

Plain Speaking on S'Agaro

Having just come back from a holiday in Spain I can tell you one thing about that part of the world; they speak a pretty peculiar sort of language down there. I was given a trilingual guide-book to the Costa Brava—or, rather, to what it insisted on calling the “main accidents” of the area—which has tied several reef-knots and a running bowline in my powers of communication. The accident the author cares most about is a town called S'Agaro. Well, it's a non-town. I mean, it's a happy conjuncture. I mean—well, let *him* explain it:

S'AGARO TODAY

S'Agaro is neither a town nor a history: S'Agaro is a happy conjuncture, an iniquitude felt since few years—25—and in its boundaries, everything except the Nature is recent. This is why S'Agaro becomes unmistakable.

Besides being a personal discovery (it is known to be the work of a sole man) it is a harmony become possible where heretofore was not anything else than savage rocks, rough, full with thick woods and wild vegetation, where the beach of San Pol, belonging to San Feliu de Guixols, ended. Mr. Ensesa felt once the calling of S'Agaro. That landscape, hostile and rejected, was keenly studied with the collaboration of the architect Mr. Santiago Maso Valenti. After four years they gave rise to this light and wonderful reality of the S'Agaro of today, abridgment of beauty, harmony, good taste, and selectness.

The general plann, ruled to the least details, has become his miracle of synchronism in the style and the ambient. The buildings in their totality the same as the wonderful gardens and works to embellish the whole urbanisation have followed the same rule and have not deserted the collective soul. There is not in S'Agaro a single eccentricity for the edge

of those architectonic monsters with which another urbanisations are so full. . . . In S'Agaro the tourist finds that “it” he missed. This “it” so social, and elegant, so subtle and poetic. Within its district the whole “grand monde” collects in formal parties, international sport contests, all this gives it the fame that enjoys everywhere in the world.

After this, the author apparently felt too confused and exhausted to go on to “S'Agaro, Tomorrow.” But here, for those who care, is a play entitled *S'Agaro, Yesterday*, an unhappy conjuncture of iniquities I shall be putting on out there before the grand monde next season. All cheques for tickets should be made payable to the English-Speaking Union.

(Scene: S'Agaro heretofore. *Not anything else is there than savage rocks, rough, full with wild orange peel. On that savage rock sits Mr. Ensesa and Mr. Valenti, neither towns nor histories, but a felicitous condoulement of humane beings.*)

Mr. Ensesa (*jumping upwards*): I felt the calling of S'Agaro!
Mr. Valenti: Make no attention, Mr. Ensesa. It is probably just an iniquitude felt since eating bad paella for lunch.
S'Agaro (*calling*): Mr. Ensesa!
Mr. Ensesa (*excitedly*): The calling is now a two-timing reduplication!

(*They keenly study that landscape, hostile and rejected.*)
Mr. Ensesa: I am missing “it,” Mr. Valenti. In all that wild waste of broken sun-tan-lotion bottles is not “it.”

Mr. Valenti: You mean that “it” so explicative, so deliquescent, so uneccentric, Mr. Ensesa?

Mr. Ensesa: It is unmistakable. We are missing the “big world” (I translate, of course) collecting in formal parties to play clock-golf and international deck-quoits contests. We are missing—how we say it in Spanish—the “*pesetas*.”

Mr. Valenti: Permit me to urbanise this unfelicitous iniquitude, Mr. Ensesa. I am architect, well known for urbanising without a single eccentricity for the edge of those architectonic monsters with which some urbanisations I could mention are so full.

Mr. Ensesa: If your plans are as harmonious as your words,

Mr. Valenti, S'Agaro will indeed be a dish for the dogs. Can you give rise to abridgments?

Mr. Valenti: Abridgments, atunnelmments, ahousements, anything.

Mr. Ensesa: Then give rise to an abridgment of beauty, harmony, good taste, and selectness.

(While Mr. Valenti savagely abridges these, reducing them to mere shadows of their former selves, a kind of prophetic radiance plays about Mr. Ensesa's head.)

Mr. Ensesa (rhapsodically): In years to come, all the peoples will be regarding our happy inquietude and calling it "a miracle of synchronism in the style and the ambient." Or maybe "a stylistic synchro-mesh in ambulating mirror-cells." Or perhaps even "an ambidextrous cyclotron called Mirabelle Stylites."

(He stops to consider the point, but by this time, so thoroughly has Mr. Valenti abridged everything, the curtain has come down and the band is playing "God Save Our Gracious Dictator." Oh, well, I've just realised what the guide-book is getting at when it calls S'Agaro an inquietude and a happy conjuncture—it means it's a noisy but cheerful joint. Let's dance.)

Housebiz

I wonder if a little more interest in politics might be aroused if politicians cast modesty aside and displayed that total self-absorption which film stars always seem to be able to put over so effectively in interviews. Well, here's a trial run I did with Mr. Nigel Sharpe-Groomsman MP, star of Parliament and Tory Party Conference.

Good morning, Mr Sharpe-Groomsman.

Call me Nigel, Mike.

Nigel, you're appearing at the moment in the *Infectious Aliens (Exclusion) Bill*, aren't you?

That's right, Mike. It's a fearless, controversial bill, of

course, but it's immensely human and worthwhile. My role is to stand up and speak out in favour of the brotherhood of man. Of course everyone thinks I'm letting the side down, but in the end I turn out to be loyal after all when I produce horrifying figures of Danes and Dutchmen arriving with influenza, and I vote with the Government.

It sounds a great debate, Nigel.

Yes, it is. The bill's being introduced by my old friend Chris Smoothe. He's a wonderful, wonderful politician, and it's been great fun working with him on this. But then the whole team is absolutely wonderful, and I think we've produced a wonderful, wonderful bill that everyone's going to enjoy a lot.

Is this the first bill you've done with Christopher Smoothe?

No, we were in the Landlords' Protection Bill together in 1960, with Harry Debenture and Simon Sheermurder, and again this year in the Welfare Services (Curtailment) Bill, which broke all records in gross savings at the Treasury. Landlords' Protection, of course, was my first starring part.

You've certainly shot to the top, Nigel. Nigel, is it true that you were first discovered modelling for men's wear advertisements?

Yes, I got my first break through the photograph that caused all the scandal—the one of me in underwear and suspenders. A Conservative Party agent saw it and snapped me up at once.

Tell me, Nigel...

Call me Nige, Mike.

Nige, you've sometimes been described as the new Harold Macmillan.

Yes, Mike, I have. But I've also been called "the new Duncan Sandys," "the new Ernest Marples," and "the new Lord Salisbury." I don't like these labels. I should like to be thought of just as myself, Nigel Sharpe-Groomsman. I mean, after all, I'm fundamentally a person in my own right. That's what I want to get over.

You don't think there's any truth in the labels, then?

Oh, I wouldn't say that. I think it's true that I have Duncan's nose and Ernest's legs. But people say I smile like Harold Macmillan. I don't think that's entirely true. When I smile—so I'm told by many critics and political commentators—my whole face lights up in a very individual way. And I don't want