

New Delhi axis? That would at least have the advantage of a division of labour; Mr Macmillan could soothe Mr. Khrushchev, while Mr. Nehru applied moral suasion to Mr. Chou En-lai. Or perhaps your mentors feel that Britain has no need of allies at all? And here, I think, we touch on one of their weaknesses. Do not some of the ideas lying behind the anti-nuclear campaign strike you as a little parochial, a little chauvinistic even? The view that Britain can quite cheerfully exist in a total isolation dictated by its disapproval of other people's possession of atomic weapons is in itself absurd and priggish, but it is something which could never have arisen even as a possibility had the anti-nuclear policy-makers had any real idea of the world outside these islands. To take one simple example, their programme implies a trust of Mr. Khrushchev's good intentions which may or may not be justified, but which contrasts very strangely with their evident unwillingness to extend even a tithe of the same indulgence to Dr. Adenauer, whose record is considerably better.

Do not misunderstand me. I feel just as strongly about the nuclear threat as anyone else. But since the way the Aldermaston marchers propose to deal with it involves a total change in present British foreign policy, I think it is fair to ask them what they are going to put in

its place and to demand that it should be something more tangible than purity of heart.

I should like to think, my dear X, that these questions had occupied you on the road from Aldermaston and that you now have some idea of what you would like this country to do (rather than of what you would like it *not* to do). But I am afraid that the camaraderie of the bivouac and the cheerful euphoria of the march are not very conducive to thought. Mass movements are as much of a drug as cocaine and every bit as destructive of independent thinking. This might not matter so much but, unfortunately, some of your companions (fellow-travellers, should I call them?) are not as naïve as you. They know only too well what they want, and I am afraid that, for them, some nuclear powers are more nuclear than others. Now that you are away from the intoxication of the skiffle groups, you might give this and other matters your consideration. It is a harsh truth that in this world sincerity gets you nowhere, and that to arrive you must have some idea of where you want to go. In this sense the Aldermaston marchers have not even set out. Their progress is towards a void.

Wishing you, my dear X, a happy and, above all, a reflective year before your next march,

Yours sincerely,

Anthony Hartley

The Question of Imperialism

IT WOULD be an ungrateful author who questioned Professor Denis Brogan's extremely generous discussion [ENCOUNTER, May] of my recent book *The End of Empire*; it was, in fact, the most adequate discussion that the book has had in the British press. I am, however, glad to accept ENCOUNTER's invitation to make a few comments on, in particular, Professor Brogan's main criticism of the book. He points out that it almost completely omits to discuss Spanish America, as the prime example of "indirect imperialism"; of imperialism, that is to say, which, while it does not annex the territories in question, dominates them to a greater or lesser extent economically and politically. Professor Brogan's delightful instance of the parable of "The Mine" in Conrad's *Nostromo* shows how the process worked in South America.

There are several reasons why I virtually omitted Spanish America.

The first is, undoubtedly, "ignorance, Madam, sheer ignorance." The second is that there was already, in the opinion of most critics, and in my own opinion, too much rather than too little in the book. The book seemed to me doomed from the start if I attempted to summarise the histories of

even the major instances of modern imperialist expansion. It seemed to me that I would only make something of it if I took one major example as an illustration and described that in some detail. For a variety of reasons, which I give, I took India.

What to leave out of a book of this kind is perplexing. For example, in an excellent review in *The Economist*, the critic ended up by saying that, as I was evidently writing a full-dress foreign policy for the Labour Party, it was outrageous that I had said almost nothing about Europe. Europe, he complained, might have been so much *tundra* so far as I was concerned. The criticism would have been fully justified had I had the slightest intention of writing a foreign policy for the Labour Party. The book's purpose was to discuss the consequences of the sudden, dramatic, and still only partially realised, revolution of our times, namely, the dissolution of the great colonial empires. Its purpose was to discuss those consequences, partly for the newly-liberated territories, but, above all (because this seemed to me the more neglected theme) for the ex-imperial powers themselves.

But, of course, it is perfectly true that our relationship with Western Europe is, in fact, bound up

at a hundred points with the fact of the dissolution of our empire. Ideally, the one ought not to be considered without the other. The fact is that in this field of politics and economics, subjects have no boundaries and the student must simply draw a line somewhere, however arbitrarily, and stop there. The majority of critics have, I repeat, claimed that I chased too many, not too few, hares, while, naturally enough, saying that I ought to have chased their particular hare a great deal harder than I did.

On the third reason why I did not discuss Spanish America I do, however, take issue with Professor Brogan. He appears to suppose that I do not count as imperialism at all any form of domination which stops short of *de jure* annexation. This would indeed have been a gross over-simplification. But in fact I have devoted a whole chapter, No. XIII, to non-colonial empires in general. In it I attempt to deal with this whole issue of the extent to which a country can, in fact, become a colony without being formally annexed. Moreover, throughout the book I give examples of this very process. That is why I would not agree with Professor Brogan that the half-chapter I devote to Egypt is an excursus inessential to the argument. On the contrary, the Egypt of Cromer's day was precisely a "semi-colony" in the Leninist sense. This particular example was very near to being a full colony. British rule was indirect but very complete. There are many gradations in this concept of the semi-colony. For example, the Argentine has throughout been far more independent of both America and Britain than Egypt was of Britain. Nevertheless I agree with Professor Brogan that it would be wrong to say that the Argentine had been, during the whole period between the liberation and recent years, a fully independent country.

To my mind, the essence of the question is economic. Unless a *de jure* independent country can make use of its independence for self-development, it is almost bound to drift back into one form or other of imperialist subjection. And I do apply this concept specifically to Spanish America on page 202:

Latin America, as a whole, over more than 100 years, derived very little benefit from her liberation from Spain. The governments of the successor states proved, on the whole, incapable of making use of their freedom. Of course there was some development, but most of the states tended to drift into the economic control of either America, or Britain, or simply of the developed world as a whole. They remained in Myrdal's phrase "bare and defenceless to the play of market forces." (It is only in the last fifteen years that they have really begun an independent development. But now in some cases they have. Mexico, in particular, is developing as fast or faster than any other country in the world, and Brazil, the potential great power amongst them, is evidently on the move.) Whether this state of things ought to be called "the continuance of im-

perialism by other means" is largely a terminological question. When there is direct, even if intermittent, interference by military force, such as the United States has periodically undertaken in Central America, an element of imperialism, within the sense used in these pages, is clearly involved. But when it is simply a question of the local government being incapable of taking the measures of interference with "the free flow of international trade" necessary to the development of its country, even though no one is preventing it from doing so, it seems better to say simply that even national independence is no good unless it is used.

Moreover, I agree with Professor Brogan that semi-colonies often get the worst of both worlds. There was a lot to be said for a country passing, during the great imperialist phase of the past 200 years, under the direct rule of a large and competent empire.

THIS WAS BROUGHT HOME TO ME in a recent visit to Persia. The Persians felt (and largely still feel) almost as fully dominated as India did during the period of British rule. And they were surely right to do so. The dozen or so British Consuls-General, scattered over the country, were each accompanied by a troop of lancers, held a legal court of their own, and were far from susceptible to the writ of the Persian Government. But because Persia was not nominally a British colony, nothing remotely equivalent to the Indian Civil Service or the Indian Army was established. The Persians, even to-day, feel, it seemed to me, impotent under the domination, now of America rather than Britain—but anyhow of the West in general. For they are bereft of those organs of administration and national life which any well-run colony has developed during its period of subjection.

On the other hand, there are examples which work the other way. Mexico, in Latin America, is surely the prime one. After a long and apparently hopeless period of bogus independence, the fact that there was no actual foreign occupation was used by revolutionary forces to start the long but indispensable process of economic development. And the Mexicans are succeeding.

I am well aware that in my book I have done no more than break the surface of these immensely important, but extremely difficult, fields of study. But of one thing I am convinced, and I was delighted that Professor Brogan implied his agreement in this: future scholars will simply make nothing of this field unless they first master, digest, and then at least partially reject, the Marxist-Leninist theory of imperialism. Alternatively if they cannot bring themselves to stain their reputations (as they undoubtedly will) by so doing, they can simply master Professor Myrdal's alternative and completely independent version of the same basic economic considerations.

John Strachey

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BOOKS & WRITERS

F. Scott Fitzgerald

By Dan Jacobson

FOR many years now Scott Fitzgerald's reputation has stood consistently high: too high, one is inclined to feel at times, considering on the one hand the kind of praise which is regularly evoked by his work from critics and reviewers; and considering too, on the other hand, the very small quantity of writing to which this praise can justly be applied. One cannot help suspecting that some of the praise is still being given to Fitzgerald by way of recompense, to make up to him for the neglect from which he suffered in the later years of his life: in any case, his high critical reputation has ensured that his life and work are continually kept before us. Just in the last year there have been several reprints of works by Fitzgerald, the most notable among them being the two volumes of *The Bodley Head Fitzgerald*,¹ which have brought together practically all the writings for which Fitzgerald is chiefly remembered. We have had, too, *Afternoon of an Author*,² edited by Arthur Mizener, which contains a group of hitherto uncollected articles and stories by Fitzgerald; and it is not so long ago that Professor Mizener's excellent biography, originally published under the title of *The Far Side of Paradise* was re-issued as *F. Scott Fitzgerald: a Biographical and Critical Study*.³ There has also been *Beloved Infidel*⁴ by Sheila Graham and Gerold Frank, which is a reminiscence of the years Miss Graham spent with Fitzgerald; and this last book has been made into an atrocious film. When Scott Fitzgerald died (in 1940) not a single one of his works was in print; now his life and death are being hideously travestied in our local picture palaces, with Gregory Peck in the leading role.

The disengagement of a writer's life from his work is always a delicate and difficult business,

and in Fitzgerald's case the difficulty is notorious. His life was an extreme one, not least in the pain he endured; and we cannot absolve ourselves of our responsibility for it by saying that his pain was self-inflicted. Suffering of Fitzgerald's kind is always self-inflicted, and society is always responsible for it. Nevertheless, one must feel sufficiently free of guilt not only to respect, admire, and pity Fitzgerald, but also to confess to the irritation one feels with him. And one is irritated with him not because he spent his money unwisely, or did unforgivable things when he was drunk, or because he was drunk so often; but because he so often betrayed himself and his best insights; because he tried so hard to bluff himself about what he was doing. He never really succeeded in bluffing himself: if he had succeeded he would not have been either pitiable or admirable at all, and it is quite possible that then he would have been a happier man. Fitzgerald was never taken in; but how hard he tried to be, and how often the attempt mars his own best work!

FITZGERALD was a man with the most strenuous social appetites; and much of his work is a statement of the intellectual and moral cost of attempting to gratify these appetites. For reasons to do no doubt with his own psychological make-up, and to do certainly with the country and time in which he was born, the attempt on Fitzgerald's part to gratify his own social hungers was never unaccompanied by guilt and anxiety, was never less than exhausting; and in book after book, and essay after essay, he sought earnestly and hopelessly to imagine a way of life which would seem glamorous and graceful and free enough to warrant something of the energy he had himself expended in his pursuit of glamour, grace, and freedom. Only in one book did Fitzgerald face up to the possibility that for him and for his characters there was *no* way of life commensurate with his own ambitions and theirs; that

¹ The Bodley Head (20s. each).

² The Bodley Head (16s.).

³ Eyre & Spottiswoode (8s. 6d.).

⁴ Cassell (21s.).