

ART AND THE NECESSITY OF HISTORY

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ERNST FISCHER writes on art* from a well-defined point of view, undogmatic but Marxist, a conviction that to think of art history as an evolution merely of form, isolated from social pressures, is "to end up in a cloud-cuckoo-land of abstract speculation and restheticism, miles from reality" (p. 152). In his life he has been faithful to the Marxist principle of **uniting** thought with action, for he is a poet and playwright as well as critic, and also a lifelong socialist, member of a soldiers' council after the first world war, Minister of Education in Austria after the second. He has seen with his own eyes how art and artists have fared in an age of great events, and has himself been a living part of this age.

With this weighty advantage, his book (its German original came out in 1959: the translation is not ideal) must be said to suffer from one disadvantage equally serious: it lacks an adequate framework of historical reference and it is not related closely enough to the **compass-points** of history. Much the same might be said of an English forerunner, Caudwell's *Illusion and Reality* (1937), which on the whole fails, largely for want of historical ballast, to be more than a very striking collection of ideas and suggestions. For a Marxist, Fischer pays too little attention to the sequence of modes-of-production, the epochs of culture determined by them, and the dynamics of the process of change from one to another. One would not, indeed, wish him to have imposed this scheme too rigidly on his material. Marxists in this country have been recognizing lately how many difficulties still beset the whole theory of the succession of epochs. But there is also the simpler need for a wide factual acquaintance with history, as a safeguard against pitfalls of hasty generalization, or against opposite risks of failure to see individual cases as parts of a pattern. Such an acquaintance with the outline of events is the more essential because an intimate appreciation of the arts themselves can only be fragmentary. Fischer's range is as wide as can reasonably be asked from one man. He is sufficiently at home with English, the language, as he says, "fundamentally suited to poetry" (p. 175), to give us a detailed critique of a poem by Keats. He makes a catholic distribution of space among the various arts, but a much less even one among the centuries, or among the continents: Europe is in the foreground throughout. From Europe he takes a number of scattered instances, using them as bases for his general conclusions.

* *The Necessity of Art. A Marxist Approach* (Penguin Books, 1963).

That these instances are limited in number is unavoidable, especially in a book really too short for the vast range of questions that it raises, but their choice sometimes seems arbitrary. There is much more on Novalis than on Shakespeare, much more on Baudelaire than on Dante.

Given this weakness of scaffolding, Fischer's theme of the "necessity of art" cannot fully hold the work together. The theme is not ill-chosen. Undeniably, an appetite for art shows itself in innumerable ways, often in the oddest corners. Napoleon's troops in Portugal kept themselves cheerful with amateur theatricals, in costumes purloined from houses deserted by their inhabitants? One modern painter, **Utrillo**, took to the brush for the sake of its therapeutic value to him as a charm against alcoholism; and possibly a whole society better supplied than ours with works of art and artistic activities would be less in need of alcohol, aspirins, and other tranquillizers. True, the output of art in our own much-tranquillized country is already very large; in quality, however, most of it falls far short of the best Neolithic standards. But to arrive at a clearer comprehension of the necessity of art, we have to set it against the patterns of diverse societies, and analyse it with reference to the needs of specific groups and classes, which have always diverged more or less. Fischer, looking on art as from the beginning "the social activity par excellence" (pp. 37-8), comes back again and again to its function of linking individual and collective, and declares that in class-divided society the artist reawakens the old sense of brotherhood (pp. 41-2). This is a very important part of the matter. Yet art has often, much oftener maybe than not, helped rather to harden the lines of class, by imprisoning the individual within a limited cultural group. **Ruskin** saw and regretted this.⁸ The most intensely artistic society that ever existed must have been the court aristocracy of tenth-century Japan, which regarded peasants and everyone else outside the charmed circle as mere beasts that perished, yet which could produce *The Tale of Genji*.⁹ On the whole Fischer gives less than due attention to the need of rulers and ruling classes for the aid of art in dazzling or overawing their subjects, and passes by the allied question of their need of art to sustain their own inner confidence. Louis XIV required the flattery of writers like *Molitre*, as well as a monster wig, to keep him properly inflated.

While, in short, a contribution by a man like Fischer to a subject so intriguing and so intractable cannot but be of value, there is some risk of newcomers to the subject being led astray by the book at times, and, in spite of its author's praiseworthy modesty, mistaking it for a compendium of Marxist doctrine on art. Such a misconception was visible in the *Observer's* review of the English edition: which gave it a warm but exceedingly uncritical welcome, as if it were a kind of revelation, a new view of art rising like a *Sputnik* in the eastern sky. That Marxist interpretations can meet nowadays with so much open-minded interest is refreshing; that after thirty or forty years of thinking and arguing

among Marxists an undogmatic Marxist interpretation can come so much as a novelty, is disconcerting.

Fischer keeps his guiding ideas in mind throughout, but there is a lack of organization in the book that makes it not easy to comment on coherently. He ranges far and wide in time, but travels backward as well as forward, sometimes unexpectedly. At each stage objections to his treatment of history arise, and it is primarily these objections that are considered here, though with no intention of giving too negative an impression of a book that contains many admirable observations on particular facets of the evolution of art.

It is to prehistory that Fischer gives most space, and it is here that he is least convincing, and often appears least Marxist. In the beginning, for him as for Faust, was not the word, but the deed; not art, that is to say, but magic. He allows scarcely any "aesthetic" element in the origin of art, which he derives from something quite different, man's endeavour to control nature by supernatural means. Two difficulties arise: the origin of magic, and the birth from it of art. It must be said that Fischer uses the term "**magic**" in what would appear to be a variety of senses, and that he nowhere makes clear how he sees it turning into art. "**A magical residue in art cannot be entirely eliminated,**" he writes: art always seeks to influence, never merely to describe (p. 14). But so does a policeman giving evidence in court.

Fischer follows orthodox Marxist reasoning on the emergence of Homo Sapiens from among the animals, hand and brain and voice evolving together and interdependently. He goes on to trace all the rudimentary mental processes to work-processes, to economic activity, thus appearing to anchor himself safely to solid ground. Yet in all that follows he gives an uneasy impression of borrowing too much from the modes of thinking of non-Marxist anthropologists, and of being lifted off his feet by their balloon. A stick used as an implement acquires a new function, "magically added" (p. 20). Why magically? Man found "something magical" in the act of "making alike," as when he took a stone and shaped it into an axe: "resemblance is a weapon of power, of magic" (p. 29). "Man transforms the world like a magician. . . . The first toolmaker . . . was the first artist" (p. 33). Surely the only "magic" here is in our own minds, and its only force is that of a figure of speech. Fischer sees our first ancestors "always experimenting," going about to subdue nature without effort. "The magic of tool-making led inevitably to the attempt to extend magic to **infinity**" (pp. 33-4). A modern peasant does not experiment; he cannot afford the risk. Stone Age man, with even less of a margin for error, can seldom or never have done so deliberately. His handful of "experiments" were scattered over **æons**. Implements of stone and wood came into use in the course of tens and hundreds of thousands of years. There was nothing in this imperceptible progression to kindle soaring visions, or imbue men with a belief in that "omnipotence of thought" with which the primitive we know today is

credited. Nothing dramatic happened before the "Neolithic Revolution." It seems inconsistent with the principles of materialism to attribute to them a belief (as distinct from a ~~wif/h~~) that was supported by nothing whatever in their practical experience, or rather was flatly contradicted by daily and hourly experience. If it had really got a grip on them, the human race would have become extinct in its cradle. Nature would have given it short shrift.

Fischer moves on from the first tools, with no acknowledgment of intermediate stages, to the days of totem and taboo. Man "naturally supposed" that he was absorbing the life-force of what he ate, and becoming one with it (p. 154). A clay model of an animal was identical with the real one, so that by marking its vitals with a spearpoint the hunter was assured of a successful catch. (He might have carried illusion a stage further and made his supper off the clay animal, without bothering about the real one.) His clay model was intended also to propitiate the spirit of an animal that had been killed. "When man became a hunter, an abyss filled with blood suddenly opened between the human and animal worlds" (p. 160). But when had man not been a hunter, or when did this sudden crisis of conscience, this revelation like Gautama's under the **Bodhi** tree, occur? Fischer concludes that "no mystical or metaphysical suppositions are needed" to explain the beginnings of art, and its subsequent orientation (p. 165).

On the contrary, the whole train of thought is not much less metaphysical than the doctrine of the Trinity. It imputes to the remotest past the mental habits of later ages, lengthily and deviously acquired. Interwoven with it is the elusive figure of the "sorcerer," whom Fischer brings in at a good many points without ever introducing him or explaining where he has jumped from. But once a sorcerer or **witch**-doctor or shaman, or any such professional with a vested interest in magic, is on the scene, anything can be explained. Given a professor of theology, with all that such a phenomenon implies, we can understand the Spanish nation placing itself under the special protection of the Immaculate Conception—an act otherwise **highly mysterious**.⁵ We are apt nowadays, in our small rational corner of the globe, to lose sight of the simple, enormous fact that religion in all ages has been principally priestcraft. To the men of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment this was much more obvious, because they lived in closer proximity than we do with manufactured miracles and wonder-working relics. To seek the origin of superstition without looking for the priest is putting the cart before the horse. One might as well think of a history of **medicines**—powdered toads, dragons' teeth, **etc.**—**without** doctors and medical fees.

Magic, which purported to be a means for man to control nature, is far likelier to have been from the outset a means for some men to gain control of other men. How the sorcerer first got into business is hard, but not impossible, to conjecture. Equally it is hard to conjecture how art began, if it was not the bastard offspring of magic, but much less

hard than to explain first magic and then its translation into art. It is simpler to venture across the turbulent sea from Britain to Ireland than to go the other way round and cross the Atlantic. Fischer himself is prepared to allow some small independent part to decoration, for purposes of sexual attraction for instance, as an impulse towards art (p. 35). Later on he puzzlingly ascribes the invention of all ornamental patterns to the Egyptians, who derived their taste for them "undoubtedly" from their land-surveying activities—while at the same time he admits that the taste had much older roots: man appreciated symmetry because he encountered it in nature (pp. 122–3). Symmetry man would indeed find in many of the things he was using, starting with his own body: ribs, birds' feathers, leaves, fish-bones, stones collected for building into walls. If hunters imitated bird-notes as a lure or a signal, they might begin elaborating them into songs as an amusement. It calls for no great boldness to guess that they first drew or modelled figures of animals when they had failed to catch any, and hunger conjured up daydreams of a feast, like Charlie Chaplin's vision of a fat turkey in *The Gold Rush*. Their remote descendants have left the walls of army huts at Site 56 on the coast of Fife (and many others, very likely) embellished with energetic drawings of undraped women. There is no more need in one case than the other to assume that the artists laboured under any delusion that by making replicas of desired objects they could cause these objects to fall into their laps. They were merely relieving their feelings, partly by sharing them.

As the sorcerer began, inch by inch, to find his vocation and lift his head, he had to attach himself to something already existing, to play upon sensations already excited. The mumbo-jumbo he concocted might well twine itself round the elementary songs, pictures, ornaments he found ready to hand. Now the border between fantasy and ritual could begin to be crossed, and once crossed it would grow more and more hazy. For us it is important to keep in view the clear distinction between the two realms. A hunters' dance that loosens muscles and rouses **ardour** is a form of art, though it may contribute to successful hunting. A dance supposed to ensure successful hunting ritually is magic. It too may promote success, but only in the same subjective way as the first, by inspiring confidence; while its claim to an efficacy of its own represented a deception that mankind would go on paying more and more heavily for through the ages. Art, in short, we may fairly recognize as the first comer, accompanying Homo Sapiens in his emergence into humanity; and magic as not the parent of art but its parasite, or fancy degraded into pseudo-fact as though by an antique Circe.

Of the coming of class society Fischer writes with a degree of the nostalgia for the past that Marxists are somewhat prone to at the grand turning-points of history, as if Homo Sapiens had been born to increasing misery from the start. The "security of a primitive collective"

(p. 42) was a collective misery, and its dissolution was in part, at least, liberation. Even if we do not subscribe to Freud's scheme of father-murder, the old group must have had its share of internal friction as well as conflict with other groups. Men have repelled as well as co-operated with one another in a manner unknown to the animals; the two things go together and condition each other. Material inequalities too must have been creeping in over a vast period of time; they were not now suddenly breaking in on a secluded Eden. The growth of magic and the rise of its practitioners may have helped to foster them: it is the perpetual rôle of religion to further the division of society in fact while reuniting it in fiction.

Fischer moves forward at one stride to a fully fledged class system, with an art and religion sprung as it were full-grown from the sorcerer's head. Classical Greece is the only early case he considers, and he refers to the ancestral collective as something only now, and abruptly, shattered. He contrasts in Greek art "the Apollonian glorification of power and the *status quo*" with "the Dionysian revolt from below, the voice of the ancient, broken collective" (pp. 40-1). He sees in *hubris*, "tragic guilt," the bad conscience of the individual who has separated himself from his fellows (pp. 42-3). These are impressive ideas, and undeniably some critical, traumatic social change must be involved in the moral upheaval we dimly discern in Greek tragedy; but by the fifth century B.C. history and the Iron Age were far advanced. Fischer similarly regards the *Mænad* hysteria as a symptom of the disharmony produced by the rupture of old bonds, as "a forcible re-creation of the collective, or world unity" (pp. 39-40). But there had never been world unity, only that of a local group, and for a thousand years and more war had been endemic in the Greek lands; also slavery, which Fischer does not discuss. Outbreaks of mass frenzy were common in mediæval Europe, and can be best explained there by malnutrition.

Fischer passes lightly over the long centuries of slave society and feudalism between the Greeks and the coming of modern capitalism, which contain, especially if we take Asia into account, the great bulk of the world's art. The only topic he goes into in any detail is the transition in the visual arts from Romanesque to early Gothic (pp. 143-6). He rightly sees this as an example of a great artistic change accompanying great social change, though the historical character of the epoch really calls for closer definition than he gives it by alluding to the townspeople as a growing force. As *Mâle's* work emphasizes, the Franciscan movement had a powerful influence here. Fischer makes it a general rule that aristocratic cultures favour stylized forms of art, while plebeian movements make for naturalism (pp. 146, 151), and in twelfth- and thirteenth-century Europe he finds the stiff, aloof forms proper to "pure feudalism" being humanized, Christ and the Virgin taking on the features of man and woman. Byzantine painting is not naturalistic, certainly, but West African sculpture is still less so. And a more "human" style of

representation does not necessarily go with progressive tendencies. In itself it is as likely to have a soporific influence, to assist in that superficial soothing and smoothing of social resentments which has at most times been the business of religious art. The simpering faces of the later Counter-Reformation saints helped to flavour reaction with saccharine; the Gopis of Vaishnava art, milkmaids devoted to the frolicsome young god Krishna, or the erotic carvings of some of the southern Indian temples, are extremely human, "all-too-human," yet are denizens of a social system more immutable than Byzantium.

But with regard to eras like the high middle ages in western Europe, when objective conditions made social progress and expansion possible, though not automatic, we may welcome another dictum of Fischer's, that in class society art is "the chief means" of illuminating social cleavages (p. 219). It interprets the classes to one another. Christian art had for its grand theme suffering, and its crucifixions and martyrdoms must have entered many minds as a commentary on the sufferings of ordinary humanity, which the painters could not depict directly. Both earlier and later there has been painting that treated social injustice and human suffering in a more straightforward way. Fischer notes that Egyptian art, to its "eternal glory," came to depict not only labour but harsh and oppressive labour (pp. 132-3). For whose eye were these painful scenes intended? Perhaps for the poor, as token of sympathy and consolation; or to relieve painful sensations in the artists' own minds; or by way of admonition to the ruling class. Or it may be that all three motives combined, as in the best Christian painters, and likewise it may be with some practical influence on social relations. Elsewhere Fischer reviews the same theme in the work of Millet, Van Gogh, Rivera (pp. 48-50), and we may ask the same question: what was the practical outcome of their work, and on whose minds did it operate—those of the rich, those of their opponents, or both?

As in taking leave of the primitive collective, so in reaching the dividing-line between the feudal or pre-industrial epoch and the capitalist, Fischer seems more sensitive to what was being lost than to what was being gained. It would have been well to be more precise about the location of the good old things whose passing he regrets; for sweeping condemnation of the new order, without any concrete reference to the old order, is bound to suggest too idyllic a picture of the latter as some vanished Auburn, loveliest village of the plain.

Fischer's main charge is that industrialism destroyed the living relations between human beings, reducing them to a random swarm of atoms. Now in the first place the old relations that were being snapped, those between individuals as well as classes, were oftener than not dull, stupefying, involuntary things, much like old-style marriage where "one to one was cursedly confined." In the second place the alteration was gradual, and never complete. To accuse capitalism of "wiping out all social stability, destroying all fundamental human relationships.

and atomizing society" (p. 58), is only valid as an epigram compressing a couple of centuries into a moment. Fortunately individuals do not live for two hundred years, and only poets experience life epigrammatically. Again Fischer, analysing Baudelaire's poem *Le Voyage*, cites the Communist Manifesto about vertiginous change, the whirlwind sweeping away all the old landmarks (pp. 179–80). One ought to make a good allowance for rhetoric in reading the Manifesto; besides, it was written by a pair of newcomers from the Rip van Winkle land of Germany, whom the sedately ambling pace of things in England might well startle like a fire-engine at full gallop. Half a century later we come upon Mr. Pooter, residing in a Holloway which might be the next parish to Cranford, and his revered employer. "Mr. Perkupp, I will work day and night to serve you!" In a great many ways capitalism had been using its new broom and making its clean sweep only too slackly and imperfectly; too much, not too little, of the past was left behind. The vulgar futility of life that horrified Flaubert in *Madame Bovary* (p. 76) was that of an inert provincial town in any epoch. The dull philistine Germany that Heine inveighed against (p. 103) was but faintly touched by industrialization. To this day inhabitants of the biggest cities, women in particular, pass a great part of their existence in the mental air of the pre-industrial age.

Fischer develops Hegel's and Marx's postulate of the "alienation" of man from his work by large-scale commodity production, and of his own work acquiring power over him (pp. 81–2). It is as well to remember that the old-time craftsman was not always making boots for his friends and neighbours; he might be making a saddle for the horse on which the baron's retainer would one day ride him down. A quarter or a third of all that the Indian village produced all through history went in taxes to a far-off, usually alien government, to pay for the soldiers who compelled it to go on paying. But how did the artist look at things? Every social system except capitalism has had "great apologists in art," Fischer writes, as well as rebels (pp. 101–2). It is hard to think of any great artist who set out positively to extol slavery or serfdom. No doubt there was eulogy of institutions founded on these modes of production, for example chivalry or feudal monarchy. Writers of the nineteenth century like Dickens or Thackeray might be more critical of some of the actual processes of production, but they had even more belief in some of the things that these processes were making possible: they had a strong faith in Steam as the pillar of smoke leading mankind out of the wilderness into a better future.

Capitalism liberated great forces, artistic too, Fischer admits, but it was "not essentially... well-disposed to art" (p. 51). Was slave society, or feudalism, essentially well-disposed?—or, one is bound to add, is socialism? Fischer hardly provides an answer with his reference to the "generous patrons" of the Renaissance and its prevailing spirit of "What joy it is to be alive!" Only the Renaissance in a very narrow

connotation seems entitled to such a tribute. Fischer does not consider its character in Spain, and only occasionally mentions Shakespeare, the rest of Elizabethan drama scarcely at all. Praise of generous patrons seems at variance with Fischer's belief in a "close bond," before capitalism turned art into a market commodity, between artist (or artisan) and consumer (pp. 56-7). The "consumer" whom the genuine artist had in mind was surely **the people**, however vaguely perceived, not the grandee whom he had to look to for pay — oftener than not! some beer-fuddled princeling of Pumpnickel, or some prince of the Church which had once insisted on music being written only in triple time, out of compliment to the Holy Trinity, and which found Haydn's masses too cheerful. Fischer denounces modern mass reproduction of bad art, as he well may; but the great bulk of religious art was always repetition of stereotyped themes, and half the old churches in Catholic Europe are daubed with pictures of hell at least as "barbaric" and "brutal" (p. 101) as anything out of Hollywood. Even a Raphael could be tied down by the near-monopoly of patronage to monotonous multiplication of Holy Families.

Fischer stresses, as others have done (and overdone), the isolation of the artist under capitalism, his position as for the first time a free but lonely individual (p. 48). One might put this otherwise by saying that for the first time the status, the vocation of artist was really recognized as something different from that of skilled workman or upper servant. Also, of course, in earlier times only the man who won the competition for the patron's favour had an assured place; the man who failed was very much on his own, or rather as an artist could not exist at all. A special charge made by Fischer is that "the bourgeois world was incapable of 'commissioning' Baudelaire's work even in an indirect sense": he had to write for an audience he could only hope for (p. 69). But this must be the lot of every original writer, who as Wordsworth truly said has in a great measure to create the taste by which his work is to be **appreciated**.⁸

The Romantic literature of the early capitalist epoch is one of the subjects on which Fischer is most interesting. He is valuable for instance on the peculiar mentality of Romanticism in retarded Germany, and how it anticipated later bourgeois trends like Expressionism and Surrealism (pp. 57, 62). He is less accurate in speaking of Romanticism in still more backward eastern Europe as standing for "rebellion pure and simple" (p. 56); it had its conservative moods in Russia as elsewhere, in which it venerated everything native and traditional, Slav grammar and Slav soul and Slav dirt and Holy Church and Autocrat of all the Russias.⁹ Fischer's remarks on folk-poetry and its influence on the Romantics (pp. 62-8, 169-71) are penetrating, even if he may seem to read into it too much of a peasant revolt (and on p. 170 to view Goya as an angry — and superstitious — peasant). Folk-poetry was taken up much more by collectors in England and Scotland, where no peasants

as a social force any longer existed, and by conservatives like Scott among others, than in France where the peasantry was still capable of playing its own vital and independent part in the French Revolution.

Stendhal's aphorism quoted on p. 172 that the hallmark of Romanticism was abandonment to pure passion does it much less than justice. We still read a great deal of prose, as well as poetry, by all the English Romantics. Had they not thought as well as felt, they could not have arrived at the "critical realism" that Fischer well describes, **subjective** but at the same time alive to the defects of society (p. 103). Even Byron, of whom Goethe said that he was a child when he tried to think,¹⁰ could think to good purpose on some subjects. His letters are better than all but a few of his verses. Fischer takes his Don Juan a trifle too gravely as "a living criticism" of the times, "an embodiment of the longing for sincere, uncontaminated passion" (pp. 103-4). Byron's comic epic starts from ironical acceptance of a world more ridiculous than bad, of which he knows himself to be part, and his own version of critical realism includes a conviction that relations between men and women are and must be more or less absurd, less or more fictional. None of the other English Romantics was capable of rising—or sinking—to this viewpoint, but Byron after all had slept with a great many more women than all the rest of them put together. He was on his way now to Missolonghi, to look for something else.

Fischer's principal discussion of music relates to the same epoch of the transition from late-feudal to bourgeois society. Music is the hardest of all arts to interpret in social terms, and Fischer is laudably cautious, only offering "a few hints," but some of these are highly suggestive. Music's earliest function was to excite, to rouse for collective action, and it has always been serviceable to churches and armies because more than any other art it knows how to hypnotize, to intoxicate, to "create ecstatic obedience" (pp. 187-8). Music can help to animate bad as well as good causes. Nazis refreshed themselves with Beethoven, and French troops in the colonies marched against rebel patriots to the revolutionary strains of the "Marseillaise"—

"Contre vous de la tyrannie
L'tendard sanglant est levé."

But there is a separate issue, on which one may disagree with Fischer: whether such strains could have grown in the first place from such nourishment. Stravinsky, arguing that musical values are purely, exclusively musical, maintained that it made no difference whether the "Eroica" Symphony was inspired by a Citizen Bonaparte or by an Emperor Napoleon—by republican sympathy or by admiration for successful ambition. Stravinsky has the advantage of knowing at least one composer's mind from inside, and Fischer allows a great deal of cogency to his argument. It is obvious, he writes, that a republican might have written a bad symphony, and conversely that a good symphony

might have been inspired by an emperor, or even by the reactionary Metternich régime in Austria (p. 183). Of these two points the first is certainly obvious, the second surely very far indeed from being so. If Metternich could inspire music, could Hitler? Could a Milton on the Cavalier side have written anything of the magnitude of *Paradise Lost*? Beethoven did in fact, on rational grounds and in good faith, come to align himself with his own bad government and its bad allies (the Tories among them) against the Napoleon he had once admired; but the only music they inspired him to was the "Battle of Vitoria."

One may feel compelled to dissent also about Fischer's opinion that polyphonic music emanates from feudalism, homophonic music from bourgeois life: in the former each voice "following the other without competition," in the latter rival themes reflecting the rivalry of individuals and classes (pp. 151, 190-1). Feudal society was only conceptually, abstractly, more harmonious than bourgeois society; in reality it was a jungle. A Palestrina might, it is true, be understood as distilling and elevating its ideal character. But the bourgeois order too was, and is, in theory, a system of social harmony, confining competition within limited and useful channels, bidding "self-love and social be the same."¹¹ Europe moved towards 1789 full of longing for peace and fraternity, of disgust with the stupid wars that the old rulers were always fighting. Shelley's name for these rulers was "Anarchs."

In Fischer's scheme, further, contrapuntal music seems not to be distinguished from the earlier polyphony, except when he says that harmony, entering with Bach, reveals bourgeois competitiveness knocking at the door (p. 191). But Germany and Italy, where music—unlike poetry—flourished most, were countries where this great social change came on far more sluggishly than in the West. In Bach's Germany the reign of the bourgeoisie was still very remote. It was still more remote from India, whose music was, as it has continued to be, homophonic. What is decisive is, perhaps, not whether a ruling class is feudal or bourgeois, but how much strain and tension there is between it and other classes, and among its own members. Indian music is capable of expressing through its rhythmic complexities the same kind of tension that European music conveys by harmonic dissonance. In a very general way it may be permissible to associate the loose polyphonic texture with the comparative placidity of late feudalism in Catholic southern Europe, and counterpoint with the storm and stress, both social and spiritual, of Protestant northern Europe in the revolutionary seventeenth century. In Bach's music tremendous forces in conflict are held together by an even more tremendous exertion of will, as gigantic as the force of gravity. Its successor, the simple, light-hearted melodic style of the middle decades of the eighteenth century, represents the Indian summer of aristocracy, when central Europe had recovered from the ravages of the Thirty Years War and the ruling classes felt safe enough to put on silk stockings and dance. The contrasted themes of

sonata-form were at the outset no more opposed to each other than partners in a minuet; it was only later that they became antagonists, and when that happened the French Revolution was ushering in the storms of the next age.

With Beethoven, and even Mozart, the new music then frequently returned to counterpoint. Schubert was arranging to take lessons in it when he died. We might venture to relate this impulse to middle-class recognition that the struggle was not to be a straightforward external one against aristocracy, such as the clash of contrasted themes and tonalities, fast or slow movements, might best depict, but also, as the French Revolution in its later stages made clear, internal struggle within bourgeois society itself. It would be going ridiculously far to identify treble parts with the ruling class, and bass parts with a suppressed and mutinous populace; though there are moments when one can almost read this thought in the mind of that bourgeois-revolutionary gone wrong, Wagner. Wagner's strings descend into terrible depths, unplumbed by any other musician, such an abyss as bourgeois Europe saw opening under its feet after the social insurrections of 1848, and in which it could recognize also, in those glimpses when the actual and the visionary, environment and inward self, come together, the abyss of its own mind—that "gulf fearfully low" where Wordsworth had seen man's nature *embedded*,³³ and where soon Freud, like Hamlet's mole, would be at work in the dark.

Fischer is much preoccupied with the relation between form and content, and blames Aristotle and Aquinas for infecting art theory with metaphysical notions about form being the more important of the two (pp. 116–17). In unphilosophical England this may be less necessary, but Fischer is rightly concerned to emphasize the paramount importance of content in art. "Ultimately it is the new content that determines new forms" (p. 142). Here of course we meet with the problem of interpretation. Even music, the most enigmatic art, is capable of a direct meaning when combined with words, though the same tune may be married to a variety of words, sacred or profane, and its "meaning" never seems to be fully used up by any of them. Similarly pictures like Millet's of peasants speak to the mind as well as to the imagination, whereas many others have no language, or none that we can understand. Fischer may well seem to undermine his case for the primacy of content when he considers El Greco's "Storm over Toledo," and acknowledges that it can be understood in exactly opposite ways, as meaning either that the city is in peril and "infinitely vulnerable," or that the city will come through its peril unsubdued (pp. 138–41). Many of us would probably have to say that we never thought of it in either of these ways. If there is no ascertainable meaning, then, what influence can the content of painting have on us? Only an influence, it would seem, at a great remove from daily life, refining mind and feeling almost unconsciously and endowing Homo Sapiens with new faculties, making

him, like the Brahmin, "twice-born." Toledo may or may not fall, the revolution may or may not succeed: all we can be told is that a great question is being asked, of intense urgency for the city, and by implication for mankind.

There is still greater ambiguity in Impressionist painting, which may be coupled with the music of its time as the outstanding achievement of European art in the later nineteenth century. So far from speaking to man's condition, this "glorious climax of bourgeois art," as Fischer calls it (pp. 64-5), seems eager to dispense with humanity altogether. He quotes some words of **Cézanne** about man "completely absorbed into the landscape" (pp. 74-5), but this accentuates the paradox of the Impressionist triumph instead of explaining it. The conclusion we are, surely, compelled to draw is that great art can in some circumstances be founded on retreat or disengagement from society. Those were the years of imperialism, when the ruling classes with the aid of rabble-rousing nationalism were getting a firmer mental as well as physical control over their peoples, including most of the working class. In this situation the artists, like Dr. Johnson on a notable occasion, withdrew their attention. They would not paint generals and bankers, but peasants; soon, not even peasants, but hills; then not even hills, but the lights and shades out of which landscape half-emerges. Nature, impregnated by force of long association with human emotions, had become in Europe, as it had been for ages in China, the refuge of the human spirit at times when the powers of evil were exalted; first for the Lake poets, now for the French painters. It would be worth while to enquire whether the arts have often followed each other in the same cycles.

Art may sometimes be withdrawal from a bad world, then; but from withdrawal to *escapism* there is only a short, fatal step, as we may observe by turning from **Impressionism** to twentieth-century abstract painting (meaning thereby not non-naturalistic representation of real things, like Picasso's, but non-representation of anything real). Too long a sojourn in the wilderness becomes an exodus or hegira from the world of man altogether. Nature's lights and shades dwindle into patches of colour on canvas, with no more rhyme or reason than a wallpaper may have. In such painting bourgeois man looks into one of his many mirrors and sees himself in senile decay, "Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything." This is of course bourgeois or Western man in one mood, of blindness and deafness to everything new outside the West, and therefore also to everything really alive inside the West. Also of course abstract art has been a recurrent fad of modern times, and is not at all the novelty that some admirers take it for. In one of **Galsworthy's** post-1918 novels there was a fashionable painter who was working towards an art of complete abstraction where there would be nothing left but a blank canvas. (He had already reduced a picture to two lines, rather like the miser who had just managed to get his horse

down to two straws a day, when it died.) This sort of thing can at best serve as a negative protest when nothing else is possible; in Nazi Germany, for instance, where abstract art was frowned on by a government which demanded positive signs of enthusiasm, not mere silence. Bureaucratic pressures in the Soviet Union must have been the cause of some young painters wanting to escape into this limbo. In a country like England whose governors are nowadays as a rule content if sleeping dogs go on sleeping, abstract art may satisfy them well enough, and come to bask in as much mild approval as anything in the art line can expect from fox-hunters.

Fischer has praises for some Western writers like Salinger and Faulkner, though fewer than for Brecht; but modern man in the West is for him very much a creature astray without map or compass. He recurs more than once to Kafka, as typifying the sensation of "lostness." Kafka, he points out, is often supposed to have been thinking of the condition of man lost in the universe, when what he was really troubled by was man lost in the Hapsburg empire (pp. 98-9). Failure to grasp this point is a striking instance of how non-Marxist literary criticism is apt to wander off the path, through its neglect of history. Yet Fischer himself seems to stray from it when he says that the sense of bewilderment expressed in *The Castle* and *The Trial*, a sense "so characteristic of the ordinary man under the Hapsburg monarchy, has since spread over continents" (p. 85). The ordinary man was always baffled and befogged, like the player blindfolded and spun round in a game, when he had to do with Authority, but he took this as something natural and unchangeable. Kafka's bureaucrats and judges are not more mystifying than those in the old Chinese novel, *The Scholars*,¹³ to the unlettered folk who encounter them. Or one may recall Kinglake's account of how the Arabs who brought him across the desert ran away, losing their pay and even their camels, rather than venture with him into the mysterious streets of the city, among the myrmidons of the awful Pasha.¹⁴ What was novel in the later Hapsburg situation was that here an urban middle class was living under institutions surviving from a far earlier age; a middle class accustomed in its own life to order and rationality, in contact with Western countries where public life also was more or less rational, and conscious therefore of the labyrinth it was shut up in, the caprice of irresponsible power, as an unbearable thing. Kafka's "heroes" are not "ordinary" people, but educated, self-respecting, professional men.

In their dilemma the intellectual of today who feels himself alone in a phantasmagorical world may well find an emblem of his own fate, and this, it may be, is what Kafka has come to stand for. A symbol must have some point of departure, like Don Quixote's in a bygone Spain now forgotten—part of another dead Hapsburg empire. But Fischer scarcely makes clear what the man of 1900 and the man of the 1960s have in common, and his own diagnosis of the latter's ailment partakes

of his earlier reluctance to accept the coming of the bourgeois order. He thinks of modern man as entangled in a system of "impenetrable material **connexions** and relationships" (p. 197). Did social reality seem any less impenetrable to a Greek or a Gaul who suddenly found himself up for sale in the market at Delos? If so, it is only because modern man is more awake and questioning. Fischer lays great stress on the annihilating force of machinery, without noticing that this apotheosis of the Machine comes only in quite recent decades, long after the transition to capitalist relations was accomplished in the West. Life is fragmented, man and art haunted, by "the overwhelming power of anonymous machines": yet he adds that Romantics were already suffering from this fragmentation, Heine for example (p. 9) ~~who~~ had scarcely seen a real machine.

No modern machine, not even a tank, looks more inhuman and menacing than the empty **armour** of Henry VIII, with its faceless head and gorilla limbs, that the visitor may shiver at in Windsor Castle. The common man, rubbing shoulders with machinery in his daily life, takes it for granted as the child does the radio and telephone he grows up with. It is the intellectual who personifies in it forces—really social forces—that he, like Kafka, feels impotent against. A good many progressives have succumbed at times to a feeling of hostility or suspicion towards not only capitalist industrialism but industry itself, and even **science**.¹⁵ Men are no longer at home, Fischer writes, in this world of relativity. "The icy breath of the incomprehensible chills them" (p. 86). This surely verges on an anti-scientific spirit, unexpected in one who can write confidently about vectors and crystal lattices (pp. 117–23); it is Pascal running indoors from the stars. No universe could be more unpleasant than the little, **airless**, nightmarish **mediæval** world, with its ghosts and goblins and its eternal hell, by way of central heating, to keep it warm. Hell, whose fires have not been allowed to go out in Catholic countries, was far more terrifyingly vast in time than our universe in space. Far from fragmenting our world, Science has been simplifying it and unifying it; the old one was only a heap of bits awkwardly glued together. Art, which is perhaps older than magic or religion, and was for too long their prisoner, has in Science a natural ally waiting for it. Each stands in need of the **other**.¹⁶

Socialism will not save us from relativity, but by ending the estrangement made by classes, and reuniting humanity, it will we may hope enable men to contemplate their non-human environment without feeling it to be their enemy. This hope or something like it may be read into Fischer's words about the Socialist faith in man's "unlimited possibilities" (p. 214). But it is the present period of transition to socialist society that he dwells on, and he sees clearly that art must not turn optimism about a boundless future into complacency about a troubled present (p. 216). He has lived in Russia, and has evidently thought much about the problems of art in countries where Socialism

holds political power but still has to win and transform men's minds. They are problems that we may put under two headings: the social purpose of art, and its right level of sophistication in thought and expression.

Both problems have been complicated, like many others, by the advent of Socialism first in very backward countries. They are more thorny at present in China than in the less immature U.S.S.R., which Fischer is chiefly concerned with. No one who has lived only in the placid West is likely to comprehend the overwhelming pressure and urgency felt in a backward region of Asia by those who have made it their vocation to save an almost desperate situation by transforming men's minds and habits quickly enough to avert the colossal famine and anarchy which menace all the undeveloped continents. In China the men and women, a great many of them devoted idealists tempered by years of uphill struggle, who are trying to organize and lead the peasant myriads, carry perhaps a heavier responsibility than any men and women in history have ever carried before. In the measure that they have an agrarian programme genuinely in the interests of the peasantry as well as of the State, they are moving on a different road from that of Stalin, whose rural programme was a mixture of coercion and sleight of hand. One may expect their propaganda therefore to be attuned more to persuasion, less to mystification.

Effective propaganda, nevertheless, remains their standard of what art should be. During 1964 traditional Peking Opera, one of the glories of Chinese culture, was suppressed, as feudal and useless, to make room for more plays about heroes of labour and model collective farmers. The official reasoning in favour of this step ought to be attentively studied." It is inspired by a conviction that in the nation's life-and-death struggle every faculty, every energy must be concentrated on the task of the moment: propaganda for socialist construction demands a *levée en masse* of all the arts, exactly as every locomotive or bit of scrap iron has to be enlisted. No opera is worth a famine, one can imagine the local organizer saying, and the words would have a vivid meaning to him, irrelevant as they might sound to Western ears. In starving Asia, once one begins to look out of the window, all aesthetic niceties and subtleties are apt to seem mere trifling, as insignificant as "the nice manage of a clouded cane." Great art may seldom emerge from propaganda; but then great art seldom makes much immediate impact, and hunger is an immediate thing.

To this impatience of the local organizer there is no easy answer; very much requires to be weighed on both sides. In pragmatic terms the most obvious objection to any directed art of shock attack and immediate effect is the pragmatic one, that it is liable to defeat itself by boring its audience. A zealous Party functionary, like a Kirk preacher of yore with his five-hour sermon, is the last man to realize that there can ever be too much of a good thing, or to comprehend Keats' warning that "We

hate poetry that has a palpable design upon us."¹⁸ Entertainment without any edifying intention is a legitimate part of the business of art, as Fischer says, and is not divided from "serious" art by any rigid boundary (p. 211). Very likely the plain man already in prehistory wanted amusement at his clan gatherings, as well as the magical exercises prescribed by his zealous but humourless sorcerer.

Fischer is optimistic about how quickly the gap between the tastes of the cultivated and of the illiterate can be overcome. Young workers in Russia discuss poetry, he remarks; it has become part of socialist life (p. 207; cf. pp. 213-14), and he censures bureaucrats who discourage novelty and experiment as things not wanted by the "simple man" (pp. 208-9). Socialist art must depict these days of change "in all their contradictory concreteness" (p. 111), not reduce them to neat items in a copy-book: to over-simplify life is to "empty reality" in one way just as decadent bourgeois art does in another (p. 98). On the whole he is inclined to claim little more for official socialist art than that it may have been dull, but unlike the popular art of capitalist countries today it has not been corrupting (p. 207). In the case of Stalinist writing and painting some deduction has to be made even from this modest claim; for it is open to the same criticism that Fischer, in one of his happiest sentences, makes of the bourgeois academic style against which Impressionism was a protest—that by pretending things were in perfect order when they were really in great disorder it degenerated into an "artistic counterfeit, hung with medals and disguising its private parts with laurel leaves" (p. 72). Readers of that remarkable book, *The Revolt of the Mind*,¹⁹ will recall how deputations of Hungarian writers went to the U.S.S.R. in those days on tiptoe with expectation to learn from their Russian colleagues that Promethean secret, that elixir of life, Socialist Realism, and how they came back as wise as they went. "A new art," as Fischer says, "does not come out of doctrines but out of works," and he points out what a muddled theory Socialist Realism was, while admitting a distinction in principle between it and "critical realism" (p. 110). So far as formal realism is concerned he regards it as simply one method among others, and remarks that Thomas Mann was a more "realistic" novelist while he remained a conservative than later (pp. 105-7).

All these questions lead towards that of the status of the artist in socialist society, on which Fischer might have said rather more. The artist, he urges, is not bound to approve every act of a socialist régime; there must be "a critical component" in his attitude (pp. 112-13). But in the eyes of the zealous functionary any expression of dissent that goes beyond parish-pump triviality amounts to disputing with the commander under enemy fire. Art in the past, he might contend, made no bones about glorifying the established order and its leaders, and it ought to be far more, not less, willing to do the same now.

We may think of the place of the artist in historical times as having gone through two main phases. Before capitalism he was a public

servant of a sort, employed on ceremonial buildings or music, making effigies for royal tombs. He was an employee of the powers that were; but ideally, because those powers professed to be ruling for the good of the people, he had a certain licence to speak in the name of the people, to criticize authority obliquely at least—as Shakespeare or some of his court jesters may be said to have done. In western Europe, more than anywhere else, division between Church and State and their frequent clashes helped to give him this modicum of independence. There were nonconformist temperaments in the old days too, for which it was not enough, but their scope was very limited. They could take to the road as wandering scholars, and make up drinking-songs and satires as they went; such men must, as Fischer says (p. 64), have set many “folk-songs” in motion.

In the modern era the free, unattached artist has had much more room to grow, and the nonconformist temperament has come to predominate; the man with real gifts is a pioneer, a forlorn hope, a skirmisher, instead of a soldier of the line or liveried retainer. Like the Irishman, he is *agin' the government* by instinct. This too has its less desirable aspect; it really has engendered a good deal of that “petty-bourgeois anarchism” that the hard-working functionary, the practical man, is so apt to complain of.

“What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?”—Shakespeare in one of his more “committed” plays exclaims impatiently against poets.²⁸ Like the functionary, if in different ways, the artist works even at the happiest times under strains and pressures that are liable to warp him. Released from the harness of the old aristocratic order, his worse as well as better instincts have been set free. He shares with the intelligentsia at large in the mentality of an unstable competitive society; he is irritably vain, restlessly self-assertive, given to mistaking words for things; there is much he might profitably ponder in Nietzsche’s homily on “The Soul of Artists and Authors.”²⁹ Milton and Annado contend within his breast. Asiatic backwardness adds its quota of foibles again. In all pre-industrial lands there is a prevailing slipshodness, an irresponsibility, that the Westerner unfamiliar with it can scarcely conceive, and that drives the practical man—Chinese communist or Yankee salesman—to distraction. A Spaniard or a Hindu who will go to prison for his principles will find it utterly beyond him to answer a letter. If he is an artist his shiftlessness is the more ineradicable because it is part of what is expected from him.

It is the merest liberal delusion to suppose that the whole bother can be cleared up by simply leaving the artist to himself, as a self-regulating agent directed solely by the promptings of his own genius or his own conscience. No one, not the most illiterate peasant-woman, is more in need of guidance than he is. If artists in the mass shy away from anything resembling direction, let us remember that doctors in the U.S.A. are still more fiercely averse to any kind of national health

service; and that in Yugoslavia as well as in India doctors congregate in the big towns where there are most fees to be earned, not in the countryside where there are most lives to be saved. A liberal creed of non-interference, equilibrium of supply and demand, is no more likely to ensure a flow of art to where it is most needed than to ensure a flow of medicine. And with another side of his divided mind the artist who is groping out of isolation towards his fellow-men desires to be shown the way, to be given a helping hand; and the way back towards his fellow-men does lie through political action. Unfortunately it is much easier to point out the mutual need that socialism and art have of one another than to devise means of fulfilling it. A socialist régime has to create a framework not for the few lonely geniuses whom the Western onlooker usually has in mind but for tens of thousands of miscellaneous writers, painters, singers, of every degree of talent or lack of talent, and with a good sprinkling of charlatans and careerists among them. For his part the bona fide artist may find his case being dealt with by an honest philistine to whom poems, pills and pig-iron are all items in a production-schedule, or by an official more concerned for his job than for either art or progress; or, worst of all, by a failed artist turned bureaucrat and art dictator.

Socialism cannot and should not simply leave artists to their own devices. Yet it cannot simply whistle them back to the humble place they had in feudal times, as it has been too much inclined to do. They cannot now be profitably conscripted and drilled to march in step in any regiment, even an Artists' Rifles. They have always wanted, Fischer reminds us, to have a social function, to help to reshape reality; but this must mean more than simply underwriting a Party or its local committee. Art after all had a share in inventing the idea of socialism, and it wants to have a share of its own now in moulding socialist reality. What it requires, and cannot find by itself alone, is a new status and outlook, not that of either of its two previous existences, but a synthesis of both, since both were necessary stages in its evolution.

To dismiss all late bourgeois culture as nothing but decay has been an error of vulgar Marxism (still too widely current in China) on a par with the belief that late capitalist technology was incapable of further expansion. This technology has been galvanized back into life by pressure of socialist competition, and it is not impossible that something analogous may happen or has begun to happen in bourgeois culture. One function of art today, as Fischer writes, is to interpret the two worlds to each other (p. 217); and it is a hopeful fact that art even in the age of nationalism has remained largely an international growth. Each nation has been proud of its art, but anxious to share it with others, and ready to borrow from others. Music and painting are the first good Europeans. Fischer sees much in common between the methods and problems of artists today on the two sides of the fence, the best men on both sides struggling away from petrified images towards a more vital

understanding of life. In our epoch of "immense mechanical power" art has the duty to convince us of the possibility of freedom, of change brought about by our own will; to rescue us from mechanization by portraying "the men behind the nameless objects" (pp. 204, 215). Here once more he may seem to put too much blame on the machines, but it is true that we have been letting ourselves be half-turned into machines by the pressures of a morbid environment. Under social tensions too long unresolved men's faces become blank and meaningless; they are busy hiding their thoughts from one another, as Vance Packard's books report of America. In such a situation art can be a kind of confessor to society, helping men to extricate themselves from the false surface of uniforms, conventions, and dead words. This perhaps was what the Romantics meant by the work of Imagination, which they often theorized about: the release of the individual from his imprisoning separateness into the flux and freedom of collective growth.

The future into which mankind is growing will still be "full of differences and tensions," and art will still be needed because man goes on growing through his own "creative imperfections" and has no final goal (pp. 46, 217-19). A. E. Housman, a genuine poet but too much a pessimist to believe in a serious function of poetry, thought that it would steadily dry up, like a pool of water in the sun.²² Such a notion might be said to go with that of the priority of magic over art, or at any rate to depend on a false bisection of life into two exclusive processes, practical and fanciful. In reality the two run in and out of each other like the lines of a Celtic design. Man without art is man without his shadow.

One of life's imperfections is death. The "dark desire for blood and death" that Fischer sees lurking in man (p. 220) may be unreal, but death itself and the fear of death are not, and they have been among art's themes through the ages. More helpful is his fundamental idea of art re-creating universal experience as each individual's own and so feeding the "infinite capacity of man for metamorphosis," all the more fully when socialism enables each one to contribute to the art and the life of the whole (pp. 223-5). The young man in Aldous Huxley's novel²³ who found a proof of the immortality of the soul in Beethoven's slow movement in the Lydian mode, was too literal-minded. But the individual participating both through action and through imagination in the advance of humanity, including the future which he will not see, may come to feel less harshly his personal disappearance from it. If art cannot help to do this for him, magic will remain alive to do it.

NOTES

1. *The Memoirs of Baron de Marbot*, trans. A. J. Butler (London, 1929 ed.), p. 268.
2. See *Frondees Agrestes*, Section 1. Ruskin is finding fault with superficial not "noble," art.

3. On this Heian culture in Japan see I. Morris, *The World of the Shining Prince* (O.U.P., 1964).
4. By Kenneth Tynan, 3 November 1963. This review ended by hailing Fischer as the long-awaited Aristotle of Marxism.
5. N. Pérez, S. J., *La Inmaculada y España* (Santander, 1954), pp. 307–8; the book contains a mass of curious information of this sort.
6. E. Mile, *L'art religieux du XIIIe siècle* en France (Paris, 1931).
7. G. and W. Grossmith, *The Diary of a Nobody* (London, 1892), Ch. XXI.
8. "Essay supplementary to the Preface to the Edition of 1815."
9. See N. V. Riasanovsky, *Nicholas I and the Doctrine of Official Nationality in Russia, 1825–1855* (Univ. of California, 1959), Ch. 3.
10. *Conversations with Eckermann*, 18 January 1825.
11. Pope, *Essay on Man* (1733), III, 318. The whole poem glows with early bourgeois confidence in a divinely-regulated social harmony.
12. *The Excursion* (1814), Book 5, pp. 295–6.
13. Wu Ching-tzu, *The Scholars*, trans. Yang Hsien-yi and Gladys Yang (Peking, 1957). The novel belongs to the mid-eighteenth century.
14. A. W. Kinglake, *Eothen* (1844), Ch. XXIII.
15. There is a good deal of this tendency in the otherwise admirable work by R. Williams, *Culture and Society, 1780–1950* (London, 1958).
16. Cf. C. Caudwell, *Studies in a Dying Culture* (London, 1938), p. 228: "Science is the means by which man learns what he can do. . . . Art is the means by which man learns what he wants to do. . . ."
17. The official viewpoint may be conveniently studied in a report printed in *Peking Review*, No. 32.7 August 1964.
18. Letter to Reynolds, 3 February 1818.
19. T. Aczel and T. Meray, *The Revolt of the Mind* (London, 1960), pp. 138–43.
20. Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 3.
21. *Human, All-Too-Human*, Vol. I, Part 4.
22. See his lecture, "The Name and Nature of Poetry" (Cambridge, 1933).
23. *Point Counter Point* (London, 1928), Ch. 38.