime
Had broken from the padded cells of Time.
Daring the rage of all who vainly think
Against a Nation to uphold a Stink,
In the fat sty of pederast and Jew
Whose kingdom is the News-rag and Review,
Who hold by fraud the fort of English letters
Against the final triumph of their betters,
As Spain was held with such in its high places,
Before her Resurrection kicked the traces!
While our own hoary sages with white hairs
Must cringe to them like waiters on the stairs,
And few but Wyndham Lewis and myself,
Disdain salaaming for their praise and pelf,
With cleansing bombs to air the stuffy dens
Wherein they pick their noses with their pens,
Once more in naked blasphemy I stalk
And dare to prove I am not made of pork,



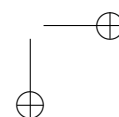
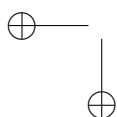


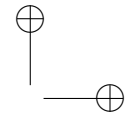
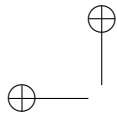
To flaunt this flaming heresy, the Truth,
Before the senile owl-roosts of our youth
Whom monkeys' glands seem powerless to restore,
As Birth Control was profitless before,
Which, sponsored by their mockery of a Church,
Like stranded barbels, left them in the lurch,
Whose only impact on the world's affairs
Has been to cause a boom in Rubber shares,
Who come to battle with both arms held up
And ask to be invited home to sup –
While back at home, to sound their battle-horn,
Some self-aborted pedants stray forlorn
And pity those who venture to be born –
Born, if they knew it, in the Morning's pride
When never Death was sweeter to deride
Nor Life so fresh and fiery for the ride,
Who gasp, or yawn, to see in splinters hurled
Their Meetingoid, Committee-bungled world –
Crushed with the self-same weapons that they chose
Their dogmatized Utopias to impose,
Those Hells on Earth, against whose gloom we soldier,
That put in practice, turned out ten times mouldier
Than Dartmoor, Wormwood Scrubs, or Comrades' Hall,
And which we have abolished once for all:
But which, while they'd the least pretence to shape,
Even dunghill rats surveyed with bristled nape
And dared the wildest torrents to escape:
For never yet was loafing such a passion
Or murder, rape, and arson so in fashion
As where conjoined in Brotherhood of "Labour"
Humanitarian Progress loves its Neighbour,
The bloated Cæsars in their Purple lists
Out-Cæsared by to-day's Philanthropists
Who in as many weeks as they took years



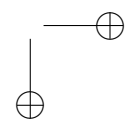
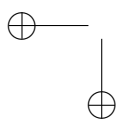


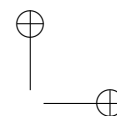
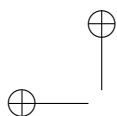
Trebled Rome's catacombs for blood and tears:
Who slaughter ten times more, their love to press,
Than we for anger, vengeance, or redress,
No less when on each other's necks they fall
And then they are most "comradely" of all,
Through the dark streets pursue their bestial "work"
And "labour" with the pistol and the dirk,
Till their own press, so used to deeds of mirk,
Despairs of these humanitarian brothers
And pleads for intercession – to their Mothers!
And though the hate of parents what it preaches,
To Christian Decency abjectly screeches –
A "crime" they'll punish with far worse than death,
Yet for whose aid they gasp at every breath –
When we return their bombs, or "Freedom" hangs
Too heavy on their scruffs with gory fangs,
Depending on the creed they most abhor
And cadging all the time for more and more.
Never before by earthquake, fire or tide
Were bankruptcy or famine spread so wide
As by this all-reforming modern State
That voted work and eating out of date,
Whose best reform in labour, food, or pelf,
Has been that it anachronized itself.
While we, worse-handicapped, without a dime,
Fought and created in the teeth of time,
Who had no programme, years before prepared,
But had to snatch the moment as it flared.
With our spare hand (which they reserve for plunder)
Fixed to the Plough, and in our Right, the thunder,
Victorious in the harvest as the strife
We fly our banner on the Staff of Life,
Against their looted Mammon to sustain
A bronzed and curling Samson in the grain,



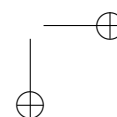
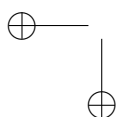


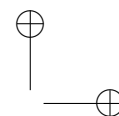
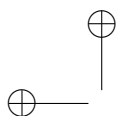
Whose lovely shocks more terrible appear
Than if with dragons' teeth we'd sowed the rear,
A golden army waving through the land
Though fringed with scarlet war on either hand,
With her own flag of red and golden flame
The exiled, homing country to reclaim,
We spread upon her smoked and blackened limbs
The fleece of glory where the morning swims.
Like shells in quantity, as theirs in kind,
Whose bread's as black and leaden as their mind,
The silver loaves our ammunition swell,
And shining stoves are armaments as well,
Since of the mortal kind it's ours to capture
As much, or more, than we can manufacture
And twice our Works have ceased to turn a shell
As when Alfambra broke, Bilbao fell,
The dumps were piled so high that to the sight
It seemed the peaks had calved them overnight;
Though the Reds grow most valiant in their writing
When lack of arms excuses them from fighting,
Many besides myself have touched no gun
Or cutlery, but what from them was won.
If in most modern wars both sides are beaten,
Here no such platitudes we fight to sweeten –
Where both sides gain, though one against its will,
Cured of its madness by the surgeon's skill:
The pruning sword conveys a hydra gift
And tendrils flower from every clog we shift,
And where it lopped the paralytic lump
A Briareus branches from the stump:
Like paralytics from their trances cured
Who leap to life at Fatima or Lourdes:
With style to compensate for deadweight lost
Creative rhythm thrice repays the cost



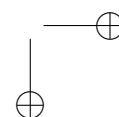
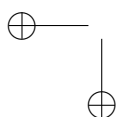


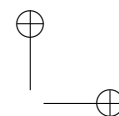
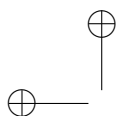
And thaws numbed strikers from their year-round frost:
Like trade winds to the stale and stagnant calms,
Dexterity releases lock-jawed palms,
And freshening runs to each suspended hand
As wanted rain through blistered forks of sand.
For there's no Spaniard, Falangist or Red,
That can be driven, or that can't be led –
It's the Red Fields they still refuse to till
Though Chekas thunder, and their bloodhounds kill –
But on our side the barns are filled to burst,
And those that blame it on "coercion" first
Should find the Spaniard that can be coerced:
Only in Propaganda he appears
To chuck the Witch and Ogre from their spheres,
Wherever pommies lend their blood-red ears.
If damned coercion could have ruled the land
I would not hold this rifle in my hand,
But have to strike and dawdle half the year
Lest work offend the loafing pistoleer,
Or only work at such a wage and board
As no one in the country could afford –
For if you jibbed you'd only hear a thud
And if you woke at all, would wake in blood.
The votes, as if Democracy to slight,
And show its rusted workings to the sight,
Seated the left, yet counted for the right –
And this in spite of violated urns,
Shots at the booths, and falsified returns;
And straight the sinister and bungling drone
Prepared to cut its partner from the bone –
The dexterous hand was threatened for its life
By its tight-fisted vixen of a wife,
To whom that drunken judgement passed the knife:
And like Petruchio (had his wife been worse)



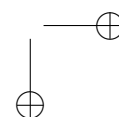
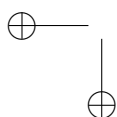


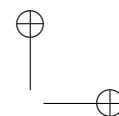
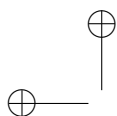
Must fence unarmed against his wedded curse;
And soon her cuts had opened wide the vein –
Our pull in numbers through the Terror's reign
Adjusted by some half a million slain –
And loud they boasted, ere their tails were curled,
Their purpose was to sweep us from the world!
Though for five months we'd turned the other cheek
And when we struck, with loss of blood were weak,
Too late alas to stop the coward hand
That struck the hope and honour of the land
Who promised fair to parallel the Star
Triumphant of the gracious Salazar,
And only just in time to stay the wave
That would have swept the country to its grave
With all of Europe after, had it grown
And Spain not dared the fearful tide alone;
Such foreign aid as, later, we were lent,
The Reds already to the front had sent,
Out-numbering still, to-day, by four to one,
And antedating with four months to run:
Only the mad, Red populace was armed,
And well the weeded Army had been farmed,
Or "trituated," in Azaña's phrase –
A four-eyed Janus squinting divers ways,
With the Red generals in the pride of place
And ours consigned to exile and disgrace:
And though the whole Armada jilted thus,
Save for the fifth of it that stayed with us,
It crystallized the whole tremendous scene
Wherein the miracle's less clearly seen,
But here the Lie's restricted in its might
By Daylight, on the borders of the fight,
And cannot vent its squidlike screen of ink
As where the thunderclouds obscure the blink –



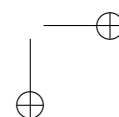
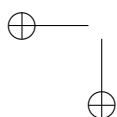


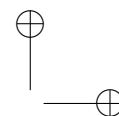
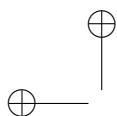
Where in the Ports the part blockades the Whole,
Dead bulk out-marshalled by the fiery soul:
The sea reflecting in its glassy frame
Both politics and strategy the same,
Upholds a mirror of the War we win
To those who get no insight from within –
As I who've lived beneath the two regimes
And have not dreamed the Leftie Teacher's dreams,
Being no tourist, but with working hand
Curled in the mane of that equestrian land,
One with what was eternal in that Nation
To bear its woes with silent resignation
Until the choice was suicide or War:
For in her Cosmopolitan furore
Spain was a mirror in a public place
Where every stranger, seeing his own face,
Especially if it was botched or sore,
Believed it for the land that we Restore
His pimples for her kopjes he mistook
And for her Church his nose's monstrous hook:
Her womanhood for his contagious whore –
And of his own reflection made a book:
Since the Real Spain was in the cloisters hidden
Beneath the fiery sky on mesas ridden
Where tourists would have fainted with the heat –
It was her dregs that filtered to the street,
Where communism hung around the bars
Among the dominoes and cheap cigars,
Where waiters, chauffeurs, menials were the guys
That headed on the infernal enterprise.
Let such as Bartlett blame their lack of spelling
For the subhuman crime he finds repelling,
Not on the damned philosophy he preaches
That mostly through the press its feelers reaches:



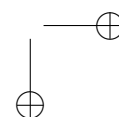
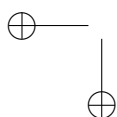


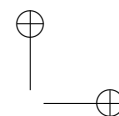
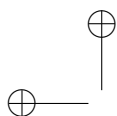
Do Bushmen or Bechuanas fall so low
Though on their Baobabs no primers grow?
It was the literate lounging class of Spain
That first conceived this Rabies of the brain.
The hardest workers, those that read the least,
Could still distinguish Beauty from the Beast –
The dope-fiends of cheap literature are first
To get their notions by the Kremlin cursed,
And reading without wisdom is to blame
For half the world destroyed with blood or flame –
By Left-wing reading incapacitated
Either to tolerate or be tolerated;
Experience better serves the most Unread
Who carry no Boloney home to bed.
But in her outward structure as it stood
While foreign borers criticized the wood
Which they themselves had chewed into a cud:
Amongst its crazy scaffolds, stays and props,
Quack-carpentered, and “Masoned” in the shops,
I felt the living wood that was to bud,
Intact, with all the blossoms in its blood,
The upright stem, the horizontal spars,
That flowered so red to fruit in deathless stars,
But then as in the grasp of winter stood:
In all that buckled hulk of creaking wood,
It was the Cross that strangers had forgot
The only beam that did not smell of rot
But fragrant as a rose-tree after rain:
That though it was to take the hardest strain
Of all the girders in her width and length,
Subjected to the self-same test of strength,
After the fire and tempest, would remain
Eternal, where all else collapsed and gave,
Starred in her sky, or rooted on her grave –



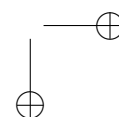
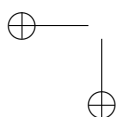


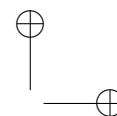
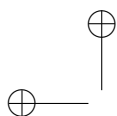
Giving their own advantages and odds
To the cash-counting, belly-bolstered gods
And leaving them, when they had won the toss,
Brained by the thundering hammer of the Cross!
Knowing these things how could I entertain
The Charlies' Meeting Bates mistook for Spain,
Whose false experience of the land must yield
To mine both in the letters as the field:
Or take like Hemingway for "Spanish Earth"
Her richest acres decimating dearth,
Whose chiefs to beg for foreign corn must go
Which her best workers still refuse to grow –
Unless they have been murdered long ago:
While on our side the harvest has been rolled,
Brave as a lion with its mane of gold,
Up to the foremost trenches that we hold.
I saw the things that strike the tourist least –
Behind the bull-fighter, I saw the priest
More valiantly engage a vaster Beast,
With nobody to alternate or save,
Whose dark arena was the certain grave,
Who torried with the Fiend for crusts of bread
And took his final salary in lead.
For one, the gay peseta's jingling shower
Like rain in April, when the palcos flower,
Where snowed with powder, cataracting pearls,
And forested on high with jet-blue curls,
A whole sierra made of lovely girls,
Thundering with a pigeon-flight of hands,
Sheers to the zenith from the blood-lit sands –
The trumpet slashed, and as the people roared,
More strident than the trumpet pealed the sword!
But for the priest, alone to take his toss
And ride the red horns of his Master's cross



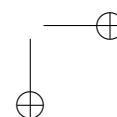
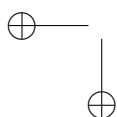


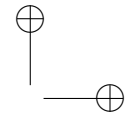
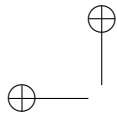
Amid the frenzy of demented scenes
And the worse slander of our fat black Deans,
When each strong Hercules, to all but Love
Invincible, had by that stronger force
Been vanquished as an eagle tears a dove:
And victor of the iron was the Corse
When none recanted to deflect the blow
As twenty thousand martyrdoms can show!
But I, for one, can't visualize a Dean
Fried, for intransigence, in gasoline:
What are the faults such valour is not worth
That as a penny spends the golden Earth?
To some I know, with foreign baksheesh sent,
Like bottled germs, to foster discontent,
And coolie-ing for Jews, by such an action,
To drive out mere decay with putrefaction
(Helping our cause, as surgeons help his heirs
Who kill the patient with their rival cares)
Spain was to them what scurf they could infect
And flake away with their bought intellect;
So with the Kominterners of the day,
Mistaking both the slough and the decay
In which as feeding parasites they lay
When with the withered skin they peeled away –
For the live python with revolving spires
That from the tombstone of her mighty sires,
Shedding the rags of winter-bitten skin
With the snug parasites that housed within,
Volted with solar glories and desires
And wheeled upon a hundred spangling tyres
To strip the Zodiac of its rolling fires,
With gleaming helmets for her million scales
From a long winter of inertia sails
In a strong current of electric might



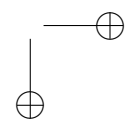
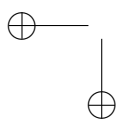


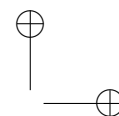
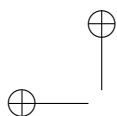
Like a great river churning power and light,
Whose dynamos, with valour strongly whirled,
Can light the width of the benighted World,
Over the land she flings her glorious wave,
Circles the deathless City of the Brave,
And floods the desert with reviving rain –
The Sweat and Blood of sufferers and slain,
That shed for love, was never shed in vain.
Now the lost Hammer wakens from its swoon
And the dead Sickle, like the crescent moon
On the deep sea (two horns for every wave),
Comes like the Resurrection from the grave
And through the swells of softly waving corn
In glinting lines (for every wave a horn)
Is with the warm wind of the harvest borne,
A million tons, a sickle for each ton,
Of surplus wheat, refulgent in the sun!
So in the Stock as in the garnered wheat,
A lost moon livens to the solar heat
To swell the herds like tides, each wave a beast,
Whose rippling fat's with gold and silver fleeced,
While surplus calves, with half a million brows,
Prepare the silver crescent to espouse,
Whose swelling horn the rest of Spain can feast.
The Bull, the Mulahacen of her Plain:
The Hillrange of her work, the garnered grain:
Her two life-giving streams of wine and oil,
The Tagus and the Ebro of her toil:
The snowed sierras of her gathered Rice
That pearl in creamy height to fall in price –
Let these, her handwork, to the Earth and Sky
Proclaim the Worker's Spain against the Lie
Which all in quantities unknown of yore,
May justify the bloody purge of war,



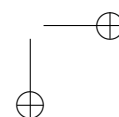
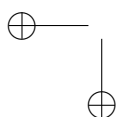


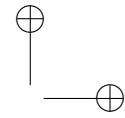
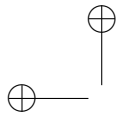
Since loathing communists, the country's sore,
Had made such health impossible before:
Which, too, may compensate, for strangled vice,
The feelings of such literary lice
That fell off with such flakes of winter skin
They could infect or loosen from within,
When Spain threw down her dominoes and dice,
And Franco bade the epic years begin –
Flying unarmed to dare the fiery zone
And shouldering the Impossible alone,
To lift three fallen centuries from the slime
Where they had bogged the ebb and flow of time,
Which is no one-way stream as we mischart,
But circulates, like blood, the solar heart,
And when the artery's sapped, to burst the vein,
The sword must slice the ligature in twain.
To meet him there, his Rubicon the Straits,
His country rose – but to fling wide the gates:
The cry was not to challenge, but implore,
With which she shook the desolated shore:
A headless phantom, she, in ragged attire
Whose flying streamers flogged the winds with fire,
Swung, like a lantern, her dismembered head
In which like coals the eyes were blazing red:
Those jet-blue curls that taught the grapes to grow
Had whitened in a night to hanks of snow,
With sleety whistle from her hand they spread
And seemed the smoke of that suspended head,
With which she turned to lamp him on his way
Through scenes of madness that defied the day –
Humanity, benighted at midnight,
Had howled the sun into a small red moon,
And saw, through smoke, that high and holy Light
As grey Baboons behold the moon at night.



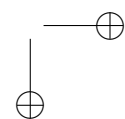
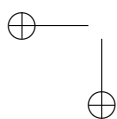


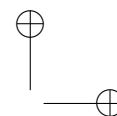
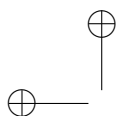
But with the Gorgon-beauty of her face,
Where the Medusa's would have chilled the race
Of blood, and walled the heart with chilling stone,
She turned his heart to adamant alone
Whose fiery crystal blazing from his breast,
The star of San Fernando, saved the West.
But for her Master's wounds with which she showed
The Signs of Resurrection on the road,
But for the Wounds upon her hands and feet –
The bravest would have sounded his retreat
Or plunged to suicide, to thunder down
With all creation for his tomb and crown.
Since, had not here the fury been withstood,
The world would have returned to rocks and wood,
With some few Anarchists to rake its crust
Who had not died of surfeit or disgust,
For such a fever as was here released,
But that its rage was quarantined and creased,
So ghoulishly babooning to the beast,
Had swept Humanity with worse than rabies
To rob the graveyards and to roast the babies
And dance their grisly can-cans with the Dead –
Since that hysteria is like wildfire spread
With which our "Intellectuals" boost the Red;
And some, the most "refayned" of all that breed,
Whose heart the purge of Stalin caused to bleed,
For corpse-defiling anarchists must plead
Each time those low Neanderthals are tree'd –
A world gone imbecile, each way one looks
Humanitarians slobbering over crooks!
Each skull a box of worms before its time
To fish for bloaters of subhuman crime
In the backwaters of the Stygian gloom,
Prawning for larvae where the mildews bloom!





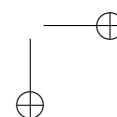
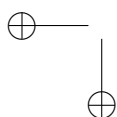
These in their lives, as in their prose and verse,
Anticipate the coffin and the hearse:
When living Christians have been fed to pigs,
The maggot never stirs beneath their wigs
As pleased as punch when half a million die
And better citizens than you or I;
But ever in the cause of the Hyena
They'll take the controversial arena –
A sort of "Rabid Canine Friends Society"
Who go beyond the Deans in slimy piety,
To boost the Anarchist, whose foetid breath
Is perfumed with the carrion worms of death,
Who chooses graveyards for his camps: for rooms
To kennel in the charnels and the tombs:
This Mystic of all negative distortion,
Even the Reds regard as an abortion –
Decadence never stank, till now, it's true,
And Beardsley was a pearl of morning dew,
Since literature has lived divorced from life
As a mad cuckold from a hated wife
In love with Death and still by her rejected
Save only where the brainworm is respected.
Even the Communists get conscience-stricken
To see these moral paralytics sicken
And bump them off by dozens at a time
When they out-charlotade the bounds of crime...
Were but our writers to spare moral reasons
To tartuffade their anti-human treasons,
To spare that sickening sweetness and humanity
With which they butter-scotch the base inanity
Scavenging like the bees around the rose
Wherever foul corruption picks its nose!
For here we're not concerned with any Cave-man
The anarchist's the pure and simple Grave-man,

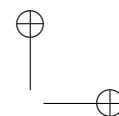
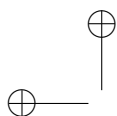




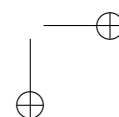
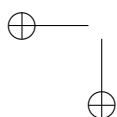
The walking mummy, exiled from his home,
In the sub-real, ten feet beneath the loam,
The sickliest fungus of a rotten culture
Engaged, himself, upon his own sepulture.

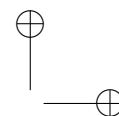
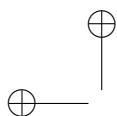
Though to their side momentarily was rolled
The mountainous advantage of the gold:
And worth as much, when minutes were so short
And miles so long, the tankers in the port:
The snorting horsepower of the sea and land,
In cornered petrol, nuzzled to their hand,
By them corralled beyond the millionth ton,
Which we must crease or lazo on the run:
With telegraphs and 'phones, with rails and wires
From town to town conducting their desires,
Of the whole land they had the voice and ears
When we were deaf with blows and blind with tears:
While weak with loss of blood, and numbed with fright,
We saw the rabble, absolute in might,
Loosed from the gaols, armed from the magazines,
Turning the streets to shambles and latrines.
With weeks for Centuries, in killed and burned,
The Roman circuses to life returned,
Trebled themselves, the Cæsars to depose,
And throned the Comrade with the purple nose,
When cranium measurements became the Crown
And Finger-Prints the seal of all renown,
And the fierce spirochete, with might and main,
The raging dog-star of the human brain,
Knouting the cells, became the ruling Tsar,
To vomit fire and pestilence afar,
While syphilis and alcohol began
The death-dance of Regenerated Man,
And Christians learned, upon a stage more grand,
What bloody Circus was our Native land!



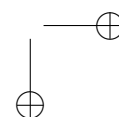
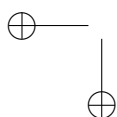


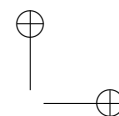
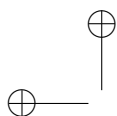
Theirs were the Aegis and the thunderbolts,
That from the towering pylons loose the volts,
Where roost the rookeries of winged words,
And shake them through the sky like migrant birds
Which have the power of panic in their wings
To bear the lies to foreign states and kings:
Out-plaguing Egypt, never hummed the skies
With locusts as the ether now with lies
Nor Lenin's "mightiest arm" more fiercely plied
Its Red vendetta against human pride,
Believed by most: for in its cause to plead
Negligent honour keeps no lawyer fee'd,
And Propaganda ill accords with pride
But barks its head off on the guilty side –
To set the world against us with its votes
Whose only crime was to defend our throats;
Until those towering trees, that leafed with lies,
Began to flower with answers and replies,
Like bees and humming-birds to sip the dew
The churchman and the intellectuals flew,
And never yet were trilled with livelier notes
The Tartuffades of Anglican devotes.
So soon those pylons groaned with heavier fruits
Foreign supplies, and swarms of Red recruits,
That came in such a record-breaking crop
That weight of numbers brought us to a stop,
By avalanches brought upon one knee
And forced to duck each time we shook the tree –
But as Antaeus, when he touched the earth,
From our bent knees our victories have birth,
Down on our knees our fiery strength we stem
And prayer's to us what dynamite to them.
To have the loaded batteries, cells, and wires
Primed for the expert gunnery of liars;



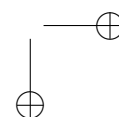
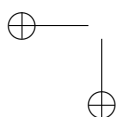


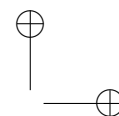
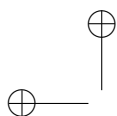
The power, the fleet, the air force, in their hands
Save what in ours had come away in strands –
No pity then when all was in their powers
And round our heads were bombed the reeling towers,
And yet no whining on the part of ours!
To have the keys, rails, centres, and the straits
And be the wardens of our own shut gates,
Through which, as spooks, we had to glide our spoors,
To leak through keyholes, and to fade through doors –
The very straits sharked by the submarine
Were redder than their surfaces were green:
To see the dice so loaded – you'd have said
Dynamics and Geography went Red
To Federate the Lightnings and the Gales
And Bolshevize the Ocean with its Whales –
And then get drunk in proper “comrade” fashion
To find we'd seized the arms and bagged the ration,
Which is their chief excuse and major reason
For being gudgeoned in and out of season,
Who rise red-eyed from rapes and drunk debauches
To find our banners streaming at their porches –
And is the answer to each canting fool
Who deems such drones were ever fit to rule,
And shows the Right hand is the hand of workers
And the shut Left – of parasites and shirkers,
And that Democracy has had its hour
That shoves such sleepy scullions into power,
Which only as a system could be borne
When Christians held barbarity in scorn
And, with the land-myths, nourished with the sod
The voice of peoples was the voice of God.
Ere poisoned by the radio from the sky
And half electrocuted with the lie
The great Majority were numbed to die,



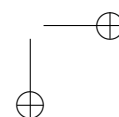
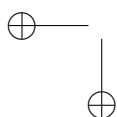


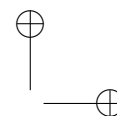
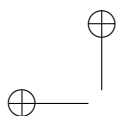
And twilight would have settled on their brains
Had we not come, the riders of the plains,
To fox that talking Mongoose from the sky,
The gait of living effortless at last
And Meetings now a nightmare of the Past!
The whole of Modern Science and Invention
Went to the Left it seemed by God's intention
And took the Gold lest, when her cause should crumble,
Materialism should have cause to grumble,
The dice were doctored with her own false hand
When in her bout with Faith she staked the land,
And it should prove beyond the least denial,
In her own language, by her own gross trial,
Beyond appeal, and openly to view,
Which was the least a bumpkin of the two.
And many now would give a sum to hide
What then they wrote in plutocratic pride
Our "penniless adventure" to deride,
When sneering at our lack of arms and cash
They called it, neither foolhardy nor rash,
But "sheer premeditated suicide,"
When on the plains "invincible" was hurled
The Army of the Peoples of the World,
The hoarse blaspheming of the godless horde
Against the Cross and Crescent of the Lord,
The Cross, our Hammer, and the Quarter Moon
Our Sickle, and Hosanna for our tune!
Although in foreign aid by one to four
Outnumbered as preceded months before,
Which on our side was proffered, not entreated
As when to "Workers of the World" they've bleated
Their myriad S.O.S.'s through the skies –
To prove how "Spanish" is their enterprise!
As to the Moors, whom they were first to bribe



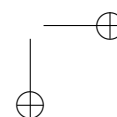
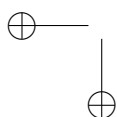


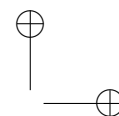
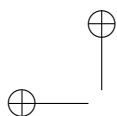
With their Autonomy – that Spanish tribe
Whom they invited first, why should we ban
When they proclaim the Brotherhood of Man?
And Chinks and Chuckchees pour with might and main
To swell the People’s Army on the plain.
Azaña’s ten pesetas to refuse
And fight for five – the Moors were free to choose
And be called “Mercenaries” as are we
Who in the Legion are content with three,
While Requetes and Falangists fight free –
And only “Patriots” claim the larger fee!
In all the news of Spain it will be found
The labels have been stuck the wrong way round –
That Moors should fight for us, small wonder, too,
Since on their side the Reds have got the Jew –
You cannot have your cake and eat it too!
Without Autonomy, without more pay,
They chose with us the clean equestrian way,
That binds the herdsmen to the whole world’s end
Wherever out of Abel we descend:
Rather to serve the rightful heirs of Man
Than rule with Charlies on an equal plan.
Too near in blood the grumble to advance,
As near as Senegal is far from France
With troops recruited from the tops of trees
From the less agile of the Chimpanzees –
Poor Islam’s had no cause for hesitations
Betwixt Democracies and the Dictations,
And well she knows how her victorious aid
By Democratic countries is repaid,
Who bombing their best allies to their shame,
Victorious Mussolini dare to blame
For treating his worst enemies the same!
Of Liberty or Freedom they’ve enough



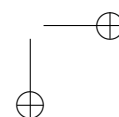
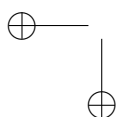


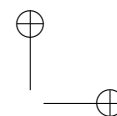
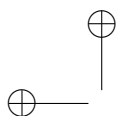
Who've learned to dread the namby pamby stuff –
Since both have wrung them fiercely by the scruff!
They think of each as of a blood-dripped Ogress
And know there is most headway where least "Progress."
Remembering Russia, in her injured pride
The Moon of Islam sunk their godless tide,
But, joined with Italy, could count far less
Than this huge League of Nations in Distress,
Of whom we've buried more in French alone
Than live Italians can with us be shown:
The scum of Europe into it was poured
And facing there the hydra of the horde,
The fauna of the steppes, the dregs of drains,
From Ainus down to France's quadrumanes,
We multiplied its heads the more we slew
Although like side-show cocoanuts they flew –
And by Brunete you may see in stacks
Dead Charlies climbing on each other's backs
To make a huge paella of the plains,
A dish of rice, with corpses for the grains,
Whom safe intriguing pedants sent to die
And sell their scrawny mutton for a lie,
To perish for an ignominious cause:
Not as our "dead," in rhyme with Cosmic laws,
Who die as queens in childbed, giving birth
To the resurgent order of the earth
In certain victory and faith unshaken
Since first Red Seville with ten men was taken,
When in Red hands lay Spain all crushed and gory
And in our hearts the hazard and the glory!
And "Viva la Muerte" when we cry
That valiant comrade never lets us die,
Whose every death's a splinter of the Cross
Redeeming Victory as theirs reap loss.



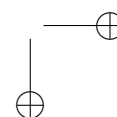
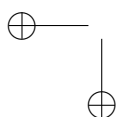


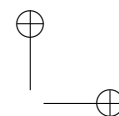
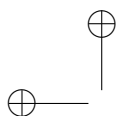
Our deaths like towering stones are piled on high
To lift a great cathedral to the sky
And stand in rock, the thunders to defy;
While theirs form dumps of excavated sand
To room its deep foundations in the land,
Their only monument a vacuous hole
And ours a towering temple in the soul:
Theirs the lugubrious dirges in the distance
Where birth-controlled into a false existence
The sons of Onan, in the mists forlorn,
Lament their evil fortune to be born
And through the world unbroken and the same
Would socialize their misery and shame,
Which life rejects with ridicule and scorn.
For as our test, the touchstone of our right,
To sink these new Cromagnons out of sight,
Whose impetus is not to breach the tomb
With souls immortal forging through the gloom,
But hankers back to the prenatal womb –
It was demanded that, against all odds
Imaginable, we should face their Gods
Of Economics, Science, Gold, and Sex,
And, naked, force the yoke upon their necks:
Against the very lightnings of the sky,
The ether volted with one towering Lie,
To prove ourselves reluctantly, though pressed,
With their own arms (which, first, we had to wrest)
By their own standards, and their chosen test,
The fittest for survival and the best:
To force their Evolution into fact
When by that foul inversion we're attacked
And all our clergy into catsmeat hacked:
To illustrate, with deeds, their boasted aim
Which as their sole religion they proclaim



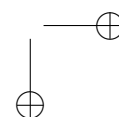
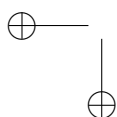


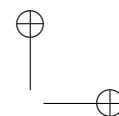
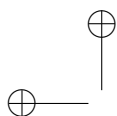
To “liquidate the useless and the lame.”
And if we did not do it long before
Say, when Gil Robles held the reins of war,
“Thou shalt not kill” was what we waited for:
The binding ban that cannot be untied
Save by the stronger – that on Suicide:
Since for five months we’d turned the other cheek
And only stalled the Terror by a week.
Never was physical advantage vaunted
As by the Reds: nor penury so taunted:
But soon the stores, the petrol, and machines
Came over to our hands by their own means:
It seemed they came to ask us for employment
Since in our hands they found the best enjoyment
For matter loves to leap in lovely acts
As show the rainbows and the cataracts,
Gets tired in the mere positive to live
And likes a jaunt in the superlative,
With valour looping, seeking where the God is,
In training, as it were, for when, set free,
Its elements will form in human bodies
Just as we train in war, cadets to be
For our commissions in the Seraphry –
For it was Sick of the obscene satanics
Of those who make a Gospel of Mechanics,
Tired of its pusillanimous alliance
With those who make Religion out of Science –
And soon the Russian experts showed as boobs
With anything that can’t be kept in tubes,
Stamp-tallied, or methodically docketed –
But in this war the prayers of martyrs rocketed,
The powers of Faith were loosened on the air,
And gum and scissors failed to cope with prayer:
For the materialists have done more to shatter,



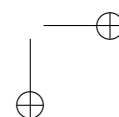
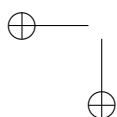


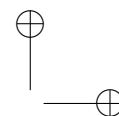
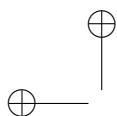
Than any one, the patient nerve of Matter
Which the most fiery mystics always found
So tame and humble (when they touched the ground)
And showed, as organizers, far more sense
Than these materialists – incompetence,
Since “Wrecking” amongst Matter-sodden races
Has proved the title to the highest places,
Tracking each other’s bloodspoor as they slink
One after one, each other’s blood to drink,
To bugle round the world from zone to zone
The One Discovery by Science made known –
It’s better to bow down to wood and stone
And worship them with human sacrifice
Than worship nothing at this bloodier price
Of millions slain for greater filth and famine;
Since every “Reformation” we examine
That sprung from lack of Christian Resignation
Has plunged the world in deeper desolation:
And “Progress” is another way of trying
To kill an invalid, to stop him dying,
To rid the world of pain on the assumption
That colds are cured by Galloping Consumption.
The Inquisition in six hundred years
Pumped not a thousandth of the blood and tears
As, in some twenty, has the world-reforming,
Free-thinking, Rational, Cathedral-storming
Humanitarian, with his brother love,
To whom Tsarism was a sucking dove
And Hitler was to this degrading sham,
As to a rabid skunk, a snow-white lamb,
Since over Chaos mastering their controls
The warrior nations scarcely dyed their souls,
Efficiency beneath their eagles reared
And workless famine almost disappeared:



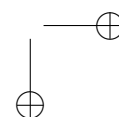
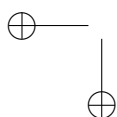


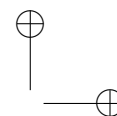
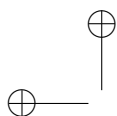
While in a sea of gore, a blood-soaked wreck,
“Peace-loving” Stalin welters to the neck.
The pains of godless scientists and scholars
Have brought us worse than Patagonian squalors,
Saharan Famine, Dust-bowls, creeping drought,
Death in the Spirit and despair without,
And yet to-day the thinkers and the sages
Can patronize the towering middle ages
As being somewhat Bigoted and Narrow –
The sow of Bigotry could never farrow
Until the true freethinker came along
And liberated “Reason” grew so strong,
Intolerance into delirium blazing
And Bigotry the hair of crime upraising –
To justify whatever Inquisition
To such a lust of blood could be physician,
Restoring it to its intended place
As warder and protector of the Race –
They made mere lunacy limp far behind,
And all the bloodiest manias of the mind,
To this of souls, seem innocent and kind:
Till one could wish a death by their own knout
To those who made religions out of doubt
Like rabid bloodhounds maddening men to slaughter
Who blame their hydrophobia on the Water:
Which by its raving could convince a clod
Of the reality and life of God
Whose absence roared so terribly, Whose lack
Could so disfigure, mutilate and hack
(Worse than their victims) those whom it afflicted,
Who seemed, from human lineaments evicted,
To roar and whinny like the ghouls of Hell
Which (if not elsewhere) here was proved as well,
Converting me to seek Him on the spot,



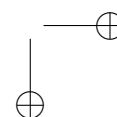
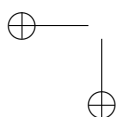


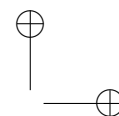
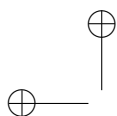
To see that foul Abyss where He was not
To see pure Evil, flawless and unmixed
Save for their bodies like swelled bugs affixed:
To find no evidence my sense to dim
But that pure Evil was the lack of Him
Exasperated to a white-hot glow
By the mere consciousness that this was so –
As it proclaimed itself in speech and fact
And by the loathing in each studied act.
And this identity alone sufficed
To drive an open reason straight to Christ,
No longer open then, but signed and sealed,
To side with Nature and to take the field,
For even their machinery rebelled
And as by miracles, our armouries swelled:
Till we could almost pray for what we wanted
And take the answer to the prayer for granted,
And with our Pater nosters and Hail Marys
Were liming Aeroplanes like tame canaries:
They came down singing to the left and right
And on our very doorsteps seemed to light
Because the “Comrades” in their lying raptures
Of many of our towns had billed the Captures,
So swivelling fleets of armoured cars and lorries
Into our arms, with other welcome quarries.
Heaven through our prayers, Hell through their furious lies
From day to day augmented our supplies:
Their “Mightiest Weapon” in their hands had twisted
And in our cause would gaily have enlisted
Had we the least encouragement bestowed.
We needed tanks: as if they knew the road,
They came like bakers’ vans to orders booked,
When the fierce sun their crews of Russians cooked
Who have to be like convicts bolted in –



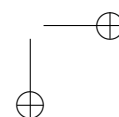
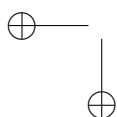


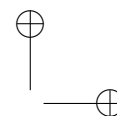
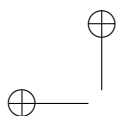
Surrender being their one besetting sin:
And with the Centigrade at sixty-seven
Their brains were baked and yeasted in their leaven,
And what the sun began, the iron heated,
The Fahrenheit and Centigrade completed,
To save us any need of work more fry,
As they came nosing to our mazed inquiry,
For the good sun, our ally and physician,
Had kept those dread-vans in the best condition,
Which came to us quite of their own volition
To take our orders and obey us better
Than ever to their owners at Brunete.
The Scottish Ambulance, to crown the laugh,
Delivered both medicaments and staff
Its worthless crew of wowsers to deride
And ask for clean employment on our side,
Renouncing Knox for Scotland's former Grace
As it were conscious to be near the place
Where, led by Bruce's Heart, for Christ and Glory,
Her valiant horsemen topped the peaks of story
And sounded through the world's most manly age
The loudest peal in Froissart's golden page –
To sink to this, by their own pills and clysters
Disowned for base Geneva-bitten twisters,
Kidnapped by their own lorry as it came
To toot for work, with eager lamps aflame,
As though the shade of Bruce had honked its horn
To hold the modern Scotchmen up to scorn!
But best of all, in this Mechanic treason –
Revolting to our side and with such reason!
Was when the wireless spoke in decent Spanish
And bade the Nightmares of the Nation vanish,
When, like a sunbeam through a dungeon leaking,
Came Quiapo's voice from Red Sevilla speaking:



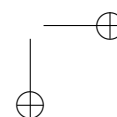
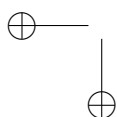


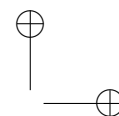
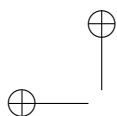
As if the great Quevedo had not died
That lashing tongue its whip of scorpions plied
And round and round the heavens thrashed their lies
In bat-swarms from their belfries in the skies.
Like lovely rain, we heard his valiant shout,
Over a country killed with dust and drought,
And those who else in dudgeon might have died
Now faced the firing squad with laughing pride.
But clearer far, than in its glad-revolt,
In its behaviour, Matter proved no dolt,
And that it has opinions of its own –
As any one who's worked in wood and stone
Can tell you: and that of all things that stir it
It is most pervious to the human Spirit
Whose horsepower, though the Bolsheviks decry,
Propels the graveward hearse in which they lie.
Whether it's guns to fire, or bricks to pile,
Matter is always sensitive to style
(Which is the breathing rhythm of the soul)
And shows itself Devout from pole to pole:
In storms and shocks it always looks for order
The waves in uniform, with silver border,
Still fight to keep in equidistant ranks
As we against artillery and tanks:
Happier still to worship than to grovel
It shows in the Cathedral than the hovel,
And there of centuries will take the polish
Requiring tons of Nitre to demolish;
But when democracy begins to soar
To whom the jail, the brothel, and the store,
Stand for the Church, and tries for like proportions
Matter complies with sorrowful distortions,
And rather as a slave than an ally
“Co-operates” to raise them to the sky,



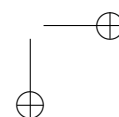
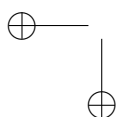


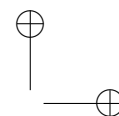
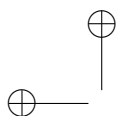
But always uses them for dump or jake
And does not strain to hold them when they shake,
For still the rot and rubbish most abound
Where Freedom has “collectivized” the ground,
While Monuments and Churches still outlast
The strongest forts and castles of the past,
With the Arenas standing side by side
The first cathedrals of our deathless pride:
And still sun-temples and Stonehenges stand
Praising the Solar glories through the land –
Until our scientists so brisk and nimble
Discovered in the Tree a Phallic Symbol
And other Wowser’s Voodoo in the thimble,
And by his guts and sex the Charlie linked
To his destruction, to become extinct,
Unfit to suffer, to create, or strive
Where only towering virtue can survive,
And even God must suffer, bleed and die
Lest on our hangdog heads should fall the sky.
For if we want with symbols to be taught
You’ll find more Crosses in this world for thought,
Scored in the wrinkles of your skin they are
And your whole body is a shafted spar,
With a man on it, hammered day and night:
But the Good Thief was hammered to the Right
And bore the nails with valour and delight,
Unlike the snarling Comrade on the Left
Whose dole and rights all other thoughts bereft
When he was in the high, Majestic Place,
Outsoaring Cæsar and the Suns of Space!
We see the Priests of Famine, Death, and Loss
United in their hatred of the Cross
And far more rabid in their anti-creed
Than fervent in the causes they would speed





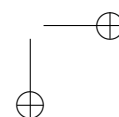
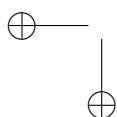
In which they're hydra-headed, only here
Their necks in one great celluloid appear
And in the common halter of defeat,
Where all as in one goitred neck they meet
To make one think the collar and the shame
Are one concentric zero and the same –
To see what are their sole two points of union
Should drive the very devil to communion.
The hatred of the Cross is their Disaster,
Than the great flood, a cataclysm vaster:
Thinking to tear it down, they tore the Sky,
A rain of blood, and lightning from on high,
And the great thunder, headlong and terrific,
When Abel stretched his length to the Pacific
The land a murder, and the wind a cry: –
And hence a War *for* War, to the last breath,
The Sword He came to bring, the Sword of Death!
No “War-to-end-War” (and beget ten more!)
To “fight for Peace,” the Babylonian Whore,
The turtle-winged Sow that comes to farrow
Bloodbaths for which the ocean is too narrow:
A war for eagles – not for turtle-doves
Henpecked to bleeding corpses by their loves!
A war for warriors, not for pacifists
Who tear the living womb with gory fists
Who rape, castrate, and torture, and deplore
With lifted hands the very name of War!
And well may they abominate the Sword,
The bared and naked vengeance of the Lord –
And curse the Soldier, him, the human brand,
That came to lop the sacrilegious Hand,
And root the godless vermin from the land:
For wounds are wings for those who know where God is,
Junkers and Fiats are our slaughtered bodies,

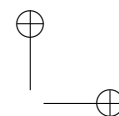
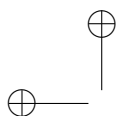




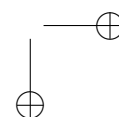
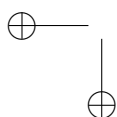
It was not we who lead-swung to the Pities,
When half the loveliest of our ancient cities
Were in the clouds rebuilt – if flames could take them
And rushing smoke restore them in the sky,
When rivers were alive – if blood could make them,
Our blood that had not had the time to die!
Since their intention was not, as they've sworn
To finish off the idle and outworn,
But (as we've proved it openly enough)
To exterminate the valiant, strong, and tough –
And by a sudden knifetwist in the scruff!
That the most abject might assume the Seat
And heads be trampled by their dirty feet,
That crime might flourish, sodomy abound,
And Love be crushed forever to the ground:

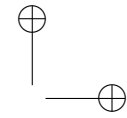
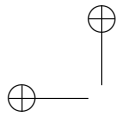
Yet all their knowledge could be used to save –
Even what they burrowed from the Ape Man's grave
And vulgarized into a murderous creed:
They teach us (as the Anarchists to-day)
The Grave is Sacred, it will search and slay
Its desecrators, and destroy their breed,
A knowledge worth all Huxley's dreary screed.
A far worse vengeance than the Pharaoh took
Came from the Ape Man's miserable spook
Who still with fury chivvies them to-day:
For though they had the live created Adam
Like a Rolls Royce upon the blue MacAdam
Of time, his body like a golden dream,
The stream-lined dolphin of the vital stream –
With Michaelangelo to see that Car win
Like a great Malcolm at its solar wheel,
It roused their abjectness and loosed a Darwin,
Whom any Inquisition would repeal,
And let that bungling workman fit in parts



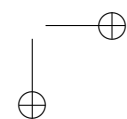
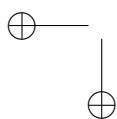


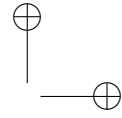
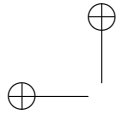
Of obsolete machines and rusted carts:
And if we have to go to Davey Jones
For our spare parts, among the rocks and stones,
The Aurignac man could spare us better bones,
Heighten our foreheads, and square out the shoulder,
A handsomer progenitor, though older,
Than those with which they bestialize our breed,
Since you could make a theory no bolder,
That we are but Aurignacs gone to seed:
For Capitalistic lore, as Communistic,
Must first of all discredit all that's mystic
To sell the mind and body cheap for slavery
Degrading them by slow hypnosis first,
In which the Modern poets head the knavery
In all the arts of degradation versed,
The coolies and the agents of the Jew
Whose only passion is to gripe the two,
And never let their memory escape
The angry vengeance of a bone-rigged ape –
As if Created Adam but exists
Through kind permission of anatomists,
And life were a condition of the body
Not vice versa, as the merest noddie,
By reasoning, can swiftly ferret out,
Till reason makes him sceptical of doubt.
As great Marconi by sheer instinct knew
Lord of the sightless forces of the blue,
But which the humbler unillumined mind
By obvious comparisons can find –
Unless his brain's been pommified in slices
Or soused in muddy draughts of Cam or Isis –
Simply contrasting both in peace and war
The works of faith with those of Charlie lore –
For see these broken walls arise in prayer



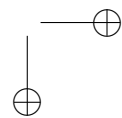
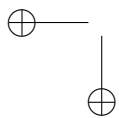


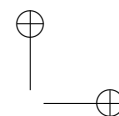
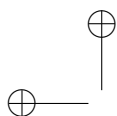
Which they destroyed in impotent despair,
The fountain running where the stream they cut,
The flour-mill turning that for months was shut.
Where “progress” turned the villages to pyres
From new-built hearths a different smoke aspires
And as for fighting, though our ranks were spare,
Behold those mountains of dead Charlies there!
Then tell me Science is the God of War
And not its batman, which we take him for,
Who better answers to our curse and rod
Than to their faith who treat him as a god,
For though we study him with equal skill
It is to rule him, not to serve his will:
For any fool can tell you he had none,
Save for some scient-anarchists who shun
The evident, as blind-worms do the sun.
Without a moral value he remains
A menial still for all his active brains,
And better serves a master for his meals
Who keeps him in his place, and firmly deals,
Than when he rules promoted to the fore –
As Sancho wise in proverbs found before,
Solomon and Aurelius had not more
Wise Apophthegms than thronged that lousy pate
On all affairs of government or state –
And yet poor Sancho had to abdicate.
The same with Science and the same with Art –
Without the horse to which they are the cart
They break away, colliding down the hill
And at each jolt, a posse of Charlies spill,
Whether it be philanthropy or crime,
To be the laughter of succeeding time,
As Haldane came back sneezing from Madrid
And Beaujanec got caught with what he hid.



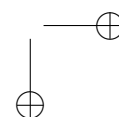
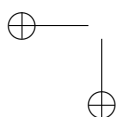


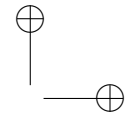
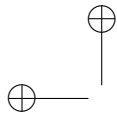
So Science as a deity of war,
Takes a low rank, with Mithras, Mars, or Thor,
As makeshifts all, for want of something more:
Who though he takes our side, could never father
Giants of the Cabeza and Alcazar,
And shines the best by brave example led
As by our peerless Captain bleeding red,
The living Jupiter, authentic Mars,
Than thunderbolts more terrible his scars,
When on the Cross, victorious and high,
The Eagle Aviator takes the sky
To show us how to conquer and to die:
And prove to all the Devil's routed cattle
The God of Love is still the God of Battle
And when in victory our labours cease,
The Christ of Battles is the Christ of Peace:
And all that is worth-while beneath the sun
By suffering and sacrifice is won:
Not the Hortensia pale of the "Renaissance"
With fleshy angels in polite obeisance
Correctly twining to an easy Cross –
But the wide-winged and wounded Albatross
The tempest-torn, that rides (and bears) the strife
And soars upon the hurricane of life:
The Christ, the Emperor of the *Middle Ages*
Of human dignity, resigned, and brave,
Before the dotage of our bards and sages
Who since this second childhood only rave
The human race from suffering to save
Even at the cost of life; when suffering
Is all we have to conquer to be king
Of more than worlds; but were it once removed,
Lower than dogs we'd live, by life reprov'd,
Scorned by the angels as effete buffoons



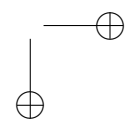
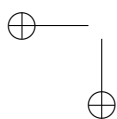


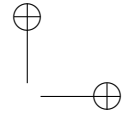
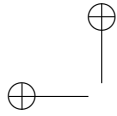
And spat on by the devils as poltroons.
For there's been no "renaissance" up till now
Except for Galathea's croup and prow –
This is the dawn of Psyche mortified,
The spirit, and the martyr, and the bride!
Only by suffering, suffering can be killed
Only by dying life can be fulfilled,
Death slain, and the lie given to the Charlie crew,
Who shouldn't have been born, and say so too!
The Christ of Salamanca teaches this,
The devil-routing Lord of the Abyss
Who, till this time of men resigned and bold,
Ignatius was the last man to behold –
Since then, till now, men fought for greed or lust
To seize the booty or to bite the dust,
But the old world is "braver" than the "new,"
Can use it as its foot-stool or its shoe:
Or when it rots as it's begun to do,
As a sharp knife can cut that Stilton through
Cough though the scientist or squirm the Jew,
Or stink, abjectly dead, the poets too.
That God was never brilliantined or curled
Who out of Chaos saw his battles won,
And gave, like Moscardo, his only Son,
To save the charred Alcazar of the world.
For of all gods, he only breathed our breath
To live the solar myths, and conquer death:
In his last highest creature, as his least,
Fulfilled the law by which they are increased,
And stooping to her sternest law, allied
His nature to our own as to a bride,
In one fierce act of suffering and of strife
From mutual death to wrest immortal life,
For that same principle He died to crown



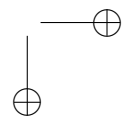
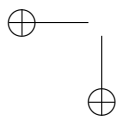


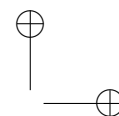
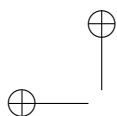
To life's most humble sources filters down,
And easier in their tiny worlds is seen
Than in our own more complicated scene,
Wherein the miracle's but dimly spied
(Unless that inspiration is our guide)
Which from the glory of His bleeding wings,
Out-soaring Cæsars, paladins, and kings,
Nature reflects into her humblest hive
Where One must die that generations thrive –
And even in our own ejected seed
Creation is the Devil-Darer's deed
As in the bee that resurrects the breed,
In death to triumph, over death to drive,
And die of Love, to save the race alive,
Where One ascends to triumph and to bleed
To form the generation or the Creed
On whose immortal onward-rushing wave
He rides superb across the open grave
That gapes to swallow the rejected drones,
And there while they await the final chill,
Like Bloomsburies, perhaps, in envious need
They'll sit and patronize the Victor's deed
Or, as the English poets, stray forlorn
And curse their evil fortune to be born –
The miracle and Fiat to deny
Of which they are the residue flung by,
While through his saints and soldiers runs the spark,
The rose and rapture that defies the dark,
To whose adventure life and death are flame
And both conduct to victory the same,
Since if His soldiers lose the brighter crown
It is for earthly conquest and renown.
And here the warring principles are shown
Betwixt the male and the rejected drone:



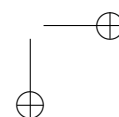
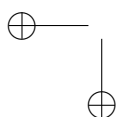


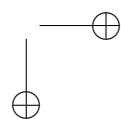
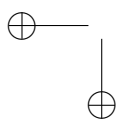
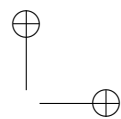
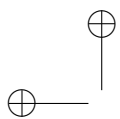
The latter would for safety break their necks
Reducing life to comfort, food, and sex:
The former all-accepting soar above
To triumph over death and die for love,
For as the lucky seed, against all odds,
From germ to man, from manhood to the gods
Aspires: a war eternally must redden
Betwixt the solar instinct and the leaden.
Not Cæsar soaring to his lonely tower
Superb in beauty, aquiline in power,
His world-wide circle round the sun can fling
But their dull thoughts like pellets in his wing
By treachery must bring him hurtling down
By sacrifice to consecrate and crown,
And so much more when all unarmed they spy
The mightier Cæsar of the earth and sky,
Even from stone his likeness must be razed
Or when upon a living face it's blazed –
As when the good Sotelo fell in gore,
But resurrected on the wings of war
His spirit, with his Master's wounds astream,
Arose his butchered country to redeem –
Such sacrifices consecrate our cause
In serving the divine and earthly laws.
Since on this earth an atheist never trod
All men are either for or anti-God:
Even these anti-Gods depend on Faith
Which if they died would take no kind of scathe,
But if the Faith were dead, doubt would explore
A hollower existence than before,
With no more crumbs to pilfer but instead
A notice up to say "The Baker's Dead":
For all who by inversion try to live
Depend on what the positive can give –

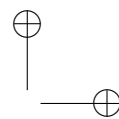
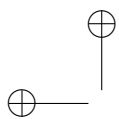




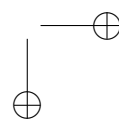
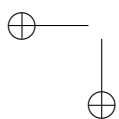
And so the parasite who kills his prey
Must feed on his own flesh or fade away.
When Bolshevism's left upon the hob,
With no one else to murder or to rob,
Then suicide becomes its only job –
Wolves wolfing wolves, bears over-bearing bears,
And Socialism slaughtering its heirs,
Lest mere experience should teach these comics
Some rudiments of life or economics
(Which any simple yokel on his own,
Can settle for himself if left alone),
As now in Russia they seem "taking notice,"
For Stalin's knife is still where Lenin's throat is.
In all affairs of comfort, food, or pelf
The poor materialist defeats himself:
Wherever Bread or Money's the religion
The dearth of it extends through all the region:
Hyenas, "Blums," Staviskies, pimps and sharks
Have made their Father Christmas out of Marx
And strikes and famines follow grim and stark,
Wherever his goloshes leave their mark –
The bread goes black, lead mingles with the "duro"
To spoor this bleak Messiah of the bureau –
And you may search Madrid or Barcelona
For any sign of Ceres or Pomona:
From his infected presence to the mystics
They fly: but first with his profound statistics
They play the devil, spoiling every plan;
Such is their hatred of the Fallen Man –
But plenty follows still with sumptuous Feast
Earth's triumvirs, her wise men of the East:
The Soldier, and the Prophet and the Priest
Though these are best on fiercest hardship bred
The snow for blanket and the rock for bed –
From them the rosy wine, the silver bread!

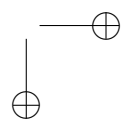
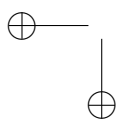
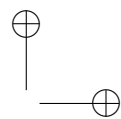
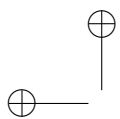


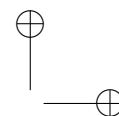
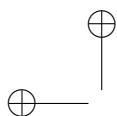




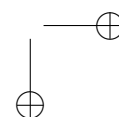
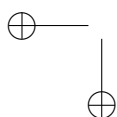
PART THREE

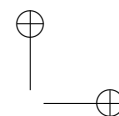
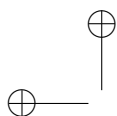




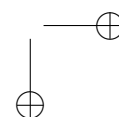
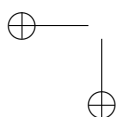


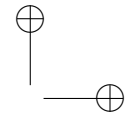
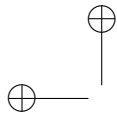
If anywhere within the human sphere
Then communism should have triumphed here,
For through the land for years it mined and holed
And trawled the gutters with its seines of gold:
What was corruptible in all the land
Was long ago a pawn in Moscow's hand –
And that it was corruptible, was broken
No sooner than its "No" to life was spoken,
For having lost the true and vital track
Of destiny, some bungled ages back,
Which all must lose who lose their sense of sin –
That poison riots and revolves within:
And had it killed us it would still have rolled
In agonies, till it was stark and cold:
(Geneva so, its ward-mate, nearest death
By the worst jerks was galloped out of breath
And did its greatest harm upon its bier,
Throwing the fiercest fits of its career,
From which the world but barely tumbled clear).
To hook it was our final act, though first,
But after that its fury must be nursed,
Though many took for growing strength, its rage
From primary to tertiary stage –
As a grey shark, the "Comrade" of the main,
That, stalling to the horsekick of the cane,
Weaves his great circle, like a trail of milk,
And tons of water, triggered by the silk,
Hang on his fins and turn to watermills
The rooster-combs that tremble in his gills,
Till from the huge compression of his heart
As from a charge of cordite he must part;
His pain the tube, his agony the gun,
His furious projectile leaps the sun,
The traces spiral round him to his head



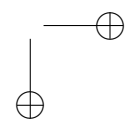
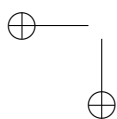


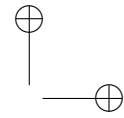
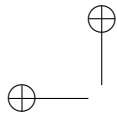
Boxed by the sinker with its fist of lead,
The cutting Sickle of his tail as vain
As the great ram and Hammer on his brain,
With fins all porcupined, in sidelong share,
He rounds upon a foe that is not there,
Till drowned, his blood with waterbubbles mixed,
By his own speary strength he lies transfixed,
And self-harpooned, self-strangled of his breath,
Is brought to bed of his last orphan, Death –
The fisher hauls his body to the slip,
Around whose bulk the happy children skip,
Bathers feel warmer round the arms and thighs,
Only the intellectual droops his eyes
And his subscription to the papers sends
For the protection of “Our Scaly Friends.”
With our right hand and dominating skill
We sense the tactics of that frantic will,
And round the great stockade with whip and line
Can play the epileptics of his spine,
Confining here, exasperating there,
We play him off against his own despair,
More dangerous as he draws near his end
And the great pangs their spinal voltage send;
Switching the current as we haul or slack
Our hand convulses each renewed attack,
The great buckjumping throes that rend his back,
As still his failing spirit strives to straddle,
The jerks and jolts that jump it from the saddle,
While through his vertebrae like rattled stones,
The marrow, like an injured snake of bones,
Rears to each fierce parabola of pain
That rockets through their dislocated chain,
Till, like a boa constrictor, thwarted Sin
Recoils with havoc on the soul within.



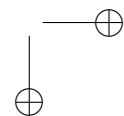
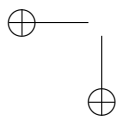


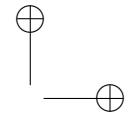
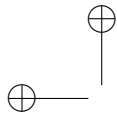
Where others see in each return to strife
A new vitality or lease of life –
We know his violence and his swiftening breath
Momentously are magnetized by Death
Where Gravity, engrafted with the bone,
Exerts, as in the headlong fall of stone,
The Will of the Earth-Mother, linked with ours,
The force that tests, the vengeance that devours,
Whose upward-climbing force, with ours aspires
To throw down all of which the Cosmos tires,
A weight of crushing guilt, it loads the foe,
But of our white resilience strings the bow,
To keep us anchored till our task be done
Lest we should rise and vanish in the sun,
For these great forces come the world to wake
Spurn at the ground with every stride we take,
And the earth's reining at our upward verve,
With singing line, as to a kite will serve;
Through it we weigh the prize of every limb,
Queued for enlistment in the seraphim:
Its gentle thorn still conscious in our skin
To goad the working chrysalis within,
It keeps us still in love with earthly things
Lest yet we take our plumeless arms for wings
Before their scarlet feathers have been grown
And the deep wounds have quilled them to the bone.
But here we must be ballasted awhile
Till we remind the valleys of their style,
The ancient rhythm broken to restore
And teach the corn to rustle forth once more,
To wake from her enchantments and despair
The sleeping princess with the yellow hair
And fence her safety with our ridge of steel
That she may ride at our advancing heel,



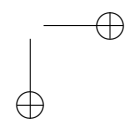
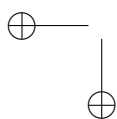


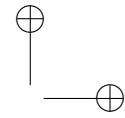
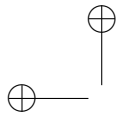
Once more full-skirted with her waving plume
Her empire of the prairies to resume,
While the red poppies at her call aspire
With fangs of gold, and baying scent and fire,
Close at our stirrups race with lolling tongue
Like hounds to hunting when the world was young
To bark the “comrade” up the nearest tree,
The lewd baboon that would not let her be –
For we must save creation for our sons
However much against the grain it runs
To hunt that base Neanderthal with guns,
For only on the frontiers of the Styx
Is room for him whose blood can no more mix
With ours than lukewarm gravy can with fire,
Who weighs his grudging sweat against his hire
When sacrifice is what the gods require;
And those in whom the solar glory strives
Like willing horses thrash and flog their lives
Until they drop; for to a soul of flame
All raptures beside sacrifice seem tame,
And we must pay, long overdue, the debt
Our enemies have shirked, of Adam’s sweat,
Both for themselves and us, and so continue
The lease we only hold with straining sinew,
Which “rights” and “freedom” would fob off and shirk,
But we’ll accept, though treble be the work,
Till over the corroded, cratered plain
The coloured harvest spreads its ruddy stain
And through the land expands its belt of gold
Just as the young moon swallows up the old;
For as the new moon eats the old with fire
Whose blackness is the coal of its desire,
So their black chaos is but welcome fuel
And Phoenix-tinder to this fierce renewal



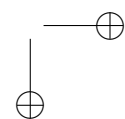
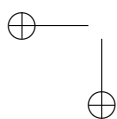


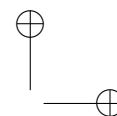
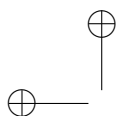
That from such carbon can hydrate the jewel:
Till from the clear shield of the land will scale
The blackened cinder of that injured nail
For the new horn digests the blackened crust
That shrivels, of itself, from self-disgust,
Renounced by those same Maranons and Gassets
That gnawed and blackened first its pearly facets,
Which first they irritated and infected
And then with liliated righteousness rejected,
But which our health unsqueamishly devours
As valiant roots turn rubbish into flowers.
Our own clean hands accept the filth and dirt,
Off the green wound we peel the plastered shirt,
Wash the live ulcer, set the splintered bone,
And tend the sores as if they were our own,
Remembering offal was the food of saints
From which their lips could kiss the evil taints,
While the lewd kisser of the godless thug
Will turn good bread to weevils in his mug:
While spuds – to us, the magnates of the soil,
The alluvial nuggets of our sweat and toil –
Grilled as with frosts, reward his chilling spade
Thrice-honed upon the Minus-centigrade,
With no more relish than if with his hoe
He had sliced off his gnarled and grimy toe,
Whose limping toil provides (for yams and onions)
Kibes of the soil, and vegetable bunions,
Whose price and quality their journals paint
With lamer diatribe and splayed complaint:
But which, were they the all we had to sup with,
We could give thanks for, let alone put up with,
Since the bright Spain, the Spain we represent,
Digests their Spain, and with devout content
Says grace for every bunioned foot of land



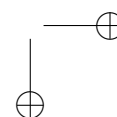
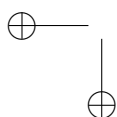


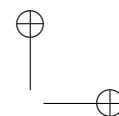
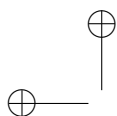
That limps, so painful, to her open hand,
Pardons the filth and grime, accepts the stain,
And wipes it with her own bright locks of grain.
Less work, more comfort, and increasing dole,
Inspire the negative and graveward soul,
And from such grudging niggardness will hatch
As drab conditions, with complaints to match,
But those who thank their sires that they were born
And with the roosters praise the darkest morn,
Who ask no dole, who make their sport of loss,
And for their sofa clamour for a Cross,
Crying for gulfs to match against their might
And darkneses to exercise their light, –
Spirits of power and valour and delight
Who know that danger, suffering, and pain
The most of living ecstasy contain,
Thence to be wrestled for with might and main,
As purest radium from the hardest rocks
And proudest victories from the fiercest shocks –
When such as these upon the earth prevail
Her sister planets, turning as they sail,
See a strange glory on earth's lighted face
To compensate the sorrow and disgrace
With which she blushes for that darker strain
And bears the bloody Charlotades of Cain.
And so must Spain to passing stars appear
Two-thirds illumed as in the lunar sphere
And all the rest besmeared with greed and lust,
But there a scythe of light the darkness reaping
And there a Sword with dented edges sweeping:
And often have I blest her humble dust
Sure of the sacred treasure in its keeping,
That holy, holy, holy was the rust
Wherein those twin Excaliburs were sleeping.



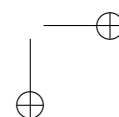
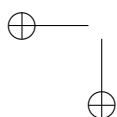


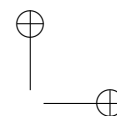
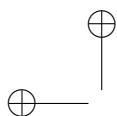
Remembering Lenin and his “Powerful Weapon”
You’ll find far less Banana peel to step on,
Invert their victories, transpose their labels,
And on his abject ruse you’ll turn the tables,
As here their boasted mission turns our own
To purge the country of the Moneyed Drone
And theirs the role they had prescribed for us
To stew in their own juice and raise a fuss,
For though with lies your hearing they belabour
Theirs is the Capital as ours the Labour:
They are the workless plutocrats, content
To sink their harvests fifty-five per cent,
And raise their prices to such eagle height
That profiteering fainted at the sight,
With them the deepest marks suggesting ploughs
Are furrows in their corrugated cows,
And, as their farming had gone worse to seed,
The fields consuming what the beasts should feed,
The windmills gone on strike, or, tick for tock,
Losing a marathon to the village clock:
But look at ours that with the Junkers race
And spill in flour what they devour in space
Whose sails invisible, with slumbrous tune,
Are scarce a blur upon the rising moon:
As for our crops – with such terrific might
The warrior scythe was never seen to fight!
On land, we win a seafight with our plough
Who shares to victory with her cruiser prow,
Of that famed cavalry to dim the feat
That riding on the ocean took a fleet,
Whose furrow heaving surges in the loam
Outstrips the snorting bowsprits of the foam,
Since on dry land her naval fight was hurled
Against the fleets and breadships of the world,



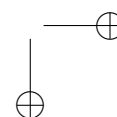
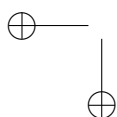


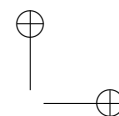
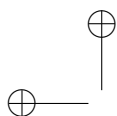
To raise more corn and lay more surplus by
Than the Red horde “collectivized” to die
And more to feed them as we forge along,
In war more valiant, as in work more strong,
Than they with all their treasures could purchase
Or, pity-mongering, cadge from foreign churches,
Though churches easier than forts they’ll scathe
And sacrilege is their sole act of faith!
Theirs but the promises of what we bring
Who all their weight on Propaganda fling,
Wasting more steam on meeting and debate
Than we reserve in silence to create,
For “propaganda” rounds off all their scope
Though our Religion they proscribed as “dope”
Which never yet unfitted men for battle
Or caused them to neglect the crops and cattle
Like that cheap Vodka of the intellect
Which never save as poison took effect,
Like hemp-smoke to confound their acts with words
And breeding lice for rearing flocks and herds –
As in new-rescued lands we can determine
Their live-stock is confined to rats and vermin:
Prize cattle they can make of bugs and fleas
As of defeats their famous victories:
For Propaganda (Mystics of the Lie)
Becomes their Universe, their Earth and Sky,
Until their bluff, invented to deceive,
They are the only gudgeons to believe.
And where in Agricultural Reform
Were lists and figures even seen to swarm
As there, devouring acres of good paper,
Their cyphers and statistics whirl and caper,
Like the mosquitos of their fevered area
With plagues of economical malaria,



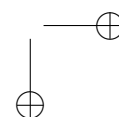
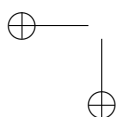


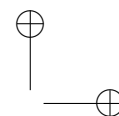
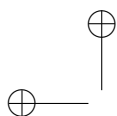
Like stings their soaring prices come to fix,
Till Life's a skeleton of rattling sticks
That jitters with delirium by the Styx –
Which multiplies the bureaucrats and clerks,
As fire with fire, to drive out Marx with Marx
Till all's a chaos, remedy and itch
Confounded and involved to such a pitch,
Except to argue wildly which is which
There's nothing, save to thief while there's a chance
And rent one's future domicile in France.
For economics shun their laboured course,
But serve us out of habit like a horse,
To prove the economics of the camp
Worth all the sweated oil of Marx's lamp,
One Quartermaster, come to feeding cities,
Worth fifty paid professors on Committees
One Cantinera, come to feeding villages,
Worth all the world of Vladimirs and Ilytches!
And honesty can save more time and pains
Than all the theories of Maynard Keynes,
Which, old and humble, like Aladdin's lamp,
Yet feeds the city and sustains the camp,
And as Spain welcomes home her wandered half,
Slays for the prodigal the fatted calf.
While scores of paid professors on their Boards
Have emptied golden cities of their hoards,
To prove without a further waste of breath
That Bolshevism means decay and death
And like the Arian heresy of old
That thus its final paralytics rolled
Four hundred years after its birth was told,
Is but the Reformation come to roost
Four hundred years after its rage was loosed –
Its highest prophets in their windy pride



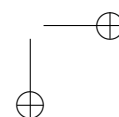
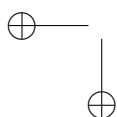


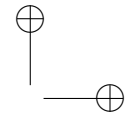
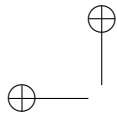
Anachronized by corporals on our side
Where Cuesta's simple land-laws are applied,
Torpedoeing the Talmud-heavy bulk
Of Marx's *Capital*, whose sodden hulk
(The Apocalypse of hate-hysteric toil)
Rainbows the wave with tons of midnight oil,
Meaningless hieroglyphics, whose oily hues
Enough to brilliantine the world of Jews,
Or (as we've seen) to set the world on fire,
Exploded thus, and spilled upon its ire,
Can still the Storm, and make the waves expire.
For still where Marx's influence is least,
Red fields with vestiges of grass are fleeced,
But where his lore we trample and oppose
Reviving Nature thanks us with the rose
And the live earth recovers from his blows –
This fat Cabestro of the starving kine
Had brought old Pharaoh's nightmare into line,
But we supplied the answer to his dream
And drove along the heifers full of cream
With horns of plenty dropping oil and wine!
As Marx the land, so Freud to blast the mind
These creeping desert-makers were designed –
The one by famine to subdue our stomachs,
The one by formulas the mind to flummox,
And both to blast our sense of bad and good
Reducing life to terms of sex and food,
And give us over to their grasping Kind
As footballs to be kicked about behind:
But their great error was to sap the breeds
That were to soldier for their ghastly creeds, –
The Russian, now a slave to doubt and fear,
Whether on high his aeroplanes appear
Or when aground, so hesitant to dare,



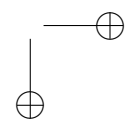
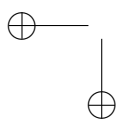


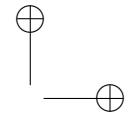
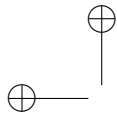
They lock him in his tank to keep him there:
The Marxian stomach and the Freudian will
That both of death anticipate the chill,
Are both anachronized, at one sole toss,
By those who drain their valour from the Cross:
We see three columns, told to move abreast,
In half an hour have radially digressed
With the two wingers heading East and West –
To prove their very compass has been struck
Or magnetized by something worse than luck –
Something that makes one think of children maimed
Of injured husbands who cannot be blamed,
The infinitely pitiable, made
Into a sort of mission or crusade.
For sagged and ruined on the moral side,
Direction, at their steering-wheel, has died –
Frustration being their sole sense and aim
Whose quarrel comes from wishing ours the same,
Their roots of life perverted at their source
And life aborted of its sacred force,
Comparing to our outfit as the tinned
To the live tunny, rainbowed, tailed, and finned,
With solar turbine functioning within
That swirls the nacreous glories on his skin;
And in Red leaders as they plunge and fail
The Freudian virus shows its ghastly trail
Everywhere thwarted and out-soldiered by
The magnanimity they most deny:
For in their deepest project we observe
That hesitation syncopates the nerve,
The tic, the hand's involuntary stammer,
That intercepts the Sickle and the Hammer;
As if the Actual torried them like cows
And passed the Obvious by their angry brows,



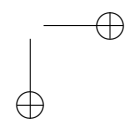
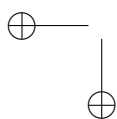


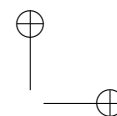
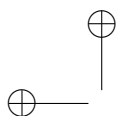
The ready-made intelligence is caught
By its own horns of formulated thought,
Which can be gauged and tallied in advance
So foreign to contingency and chance.
They cannot launch the act with the decision,
Armed with a prayer or lighted with a vision,
And vanquished by the forces they decry,
For want of them alone are doomed to die,
For Spirit is the motor fuel of matter
At which they push with such a heaving clatter
And the best "Shell" that was invented yet,
Runs from the Cross in living blood and sweat
For power and kilometres to the litre,
Shown here, the nonpareil and record-beater,
The essential oil and attar of all Worth
That drives the thundering turbines of the Earth –
The sovereign Serum, bred in Jewish veins
From Jewish poison, that with mortal pains
The Good Physician suffered to procure,
Against their venomous fangs to make us sure,
And bore both Jewish flesh and Jewish hate
To furnish that Celestial Mithridate,
Whose vaccination signed upon our heads
Immunes us from the weakness of the Reds,
In whom the Jew-bite, though it quick their pulse,
In the long run, will stifle and convulse,
As we have seen with Moscow and Geneva,
Reduced to impotence by the same fever.
For naught's *inevitable* that they do,
In elemental splendour breaking through:
Between the will, the purpose, and the Act,
The interim, as by a cough, is hacked –
No final lyric springs to life intact
Or epic surge with suds of thunder backed:



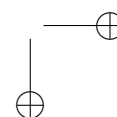
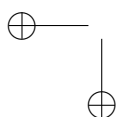


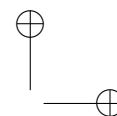
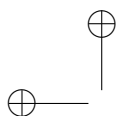
They get the backwash when the wave has gone
And inspiration would have shouted “On!”
Nor in their homes have they such tales to tell
(If homes survive in that back-street of Hell)
As when Red Seville to Quiepo fell:
No tower of tragedy, Cabeza-crowned,
Head in the stars, and roots in sacred ground –
For them the Lie, false Lenin’s “powerful arm,”
For us the living Myth, that grows in charm,
Victory’s rainbow! sweetly to inform
The thunder of this harvest-bearing storm,
A smile of beauty on the face of power,
The kestrel moored beside the sailing tower,
The star-beam anchored on the rushing spate,
The flower upon the prison’s stony gate,
The sweet guitar that sings in the front line,
The dusty riders’ cup of evening wine, –
The thymy myth that with its incense blooms
The mountains and their garrison of tombs,
One with the Race it grew from and sustains,
Drawn from the Epic lava of her veins
To blossom in the thunder-torn moraines,
That from no Jewish spittle springs uncouth
But clings upon the naked crag of truth
To scent the hills with everlasting youth.
And well the Modern Consciousness may storm
Anachronized in all it can perform
And mad with panic, as it reels to stage
The furious aurora of an age
Where all that’s Groupy, Left, or Meetingoid
Must go the chainpulled way of Marx and Freud,
A world returning from the breed that barter
To the new race of heroes, saints, and martyrs
Into a thousand useless splinters stunning



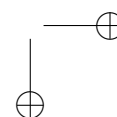
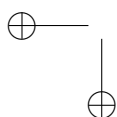


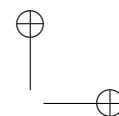
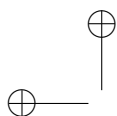
The old Regime of Cowardice and Cunning,
But for those souls reserving her delight
Who risk and suffer most to keep her white,
To whose strong arms her radiant charms belong
Which creeping wowsers coveted too long,
With fiery challenges to try and test
The devil-darers that she loves the best,
When only Miracles are worth belief
And Faith has risen to the World's Relief –
That Grand Cathedral, half to ruins turned,
Which Jews and Charlies would have sacked and burned
Which proves that it was for a temple planned
For were it not they'd leave it, like their Land,
To choke with weeds, or like their towns neglect
With bars and brothels festering unchecked:
Not as a Sacred Temple to be wrecked
To look upon it as their lawful prize,
To soil, to plunder, to "collectivize,"
To trample on the Miracle it shrines
And run it on co-operative lines –
For once they've made their Market of a Church
They'll leave the population in the lurch
To rot and starve as in their part of Spain
Where grass forgets to grow and clouds to rain.
Were not the Universe of worship vocal
Their mischief would be leisurely and local,
Not aimed to wreck the whole revolving sphere,
But shot about at random, there and here,
Wherever spires or churches rang their bells
Or cities didn't look like third-rate Hells.
No imbecility they'll find too odd
To illustrate their disbelief in God
And incredulity has made such dupes
With bigots and fanatics for its troops,



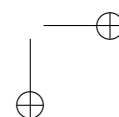
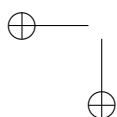


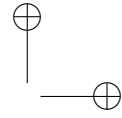
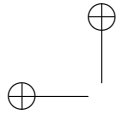
That in a world where they're allowed to reign,
Quijote's now the only person sane,
Whose valour has anachronized the clock,
The world-revolving mill that grinds our doom,
And rides the Age like his own spavined crock
Over a gulf which else had been its tomb:
While clocks like windmills droop their broken arms,
He rides through centuries as once through farms,
And like a great round belly in his rear,
The modern world with cautions and alarms
Yells out to him; but cannot make him hear:
While Lenin's gibbering ghost beholds with awe
The outworn Creed which he esteemed as straw
Anachronize the theories he built on
And cleave his iron universe like Stilton,
Till "save the little children" he must roar
Who always scorned hypocrisy before
And half the race to slaughter would not stop
To turn the world into a third-rate shop.
But he rides on illumed with one idea,
"The Fairest of them all is Dulcinea"!
To shout his message to the end of time
The cry that's worth the deathless flowers of rhyme,
Which Judgement's furious Dawn will smile to hear –
To prove his faith, abolishing divorce,
He rides upon his tank-destroying horse
High on the precipice of Faith to prance
With Charlie, like a cockroach, on his lance!
While from our faith such miracles result
The unbelieving bigots to insult,
Whose failures just as obviously obtain
From lack of it, as fevers from a drain,
We move the mountains like ecstatic thin
With trees for feathers, forests for their wings,



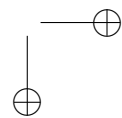
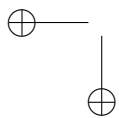


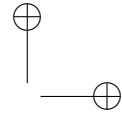
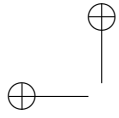
Sure as the storks in their returning gyre,
Through seas of smoke and hurricanes of fire
Back to the sacred Spain of their desire:
The great sierra with its cloudy mane
Returning like a Trans-Siberian train
With towns for trucks, with exiles and survivors
For freight, and laughing giants for the drivers,
From regions lost in Scandinavian night
Through the Red Seas of Horror and Affright
Like Israel from Egypt, when that Nation
Was pregnant still with the whole world's salvation,
And on its brows the diadem still pearled
Of Adam's sweat, the mandate of the world,
Before they left their heritage seraphic
In usury and drugs to make their traffic,
Or Freuds and Marxes, priests of desolation,
To spread their plagues of famine and damnation,
Death to the soul and Hunger to the land,
The slow paralysis of heart and hand.
But that we move the mountains who'll deny
That's seen us lift them with us to the sky,
For time Eternal jilting narrow Space
Where there's more room with seraphim to race,
With Constellations proudly changing guard
Cabezas and Alcazars to be starred,
That took the sun for their refulgent tyre
And rolled to glory on the wheels of fire
Elias-like, with thunders at the yoke,
While in their wake Vesuvius seemed to smoke
And the great flames released their curling manes
With winged Victory to shake the reins,
Our peerless Nike and Meridian Star
Of all the Seas, the Virgen del Pilar!
While in the streets like Phoenixes aspire



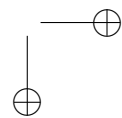
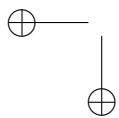


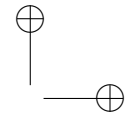
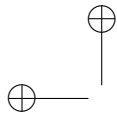
The living martyrs with their wings of fire,
And he last eve who stopped you for a light,
Has blazed away to glory in a night,
By amorous fury, as he died of love,
Borne skyward as an eagle bears a dove
But left his friends the valour to consume
The raging fire, the longing for its plume,
The supernatural contempt of doom,
The spirit, in its close corral confined,
That chafes and whinnies to be left behind
And hear its comrade snorting up the wind,
While round Toledo's foetid heaps of stone
For some brief hours about the streets was blown
The scent of roses that were never grown.
Proudly they let the whole world's cables slip:
But first to launch them on their fearful trip,
Their pilots through the thunder of the fray,
With iron valour vascoing their ship,
The Carmelites rose up to show the way:
For martyrdom their eagle spirits burned
As fierce as angry captains for the fight –
In these charred cells where Victory was learned
As others study medicine or law.
In this, Eusebio prayed whom last I saw –
His flesh already flame, his blood its light –
Questing the fire as fire would seek the straw.
On that dark night, too dark to say "goodnight,"
When what was gentlest in the shaken hand
Cut like a sword – how could I understand
My friends in their true mastery and height?
Or guess at half the fury of delight
That armed these Titans to belittle Death
And made my life, so dear to me that night,
Seem suddenly not worth the waste of breath?



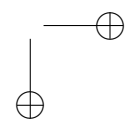
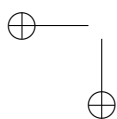


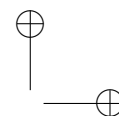
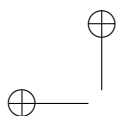
Till those who came to do the deed of spite
Seemed helpless sheep: and these the tigers cruel
Who leapt on their own flesh to rend and tire,
And of their agony consumed the fire
As ruthlessly as fire consumes the fuel.
Prayer was their work (as work's the prayer of slaves)
Whom such an iron servitude made free
Of any purpose but to burn, and Be
That Life, for which our own are yawning graves.
For in our Flash of knowledge, when it lords
The women's eyes, or glories in the fight,
We only know a shadow of their might
Who with their wounds were out to conquer swords;
Their pardon slew the steel that set them free:
More ample for their captive than the sea,
Each of them caged in his forgiving breast
The bloodshot frenzy of a mob possessed
And hushed it to the whisper of a tree.
So bright they sunned it from their new-found Day
Into the frantic and blaspheming will
Of those who came to raven on the kill,
They knew the eternal Presence of their Prey
And that it was themselves they'd come to slay;
Then from the place they slunk in guilt away;
For These were first to catch the sacred fire
That winged the Phoenix city from her pyre
And made the might of Resurrected Spain
More terrible for every martyr slain
Than in the living impact of her ire.
But of what followed, how shall it be written?
My coward's pen over this thing would gloss
And still my fancy like a nervous kitten
Is clawing at the skein of Atropos –
Cut off from the Alcazar as we lay



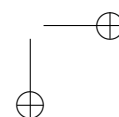
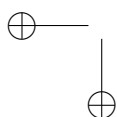


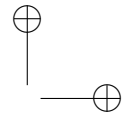
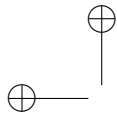
With nothing save to listen and to pray,
To listen and to start at fancied sounds
While the Infernal searchers went their rounds,
And life, a fly upon a rum-glass rim
Was subject to the vilest drunkard's whim,
While Death, that kind old wowser with a scythe,
That bearded skeleton with hairless poll,
Seemed but a Lansbury, cheerful and blithe,
A grand old Father Christmas of the soul,
Warm-hearted, benevolent, and kind,
Pickwick in character, Attlee in mind,
In podgy comfort a suburban Dean –
Compared to him we later heard and saw
To *him* we scented in the Night obscene,
The red hyena, when the rabid froth
In stalactites was streaming from his jaw:
And heard the flesh of women torn like cloth
By female claws: and high above their screams,
Like horrors towering over madmen's dreams
To set the coldest analysts ac creep,
The chuckle, and the cackle, and the laughter,
With which that shrill hyena chilled the steep
Crooning their eyeless agonies to sleep –
Most unbelievable and gloating rumour,
Abomination flawless and profound,
Loathing turned joy, as if some fearful tumour
Could find expression in the realm of sound:
Or be translated by a rabid hound,
With hoary mane erect and foetid breath,
Into a cry whose echo in the gloom
Would jog with fear the very bones of death
And bristle up the grass upon the tomb:
For even Hell its huge portcullis slammed
Against the sound, as if it had not known



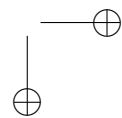
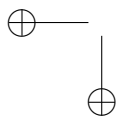


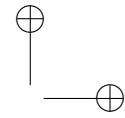
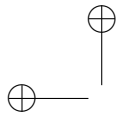
There is a Region nether to its own
And much to say for merely being Damned!
Than one such night as those of which I tell
I'd sooner have five years of Teruel:
To their suspense the air-raids seemed too brief
Instead of terror, bringing us relief. . .
For there was little difference in one's lot
Whether set free, or whether to be shot,
For freed, it was the gauntlet of the streets,
To lurk in jakes and infamous retreats,
Nearing our quarters with increasing dread –
And some to find our families were dead:
Then without arms, only to have your knife
With which to free your children or your wife
Should the she-werewolves hit upon your spoor
Or bad luck steer them shrieking to your door.
There where we saw the Marist brothers fall
And in their smoking blood upon the wall
“So kills the Cheka” grimy fingers scrawl:
And when they held their rifles to my chest
To save my bacon with a queasy jest,
To take with gratitude their rifle-butts –
My face a pulp, that it might save my guts,
Then when the bloody searchers came in force
How glad to sacrifice my finest horse
Whom in the bull-ring they had known before
Risking his life to feed their Comedor,
And whom those hands that led him forth to die
With thunderclaps had lauded to the sky –
For charity suggests some nobler force
And must be punished – even in a horse!
Then, in the stolen corpse-lorry, the flight
Along the mesa at the fall of night –
The black gore scattered over with loose shingle





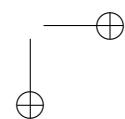
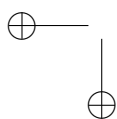
While over it the sapphire sparks atingle,
Buzzed, hummed, and trumpeted as if to bring
The Judgement of Beelzebub their King;
That stinking lorry, in my sleep it rides,
The skull and crossbones painted on its sides,
Bounding along the track of broken stones
Like a great skeleton with clanking bones,
While our own friends in ignorant farewell
Followed its progress with a random shell.
Two towers had fallen of those deathless four
That steeper into fame than Andes soar
To dare the loftiest mountaineers of song
(For all but seraphs else would do them wrong)
And to that immortality aspire
Where only the Cabeza holds her spire.
Like foothills to their steep volcanic cones
Valhalla and Olympus sloping lay
And, looking upright, trembled to survey
Those awful craters vomiting their stones
While overhead (not Chimborazo's cloud
More dense and black when thundering aloud)
The leagues of slow bitumen darkly trawled,
And underneath the earthquake nearer crept
By which the hill from its own belly leapt
But left one brood of eagles unappalled,
And though with huge moraines it tore the crest,
And striking here, through endless time was heard,
Broke not the Watch of that Imperial Bird
That on the peak of valour builds his nest:
Of those who saw the hurricane of ire
That rocked the condor on his nest of fire,
None ever guessed that dawn's retarded thrill
With his red eye would find him waking still.
For to the Cordillera they were born

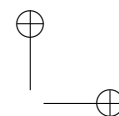
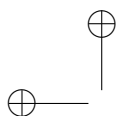




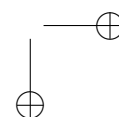
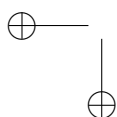
Where courage caps the perils as in scorn
With such a high serenity of snow
That nothing thence but living force can flow:
Mere valour so surpasses strength and skill,
And Faith so high above our powers must be,
That even when they melt, that tiny rill
Can hurl a thousand valleys to the sea;
For when that huge percussion hit the sun,
And vandals to the eyrie would have won,
So fierce an avalanche upon them fell
Before they knew, their spirits barked in hell.

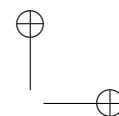
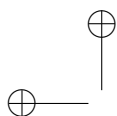
There while our lorry like a drunken boat
Rocked forwards on the shadowy waves afloat,
The mesa seemed an ocean darkly-burning,
With such a ghostly aura glowed the gloom
As the broad sun to ashes slowly turning
Now to that other torch resigned its room
That like a fallen comet redly bleeding,
Aurora Borealis waving doom,
Or far volcano from a ship receding
From sunken craters fanned its raging plume,
Which spectral through the black, revolving thunder
Forked out as in its own defiance flung
And swifter flying as the day went under,
In fierce contortion spiralling its tongue,
In deathless colours on the night unrolled
The scarlet streamers and the stripe of gold!
Yet who that saw its loveliness unfurled
Guessed it the Dawn of Europe: or its wonder
That which should daze the unbelieving world,
And of the Jews of every age and clime
Infuriate the glands of poisoned slime,
To go through history like its Master's face
The target of the soul-destroying race



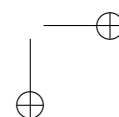
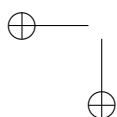


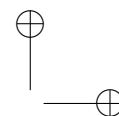
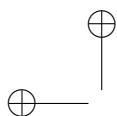
Blazing more proudly for the pelted grime,
The Glory and Anathema of Time,
Whose memory their thwarted rage will whet
Around its haunting, dreaded parapet,
To keep them firing and blaspheming yet!
How alien seemed the mesa then and strange
The contours of the well-beloved Range
That home from Talavera o'er the plain
Would trot beside us in its cloudy mane,
That sunlit plain where, never looking back,
(Arré, Caballo!) with resounding crack,
My hand a pistol-shot upon her croup
I loved to feel my bronca loop the loop
While my great dog would thunder forth his mirth
To see the mountains underneath my girth –
That dog (the wolves of Gredos knew him well)
Could wolf the leavings of a whole Hotel,
But now a wolf to his own nature freed
Perhaps on human carrion may feed
And what if, wounded in the mire and stench,
What if one night... deserted in the trench...?
I have seen humans under this Red Curse
From things far higher tumble to far worse!
Then little did we hope again to own
That plain where there was not a rounded stone
But we could call a pillow of our own,
Where late into the night the moon and stars
Would tango to the lilt of our guitars:
Where in the noon, the roller on the wire
Would strum the sunbeam, as a hand the lyre,
And if I looked away, with emerald flare
Would change into a bee-eater as fair,
Where finer films the sunlight would confound
And fling a shadow as she cruised around



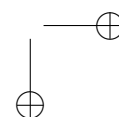
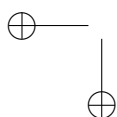


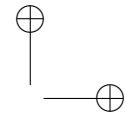
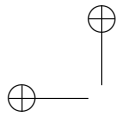
Like a green lamp reflected on the ground.
Fleeing the land, it was with that dismay
And ache of heart, as when we heard to-day
The “Balears” foundered in the spray,
Or when the sudden treachery befell
The yet unhumbled towers of Teruel:
Or when at length the Virgin of the Head
The seven-times Alcazar, bleeding red,
After nine months was battered to the ground
Where forty living skeletons were found,
Whose fame as great in tragedy shall shine
As in the roll of victories divine –
Thine, Oviedo: and, Toledo, thine!
But these are tests of the Eternal Rigour
To prove the inward temper of our vigour
That we may win deserving our desire:
They pull us backward as a hand the trigger
To loose the grim compression of our fire,
And for each backward jerk of us, the bigger
Has proved the fierce projectile of our ire:
And never more so than when Mola brave
Or good Sanjurjo hurtled to their grave.
But through the burning country as we passed
Our first disaster seemed to be our last,
Unwelded then by those recurring shocks
Resisting which has turned us into rocks,
Who win more firmness from a thunder-stroke
Than Reds from their few victories can choke: –
For well we knew the harvest would be wrecked,
The cattle decimated by neglect:
The scythe and hammer painted on the wall
Foretold the workless times that should befall,
The skull and crossbones charcoaled here and there
Were auguries of famine and despair



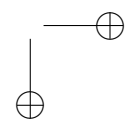
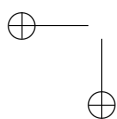


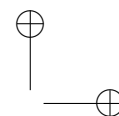
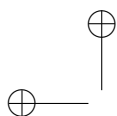
Where villages already had been turned
To offal-heaps, their churches sacked or burned,
And some to stables, some to brothels turned,
Where the confessionals, as oft we find,
To rites of contraception are resigned
For things of faith completely to destroy
Their mystic love of sacrilege would cloy,
And still, as the devoutest nuns that live,
They feed on what religion has to give,
Picture the “Godless League” without a god
As music for their sheeny Eistedfodd,
Both atheists and godlessness would out
Had they no God to chew the fat about,
Even the Fiend, to reinforce his sprite,
And get the courage for his daily fight,
Though backwards, says his rosary every night!
And what if Garcia Lorca died for this
Caught bending over that forlorn Abyss
For some mephitic whim his soul that spliced,
As once he boasted, with the Antichrist?
This weary Faustian hunger for the void
An age of intellectuals has destroyed;
In him another Marsyas sang and died,
The victim of the God that he defied:
Was Spain to let an enemy escape
Vowed to her Foe though in an angel’s shape
And lovely as Lalanda with his cape?
It was his fate with his own age to die –
That of the fevered sin and languid eye,
And let the new-fledged eagle take the sky,
Whose plumes, the virtues that they found so pale,
Are light and thunder on the roaring gale
Of battle, and have many times repaid
The genius lost in him for Spain betrayed.



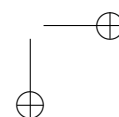
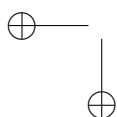


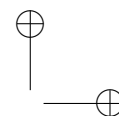
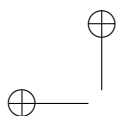
For One (whose Absence fills the land entire
With one mad love to emulate his fire)
At the same moment, to the firing squad
Spurning his body, launched his soul to God,
Whose epic line (no flourish of the pen)
Was life and rapture, and whose words were men
And though he died ere it was well begun
Rolls flaming onwards to the rising sun:
For in young Primo's grave his slayers stowed
One fire-brand safe, a whole mine to explode,
And seldom such a triumph (since the Cross)
Has glorified a single human loss:
Whose Phoenix blood in generous libation
With fiery zest rejuvenates the nation –
Not like the Reds to seek in "reformation"
A safe escape from suffering or care:
But eager the impossible to dare
Seeking what fort of terror or despair
Can hold its own to Sacrifice or Prayer.
For Victor of the Iron was the corse
When servile Death led forth his winged horse,
And, like a serf, the bridle held to him
As to some Captain in the Seraphim:
While that young Hercules, leaving the ground
He scarcely ever touched, his saddle found
Firm in a Nation's mind, in its strong hand
A stirrup swung where Victory might stand,
And for his charger – cloud-careering Spain
With hide of golden corn and snowy mane,
Tornadoeing in glory through the sky,
In steep sierras caracoling high,
Or in low foothills trotting smooth and fair,
Beneath his sky-blue shirt of morning air
Braided with scarlet arrows by the Sun,





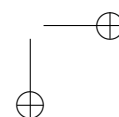
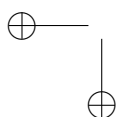
A “Falangist” himself, if there is one!
Punctual at dawn to rise, at eve to set,
And leave the fields ambrosial with his sweat,
And happy now a comrade to embrace
As solar to the land as he to Space,
To whom, as due as to himself, the bread,
Through willing labours, sways its golden head
As never where the land is to the Red;
To whom as due, the storks return this Spring
And homecome swallows in the rafters sing
Secure from last year’s dynamiting pest,
The broken eggs, and dislocated nest;
And while these two their bright meridian reach
And pass upon their way with solar speech,
The valiant sun, in little things polite,
To our brave comrade offering a light,
Out of the lovely horses that they drive,
His own appears the grandest of the five –
Heroic steed, of Pantagruelian feats!
Whose footfalls are the shattering defeats
That fall like thunder on the godless scum
And shake the Kremlin with the wrath to come:
Whose hoofbeats are the conquered kilometres
That rhyme along the road in lovely metres,
And all the way from Portugal to France
From victory to victory advance,
Ringing beneath him as he rides above –
The madman whose delirium was love!
Doctored Professor of the “Joyful Science”
And soldier of impossible defiance,
Mortality oppressed his boundless youth
The stoned and hunted heretic of truth –
Stoned, who rose laughing: hunted, who hunted Death
And ran it down gasping for its own breath,

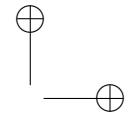
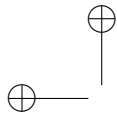




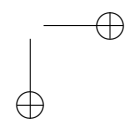
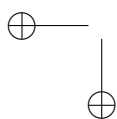
Which knowing not pursuit, but to pursue,
From such unwonted heat in panic flew
Till cornered breathless in its native sewer,
The Tcheka, where it turned on its pursuer:
For Death was but another of his stunts
In order to be everywhere at once:
And those who helped him to so wide a grave
Buried themselves, the century to save!
Danger, his bride, to lose him, died of sorrow:
And by the sons she bore him, since that morrow
Was never known again, though they inquire
Through seas of blood and hurricanes of fire!

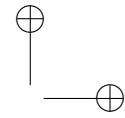
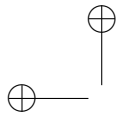
With lions' sinews may his lyre be strung,
As mine with mere Orlando-hide is hung,
By whom these wonders fitly shall be sung
To make amends to Spain for all the lies
An age of creeping wowsers in disguise,
For centuries have still been forced to spin
To cover the lewd haunch of Ann Boleyn,
And with smug incense to deodorize
Their pimping to a murderous cuckold's sin –
Which gave us first our famous unemployed
And now would sell our sons to Marx and Freud.
Our history, made one black Face-saving Lie
The Spanish Inquisition to decry,
Which slew less Jews with its protecting hand
Than Cecil's Ogpu made them rich and grand
By murdering Christians for their wealth and land –
Now breeds this gluttonous dupe that can be fed
With the "Most Powerful Weapons" of the Red
So as to give sword-swallowers the gripes
And twinge the Ostrich in his envious tripe –
Since lying now, as far as Spain's concerned,
Into a Second Nature has been turned,



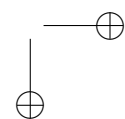
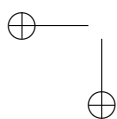


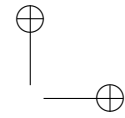
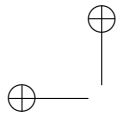
Lie fertilizing huge dyspeptic lie
Until to-day the Legend fills the sky,
Till Spanish priests on their twelve pounds a year
As “rich” and “worldly” courtesans appear
To our pink Mitred Glabs of Guts and Suet
So thick they scarce can force their peepers through it,
When but to see the Carmelite who goes
Barefooted in the fierce Castilian snows
Would give them nightmares in their gouty toes,
Who sponsor Onanism and Divorce
And let the birthrate flounder on its course,
Whose Pickwickoid stupidity accrues
From idleness, fat livings, empty pews,
Whose smarmy ruse in fear of coming slaughter
Is mixing Vodka with the holy water;
Yet these who rave against the New Dictators
For shooting off a hundred agitators
Unruffled saw the butchery of Eire
As if it were the death of a Canary,
Approve the Russian spate of gore and filth
With Spies and Wreckers licking up the spilth –
If Stalin speaks the truth; if he does not,
How then the bloodiest Wrecker tops the lot!
And blame the valiant Franco and his train
They would not have its counterpart in Spain
And to such cancerous growth of running sores
Preferred the amputation of the wars:
The Godless state of Russia they’ve commended
“As nearest yet to what our Lord intended” –
These Pickwickoid buffoons will smell you roses
Where even dunghill rats would hold their noses,
And though divorce was their first end and source
Though Onanism’s now their next resource,
And next, who knows, to keep the same proportion



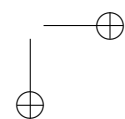
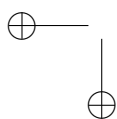


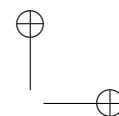
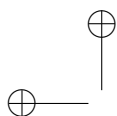
These canting thugs will sanctify abortion?
With compromise who've always pandered yet
Each royal and public weakness to abet,
The common lusts obligingly who shove –
Impeach their King (and Pope) for honouring Love!
Yet where was that Defender of the Faith
Whom ever lust or murder brought to scathe
Or through adultery ever came to grief?
It was for chivalry they sacked their chief
The chivalry that wipes out every stain –
(And worth it England's manhood to regain!)
A King too generous, direct, and manly
For fallen England or the likes of Stanley.
But what imports, so they can keep their place,
The Christian Family, the State, the Race?
Just now, when every race should clear its decks,
And through the sky the thunder roars for wrecks,
When all the traitors are in place and power
Life to deny, and Virtue to deflower,
And soul-destroying energies annex
The softening belly, and defile the sex,
Where Rome and Babylon received the shot
From Freuds and Marxes who were on the spot.
When the great trumpet sings the gates asunder
And Christian virtue rides to face the thunder,
And bankrupt Progress, prostituted Science,
Are half with the Destroyer in alliance;
Where only virtue hammered out of steel
Tempered in ice and on the solar wheel
Honed to an edge, and spotless as its ray –
Can hope to hold against the world's decay –
Many of these can only feebly grin
To feel the poisons rioting within,
Who smile to see true Churches overthrown



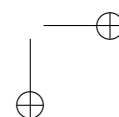
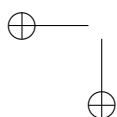


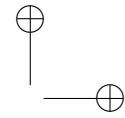
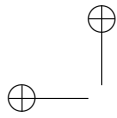
And made as void and ugly as their own
When they of Saints and Angels stripped their Abbey
To fill with whiskered imbeciles, and flabby,
Frock-coated wiseacres in Alabaster –
The harbingers of Progress and Disaster,
The idols of a belly-worshipped people
Who've hoisted Carnal Comfort to the Steeple
And while the surfeit chokes them to the necks
Of housing, comfort, heating, food, and sex,
The like of which on earth was never seen
And carries luxury to the latrine,
More pomp and ritual paying to that shrine
Than ever yet to altars more divine,
And whom to punish, their own prayers are granted
Always to get exactly what they've wanted!
Free love, Free verse, Free thinking, contradictions
Of terms, involve them in far worse restrictions,
Tie up their natures worse, and cramp their souls
Than if like bears they were chained up to poles,
Till one and all they blare from night to morn
“Better by far that never we'd been born”:
But whose own curates loud as they complain
Live fatter than a Cardinal in Spain,
Whose humblest vergers sleep in cotton sheets
And suck the sow of comfort by the teats.
The hardest sacrifice of those who sneer
At our brave martyrs slashed from ear to ear,
Is to be short of money, fags, or beer;
They dread no sudden knife-thrust in the ribs
Nor to be set on fire like human squibs,
Since communism has no fear of these
Who oil its way for it, and preach to please.
The “comrade” scorns such mounds of walking bunk
As roundly as he feared the Spanish monk,



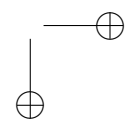
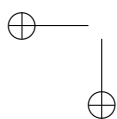


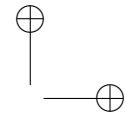
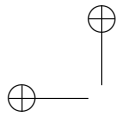
Who with his blood could rout and overwhelm
The roaring horde of Moscow from the realm
And seat once more his Master at the helm:
As when Napoleon tried such tricks before
It was the priest that led the files of war.
But even Judas would disown his kin
In these betrayers of their Saviour's skin
Who dare to vilify the Church in Spain
And justify her holocausts of slain,
Crowding to swell the Regicidal cry
When the great Cross is reared against the sky –
Where there were no ground-rents, fat livings, feasts,
But only whips and scaffolds for the priests,
Who different as the Living from the Dead
Could lead their flocks as these by theirs are led
Where yet their blood the wave of conquest yeasts
And iron instead of pork's the stuff of priests,
Who fed on leavings, slept on wood and stone,
To rise in glory to the sacred throne.
Such, bestial comfort! are thy boasted boons
To turn a race of heroes to buffoons:
And how would the red massacres compare
If Moscow should decide to launch them there
In England, where the blood's so cold and cruel
And years of smug repression stoke the fuel,
Where black misanthropy so fiercely clogs,
And love is squandered on the cats and dogs,
Go ask the red and black skins in our tanyard
Whether the cruel inquisitorial Spaniard
Or creeping Saxon, Pickwickoid and Kind,
Is more a master suited to their mind,
And when the Inquisition vetoed slavery,
What kind humanitarian plied the knavery?
Under whose rule the Red Man has survived



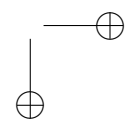
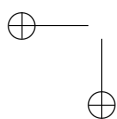


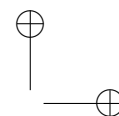
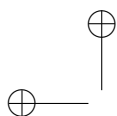
And Polynesian multiplied and thrived?
And where the Red Man and the Maori are
Who lived beneath the Philanthropic star?
Whole continents dispeopled of their race
By those who'll cant in Mussolini's face
When from the "human Wolf," the cursed Amharic,
He freed slave-races ten times less Barbaric –
And ask yourself how England would compare
Were the red Wardance to be started there?
Creating Dust-bowls with bad agriculture,
By killing forests, droughts to feed the Vulture,
At the same time with mountains of bolony
They'd ban the waving fields of Macaroni –
While they annex the Boer, invade the Gaucho,
Although of that the latter made a cow-show!
But still the Spaniard's empire on this earth
Has been in height as ours in sweeping girth
And, perpendicular as ours is level,
Affords less room or foothold for the devil.
His mission is to save as ours to clutch
And there's no country that we owe so much,
Who conquering more great powers than we have small
Has twenty times averted Europe's fall
As now she stands between us and the hell
Which no godless democracy could quell.
Our liberal democracy unturfed
The creeping conquered Saxon where he serfed
For the proud Norman and Unconquered Scot
Now decadent, the sissy and the sot,
Who like all underdogs when they get free
To bully smaller nations made his spree –
While Spain has mostly battled with the strongest
And in their rout her history's the longest.
Napoleon's strength was hamstrung with her iron



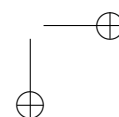
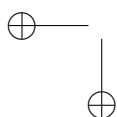


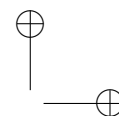
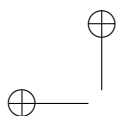
Before the mastiffs fell upon that Lion:
And Lenin's with Napoleon's godless star
Predestinately foundered from afar,
Both Revolutions as one failure seen
Whose godless altar was the guillotine.
Against the Carthaginian and the Turk
Whether from West or farthest East they work
(As Russia now) the Spaniard's is the call
When towering heathen odds on Europe fall:
Always to save her in her own despite
While protestants for Jew or Turk will fight
Or sit as we do now upon the wall,
Transporting armies she defeats, to crawl
Back to the battle that would overwhelm us all.
While in our smug humanitarian robe
We understock a quarter of the globe,
Spain will be always there against all odds
To bear the brunt, and rescue to the gods
More of the world from chaos and destruction
Than we can kiss with philanthropic suction:
Send more black souls to God like joyful rockets
Than we can crush and grind into our pockets
Exterminating tribes as she preserves them
And swindling them as freely as she serves them,
As Mexicans and Filipinos show
But the poor Maoris are not there to know:
And still whatever hurricane be hurled
Preserving Europe, to preserve the world
Even as now in this stupendous fight
To save us almost in our own despite,
She gives the first wound that will surely rot
Even into the Kremlin's central spot,
While hypnotized and waiting to be shot
Our people only tried to stave the slaughter



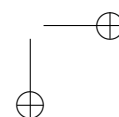
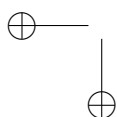


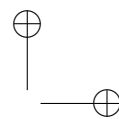
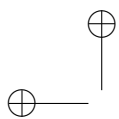
By mixing with a little friendly water
The Vodka when it seemed to grow too hot –
Their Church a Trojan Dray-horse to the plot.
But Spain seraphic on the Ages' Rock
Defied the thunder and returned the shock
From that divine sky-sundering sierra
But stands unshakable in seas of Terror,
Two thousand years ahead of and above
The world amidst the thunderclouds of Love,
Which saw the Hun, the Vandal, and the Arian,
The Reformation to the Proletarian,
Through Capitalism, stretch its sickening line,
And watched the jerks and jitters of its spine
As it lay vomiting its spawn of sharks
To cough its soul at last in Freud and Marx,
With liberal, democrat, and blond Barbarian,
And now the pacifist humanitarian,
(The bloodiest beast by nature misbegotten)
With anglican and calvinist gone rotten,
Their churches empty and their creeds forgotten,
Science gone bankrupt, Progress on the lurch,
And Socialism hanged on its own perch –
And stands to-day impregnable, as when
It was defended by eleven men
Who took the world (as Quiapo took Red Seville
Who out of Andalusia flogged the Devil)
When Christians gloried on the blood-lit sand
And the Arena was our native land:
And saw the Cæsars sink their storm-red suns
And passed the joyful wisdom to their sons
To count its age by each world-heaving passion
Whatever form of Wowserdom's in fashion:
It was but yesterday it smashed the Huns
And now the crack through broken Russia runs:



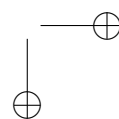
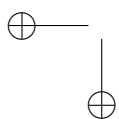


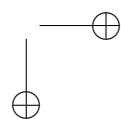
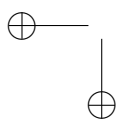
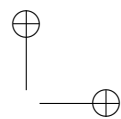
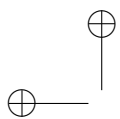
The Turks before, the Bolsheviks to-day
Have crashed in bloody foam and rolled away:
And Bolshevism is but one wreck more
Its thunderstriking mole has piled ashore.
A million more it reaches to collect
Which makes its bastion out of Babels wrecked
With all that was most modern in its prime
Or is like to be for all succeeding time,
For still the latest fashion and the mode
To her great scrapheap take the shortest road
Whose skeletons the more they're dashed and wrecked
Form huger bastions, further to project
And fortify against the outer world
The very keep at which their rage was hurled:
And Bolshevism forms but one more mole
To wreck whatever new mad force may roll
Against that towering fortress of the soul!

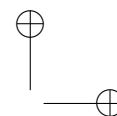
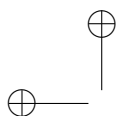




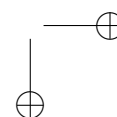
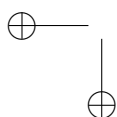
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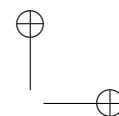
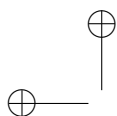




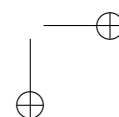
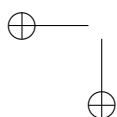


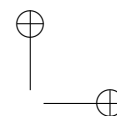
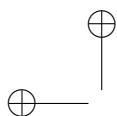
Scourged by the Prince of Horsemen from above,
Pursued by whizzing flies but not for love,
With suds of dripping on their blood-red beef
All groaning for the watery relief,
These captured pommies that perfume the path,
Before their lives, will clamour for their bath –
For water eared them with those scarlet fins
And water logged their boiled unhealthy skins:
Exposed to air for longer than they wish
They fare far worse than crocodiles or fish.
For like their politics their damned hygiene
Results the wrong way round from what they mean
Whose boomerang intentions still come back
With the same sickening and resounding whack:
From Soap to Sanctions nothing they apply
But they collect it in the Nose or Eye –
And of all stinks the devil ever cursed
The godless Charlie's toejam is the worst!
In washing as in life they are the same,
The Opposite rewards their dearest aim,
For Comfort cruelly themselves they vex
And for Security would break their necks,
For cleanliness they skirl with fearful hum,
To war for peace, aggressively they come,
And martyrs in each cause are nothing loth
With dirt and blood to illustrate them both.
Frustration the main theme of all their cults,
They wash and war with similar results,
Which makes their poets wish they'd not been born
And hold their kill-joy parents up to scorn
Whose error was not to abort them whole,
In body, as they managed with the soul,
For perished rubber dashed their early hopes
As sponsored by their Church and Marie Stopes;





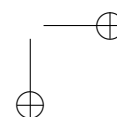
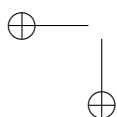
With those strange eyes which never look but “peer”
And still to find the world is out of gear,
Which they’d reform regardless of the curse
That everything they change is for the worse,
Whose phobia for the Actual runs so high
(As Lenin saw) they’ll perish for a Lie,
And never stop to ask the reason why,
To fight for “Liberty” who grant it least
And for “Humanity” to make a beast,
Whose third-rate morals always sympathize
Where there’s most scope for villainy or lies,
And always with some moral pretext pat
For living with the morals of a Rat –
Whatever they would mend they botch the more,
And aggravate as children scratch a sore:
As women flog their brats to stop them crying
To every thud a fiercer howl replying –
They treat their lives, their sodden skins they scrub,
And seek their Bath as toppers do the pub.
Of human Feelings underneath the sun,
Exasperation seems their only One –
Still with the world’s realities at war
They live in them, as stranded fish ashore,
Yet in whatever villainy their heart is
It’s always as the grossly “injured parties” –
It is for Right and Liberty they pong
And our poor noses that are in the wrong!
Though of this plight the Charlie makes a mystery
His case is simpler than the Natural History
From which his prophets spring (his Huxleys, Joads,
And Haldanes) skilful in the ways of toads
And axolotls, as they’re helpless boobs
Outside their world of microscopes and tubes
And even then interpret Nature’s laws

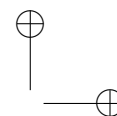
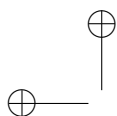




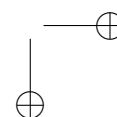
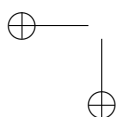
By taking the results to be the Cause.
Though in their fine experiments exact,
They take the negative to be the fact
Which is why “progress” in their own despite,
Harks to the primitive prenatal night,
And while a higher culture is their goal,
They mechanize and bestialize the soul,
And here the Charlie’s greatest dangers lie
Accepting Science which has proved a Lie
As far as application is concerned.
So all his nature-study should be burned
If into dogma it must still be turned –
And sure by its colossal failure here,
Its worst fanatics should be taught to fear:
For to the very beasts (from germs to horses)
By which he would direct his earthly courses
He owes the very opposite of thanks:
Since it was Rozinante kicked his tanks,
And of all beasts in which his lore is slickest,
It was the microbes sized him up the quickest,
On his hygienic hide they fastened thickest –
No sooner did they glimpse this learned dunce
But “took him for an Englishman” at once,
And though the truth of it neither can twig
They see him little as he sees them big:
While them he magnified through lenses dim
And made like giants in his fancy swim,
They see him as despicable and small,
And straight upon him tooth and nail they fall:
Since from the best end of the microscope
(While he learned fear) they learned their strength and scope.

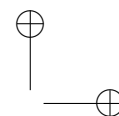
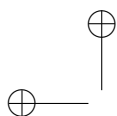
If all his science could be thus reversed,
’Twould make him happy as it makes him cursed,



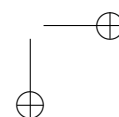
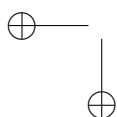


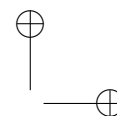
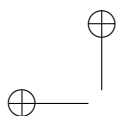
And both in health and battle it is so –
They fare the best who least redoubt the foe:
If I feared germs I'd snuffle with the flu –
Or communists, with communism too.
Day Lewis to the Communist "feels small"
But nothing's made me feel so steep and tall:
With me such things are easy to determine
Who never felt this reverence for vermin
And all I know is, communists or germs,
He fares the best who never comes to terms!
So what between the Microbe and the Man
The Wowser must result an Also Ran
Who's got the Goat alike through his own meanness
Of human grandeur as of bestial wee-ness,
Plagued by the latter with a rage insane
To hunt the former with the hate of Cain,
While humanizing microbes in his mind,
Bacteriologizing human kind,
In whom no finer feelings he'll admit
Than actuate a woodlouse or a nit:
Not only in his Science and his Art
Identified with germs to play their part
In onslaught on the human form and face
And the preserving virtues of the race,
But also making war upon the past
All of its nobler lineaments to blast
Lest any human excellence transpire
To lift our heads an inch above the mire
To emulate, or even to admire:
For human contours, it will not allow
The brave man's thorax or the wise man's brow:
Small motives to great actions must be traced
And nature systematically debased,
Whose human outlines we must only follow



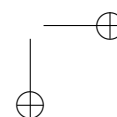
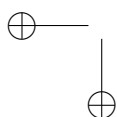


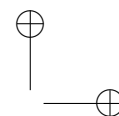
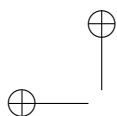
By feeling for what's negative and hollow,
Flattering every weakness we can find,
Condoning every baseness of the mind,
With faults for handles, seeking for the grip
To overthrow the noble horsemanship
The soul requires to dominate and charm
The bronco flesh, so restive to alarm,
And pitching both into the filth and mire
To cheapen them for slavery and hire –
The racket of the Invert and the Jew
Which is through art and science to subdue,
Humiliate, and to a pulp reduce
The Human Spirit for industrial use
Whether by Capital or Communism
It's all the same, despite their seeming schism,
In that for human serfs they both require
Limpness, servility, and lack of fire.
And that's the task of modern art and verse
Whose high-paid priests are certified perverse
From those who race or sex degrades them most
Before they raise them to their envied post:
So that obsessed by their humiliation
They'll socialize their weakness to the nation,
Each, of his botches the self-conscious snob,
To flatter and instil them in the mob,
Rewarded with high honours by the state
For Charlotading all that's fine or great,
All valour, grace, and virtue to decry
And boost the pusillanimous on high:
And cheapening us first in our own eyes
By spitting on all values that we prize,
Grow fat upon the treacherous employ,
Each as a belled cabestro, or decoy,
With a gold medal clanking at his neck



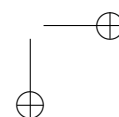
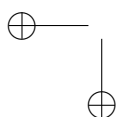


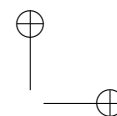
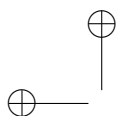
To lure his fellows to their sale and wreck,
When cheapened, hypnotized, unmanned and cowed,
The gelded slave his “freedom” is allowed –
A tyranny far worse than blamed on Hitler
Whose chief oppression is of the belittler,
The intellectual invert, and the Jew,
Whose tyranny’s the harder of the two,
Since not by force, but a more sure refinement,
Rather akin to solitary confinement,
They isolate the man who won’t surrender
Or join their mass-crusades “against all splendour” –
And strong is he, with triple armour braced,
Who will not hedge or compromise at last.
For the New artist is an Agent priced
To play on Man what Judas played on Christ,
In like humanitarian livery slinking
And in his purse the silver pieces clinking:
To cheapen him they drain their loving cup to –
That’s what your defrocked Scoutmasters are up to!
But Nature still a boundary will fix
To such abuse. In this case it’s the Styx.
For from the mere direction, gradient, pace,
It is not hard the destiny to trace
Of so much downward thinking: gravitation
Is their sole motor power, and our salvation:
The force of the Earth Mother pardons none
Who’ve not the counter-drive towards the Sun,
And not one Ampere of that force is found
In modern thought, which faces to the ground;
Which makes it only possible for Langdon
To see the pegs inferior hats are hanged on,
Who lectures us on “half-wits,” so to rate men.
Who foolishly (he thinks) believe in Great Men,
And of his own wit only uses half,



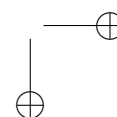
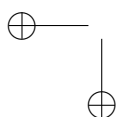


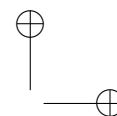
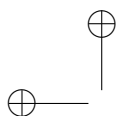
The part which faces nearest to the Calf,
Which can divide but cannot multiply
Its own proportions in the mental eye,
Sinking and shrinking only on itself
Though very small, and on a lower shelf,
With far less room beneath it than above it,
Although, up there, it would find few to love it:
It can allow some fellow half-wits space
But to do so must shut out half the race
Which beggars all his efforts to explain
What's happened at his barricades in Spain,
Routed by forces which, when Reds must fly,
Their legs acknowledge if their lips deny –
Greatness and Magnanimity of soul
Which from the start has had them up the pole!
Sheer mastery, unmixed with more ingredients,
Which Reds admit themselves – by their obedience,
Whenever they've a scarcity of brandy
Or foreign reinforcements are not handy:
What else explains Quiapo's enterprise,
Disarming regiments with his flashing eyes,
An unarmed rebel in an alien station
Gaoling the chiefs for insubordination
To what – when on their side were arms and law –
To what but sheer authority and awe!
Sheer greatness, that's above all grades of rank,
For which he only had himself to thank,
Weighing alone against the town of Seville
With tons of cutler's iron, plus the devil,
To prove the menial is a menial yet
However high he hoists his serviette
And that the types who live blaspheming tallness
Are those who show it up most by their smallness.
But the poor Charlie dooms his frantic strife



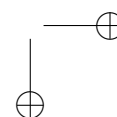
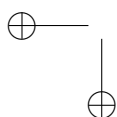


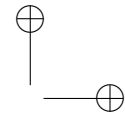
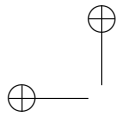
By shirking this first principle of life
With many more he struggles to deny
However hard they strike him in the eye,
And severed from their vitalizing force
He flounders ever downward on his course.
Like the Neanderthal who forms the text
Of his religion, he must follow next,
As holy relics though he keeps the bones
Of that old ragamuffin of the stones –
As we do those of martyrs or of saints
To raise our faith or courage when it faints:
With his bashed skull to cheer his fated garrison
By means of a most flattering comparison,
To find in an abortion nature shelves
A freak as damned and ugly as themselves,
Whose downfall they mistake for evolution
And dogmatize with bloody persecution:
For as that sad degenerate of the rocks
Who co-existed with the manly stocks
Of the Aurignac, higher than our own
If height is in the vaulty forehead shown,
So the mad Charlie co-exists with ours
Which whets the envy of his failing powers,
And communism is his last fierce kick
To bring us down in the same mud to stick.
Hence too his hatred for the living past
That makes him feel so abject and aghast,
And though he trusts to his new fins and wings
For his salvation, which convenient things
Fish are too sensible, too wise the pigeons
To fabricate, like him, into religions –
He'll have to live protected like the Beavers,
And for a lake I recommend Geneva's
A sad anachronism without means



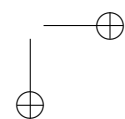
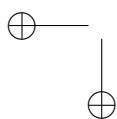


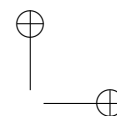
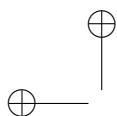
To live, supplanted by his own machines
Which though as dogs our bidding they obey,
Treat him (their worshipper) a different way –
For these machines, and daily they come faster,
Are plainly looking for a better master:
They drink his sweat, and chuck him out of work,
And drive him to the pistol and the dirk:
As one who treads on his own garden rake
It strikes him on the forehead like a snake,
So we behold his cannon and his tanks
Turn on him with a nancy offspring's thanks,
From which our hand a treble thunder spans:
They jilt him in the battle and the need
And in our hands rebound with vengeful speed,
As if they'd got his freudian lore by heart
Perversely primed to their unfilial part,
To turn and rend their bent and broken sire
And spread his mouldy fossils in the mire
For future mutts to treasure and admire:
His impetus is not to breach the tomb
But drag his rival down to share his doom,
For which he uses all his logic, science
Every new gadget, every new appliance,
In knowledge, economics, and hygiene,
Always to shuffle lower than he's been –
Drugging himself with that hypnotic shout
Of "progress" (which he knows is fear and doubt)
Down, down, down, down – until he's down and out!
.
When Nelson held his glass to his blind eye,
Unpommified, it was to do or die!
But his descendant does it as a rite
Whenever something Obvious heaves in sight:
To shun the Actual nobody more smart,



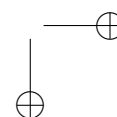
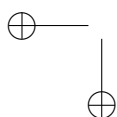


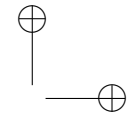
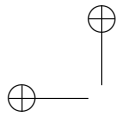
To dodge the Obvious is his native art,
For both insult him with derisive grin
From his environment and from within:
Whose gluttony all mixtures can sustain
Save what is actual, evident or plain –
“The Atlas eater with a jaw for News”
Whose ostrich mind no mischief can refuse,
Whose scarlet ears and mediumistic mind
Express for Propaganda were designed,
In Spain or Russia swallowing every farce
In which he plays the leading Role of Ass,
Who still where he has “peered” with his pink eyes
A proverb for credulity supplies,
For proverbs he has made the Ass look poor
To symbolize the booby and the boor,
Where peering eyes and ears of monstrous size
“To take one for a Britisher” implies:
Since all his Pelman course and monkey’s glands
With which the Charlie intellect expands,
His lore of vitamins, the germs and mites
To which he pays his more fantastic rites –
From all this Voodoo there results a sap,
You will not find his equal on the map:
For all things shining generous or clear
He has low motives and a knowing leer,
And were a Phoenix from its fragrant pyre
To blossom he would piddle on the fire,
Whom all things bore except to gloat or gape
At tales of murder, cruelty and rape,
Whose only living folk-lore, for his grovels,
Is canine limericks and detective novels
Where (as in Spain) he sleuths the obvious guilt
From the Red villain, proving to the hilt
Some unsuspecting Christian is the crook



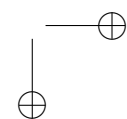
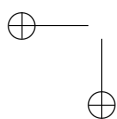


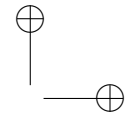
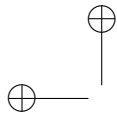
And always the least abject in the book:
Until the squint into his nature grows
Scenting the drainpipe to the open rose –
And now the Hero of this War on Truth,
The “National Type” becomes the sneaking sleuth:
Who lofty monuments can never spy
Save with a dog-like itch to lift his thigh,
Traitor to life and that which moves the spheres
Whose music never sounded in his ears,
For Mischief is the only joy he seeks
Or brings the colour to his flabby cheeks:
To make life easy is his one resource
With sodomy, abortion, and divorce –
As some poltroon to tame a noble horse
Instead of vaulting to the risky heights
Runs off complaining that it kicks and bites,
Starves it into a hat-rack, kills its pride,
And strings its hams before he dares to ride:
And then observing it is spoilt and lame
Would have all other riders do the same
For envy draws the supercilious sneer
With which he views their galloping career
For none he deems deserve the joyous strife
Which he gave up for his ignoble life:
Pursuing honour even to the grave
Where he debunks the valiant and the brave
With abject lies their graves to picnic-litter
And tapeworm in the charnel for a titter.
Were this not so, what else could move his brain
To sabotage the Victory of Spain
Which like a miracle from nothing born
To Nightmare-ridden Europe shows the Morn.
To arm the villain with his gold he flies
And every day to circulate his lies,



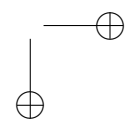
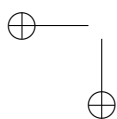


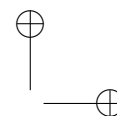
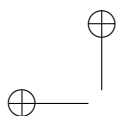
In all the leading Journals of the times
To blame us for the Reds' Subhuman crimes,
Guernica dynamited from within
He lays to Franco's aeroplanes the sin,
And with humanitarian fuss makes bold
To "save Bilbao's children" (and its gold!)
That with the looted treasures of Spain
Good Marxists may not want the best Champagne
In the Parisian Cafes where they reign:
Then, twenty thousand troops dismayed with fear
Transporting round to hack us in the rear!
To serve these ends he runs his murderous guns
And robs the Spanish mothers of their sons.
Guernica! even were the lie not patent
Still his hypocrisy would be as blatant
Who said no word (the sanctimonious Caviller!)
When Huesca, Cordoba, Granada, Avila
Valladolid, Pamplona, twenty more
Far from the zone or interest of war
Were bombed and shattered many months before,
Had these been strongholds of the sons of Marx
And turned to shambles by those ugly sharks
So that to bomb them into smithereens
Would almost be improvement to their scenes –
What Caterwaulings would have filled the Deans!
Had Spain's unarmed and slaughtered Christian Dead
Been Abyssinian slave-drivers instead,
Had they been thugs or Papuan head-hunters
What Indignation would have filled the grunters
For the sly Pickwick has a sliding lid
"Tut, tut," he cries, "the Obvious is hid
But even if it be as we observe it
The victims must be wicked to deserve it:
To Landru's victims and to Bluebeard's wives



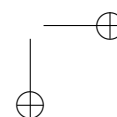
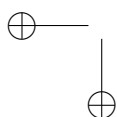


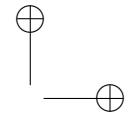
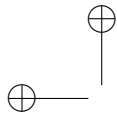
Must be ascribed the monsters' wicked lives
And if we take this broader view in Spain
The victims have least reason to complain."
His noble fleet, once noblest in the trade,
To gunmen and to gangsters lent its aid,
To refuge thieves and loot across the main,
Which he denied to the best blood of Spain,
As I have seen, on Red Valencia's shore,
The mother and the child in vain implore –
To be sent back into the murderous flood,
And there to wallow side by side in blood,
And that's the pretty sight that fills my eye
When "Save the little Children" is his cry!
All of his reasoning adroitly maimed
Wherever villainy must be acclaimed,
And even in his own home he must glory
As the damned sleuth of a detective story,
For the mad poisoner he does not look
But blames it all upon the poor old cook –
The poor Arms-manufacturer gets blamed
For what old Angell preaches unashamed:
For such as he no sort of blame will get
Though to the mine they've laid, the hugest yet,
They manage the Genevan fuse to set.
But peace will follow in the soldiers' spoor
As pacifism wades in human gore.
Directness always conquers indirectness
And cocksureness will smash the mere hen-peckness
Of such as Eden: were he not a "sleuth,"
Who'd be our laughing stock to eld and youth –
Were he our heavyweight, say, like Joe Beckett
The horizontal timepiece of the Count:
But as a sleuth, the cosmos, he may wreck it,
And still his popularity will mount!



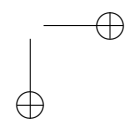
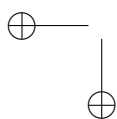


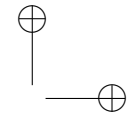
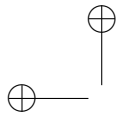
So John Bull breathes in subterrene intrigue
And hangs around the coffin of the League,
That sheeny club of communists and masons
Where Pommies' ears serve for spittoons and basins
In which to wash the grime from bloody paws
Fresh from the massacres of human laws,
While from all living zest he always warps
To bind his faith to every rotten corpse –
The League, the Soviet, his macabre dance
With the corrupted Maffia-gangs of France,
That shakes herself to bits at every jig –
False teeth, glass eyes, and pestilential wig!
For which wild orgies of necrophilism
He'll have to pay with worse than rheumatism:
Not Rowland Ward, the Prince of Taxidermy,
Could ginger up the moth-eaten and wormy
Trophies that he insists on bringing home
Whenever on the peace-path he would roam:
For the last twenty years – ever since Chanak
He seems to've got the weevil in his bannock:
Ireland, Manchukuo, Egypt, Palestine,
Against the Actual still he takes his line;
Now thanking old allies for rendered aid
He bombs the Arabs, whom his Jews invade,
Yet turns on Mussolini censures venomous
Because he does the same to his old enemies.
In Abyssinia – all its words reversed
About the Emperor, whom late he cursed
As tyrant, slaver-king, and bandolero,
The Press then bills him as a martyr-hero:
But with dud promises that came to zero,
Had they not egged along this sable chieftain
To raise the parasol and drum the beef-tin,
He would have kept his kraal with guys that play fair,



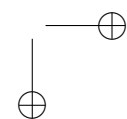
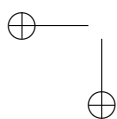


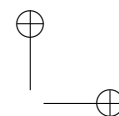
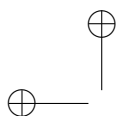
Who now is half forgot-about in Mayfair,
No more the “rage,” but moved from door to door
Politely round the Foreign Office floor
Where he goes begging – what they rooked him for!
As if such lessons in humiliation
Were not enough to cause some hesitation,
Straightway in Spain, as if intent on Hell,
Against a Nation, he upholds a Smell!
There’s not a failure reeking to the sky
He has not had his nose in since Versailles,
Through still increasing failures swept along,
The merrier he, the fiercer that they pong:
Not Sawny Bean nor Landru filled their Cupboard
With such strange catsmeat as this Brother Hubbard
Has scavenged upon his funereal quest
Until the very graveyards groan for rest.
Ever since Chanak on the downward grade
Britannia’s trident now a graveyard spade.
Is this the sort of guy to give the cue
To what the Germans and Italians do
Who from the dead have raised more vital forces
Than he has disinterred of ancient corses:
Whom tiny Portugal can put in place
And snub him as an elder to his face?
For in the modern world, not arms nor wealth,
(As Spain has shown) but nationhood, is health
And that which wins the crisis or the quarrel,
So far from economical, is moral.
Gold in the present world stampeding flies,
And Sanctions are for Left-ward-squinting eyes
Where only chaos and destruction lies.
In actualities not worth a louse –
Such politics are for the Boarding House
Where Marx and Lenin their existence spent



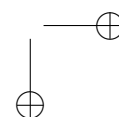
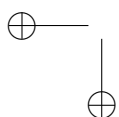


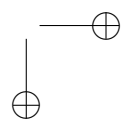
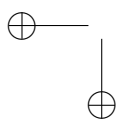
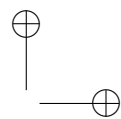
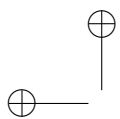
In quarrelling with landladies for rent,
For half of their experience was learned
In swindling charwomen of what they earned,
And they with pans and broomsticks learned that strife
They later put across in modern life
With that same hatred of the middle class,
(Through owing rent) that they have brought to pass
Through all the world where lodgings must be paid
Or any sort of decency obeyed.
In Russia any mountebank got round,
As everywhere where liberals are found,
And where Rasputin spilled his old Voodoo
No wonder Marx and Lenin worked their New;
From two old Sheenies harassed for their board
And forced to break their stocking-treasured hoard,
From time to time, against their grudging will –
That grudge arose the mighty world to fill,
So easily is Godless man infected
By any rancour, and the worse subjected
The meaner and more abject is its source:
From this the Marxian theory draws its force,
With patience canvassing each doss-house lodgin
Where there's a grudge to pay, or rent for dodging,
And though about as modern as Stonehenge,
And ancient as the feeling of revenge,
It owes the huge momentum of its spate
To that it can collect the petty hate,
Boredom, greed, envy of the World in one,
And vomit it blaspheming to the sun
With such results as Barcelona shows,
And ruined France, Karfunkelled through the nose,
With Russia as the Model that presages
Their New Jerusalem, the Wreck of Ages,
Like some wrecked parlour in a third-rate pension,

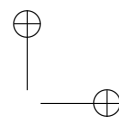
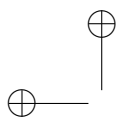




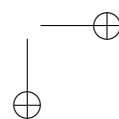
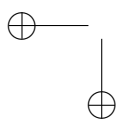
Though raised to an Olympian dimension,
With the stale smell of cabbage soup, spilt gravy,
And dirty linen to depress the slavey
All chucked in drab disorder through the house
As by some foreign lodger with a grouse.
Marx's whole knowledge of the earth and sun
Was of a boarding house for exiles run
With dodging rent as the chief role of man
And being as much a nuisance as one can;
Which is why Hitler gives them leave to quit:
Rather than be with his own broomsticks hit
By his own lodgers, firing all such boarders
Before, instead of after, the disorders.

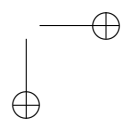
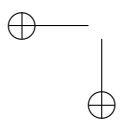
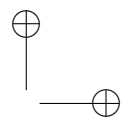
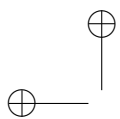


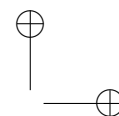
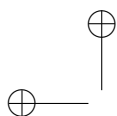




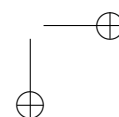
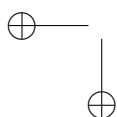
PART FIVE

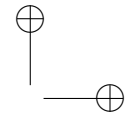
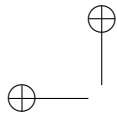




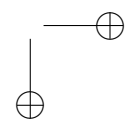
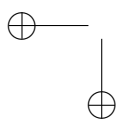


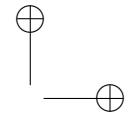
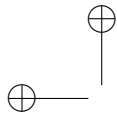
The Patagonians of humans first
Discovered Communism, and were cursed
Through all the centuries to stay the same
Which Christians filled with energy and flame
And still continue other cults to shade
As in this last ineffable crusade;
The termites, too, who tunnel in the sod
Set up a like Equality for God,
Expel their males to soar in shining rings
Because they are creative and have wings
And feel the love of high and fiery things –
And run a red republic on the lines
Attempted at the Rio Tinto Mines,
For of all creatures by the stars accursed
The miner and the burrower come first,
Though of all navvies, egg or woman born,
They take the highest wage in cash or corn:
Whether it be their toil that warps their worth
Or their own Nature drives them under earth,
There, while the Devil Stakhanovs their crew,
Labour for labour's sake is all they do,
So their drab soviet underneath our drains
Stagnant to all eternity remains
Where changeless for eleven million years,
They've quarried with no music in their ears,
Iconoclasts with Marx-obedient jaws,
Destroying all that is above their laws,
Who gnaw down churches lest the Christians pray,
Who eat the finest canvasses away,
Reducing libraries to the same cud
To build their dingy barracks in the mud:
Life cannot change them if it would,
Who to the Useful sacrificed the Good,
Who to the belly sacrificed the eye



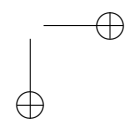
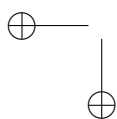


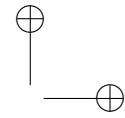
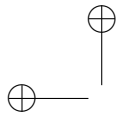
And to the common what is rare and high.
For he who puts mere Labour to the fore
Will drive the finer angels from the door
And slay the myth by whose creating fire
Adam was first ignited from the mire –
The finest workers and the first on duty,
Who subject labour still to love or beauty,
Win far more grace and far less duties shirk
Than those who make a gospel of their work:
And man's true need, beyond another thing
In ruling nature, is to shine and sing,
Wherever this is so, his triumph's plain
As you may see in liberated Spain.
No drudgery performed this peerless feat
The surplus of a million tons of wheat,
But normal effort between song and prayer
Though only half the harvesters were there –
Less than on strength or numbers, work depends
On mood: and that, upon the purposed ends:
Less than on effort, work depends on style
Which leaves that groaning Sisyphus a mile,
And fresh at eve its finished task can slacken off,
While through the night each grim, shock-working Stakhanov,
His mess of cabbage freezing on the hob
Must wrestle with his uncompleted job:
Till when his tractor's finished, it back-fires
Three times, and with a dismal cough expires:
In vain his spanner turns, his hammer thuds,
For of five tractors, four of them are duds,
And those that manage to the fields to climb
Rattle to pieces in a fortnight's time,
Creative rhythm shuns their blistered hands
And is a thing no Fiscal understands
While style and unity and emulation



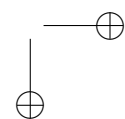
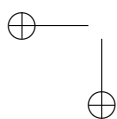


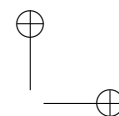
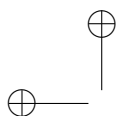
Inform each clean rejuvenated Nation,
Wherever there's a Leader to rebel
Against the outworn democratic Hell,
And weld our people under one bright star –
A Franco, Mussolini, Salazar
Who muzzle up the soul-destroying Lie
Which Lenin was the first to Magnify
As “our most mighty Weapon” to disarm
And hypnotize the nations to their harm,
Of doped electorates to turn the votes
To suicidal razors at their throats,
And with that prehistoric dinosaur
The voting public, which can judge no more,
When they have tanned its hide and stuffed its corse,
To work the blarney of the Trojan horse:
As now in England the Triumphant Lie
Is mesmerizing multitudes to die
By radio, by newspaper, and, worse,
In literature, in painting, and in verse,
Where modern Southseys, to the mode who clown,
For going Red, can bum the Laureate crown:
While unbought men, who think and understand
And indicate the actual with their hand,
Like criminals are shunned throughout the land –
As for myself I glory in my crime –
Of English poets first in all my time
To sock the bleary monster in my rhyme,
As first in arms to face this Prince of Wowzers
And drive the bullets through his baggy trousers,
And now to bring, with his bug-eaten head,
The tidings that Democracy is dead,
And that where'er he strives with the New Man
The Charlie still must be an Also Ran,
Incompetence and crime still giving place



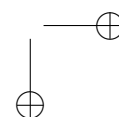
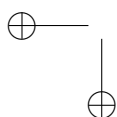


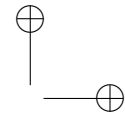
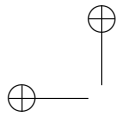
When self-less leaders wake the pride of race,
The grimy proletariat to abolish,
The “Meeting” and the party to demolish,
To take away his living, with its cause,
From the poor agitator’s grinding jaws
And strand him, bankrupt of his grouse, to choke
Amongst the heedless ears of happy folk –
A trick which intellectuals most resent
Who trade the most on social discontent:
For discord still, and politics expire,
Before brave chiefs whom godlike thoughts inspire
Who from the lowest of their ranks aspire
To raise their peoples on a wave of fire:
But see amongst the democratic races
How “spies” and “wreckers” fill the highest places
And how this system, decades under way,
Increases still in bloodshed every day,
And how much love or loyalty is bred
Between the bolshy leader and the led
Where all is suspect, what you take or give,
And only abject boot-lickers can live
Where he who spies upon his dearest friend
The butchers of the Soviet commend
To keep the stream of victims swelling tidal
And sate the bloodlust of their bloated idol,
To whose record of murder, graft, and shame
The fetishes of cannibals are tame.
Utility, in its own place and hour,
Of human virtues is a humbler flower
But when deluded by the Wowser’s lies,
To Force and brutal insolence it flies –
Utility no more, but its reverse,
Can be the world’s most sanguinary curse;
Sancho the servant was a great success



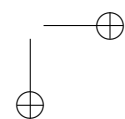
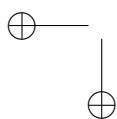


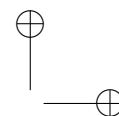
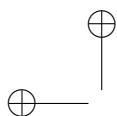
But when he ruled the island made a mess,
Nor can you raise the menial to a crown
Though on his pate you pulled Olympus down!
Work's but the simplest way of getting bread
No hardship but a privilege instead:
No special dignity to it attaches –
Though more than to the plight of selling matches,
To living on a woman, pimping, thieving,
Or printing lies for other folk's believing.
That one can crank a car or wash a dish up
Entitles nobody to roast a bishop,
With rights of life and death over one's neighbour
To rape, to burn, to torture, and belabour.
It may be true of the Slavonic nation,
But two, in Spain, can play at "liquidation."
The Left possessed the all-compelling arms
Which drove us from the factories and farms
Strike after strike was ordered and compelled
And it was death if honesty rebelled.
For they resented willingness and skill
And that we could go fighting up the hill –
As if a race of drones with guns and knives
Crazed with a creed that grudges and deprives
Can better men in whom the Faith survives
Or clean the world before they clean their lives.
The reformation of the whole world's sin
Is not in other people, but within.
They'll tell you that the workers of the land
Are not on Franco's side with heart and hand
And on "coercion" blame our eager toil
To raise the ruined wall or till the soil.
But of all bans the worst coercion still
Is that which keeps the worker from his skill,
All must that forced ineptitude refuse



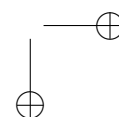
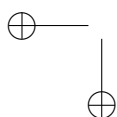


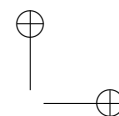
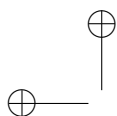
Which grudges prowess even to the thews,
But in its hot intolerance more blind,
Forbids the triumphs of the heart and mind.
Nought raised the wrath of these blood-sucking skunks
More than the adoration of the monks
To whom (as envious of a lovely wife)
They grudged the Resurrection and the Life
And first by slander: then, when it was safe,
By murder, strove the living Church to waif:
For joyous gifts (however proud or rare)
Which drudgery or thieving cannot share,
The Fortunate their malice had to bear –
And foremost of these luxuries was prayer:
But sculpture too and painting felt their ire
And only what was priced escaped the fire!
But when the Right Hand got them by the scruffs
How pious grew these base bug-eaten toughs –
With church bells ringing to deceive our Deans
With psalmody of Prietos and Negrins,
White-stoled militia-men in mystic swoon
And Largos chanting Aves to the moon!
And as they travesty Religion, too,
They make a ghastly parody of you,
Sweet privilege, now, in every field or street
The easiest to come by and to meet,
Labour, the little sister of the poor,
The saint who scares the prowler from my door –
Say, was it you that shut the baker's store
And set the dram shop in this red furore
With blood-shot eyes and methylated breath
Dispensing fierce delirium and death?
Did "Labour" strew this garbage in the street
That must lie stinking there, until defeat
Lets in our cleansing strength, the reek to overwhelm,



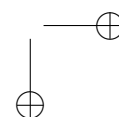
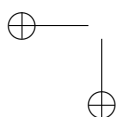


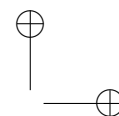
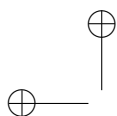
Like Hercules to this Augean realm?
These breadless queues of women in the rain
Who through the night of famine wait in vain
To be dispersed with buffetings and kicks,
Till hopelessly they gravitate again
Like silent spectres waiting by the Styx
Without their freighting penny, while Despair,
A harsher Charon, heedless of their prayer,
Raises a rifle-butt, his threatening oar,
And drives them backwards from the hungry shore
With filthy curses and insulting jokes;
While from his single fang a stump there smokes
Of horse-dung wrapped in newspaper unclean,
Before their eyes with tantalizing mien
He gnaws his crust and wolfs his stale sardine
Already bathed in phosphorescent sheen,
And tilts the bottle to his lips obscene
That have the fiery stench of gasolene,
While, music for his meal, with muffled groans
A mile along the filthy pavement drones
A syncopated orchestra of crones –
Yes, crones, at fifteen years: and even after
As dead to sorrow as immune to laughter!
These sights are propagated in your name
And human beings sold to worse than shame –
Far other was to be the wondrous hour
That saw “the people” absolute in power,
But when there was no more to slay or rob
Of whom or what was alien to the mob,
Not all the loot of museums or banks
Could prop that drunken monster on its shanks:
When all the blood of half-a-million slain,
Unarmed and innocent, had proved in vain
A spark of living vigour to infuse



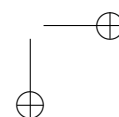
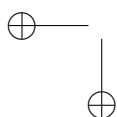


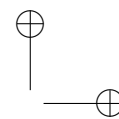
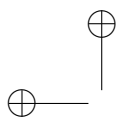
In its slack sinews, and anemic thews;
And when once absolute in power and pelf
With nothing there at all except itself,
All opposition crushed into the mud,
Still fiercely goaded by the thirst for blood
The flabby hydra, rabid with self-hate,
Now falls upon itself its lust to sate –
No Nero ever scourged the brute so black
With weals of crimson tigering its back
As this self-worshipping disastrous god
Itself has punished with its own red rod,
And now abjectly conscious of its loss
Implores the saving mercy of the Cross.
For man without a God, himself will crown
And so much lower than himself cringe down –
For still our moral height will rise or fall
By what we worship, so we stand or crawl –
As those in Barcelona thought it fine
To feed live victims to man-eating swine,
As those who rifled graves the Dead to raise,
And whored with nature yet in viler ways:
But whose own image when they contemplate
They fall into a frenzy of self-hate
Abjectly scared – and always far too late!
It was not “liberty” that thus could level
Mankind in common bondage to the Devil
Nor yours, kind Labour, was this ghastly birth
Of squalor – though to camouflage the stain,
Our intellectuals take your name in vain;
Only where Franco rules you seem to shine
Whose influence reaches to our foremost line;
For you’d be murdered on the other side
(Efficiency insults their tender pride):
And any fool who pauses to examine



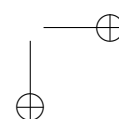
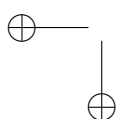


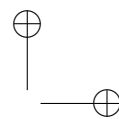
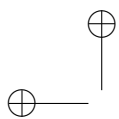
The artificial dirt and man-made famine
They spread around, this simple truth can learn
From villages they've had no time to burn
Before retiring: till their hoarded dirt
From your white apron and your azure skirt
Suddenly seems to vanish from the region –
Like “Internationals” before the Legion:
And where oppressive to the nose and lung
That everlasting smell of human dun
That haunts their cities, like a fog has hung,
Which seems to follow everywhere they roam
As if to make their spirits feel at home –
Now on the morning air like amber roves
The long-forgotten scent of baking loaves.
As when the Bride her new home has possessed
Where the poor Bachelor has done his best –
Within two hours the sloven Cook must pack
And the sleek, thieving flunkey gets the sack:
With the accumulated dust of years
The cobweb in the corner disappears:
The new-scoured china shimmers on the rack
And the clean table flaunts a glossy back,
Which faithful quadruped had suffering lain
Ringwormed with saucer-marks as if in pain,
But now may prance, the race-horse of the room:
While the proud carpet, snorting to the broom,
Takes its first sunbath since it was laid down –
And as it's with a house, so with a town,
Where your deft fingers discipline restore
At half the price that Muddle cost before!
In the munition works, the 'phone-exchange,
Surprised machines, ecstatic to the change,
Begin to hum with ardour new and strange:
But finer still, at harvest on the flat,



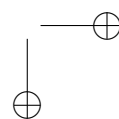
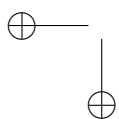


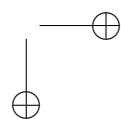
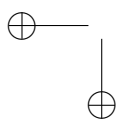
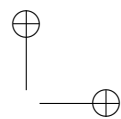
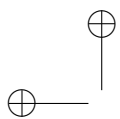
To see you reaping in your wide straw-hat,
Broad-smiling as I pass, as if you know me,
The brown Mireille! after the Red Salome!

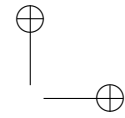
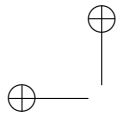




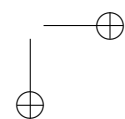
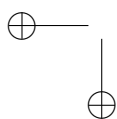
PART SIX

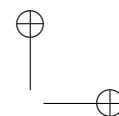
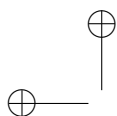




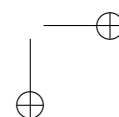
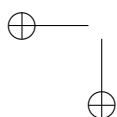


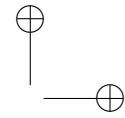
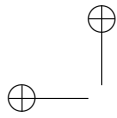
Calm in the solitude while armies die
The Guadarramas sweep the western sky
Where tragic suns in Crucifixion slow;
Bleed rubies on the silver saws below,
Or with a flash of bayonets, all as one,
The peaks salute the resurrected sun,
Around whose miracles of death and birth
Seraphic colours glorify the earth,
While through the green of an ethereal lake
To which the palest emeralds seem opaque,
The trawling vapours, crimson, orange, gold,
Like cherubim their solar King enfold,
While violet glooms in gorgeous ruin soar
To surf in amber up the rosy shore;
Where now like almond blossom, now like hair
The pink and gold effeminize the air,
Yellow to green, and green to purple turning,
With one red circle in the centre burning
Which dies to give the glittering armies light
And valour for their battle through the Night:
And is reborn their myriads to unite
In the tremendous sapphire of the Day
Into whose width they've burned the Night away;
Those raindrop soldiers of his golden storm,
Each a small sun, repeat his mystic form,
And as they drew their being from his death,
So with their dying animate his breath,
Drawn into one by their immortal Sire,
To swell his rising hurricane of fire.
The Soldiers, too, like stars or drops of rain,
Who drew their burning life from martyred Spain
When in her Master's wounds she died again
To kindle them like stars upon the plain,
Now die into her resurrected Sun



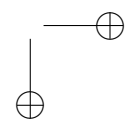
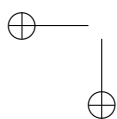


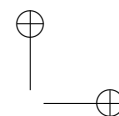
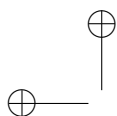
Out of a myriad deaths reviving One
Whose wounds they wear, whose image they repeat,
The bludgeoned head, the torn and ragged feet –
And there, the final victory attained,
Behold the world by suffering explained
To perfect understanding, the supreme
Simplicity, of which those only dream
Who, shunning pain, would baulk the fiery beam:
But which (an angel with sustaining wings)
Acceptance of the Utmost surely brings,
And of our destiny can crown us Kings.
So while the enemy from bad to worse
Reduce the social wrongs they would reverse
And while they battle for “improved conditions”
In the blind faith of chemists and statisticians,
Denying us upon the pain of death
The burning realism of our faith,
We rather battle for improved positions
(Here, as on high) or captives and munitions –
With our brave creed two thousand years ahead
Of their slow Progress, which they’ve thrashed half-dead,
And have to push behind, if not to carry –
But which, as we advance, we leave to tarry,
The slowest mule, if willing, of our train
Who, left alone, will catch us up again. . .
For life and history are heroic things
And formulas can only clip their wings,
To no set theory will they move aright
However well it reads in black or white:
But with the sagas and the myths they’ll run
Rejoicing with the seasons and the sun,
Whose theme and end and origin are One,
In sacrifice, in rite, in holy pageant
From earliest man predicted and imagined,





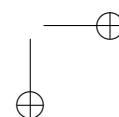
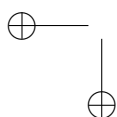
All variations of the single theme,
And consummated in the Act supreme
Which gave a name, a Person, and a soul
To the concerted purpose of the Whole,
When from the tree was sawn the "Golden Bough,"
As, whispering, all its withered leaves avow,
To shape the Cross that towers above us now!
From the white peaks across the mesa brown,
Where the low sun ignites on tower and town,
Where faint and white the long horizons reel
To reach the dwindled limits of Castile,
Coasting the amphitheatre of snow
This eagle sees, along the far plateau,
Where crawls the battle in a fleecy shroud,
All in slow motion, like a morning cloud
Caught sleeping on the mesa: in the will
Of its internal cyclones clutched and still
Hang colonnades of dust: or slow dissolving
Into the stainless azure, rise revolving;
Where detonates the life-destroying doom,
The sunshine silvers on a fading plume:
And the horizon seems so far away,
A frieze of sunny clouds or frozen spray,
To be the work of seraphim at play:
While in its smoke with sobs of choking breath
Two giant forces copulate with death.
And as they fight, in one back-spraining ring
Hooping their spines like scorpions curved to sting,
Their creaking vertebrae like rattled chains
Hooked by their limbs as by earth-heaving cranes,
One in the violence of all earthly lusts,
To blind instinctive appetite who trusts,
To feed his guts, to satiate his sex
And wreak his hatreds, would the skies annex

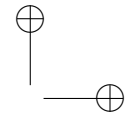
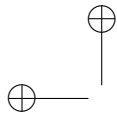




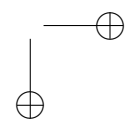
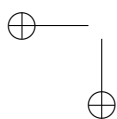
And careless whether as his tomb or crown
Upon his head would drag creation down:
The other, vowed the heavens to uphold
And guard the gates of intellectual gold,
The labour of his fathers fair to see
And of his sons the heritage to be,
Still fights to keep the human concept whole,
The myth its aura, and the truth its soul:
But in their strife, unconscious as they rage on,
Each from the other catches his contagion –
The one by heroism oft inspired,
His foe as oft by desperation fired;
As if his soul into the flesh could strike,
Each in the other conjures up his like;
With rags of flesh upon their nails and teeth
They wrestle now above and now beneath,
And both so foul with blood and soot and dust,
And this by hate, the other by disgust
So unified, by smoke so densely screened,
You scarce can tell the angel from the fiend.

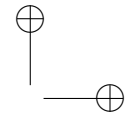
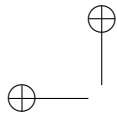
How thrilling sweet, as in the dawn of Time,
Under our horses smokes the pounded thyme
As we go forward; streaming into battle
Down on the road the crowded lorries rattle
Wherein the gay blue-shirted boys are singing,
As to a football match the rowdies bringing –
But of this match the wide earth is the ball
And by its end shall Europe stand or fall:
Cresting the rise, through dimly vapoured screens,
We hear the crackle of the death-machines,
But dwarfed by height and distance, it might be
A summer veld-fire that we hear and see,
Which drought, or some Red labourer set alight
To spoil the pasture or revenge a slight.





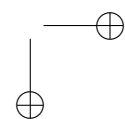
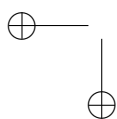
Through rolling smokewreaths, there, like ant-hills rise
The kopjes in the nitre-breathing skies,
While, in the troops, we see such turmoil reign
As in the tiny creatures of the plain –
Now like singed beetles lurch the coming Tanks
Followed by swarming ants, amid whose ranks
Fall cinders as they simmer here and there
Blown sidelong by the whiffs of torrid air,
As heat had brought them humming from their hives
To save their hoarded harvests with their lives –
But steel the harvest, bullets are the grain
They gather there in gaping jaws of pain.
While in the air with equal skill and ease,
Performing on their terrible trapeze,
The cruising gun-birds trim the sunny breeze,
Like swifts, and rollers, and meropides,
When burning grass has called them from the skies
And through the smoke each fork-tailed beauty flies
To hawk the roasted insects as they rise.
Past dead men lying nonchalantly round
As if in brief siestas on the ground,
The horses trotting lift the town in view
And thunder loudens, hammering the shoe
Of the Red Horse, so soon perhaps to pass
The world for pampa with its men for grass,
Whose shrieking whinny now our spirits hear
As down the widened valley we career
To sweep the falling city in the rear.
Past wounded men returning back, whose cheer
Rings like a ghostly whisper in the ear,
While to the left the rocky Tempest raves
In which the cannon plough their jagged caves
And masonry is rumbled like the waves,
As if the world with undulating spine

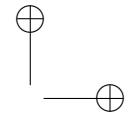
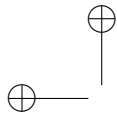




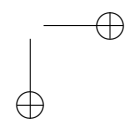
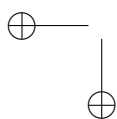
Would imitate the heavings of the brine,
While architecture flies in smithereens,
The houses cataract into ravines,
And the steep rampart, with a roll of thunder,
As a great dam had burst itself asunder,
With men and rocks, a terrible moraine,
Goes avalanching downwards to the plain.
But nearer yet, and we are in the storm
Before their battered rearguard can reform –
While running Charlies fall upon their face,
Some stop to fire, reloading as they race,
Suddenly doubling as you make their pace,
So where you thought to slash the bulging nape
It is a face you widen in its gape,
To whose fierce shock your jolted elbow rings
And like a tuning-fork, your forearm sings,
The numbing blow, in its collected force,
Trebled by the momentum of the horse –
Then, just as you're preparing for the next,
So suddenly to waken up perplexed,
Pinned at the fork by half a ton of corpse,
The rider ridden by his own dead horse,
With the blood streaming from your nose and ears
And in your head the music of the spheres!

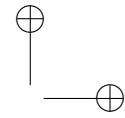
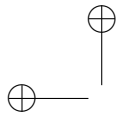
But scarce the Moors could our advantage prize,
When suddenly, as one to breast the rise
A score of tanks were on them by surprise,
Pillioned with infantry that crept or clung
To their broad haunches, as to crabs their young;
Straight in the flank where vigilance was tame
They grumbled down the cornfield, spitting flame.
Many fell dead, while others in a sham
Lay waiting there to board that mortal tram,
Till nine or ten, from all sides running in,





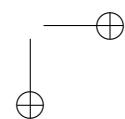
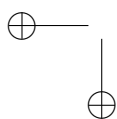
The shelter of the cupola could win:
Half to the human team devote their blades
Or shock them from their vantage with grenades:
While others hugging to its shell so fast
They keep in shelter of its withering blast,
Work on the plunging monster: till at last
A pick is struck into the running belt,
Which has it soon revolving on the veld
Like a spent top: blankets and petrol, then,
And a great fire exploding, while the men
Rush backward: and the brainyell of the crew
Locked in and trapped, comes yodelling wildly through,
While through the flaming reek of molten rubber
Is heard the crack and hiss of human blubber,
Which, when at last the whistling flames are dumb
For half an hour prolongs the dismal hum.
So are two others served: while of the score
The rest, retiring, leave one cripple more
Against the skyline, where in loose array
They move like angry pachyderms away.
Now with some Russian prisoners they pass –
The strange experiments in human glass
Blown out of shape by oratory gas:
Talking with whom we fail a self to find –
Men without God, the eunuchs of the mind,
Grown embryos, that life has left behind:
Far from the old “Red Square,” who lose their way
By night, their combativity by day –
If ever they have aught for which to fight
Except their blank equality in right.
Reared for the news-reel and film-propaganda –
Were these the guys to face the fierce Aranda?
When in their myriad parachutes they sail
Like thistle-down upon the social gale

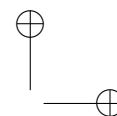
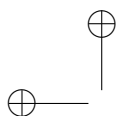




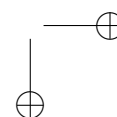
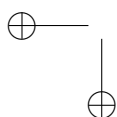
So wonderful to see upon the screen –
Contingencies are banished from the scene:
But should they launch such lunar tactics here
A pheasant-drive the battle would appear;
With camera-men for generals, for their foe
Hair-bristling audiences in panting row,
They were not reared for battle, but for show:
While from some grating underneath their feet
The photo-grinder “shoots” them in the street,
They tower sky-high as over us they go
Stamping hobnailed upon our heads below;
Launched from the screen straight out into the “gods”
Their armoured tanks go over us like clods,
To whose repeated unresisted shock
Our bourgeois gooseflesh creeps, our senses rock:
To the same tactics on the field they trust
Conceiving opposition to be dust,
But at the first resistance are non-plussed,
As if initiative or stratagem
Were some strange “medicine” unknown to them,
Renounce all action, smile with puzzled mien,
And vaguely wonder at the change of scene –
To find Alcazars and Zodocovers
Are no snug Kremllins nor benign “Red Squares”!
Such are the “men” dried dogmas can produce
Sucked of spontaneousness as figs of juice,
And, outside theories, unfit for use.
In their own tanks they have to be locked up
As in a box an over-friendly pup,
Lest he run off with the first passer-by
Wagging his tail, and bidding home good-bye.

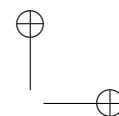
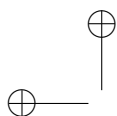
Now the Red airmen profit by the lapse
Of ours, their fearful cargoes to collapse
And o’er the town so lately they defended



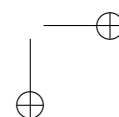
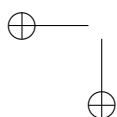


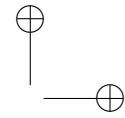
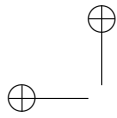
Now to its very base begin to rend it:
Niagaras of smoke, reversed in act,
Leap from the ground in roaring cataract,
While high above their fringes of bitumen
Their distant bodies that the rays illumine,
In languid innocence, parade the blue
As if unconscious of the work they do,
So Sunday beauties walking up and down
Sow fire and brimstone all around the town,
And leave, when from the Vega they depart,
The senses whirling and the jagged heart.
And watching them, so lately flushed with power,
We feel our helplessness above us tower
High as a great sierra through the air
That only can be shifted by a prayer –
For see, our squadron crests the climbing rack
And hurtles to the hurricane attack:
And at the first to shoot its earthward gyre
A windmill churning to a gale of fire,
The rest make off pursued by vengeful wings,
With pawn-like chasers covering their Kings.
As when the owls rise from the burning wheat
Dazed by the light and flustered by the heat,
The fork-tailed rollers flash with sky-blue quills
And rag the heavy moper with their bills,
In cruel fun they loop around their butt
Till in some hole his ruffled wings can shut –
So by the chasers hurried through the sky
Headed for home, the heavy bombers fly,
And more than one, before his nest is found
His upward-rushing shadow will confound
And spread, in blazing fragments, on the ground.
On roofs and steeples flying and alighting
Like a spread fire, the flag of Spain igniting



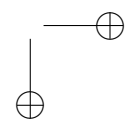
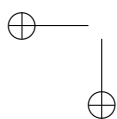


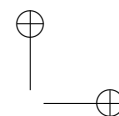
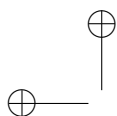
Gains on the other fires the foe had lit
As ever when a town they're forced to quit;
For fire's the Reds' habitual farewell
Where they have time to leave a blasted hell –
Irun, Guernica, Cangas, Teruel,
And ninety more, the ghastly tale can tell:
How not content with murder, rape, and pillage,
They would raze out the name of every village
They have defiled, and burn away the traces
Of worse, with arson – so to save their faces:
Then if some British pressman should be handy –
From a safe distance, priming him with brandy,
To scoop their story in his red receivers,
Pointing indignantly, the bloody rieviers
Blame their own dirty work on the Relievers
Who even now are fighting down the fire –
But not the blazing Headlines of the Liar
That, once igniting, set the world ablaze
And rumble round the universe for days
In spite of experts and of the surviving
Inhabitants, on contradiction thriving:
But of these last, the vandals without pity
When they have time, before they leave a city,
Rounding them up, will drive them out before them
Though they have neither food nor housing for them,
Shooting the lame down, lest they should remain
To taste the life of liberated Spain.
Thus when in Alcaniz too swift we entered,
The young and old of Teruel were centred
Starving and cold: – and could not be shot down,
Because we came too quickly on the Town.
Weeping and laughing, as released from hell,
They kissed our hands and on our necks they fell,
With spectral looks, and ghastly tales to tell.



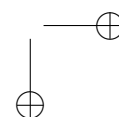
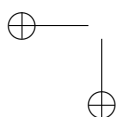


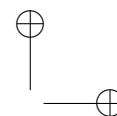
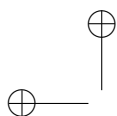
But always, as if blasé to their fate,
We catch some criminals who've lurked too late
Whether in drunken sleep, or, oft as not,
In cynical indifference to their lot,
As in this type, found hid in the latrine,
In whose great "Front" the "popular" is seen,
They've caught the "Mayor" escaping with his pelf,
Personified Democracy himself,
Who lately ran the tavern by the Gate
Till crime and cunning raised him to this state;
Searching his huge anatomy they find
A stick of dynamite (ensconced behind),
Type-written death-warrants, permits to plunder
And other rigmaroles of blood and thunder:
Of wads of money they unload his pockets
With filed-off rings, bracelets, and golden locketts,
And a fine crucifix of diamond sheen
To guy the fervour of some Touring Dean,
Till safely o'er the border he can shark it
To Perpignan, the Jewish plunder-market.
The angry crowd around him as he gapes
Accusing him of robberies and rapes
Would lynch him on the spot before a trial
Which granted him in spite of their denial,
Soon overwhelmed, they stew him in his slime
Of callousness, incompetence, and crime.
Oftener than not he'll ask to have a priest,
To die a Christian though he lived a beast, –
We granting heathens at their slightest fuss
The sacraments they still deny to us.
Safely confiding in our rules so strict
That sadism and torture interdict,
Sure of an easy death, a painless roll,
Without his own refineries to thole,



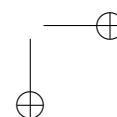
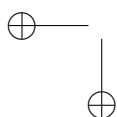


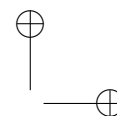
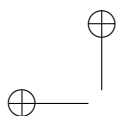
After his rage of blood and lust and pillage,
Thus ends the brief Vitellius of a village
With his best henchmen, such as can be found,
Stretched in their long siesta on the ground,
While industry unchained, puts forth his hand
And to its Mother-country draws the Land,
Food-lorries down the busy roadway lurch
And the first Mass is sounded from the Church,
The nerves of human confidence restored
To men at last, and glory to the Lord,
A sounding Fiat over chaos spread,
To the wronged justice, to the hungry bread,
And lasting vindication to the dead!
So from fierce Odyssies in foreign lands
Town after town returns to friendly hands
Like roaming prodigals come home to dine
On fatted calves from herding with the swine:
Thrown off its Russian smock of smoke and dirt,
Each village hustles on its fine Blue Shirt
Of cloudless heaven arrowed by the storks,
And turns to Spain its signpost at the forks,
Drives out its cows to graze with easy cheer,
And sees its pictured bugbears disappear
As schoolboys vanish at the master's cough:
Stalin and Lenin and Vorochiloff
In acres from the hoardings peeling off,
Like withered skins from blisters flayed away
Are blown about the fields in windy play:
While faded Kremlins to the pavement flop
And the Red Army, routed by the mop,
Gives place to Sunday's bullfight, flaring bold
With scarlet capes and uniforms of gold;
And, see, the Bullring to its use restored,
Where late the loud, half-hourly "Meeting," roared



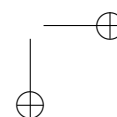
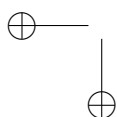


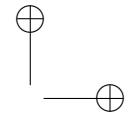
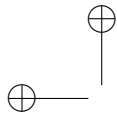
For every time the bolsheviks are routed,
Why, sure, a Meeting must be held about it,
Which held, and many resolutions passed,
They seek a bigger trouncing than the last,
And then a bigger meeting than the beating,
And so the endless rigmarole repeating,
From meeting to defeat, defeat to meeting,
From rout to rout so rapidly they switch
That nobody could tell you which was which.
We count our victories by meetings held –
And every time the Albert Hall is swelled
With democratic sympathy or ire,
We haul a county through the line of fire
Home to the azure roof of its desire.
When rooked by priests, of souls, which are his pelf,
The Devil holds a meeting to himself,
Clenches his lifted fist, emits a scream,
And lets off clouds of valuable steam,
Which we hold in, with silent lips compressed,
Conserving all our energy and zest,
Silent in outrage, silent in defeat,
But broad in laughter when the Charlies “meet”;
Lectures and conferences are our stay,
The cobble stones to victory are they:
Blown Orators go home to sleep contented
Like Pickwick, when some rousing oath he’d vented.
Our business is to keep them to their tongues
And make our bellows of their working lungs
To blow our laughter to the merry fire
Which keeps them dithering with hate and ire –
The symptoms of Democracy decayed
And always to its enemies an aid;
Sanctions applied produced the same effect
Accelerating what they would have checked.



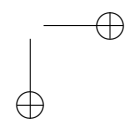
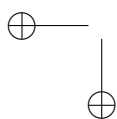


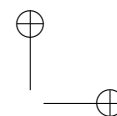
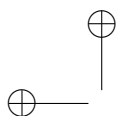
But worse than “Meetings” to the Red confusion,
And drawing on the war to its conclusion,
Felt in the air, and rising from the mould,
As found Napoleon’s generals of old,
And Stalin too will feel ere he grows cold,
The hatred of the populace unsleeping
Which holds the final verdict in its keeping,
A silent force that, swelled from day to day,
Not half a million murders could allay,
Though terrorized, yet tacit in its spite
To see no undertaking works aright,
Sour scanted vintages bewray its wrongs
Poor bread that was not harvested to songs
But reaped with silent curses in the mind,
Slack sinews, and a rifle-butt behind –
This is the *Land-hate* knotted in the grass
That cuts the legs of armies as they pass,
So that the Reds dare never slip their rein –
One hand still busy with their captives’ chain:
While we, with both hands free and forward face,
Need never look behind, as on we race,
And the freed country runs to our embrace;
As they must garrison what ground they take,
Beneath our feet new cohorts leap awake,
And sullen conscripts in their rear who ran
In ours become the tigers of the van;
Nor have they yet a single city taken
But level with the ground its walls were shaken,
While everywhere from Portugal to France
The population rose at our advance.
But their whole struggle, since the maiden shot,
Has been in hanging on to what they’ve got:
Step after step implacably reversed
Losing the All they started with at first





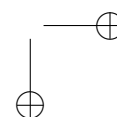
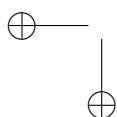
And might have kept had they but gently nursed
As they have fiercely brutalized and cursed:
No mercy, then, when all was in their powers!
And yet no whining on the part of ours –
And now they take their sob-stuff to the Deans,
And Barcelona apes the Picture-Queens;
Rivers of slime down painted cheeks she pumps,
Because we bounced her ammunition-dumps,
Deposed with cunning care where the crowds were quickest,
And praying for a hit where they were thickest,
Her cameras prepared on the veranda –
The cynic master-coup of propaganda –
She'll sponge our mercy to keep safe the squibs
Intended for our families and kids
As when they bathed Toledo in its gore
Before we hardly knew there was a war;
And when our pity breaks beneath the strain,
Revolted by Castellén's hundreds slain
Not by the chance of bombs or bursting shell
But slain by hand as when Bielsa fell
Women and children massacred pell-mell
Lest they rejoice beneath our flag to dwell –
When we let off their subterranean dump
That settled half their city on its rump
And saved as much of ours at the same time
Though bombing ours, of course, is not a crime –
With tears and horror she laments the death
Of those she laid the dynamite beneath.
The Devil take the pastoral Pamplona
But God preserve the bloody Barcelona –
Where all who are not anarchists or Reds
Were fed to beasts or butchered in their beds!
But when the type that laid Toledo's mine,
The martyred crocodile, begins to whine,

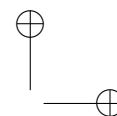
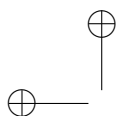




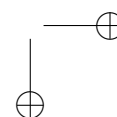
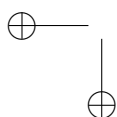
Six hundred deaths arouse more indignation
Than sixty thousand by assassination:
One cut-throat being worth a hundred Spanish,
It does not matter how or when they vanish:
But hands off comrade cut-throat and his bleating,
Or they'll denounce you at the Wowsers' Meeting!
No blame for him is ever thought or said,
Who stores the bombs beneath his own wife's bed
Which he intends for ours: and so may bag
Three birds with one stone: rid him of his hag,
Worth more as propaganda than alive
When hungry mouths for failing rations strive:
Keep safe his bomb-dump while our patience lasts
While from its store our open towns he blasts,
Then, when his dump and wife are skyward hurled
To reap the sympathy of half the world
Pass round the hat for sympathetic pence
Which never fail where Charlies' wits are dense,
While Chamberlain rebukes, and Blum protests,
For any one can bomb our open nests:
But powder magazines when "governmental"
Attain a value more than sacramental
And holier than hospitals or shrines
Must be considered, when the Anarch whines.

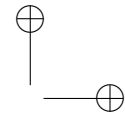
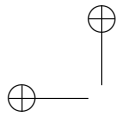
Cooped in a trench, it was my chance to study,
My neighbour for a day or two, a bloody
Unburied arm, left lying in the snow
Which melted now its attitude to show,
Quite independent of its late discarder,
Clenching its fist on Nothing, clenching harder
Than to a stolen penny clings a child:
But to the desert scene unreconciled
That seemed so well to sympathize with it,
With knuckles so inextricably knit,





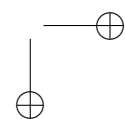
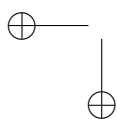
It seemed against the Universe to hit,
As it would storm and hammer at the sun
Knocking for entry till the world be done –
Yet with no guest to follow in behind
Should it an opening or a welcome find:
For now perhaps its widower begs for pence
In some far town, with humble deference,
And he it feeds may now be reconciled
To the new ears through which he is reviled
(For on a beggar “comrade” seldom smiled)
And so to peace of wisdom may have passed,
His world explained through suffering at last.
But here his fury is eternal yet
In frozen paroxysm fixed and set
Constricted on the Nothing in its hold
A clenched fist that Nothing can unfold
Nothing can satisfy, Nothing appease,
Though in its grasp that zeroid treasure freeze
And there is Nothing more for it to seize –
All that it wished to leave of the crushed world,
Compassed, and in its grip of lock-jaw curled –
And yet with its contorted boomerang
Of hate, it seemed my vigil to harangue
And on my mind, as on its table, bang,
As it were brandished by some unseen one
Who for a shape my fancy came to dun –
Which straight I gave, galvanic through the shoulder
Riving it to an orator to match, –
The portly bulk of the adjoining boulder
Whose grim ventriloquism I could catch
And in this hasty stenograph will match –
For so he cried, the world was growing colder:
And his volcanic language was of Matter,
Of atoms and electrons in revolt,

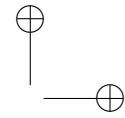
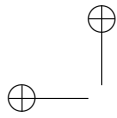




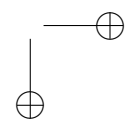
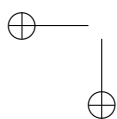
Who now had risen up the soul to shatter
And its Creator from his throne to jolt: –
For those that fought against us with such hate
Were negatives of us: by their disgust,
As we by love, engendered from the dust, –
“Men without God!” it cried, “as I’m an arm
Without a man!” and as their will was harm
To all that wished not to partake their rage,
Out of creation would have torn the page
Of Adam’s sin (whose load they scorn to heave),
And of the certain victory of Eve.
But having tried it – tearing like a sleeve,
The rebel arm, instead of what it clutched,
Broke off, and left the Eternal Law untouched.
Setting its owner free (and better maimed
Of a self-hurting member so inflamed)
With still one arm to beg its way, reclaimed
By sheer necessity: with open right hand
To take forgiveness for the clenched and tight hand
And all its bloody skill in working harms:
With five spread fingers yoking at the wrist
Become the emblem of the Falangist,
With these, unused before, to take its alms:
And in the five yoked arrows of its bones
To radiate the grace that all atones,
Receiving silver bread for recent stones.

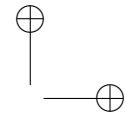
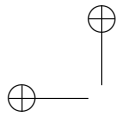
In the Sierra soars a silent cross
In a wild howl of solitude, where Loss
Is concrete; and a thing that’s like a Cry
(But not of Gredos’ wolves, nor of their ghosts,
Though these were myriad) fills the windless sky
At calmest noon, no less when thunders fly –
Waging its strife at those bleak, headlong coasts
We feel it rushing without sound or form –



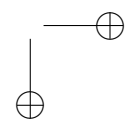
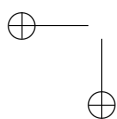


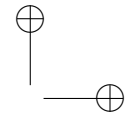
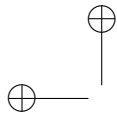
A waterless Niagara, cloudless storm,
Or airless hurricane, that strips no pine
Nor stirs the frailest of the cloudy fleeces;
All that I know is that it never ceases,
Plangent, to rage, though with no outward sign:
Though Animal, its fury seems to be
That it is neither Dead, nor yet Divine:
It has not the sure measure of the sea
But rather the short pangs of giving Birth,
In anguish, to a monstrous, empty thing,
A world, perhaps, and vaster than this earth,
But hollow, and where hollow men complain:
It makes us think of human sperms: their King
Having Ascended, victory to gain,
And if those sperms behind him that remain,
Were magnified us men to represent –
Such would be their complaint and such their voice
Save that some few who witnessed His Ascent
And strove to follow in the way He went
Might curse their luck, but in His Own rejoice
And that give fire and courage to their breath,
While all the billion rest who failed the bliss
Might found a grim community of death
From which would rise some rumour such as this
Plangent and terrible from the abyss –
While He, the Victor, on his lonely Cross,
Unknown of them, rides like an Albatross
As here against the blue meridian sky;
To see that Eagle Aviator fly
And know there has been Triumph through our loss
Would be enough: though here upon the land
Like grimed mechanics we should have to stand
And watch: He sees our agony long-drawn,
The land unrolls its parchment with the dawn,



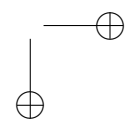
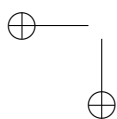


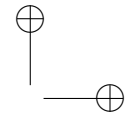
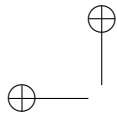
The long horizon tingles into pain
And like a distant grassfire on the plain,
The line of battle rolls along the sky
Where in His image fighting myriads die:
Like the two thieves on either side that hung
The one to Victory who clutched and clung,
Whose Life was started with his dying breath,
While the still-born with curses choked to Death.
To stop the tragedy so wild and grim
Fought to the Death for love or hate of Him
And soon to fill the world – what should with-hold
His hand but (as the whole created world
Were Sodom, or worse Barcelona) He
Should pull the lever and let fall the sun
To bomb the whole into oblivion,
Seeing that His own fierceness to Himself,
The anguish of His mother seven-times-sworded,
And her two thousand years of grief, by deaf
Ingratitude and sin were so rewarded:
But that her pity, boundless as our sin
Or as His strength – the yet unmeasured three
Whose trigon hems the Universe within,
The solar bounds of that exceeded sea;
But that her pity reaches to His arm, –
As it in strength, or as our sin in harm,
So great in mercy, terrible in charm, –
And holds it back, and tempers it with tears,
As ever for these last two thousand years:
And as with failing strength her pity clings,
Into his lifted hand the impulse springs
Of growing wrath that heats his aegis white,
Which balances betwixt her failing might,
His love, and the revenging will to smite
The cause of both his unhealed, bleeding scars,



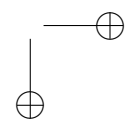
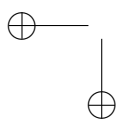


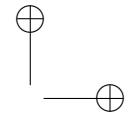
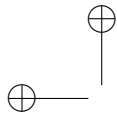
And those redeeming tears, of Life the Spring;
And there he towers, the pilot of the stars,
Above the world, a cowed and guilty thing –
As a young airman furiously might wing
Above the town in which his bride was raped
And with his children murdered, like a king
Of vengeance, with his purpose fully shaped
To batter down its cursed walls in heaps,
Yet to his main objective turns his wing
And to the deed his anger cannot bring –
For there the Mother still survives and weeps.
Salve Regina! by whose love forfended
When every hope or remedy was lost
The fearful ultimatum was extended,
The ransom paid again with bitter cost!
Through Her the doom, deferred with saving pity,
Rumbled far off from the devoted city
Sparing the guilty walls for One within,
To strike, where first its havoc was intended,
The Central Plant and Arsenal of Sin:
While by her grace, her sufferings transcended,
With a new life and labour to begin,
Victorious Spain, the martyr, rose sublime
To stay the fatal avalanche of crime,
The suicidal landslide of man's soul
Which in contagious ruin drew the whole
Devoted race towards the foul morass;
And would have worked the huge collapse of time,
Its towers of history, and peaks of rhyme,
Into the spiral, infinite crevass –
Where even Deathly Satan scorns to pass
While yet from Her he gets a wage to skivvy on
(Who for some time yet has his work to do
For fear security should rot us through)



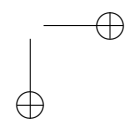
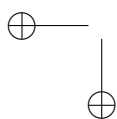


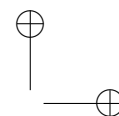
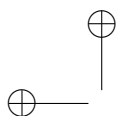
Preferring Hell to such abject Oblivion,
Being of a nobler line than me or you.
He never backed this infra-human chute
Which has no part in devil, fiend or brute
But came as much from disbelief in him
As godlessness – Negation, vast, and grim,
And absolute, of all save honest Matter
Who at the unwonted worship paid to him
Of the whole universe the humblest limb,
Gets shy at first, then madder than a hatter,
And lays about, these godless thugs to shatter,
With their own economics and mechanics
Throwing his own supporters into panics,
Cuckolding pedantry with its own science
To breed from that irregular alliance
Rebellious cyclopes and laughing giants
Who'll fight in any cause but dull statistics'
And seem most snug amidst the Unattainable,
Performing in the legions of the mystics
Impossibilities, and unexplainable –
No, not gymnastics – call them Falangistics!
For Matter has opinions of its own
As any one who's worked with wood or stone
Can tell you, or who swims or flies or rows –
It has to be caressed by one who knows!
Reluctantly it fights with its Creator,
But turns its wrath upon the agitator,
And sure the Devil prays both day and night
Knowing no prayers are hopeless in Her sight
For even he some fleeting hope may feel
To escape the final pension of her heel –
To see so many shameless thugs ashamed,
So many brutes to honesty reclaimed
Forgetful and forgiven of their crime.



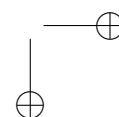
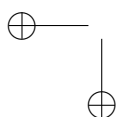


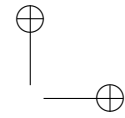
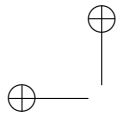
Which unheard miracles bespeak a time
When there'll be even hope to burst their fetters
For the most abject souls on earth who dwell,
Bawds, child-defilers, ponces, men of letters,
Those who for foreign gold their countries sell
With intellectuals and what more foul
And dirty in its ragged womb may howl,
Since even I such grace of her have won
And of the Dawn in Europe seen the Sun, –
Heart of the Human Phoenix newly born
From his own blood – for nothing on this earth
Except through sacrifice had fruitful birth
Or it was blood that reddened for its morn;
Lit furnace in the heart of the New Man,
New because older than this world outworn
Whose broken shell his energy has torn
With Phoenix plumes the burning Truth to fan
That centuries of liberals forgot,
Chained to the world as to a trundling shot
By the lewd belly and the itching sex
With the sun's scornful brand around their necks
For heavy satisfaction to besot –
Who gasp to see their age-to-finish fort
For laughing hurricanes the crazy sport,
And through its snuggest sun-defying holes,
The Glory fox those communizing souls
That on our own would force their godless lot,
By fire and torture, in like holes to rot:
But now for mercy howl with sagging knees
That lately were for toasting us like cheese –
Mercy be granted: but no more asleep
Let the bright sword be caught within its sheath
By lurking crocodiles that watch beneath,
Azañas and Prietos of the deep,





Still to the triple chin the point of steel
Be kept, the eyes with vigilance afire
When any new Vitellius would aspire
To drag our virgins at his bloody heel:
Be thou O solar heart the joyous wheel
On which we grind its scintillating steel
And Lightning in the Right Hand of the Killer
Be the blue sword, and to the Dragon death,
Wherever he would spew his venom'd breath
Against the Virgin Nike of the Pillar!
The Winged Victory of Earth and Sky,
Before whose might the godless legions cower,
Their terror praising what they most deny
And came with fire and torture to devour –
Her beauty like a cream-white bronca rearing
To snort her flame-red hurricane of hair,
For the first time to mortal eyes appearing
That were not vowed to innocence or prayer;
Whose heart exposed, and through its wounds so gory,
As from a distant battleship at night,
Raying the searchlights of eternal glory,
Bombarded us with thunderbolts of love
As we rushed on to storm the heights above:
For it was She that burning on to France
Unfurled the splendid signal to advance
When in the stars our sacred ensign shone
And like a comet through the tempest trailing
Her stormy hair, aurora-borealing,
With red and golden banner waved us on:
While at the portent blazing over Spain,
The Heavens seemed with blood and fire to rain,
And at the sight, the foe, half-dead with fright,
Fled howling in their Gadarene stampede,
Nor stop to help their comrades when they bleed





But downwards to the ocean hurl their flight,
And shed their arms, in mountains, on the plain,
Who still that we are better armed complain
When it is due to their careering speed,
Who leave more armaments than we would need
Were the whole War twice over to be won!
So once again the soul-destroying horde
That first with Attila its frenzy roared
And now the living world had overrun,
Has howled and fled before the Christian sword
Of Spain; though never in so vast a plan
Was massed the whole pathology of man
In Freudian delirium made one
By bestial deeds that horrify the sun; –
So spoke a legionary to his gun,
Whose silence sounded sweet as a guitar
Beside his horse, beneath the evening star.
Down the grey gorge, the Tagus, burning red,
Circled the Eagle city with its fire,
The requetes their rosary had said,
The angelus rang out from every spire:
And from its height among its sister cones
The mountain with its garrison of stones
With husky echo carried on the choir.
The Virgin of the Valley watched the Town,
Across the headlong river looking down,
Upon whose flood reflected angels soar
In flames of blood to skim the liquid ore,
Where swallows must descend to kiss those skies
To which their matchless wings can never rise
Except by stooping downwards to adore.

