

a penetrating analysis of the human predicament in the terrible 19th century. No one so well as Marx has brought out the logical absurdity of contemporary materialism which forgot "that circumstances are changed by men, and that the educator must himself be educated." Lichtheim's Marx is a gigantic figure, to be compared with a St. Augustine, a Vico, a Freud; one who has changed the world of man through understanding. The understanding is shown to be partial, and distorted in its transmission by disciples; but the intellectual achievement is there.

Lichtheim brings out what is central and original in Marx in his comment on the passage in *Zur Kritik der Hegelschen Rechtsphilosophie* which culminates in the splendid affirmation: "Philosophy cannot realise itself without abolishing the proletariat, and the proletariat cannot emancipate itself without realising philosophy." He writes:

This famous passage is commonly cited as proof that in 1844 Marx was not yet a Marxist: in other words, that he had not yet developed the "materialist" outlook which after 1850—and in particular from the 1870's onward—was to become the hallmark in orthodoxy. . . .

Whatever may be said about the evolution of doctrine, there is no "Marxism" apart from Marx's own writings, and the . . . passage is certainly one of his most characteristic early statements. . . . It is true that in later years he took a less exalted view of the part which thought had to play in transforming the world, just as the concept of a social revolution which would transcend philosophy by "realising" its aims disappeared from his writings; but it was never repudiated, nor could it have been, for it is precisely what he meant by the "union of theory and practice." Without this central idea, Marxism is just another species of materialist determinism, and this is indeed what the later socialist movement largely succeeded in making out of it. But the transformation was never complete; at the core of the system, however much it might be watered down by its own author and others to suit the positivist fashion of the later 19th century, there remained something resembling the original vision of a world made new by a unique event fusing thought and action, theory and practice, philosophy and the revolution, into a creative drama of human liberation. It is literally true that apart from this quasi-metaphysical *tour de force* the whole subsequent history of the Marxist movement must remain incomprehensible. . . .

Lichtheim's book is exceptionally rich in its assembled materials. The argument is always penetrating, the exposition clear. Most of all to be admired is the skill with which he relates the development of Marxism to its historical circumstances. This enables him to bring out more clearly than in any other treatment known

to me that stratum in Marxism from which Lenin and Trotsky quarried their peculiar doctrines. At the same time he is able to show, as against Lenin, that Kautsky, for example, was, even as a "defensist," thoroughly Marxist in the sense that belongs to the Marxism systematised by Engels for the German Social Democrats after 1870.

As an intellectual system Marxism is now in dissolution. About this Lichtheim has no doubt. The concluding sections of his book should be read by all who, revolted by Stalinism and such ugly post-Stalinist atrocities as the suppression of the Hungarian Revolution, nevertheless hanker after a purified Marxism and a form of revolutionary socialism modelled upon early Bolshevism (as it is romantically conceived). Marxism has withered into the ideology of a totalitarian society; and as such it is the mere husk of an intellectual movement that was once alive but is now beyond the possibility of re-animation. Whatever is encouraging in the latest developments of Soviet society owes little to Marxism, much to the Russian tradition and to the impulses of our common human nature.

J. M. Cameron

Patriot of Plato's City

The Forms of Things Unknown. By HERBERT READ. *Faber, 25s.*

HERBERT READ has taken his stand before now against received opinion. The battle for the "Modern Movement" against "conservative philistinism" has been won and forgotten; and the new enemy is no less of the *Zeitgeist* and the Left than Sir Herbert himself. The present "essay towards an æsthetic philosophy" is addressed in the first place to linguistic philosophers and other critics who claim that their methods have the validity of science. The object of the most important chapters is to show that quantitative standards, when applied in fields where they are inapplicable, are destructive of the very material to which they are misapplied; or rather that the essence of a work of art is by its very nature beyond their reach. This might seem self-evident, but every year more and more such works appear; someone, presumably, has to answer them, and the champion is, of course, Herbert Read.

He disclaims, however, the name of philosopher—as must any "lover of wisdom" at the

present time; he is an anti-philosopher. As against that "scientific" philosophy, that denies a metaphysical order and parrots the word "meaningless" to whatever cannot be quantitatively described, Herbert Read argues the meaningful nature of the "non-propositional apprehensions" of art. He distinguishes two modes of thought; the perceptual thought of artist and craftsman; and the conceptual thought of discursive argument and the quantitative proceedings of science. The former, widespread in the illiterate middle-ages (and native still in children), has been all but destroyed in the process of producing our particular kind of literacy; and that loss is the sickness of our over-literate society. Herbert Read has devoted half a lifetime to the cause of "education through art"—perceptual education. He does not give up hope.

Now, "the reduction of science to indeterminacy, and philosophy to a game of counters, far from discrediting idealism, has made it all the more necessary." In an indeterminate universe, someone must make the choice (the phrase has an Existentialist ring), and meaning (using the word in a qualitative sense) becomes the only reality there is. In this context the quotation from St. Exupéry—it is in fact the text of the book—has a very precise, or, as Sir Herbert insists, an "empirical" meaning: "Truth is not what we discover but what we create." Science, he argues, has become speculative, art empirical: "art is a means of cognition"—of perceptual cognition, if we must use these terms.

It is a pity that in order to answer Reichenbach, and worse, so fine a mind should have been subjected to the attrition of reading their books; for "we become what we behold;" and the deadly chill of a vocabulary devoid of qualitative meaning invades at times Sir Herbert's own discourse; for he is a poet, though he too often denies himself the poet's best argument, the poem itself.

Yet he stands always above controversy; his thought remains on a level never reached by those battles of personality fought by the critics. If he has been present at the christening ("but not the funeral" as has been said) of many new painters and schools of painting, this is not from *avant-gardism*. It is simply that he is on the side of life: "Deep in our nature is a reverence for life." For life's endless creativity, its inexhaustible mystery, he stands against the dead mechanism of logical discourse and pseudo-science.

Because he is on the side of life he is an anarchist in politics, in religion, and in the arts; and this involves him in a third disputation, more fruitful than that with the positivists and their tribe, for here there is no question of incommensurable standards. Maritain is the

modern exponent with whom Sir Herbert joins in debate, but his quarrel is really with Plato and the traditional metaphysics. For reasons surely moral rather than intellectual he feels bound to defend humanism; he will have nothing to do with Maritain's "spiritual unconscious;" that is to say, he rejects the idea of a spiritual, as distinct from a psychological, order. He will not allow Plato's claim that intellect itself reflects such an order, or that works of art are "copies" of a "divine original." He insists upon the empirical nature of *anima mundi* because Maritain's view transfers the creative agency from the poet to—let us so call it—God, or the gods: "It is really the traditional theory of possession, of inspiration." As against the Vedantic view of the *rishi* who is not the author but the "seer" of his poems he affirms a humanism: "truth is what we create."

It would be hard indeed to refute Plato (or Maritain) on intellectual grounds; but Sir Herbert's reasons for refusing to give in on this point are simpler: he senses "a theological conception of truth," and, with it, an element of compulsion, a hindering of the immediacy of the living reality. For similar reasons he suspects symbolists. "Symbols," he admits, since they are archetypal, "can only be relatively new; nevertheless a sophisticated poet can be too consciously traditional and a sophisticated public suspects any poet who has a deliberate design on them." It is this having a design on you that Sir Herbert senses in the writings of the "engaged" Christian. Truth is free, life is free, both are holy—this is the realisation that he is now, as he has always been, determined to safeguard. It is the most vulnerable of all things, and even in defending we may destroy it. This is surely the paradox; for tradition—though this Sir Herbert cannot allow himself to admit—is itself the expression, as it ought also to be the safeguard, of that Holy Spirit that he is himself proclaiming. At the same time empirical humanism can—and surely already has—invited an indiscriminate cult of self-expression, or mere "action" as such, that calls anything and everything "creation," even to the absurdity of "art by accident."

But Herbert Read must have realised this danger; the magnetic mountain of Plato draws him irresistibly; for the question of form in a work of art is not to be explained in terms of mere vital energy. His consideration of this problem is probably the most valuable part of the book. His empiricism seems at first sight strong enough to keep Plato at a distance; but then, what is "to create?" More, evidently, than mere "action." It is a matter of feeling: a work of art is "in some sense an embodiment of feeling," a "correlative of feeling." We have

heard this before; but then, the parentheses begin to appear; feeling is "emotion, mood, *idea, intuition*;" and presently a yet more Platonic note is sounded, "its reality resides in its *harmonies*." A few pages on he is saying that when Keats wrote of the beauty of a work of art, "he had in mind the *mathematical* proportions of a Greek vase;" and that "the intention of the potter was not to give pleasure, but to make a vase that corresponds to his *instinct for order*." The feeling theory has become a theory of *form*; and towards the end of the book—I assume that the order of the essays is roughly chronological—

if the process of art is confined to the level of feeling, it can be an instrument of evil as well as an instrument of good... the great artist is not one who unites mankind on a basis of feeling, but one who by transcending personal feelings discovers symbols for the universal archetypes of the psyche.

Where is the difference here between Herbert Read and the traditional view of art (as stated for example by Yeats) unless it be in his determination not to concede the transcendent nature of the archetypes? If I have understood him he wishes to leave the possibility open that their nature is material—whatever that may mean nowadays. D'Arcy Thompson's *Growth and Form* counterpoises Plato's intelligible world; form is in both nature and mind—or rather it becomes impossible to distinguish the one from the other.

The Modern Movement is essentially anti-traditional, and predominantly nordic; and we still find that heavy preponderance of Germanic names in the bibliography that would be daunting if we did not know from previous experience that there is no obligation to read them. Sir Herbert quotes from books he happens to have lately read and that are in some way representative, rather than because he regards them as valuable in themselves. They are the scenery through which his journey carries him; he has no intention of stopping there. But as we move through the book we find that at some point we have crossed or tunneled through the Alps, and with relief we look out on a landscape that is old and sunlit. Instead of the Neumanns and Worringers and Pregoffs, we move southwards from Rousseau and Tolstoi to Gandhi and Lao Tze, Homer and Plato, Empedocles and St. John; and in this company the author at last exchanges the mask of the aesthete for his own humanity, and speaks simple and quiet truths. There is an apologia for peace as fine as anything since *The Innocent Eye*; and the Magnet has won him over:

he expounds Plato. But it is a Platonism like no one's else: he sees in Plato's *Politics* the model of the peaceful city; and this *civitas* is the work of supreme art, and expression of "the rule of wisdom, which we also call the rule of love." This city emerges as the justification and the true end of all that Herbert Read means by "art;" for like Plato he means *techné* of every kind, from the work of the sculptor or poet to that of the shoemaker. Virtue is also "art," and Plato has shown the "beauty" of virtuous action. This, above all, is the secret that our society has lost, that has replaced feeling with brutality, truth with indecency; and this degraded cult, Sir Herbert reminds us, is no less to be found in the works of more than one winner of the Nobel prize than in pulp-fiction.

Few will read, fewer trouble to understand, this humane book. Yet Herbert Read is more patriot than aesthete—a patriot of Plato's city. He is the Brutus of our time, now, as always, lonely, misunderstood and mis-allied, continually but never finally disillusioned (it is always the side of progress that is disillusioned), his integrity inviolate.

Kathleen Raine

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FROM THE OTHER SHORE

The Fate of Olga Ivinskaya

THE PASTERNAK case has been the great moral *agon* of recent years. It is the one crisis which, though recognised everywhere as a great public event, has not involved solely political figures, states, and masses, but—on one side—a single man.

He is perhaps best seen as a man of immense moral toughness, an ability to sweat it out year after year in the face of the overwhelming pressures of a vast and insistent machinery of power. It was impossible to shake him in his feeling that he was right, and that the collective wisdom arrayed against him was absurdly wrong. Fortified by his principles he died unbroken.

What he felt for the state was not a political revulsion. He rather saw its views as inadequate and pettifogging and its life as ephemeral; he foresaw an eventual triumph of the ideas of the Russian Enlightenment. And his strength derived not only from his own "courage of genius," as Edmund Wilson put it, but also from consciousness of support from a less temporary, more genuine, larger collective—that of all concerned with real life and with true art, rather than political expediencies. Even his opponents were reluctant to make too open a breach with this powerful protective force.

But he was also personally sustained by the devotion of a few individuals, and in particular of Olga Ivinskaya, the original of Lara in *Doctor Zhivago*. In 1948 she had been arrested and, as Pasternak tells us, "tortured" in an attempt to incriminate him. After four years in a labour camp, she came back to be his secretary and literary agent. When his persecutors attempted to force upon his corpse the compromises he had refused when living, Ivinskaya, his closest collaborator, continued to stand for his authentic demands. The resentment of the authorities was at last able to vent itself without restraint.

After the violent attacks on Pasternak which culminated in the winter of 1958, the Soviet authorities had changed their approach. In the spring and summer of 1959 they said no more about him or *Doctor Zhivago*. At the same time

ROBERT CONQUEST is known as both a poet and a student of Soviet affairs. A book on the Pasternak case, *The Courage of Genius*, is to be published in the autumn by Harvill. A new book of poems, *Between Mars and Venus*, will also be out shortly, from Hutchinson. According to a report in *The Times* of 15th June, both Olga Ivinskaya and her daughter, Irina, "are seriously ill in a Russian prison hospital after being transferred from one camp in Siberia to another near Moscow. . . ."

reassuring reports that his more extreme opponents had to some extent been thwarted began to be put about. Meanwhile, Pasternak himself was extremely reserved in what he said to visitors of unknown reliability. The impression gained ground that the Soviet government had had second, and better, thoughts.

A slight appearance of *détente* affected Pasternak himself. On September 11th, 1959, he reappeared in public for the first time since the Nobel controversy, at the final concert in the New York Philharmonic's tour of the U.S.S.R. Not that he was optimistic. The *New York Times* correspondent, Max Frankel, reported (September 12th, 1959):

Mr. Pasternak disclosed later that he was working on a play about the liberation of Russian serfs in the eighteen-sixties. He hopes to complete it within six months, he said, but added, "It will not be any more happy for me personally than my novel." He was in good health and living comfortably, but he said of *Doctor Zhivago* that "he did not believe that it would be published in the foreseeable future."

The reference to the evidently unorthodox play shows that he was still stubbornly putting forward his own ideas. In conversation with Mrs. Olga Carlisle in January, 1960, he described this work as a trilogy called *The Blind Beauty*. The "blind beauty" is a peasant girl, but Pasternak noted (*Paris Review*, summer 1960) that:

The title is, of course, symbolic of Russia, oblivious for so long of its own beauty and its own destinies.

The fate of this manuscript is a matter of legitimate interest to the world literary public, and it evidently played an important part in the events which followed the poet's death. When he saw Mrs. Carlisle, he said that he had then written one-third of the trilogy, adding that, "The first and the second plays are partially written," and that the third part "is but a project yet."

When Heinz Schewe visited Pasternak in March, 1960, the poet showed him a 175-page manuscript of the plays' progress to date. (*Corriere della Sera*, August 2nd, 1960.)

Thus, though the state of completeness of the work at the time of Pasternak's death is uncertain, it is plain that there is solid and important material awaiting release. Besides this, Olga Ivinskaya is known to have been preparing an edition of his correspondence.

By the autumn Pasternak knew that his health was getting worse, but concealed the fact in order not to become an invalid controlled by doctors and sympathisers. In a letter dated November 17th, 1959, he wrote of (*New York Times*, 4 Feb. 1961):

now and then a disturbance on the left side of a breast. I am telling no one about it, as if I do mention it I shall have to give up my habitual daily routine.

He died on May 30th, 1960. His death, it will be remembered, was announced in three lines on the back pages of the literary papers only. His funeral was not announced, but was attended by