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clean hands, and that is enough to condemn them in the eyes of the working miners, the front-line men who toil in darkness and dirt and danger. This feeling may be understandable, but it scarcely excuses the belief that the Coal Board exists to provide soft billets for bureaucratic parasites. It might be suggested that the Union has an urgent duty to expose patently absurd beliefs which would do discredit to a Gold Coast agitator.

But beneath the absurdities there is a real problem. In spite of the lavish appreciation and even flattery bestowed on his work, the miner still feels that he belongs to a despised class. Indeed, he feels this increasingly. At the turn of the century, nearly all manual labour was grimy and arduous. Now, much of it approaches middle-class standards of cleanliness and lack of danger or strain. The emergence of the "collar-and-tie" manual worker is to be welcomed, but it suggests painful comparisons among the remaining horny-handed toilers, and creates peculiar social problems which are still a long way from being solved or even from being seriously considered.

PACIFIC PACT

THERE will be plenty of material for discussion at the inaugural meeting of the Pacific Pact Council which opens at Honolulu to-day to bring into effective operation the Pact signed between the United States, Australia and New Zealand last September. The Council's first task will be to determine its own organisation and functions, and it will also have to consider the machinery to be set up for mutual military consultation. The Pact owes its origin to the fears, felt especially in Australia, of a possible recrudescence of Japanese militarism; indeed, it was only on the basis of the Pact that the two Pacific Dominions gave their assent to the Treaty according to Japan full sovereignty, including the right to rearm. But, of course, another potential threat to the peace of the Pacific comes from

THE NEW WRITER'S CRAMP  
Taxation Threatens Literary Paralysis

By  
H. E. BATES

THERE are two sorts of writer's cramp. The first is the traditional occupational complaint, from which, as it so happens, I have never known any author to suffer. The second is a modern disease—the disease of taxation, from which 90 per cent. of writers in this country are now suffering in some form or another, either chronically, acutely or desperately, according to their reputation and success. I do not think it too much to say that unless some remedy for this contemporary disease is speedily found the whole craft and future of writing must inevitably be seriously threatened. There are even writers, and not a few publishers, so pessimistic about their future that they believe the disease will have the effect, presently, of a permanent literary paralysis.

An Author's Work

FOR purposes of taxation a writer is treated as a one-man business: which, of course, he is. The success of such a business, which may take a life-time to build up, is not dependent, as is sometimes fondly supposed, on a pleasant faculty for gazing into idyllic space until profound and wonderful thoughts somehow achieve their genesis in the sky. An author is really trading in imagination. His task is invention. The degree of his success depends greatly on his ability to train and express his imagination in terms of words that people will find it pleasant, exciting, inspiring, amusing or instructive to read, and will accordingly want to buy.

Only authors—and their wives and families, I may say—know exactly how hard and frustrating and exhausting, both physically and mentally, the achievement of this apparently simple task can be.

Essential Differences

SOMEONE is bound to point out here that authorship is not the only kind of business that takes years of concentration and midnight oil and self-sacrifice to build up. But

his art dies with him, even if his copyrights continue for a few short years, and he can never be sure that his reputation will not die with him too.

Literature is littered with the names of writers who have endured penury for many years and then have become successful, only to find their reward taxed, as Bernard Shaw said, at the same rate as if they had been affluent all their lives.

Shaw himself wrote for nine years for £6. Rider Haggard's first three novels earned him £10. C. S. Forester and Graham Greene wrote for many years unprofitably.

For myself I should have found it incredibly hard to keep going during the first 10 lean years of my career if it had not been for the generous kindness of a famous and wealthy bibliophile who showed his faith in me by purchasing some of my original manuscripts—a demonstration of faith, alas, given to very few now.

Unfair Discrimination

WHAT, then, is the substance of the author's complaint (and when I speak of authors I mean painters, sculptors, composers and even inventors, too) that the State discriminates unfairly against him in matters of taxation?

It is first that he feels it an injustice that his royalties should be taxable on the same basis as the income of other professional men. His income is so highly uncertain, so subject to cyclonic fluctuations, that it is clearly grossly unfair that he is not allowed to spread that income over a period of years at an average rate instead of being viciously taxed at 19s 6d in the pound one year and finding his income—yes, it can happen—as low as £450 the next.

A Tax on Capital

THE second complaint—it is really a protest at an infinitely more

dollars is to export brains to America, and the most economical and convenient way of exporting brains to America is by way of books, since by the happiest of coincidences America reads English too.

All we need for this export market is a small quantity of typewritten paper: a modest pound or so of raw material, packed parcel post, taking up as much shipping space as a box of chocolates. One London literary agent, engaged in this business, sent ten such parcels to America in one year and earned for the Chancellor of the Exchequer a quarter of a million dollars.

The State's Reward

THE raw materials used by the 10 authors concerned probably cost less than £5; the rest was brains—the imagination, the inventive resource in which it is the author's business to deal. But what happens to these earners of dollars? How does the State reward their highly remunerative and economical efforts?

The case I am fond of quoting in this respect is that of Miss Elizabeth Goudge. There are plenty of other cases, notably that of Miss Daphne du Maurier, who was informed last year that for every possible 100,000 dollars earned by the serial and film rights (both outright sales again) of "My Cousin Rachel," she would probably be fortunate if she collected 3,000 or 4,000 dollars.

Miss du Maurier is reliably reported to have said: "Please! I will give them away," meaning the rights, and who could blame her?

Untaxed Pool Prizes

BUT the case of Miss Goudge is, I think, even less just, partly because it concerns a prize. For her novel "Green Dolphin Country" Miss Goudge was given, by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, a prize of £35,000, roughly about half the amount, you will note, of the average first dividend in a football pool of that time. And that time, it should be mentioned, was before the devaluation of the pound.

Losing With Honour

Britain's Long-term Olympic Outlook

To the Editor of The Daily Telegraph  
SIR—While all will echo Mr. R. A. Abbott's regret that we have not seen a winning British Olympic track and field events team, there can be no disgrace when the British team achieved third place in the unofficial rankings list among more than fifty competing nations.

The results of modern coaching methods have been best manifested by our most youthful athletes—Bannister, Chataway, Pirie, Disley, Webster and Miller, all Helsinki finalists who, together with many magnificent junior athletes, will not reach their athletic maturity until the 1956 Games.

It is ludicrous to claim that our lack of success is due to our non-acceptance of metric distances. The United States team has won the majority of events in spite of its traditional acceptance of yard distances.

The spirit of the Olympic Games is to take part, to win if possible, and to lose with honour. Whatever the result, there is no disgrace, but an eternal desire to see a British team compete among all the nations at every Olympic Games.

Yours faithfully,  
J. F. LOCKWOOD,  
Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers, Paris.

To the Editor of The Daily Telegraph  
Sir—In the 10,000 metres all three British competitors were in the first nine. They were the best team, and the last of them was beaten only by the incomparable Czech, a French North African, a Russian, a Finn and a Swede (note, the order reverses the probable abundance of their war and post-war diets—and yet Dr. Leyton suggests that our own failures have been due to deficient diet).

In the 5,000 metres Britain was the only country with all three competitors in the final, and all got within two-fifths of a second of the previous Olympic record. In the 1,500 metres, after two heats instead of the normal one, we saw the fastest time ever achieved by a Briton, and he was beaten only by a Latvian runner, an American and a

week-end, the Dominion gave their assent to the Treaty according to Japan full sovereignty, including the right to rearm. But, of course, another potential threat to the peace of the Pacific comes from Communist China, and the Pact is designed as a comprehensive bulwark against aggression in that vast region from whatever quarter.

Nevertheless, in its present form this bulwark can hardly be regarded as all-embracing. It has been emphasised that the Pact in no way affects the well-understood, though imprecisely defined, obligation between members of the British Commonwealth to support one another against attack. But Britain has considerable territorial interests among the Pacific islands, apart from those on the mainland of South-East Asia, and Mr. HERBERT MORRISON voiced regret that she had not been included in the Pact. The question of her admission was discussed by Mr. MENZIES during his recent visits to London and Washington, and her relationship to the Pact will undoubtedly figure on the Honolulu agenda. Peace in the Pacific, as elsewhere, is indivisible, and the Council must inevitably sooner or later formulate its ideas as to the most advantageous membership of the Pact.

## BROADCASTING

HOME (350m.).—6.30 a.m., Len Goodwin Quartet. 6.55, Weather. 7, News. 7.15, West Light Orch. 7.50, Lift Up Your Hearts! 7.55, Weather. 8, News. 8.15, Scottish Variety Orch. 9, Margerie Few (piano). 9.30, Letter from America (rpt.). 9.45, Bartok and Kodaly Recds. 10.15, Service. 10.30, Edmundo Ros Rumba Band. 11, William McAlpine (tenor), Colin Sand (violin). 11.30, On Wings of Song (recds.). 12, Taxi! 12.30, Up, and Coming. 12.55, Weather. 1, News. 1.10, Those Were the Days! 1.55, Cricket Scores. 2, Records: Richard Attenborough. 3, "Singin' in the Rain" (film adaptation, rpt.). 3.45, Northern Orch. 4.30, Frank Weir Orch. 5, Children. 5.55, Weather.

## Essential Differences

SOMEONE is bound to point out here that authorship is not the only kind of business that takes years of concentration and midnight oil and self-sacrifice to build up. But there are singular and important differences in the writer's situation.

The manufacturer of soap or frying pans or motor cars or pottery or furniture may, it is true, suffer years of disappointment and red figures before his product becomes a household name. But when he has achieved that end he is the fortunate possessor of two assets.

First, he owns a business which he can, if he so wishes, capitalise. Second, he owns a piece of property which he can leave to his dependants as a remunerative inheritance.

There is also a third possibility open to him. If he is bored or tired or ill from making soap or frying pans he can either retire or stay at home and let the business be taken care of by other hands.

## The Lean Years

NONE of these possibilities are open to the author. He may begin his career by earning £100 a year, pursue it through 20 years at three or four times that sum, and then suddenly become a world best-seller earning £25,000 a year.

Yet for all the fact that his product is now a highly successful household name he cannot sell his business as a going concern or a capital gain. He cannot retire and let someone else take over Linklater Products, Priestley Productions, A.P.H. Amusements, Forrester Features or Shute Stories Ltd. He cannot retire and let someone else manufacture his work.

He cannot take his sons into the business and teach them the trade. He cannot—and perhaps this is the thing that causes him most concern—leave his business as a going concern to his family, for he knows that

should one year and finding his income—yes, it can happen—as low as £450 the next.

## A Tax on Capital

HIS second complaint—it is really a protest at an infinitely more flagrant injustice—is that he is not allowed to treat the sale of a copyright or a film right or a serial as an outright sale, bought for a lump sum.

Clearly if you sell the film rights of a novel you have sold a piece of property. You cannot get it back again. It belongs no longer to you, your wife or your family. It is a capital sale.

The author argues therefore that it should be treated as such and exempted—if not wholly at least partially—from income tax and surtax. But the State, through the mouth of every Chancellor of the Exchequer up to now, says an adamant no.

Why, oh! why? Oh! Why? asked Shaw, and again WHY? "How we authors and inventors envy the gamblers on the turf and the Stock Exchange, the insurance companies, the pawnbrokers, the casino exploiters who, without running a tithe of our risks, are not taxed on their winnings!

"Why should we suffer what is virtually a tax on our capital which other gamblers incur only in the form of estate duties against which they can afford to insure . . . Why is property in turnips made eternal and absolute when property in ideas is temporary and conditional?"

## Ideal Dollar Exports

SUCCESSIVE Chancellors of the Exchequer have implored us to recognise that without dollars we, as a nation, cannot survive. Exports and dollars: only through more and more of them can we live and hope to maintain the standard by which we live.

Quite the simplest way of earning

Goldwyn-Mayer, a prize of £35,000, roughly about half the amount, you will note, of the average first dividend in a football pool of that time. And that time, it should be mentioned, was before the devaluation of the pound.

What was Miss Goudge's reward? (Note, by the way, that this story concerns only part of her dollar earnings for one book, since "Green Dolphin Country" was phenomenally successful in America in all fields). Miss Goudge's reward was £4,000.

If she had preferred to remain illiterate and had been lucky enough to put her mark correctly on a football pool the State would graciously have allowed her to keep every penny. Yet she, too, won a prize.

## No Loss to Revenue

THIS is the point where authors start boiling. If illiteracy and gambling and embezzlement can flourish so profitably while literature, earning the dollars the country must have, is treated with such consummate and vicious unfairness, is it surprising if the one flourishes and the other falls into despair and decay? An England without football pools is still an England; but an England without her literature is dead.

"Tax," says Mr. Eric Linklater, "is steadily ruining me," and he speaks for us all.

What we are asking is not, of course, exemption from taxes. We are asking—and there are now some signs that Mr. Butler will perhaps look at our case with a sympathy and intelligence we have searched for in vain in former Chancellors—for some relief from that new writer's cramp which is unfairly crippling us all, whether new or established, young or old.

It is incontestable that the Chancellor would not lose by this. Thus freed, we should write and earn him more.

LONDON DAY BY DAY Bigger R.Y.S., Smaller Boats : home Tests