

war; into the Sudan, fighting off the charge of the Dervish army at Omdurman, "the last armed clash between the Middle Ages and modern times," and, as a far-from-nonbelligerent war correspondent, into the Boer War. He was not yet thirty. But he had already become such a well-known figure that news of his escape from the officers' prisoner-of-war camp at Pretoria was greeted in song by a Lancashire music-hall comedian:

You've heard of Winston Churchill.  
This is all I need to say—  
He's the latest and the greatest  
Correspondent of the day.

Then came politics, first on the Conservative side of the House, his father's old stamping ground; later, when road-blocks of Cecils, Balfours, tedium, and protectionism barred the way to advancement and adventure in that party, with the Liberals, who were about to undertake the double task of establishing a measure of social democracy and of demolishing what remained of aristocratic predominance in English society. The scion of the house of Marlborough who had "ratted" from his party threw himself into both parts of the task with gusto and to good effect. As president of the Board of Trade and as Home Secretary he came to be directly concerned with such measures as setting up the first labor exchanges in conjunction with unemployment insurance, prison reform, and Acts improving conditions of work in the mines and in the retail trades. And in the Liberal Party's epic constitutional struggle with the House of Lords he fought alongside Lloyd George to curtail the powers of that body.

During that period Churchill found time to write the classic biography of his father, to get married, to take personal charge of smoking out a couple of anarchists who had barricaded themselves in a London building, to defend himself against the suffragettes, who had chosen him as one of their special targets, and to become both star and stormy petrel of London society. The end of this volume sees Churchill installed at the Admiralty, preparing for the war with Germany that he felt sure was coming.

It cannot be said that Mr. de Mendelssohn has risen to the challenge of his theme with total success. He is, understandably, overawed by his great subject. But this does not excuse his penchant for indulging in ponderous pseudo-Burckhardtian aphorisms on the order of: "Strange indeed are the ways of history, and stranger still the ways of those who try to trace them"; nor does it justify his ultimately wearisome attitude of never ceasing to be amazed

by the fact that some of the people who crossed the young Churchill's path later gained fame in their own right. Indeed, he is excessively given to what turns out at times to be rather strained comparisons between the problems and personalities of Edwardian England and those of the England of the Forties and Fifties of this century. It is certainly true that Churchill was remarkably prescient; it is also true that he retained with little change many of the ideas he formed in his youth. But the Welfare State is farther removed from the age of Asquith and Lloyd George than Mr. de Mendelssohn appears to think.

On the debit side, finally, it must be noted that the author has not solved the problem of emphasis and proportion

## Destiny of a Defector

*"The Beloved Land," by Vladimir Dedijer (Simon & Schuster. 382 pp. \$5.95), according to the author, is the story of one man's fate viewed against the background of his family and his country. In 1944 Life magazine assigned John Phillips to report the Yugoslav Partisan war, in which Dedijer fought.*

By John Phillips

VLADIMIR DEDIJER was a long-time associate of Tito, Djilas, Kardelj, and Rankovic, the four revolutionaries who set up the Communist state in Yugoslavia. Until 1954 he was one of Tito's closest friends; then he broke with him by publicly defending Djilas, who had fallen from power by advocating greater freedom for the Yugoslav people. Today Dedijer is in England teaching history and doing research at Manchester University and St. Anthony's College, Oxford.

His book is a harrowing saga of life in a backward and intolerant country from the days of his great-grandfather to the end of the Second World War. Dedijer believes that "tolerance" alone can solve Yugoslavia's problems and heal its "traumas"; and he offers an explanation for his young country's chronic intransigence: "We were put in an historical deep freeze for four and a half centuries. . . . One part of our people fell under Turkish rule, and the other constituted a bastion defending Europe. . . . Behind this shield, Europe could develop by itself; we, however, remained 'the people of the Balkans.'"

that inevitably arises in the writing of any "Life and Times." Some of the essential elements for a portrait of Sir Winston are present—his father's influence, Lloyd George's influence, Churchill's dramatic sense of self-involvement in the historical process, his prankish strain—but they float along an immense and occasionally murky stream of narrative, like pieces of a jig-saw puzzle that someone forgot to put together. However, generous quotations from Churchill's own speeches and from the opinions expressed about him by his contemporaries enable the reader to construct his own image; and, above all, help bring into view a Churchill often forgotten and obscured by virtue of his later achievements.

With its abundance of soul-searching and colorful characters "The Beloved Land" reads like a Slav novel. Great-grandfather Jovan flogs his daughter senseless for giving in to the whim of selecting her own husband. Grandmother Nana, a sixteen-year-old bride, climbs a nut tree on her wedding day. Mother Milica, an ardent feminist, devotes much of her energy to bringing up her boys with a proper respect for women. Father Jevto, a university professor, dedicates his life to the overthrow of the Hapsburgs (he participated in the plot to assassinate Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo). Brother Stevan, a paratrooper in the United States' 101st Airborne, becomes General Maxwell Taylor's bodyguard at Arnhem. But of the lot—family and friends—Djilas emerges the most striking figure.

DEDIJER started out as a journalist. To earn his keep, while he studied law at night in the Thirties, the author joined the staff of the opposition newspaper. Horrified by the cynicism of the regime, he was ripe for rebellion the day he met Djilas. At this first meeting Dedijer poured his heart out: "The Communist Party is the only national party. It is not rabidly pro-Serb or pro-Croat but pro-Yugoslav. . . . I am ready to do anything the Communist Party asks me."

With the candor of a cub reporter he describes what the Party did ask him. Take this conversation:

"Is there any possibility of your going to the World's Fair in New York?" he asked. I explained the chances seemed remote, but I was  
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# Glimpses of an Inhuman Future

*"The Temptation of the West,"* by André Malraux, translated by Robert Hollander (Vintage, 122 pp. Paperback, 95¢), one of the author's earliest works, anticipates with misgivings a time when East and West not only meet but combine their more dangerous traits. Germaine Brée is the author of the literary study "Camus."

By Germaine Bree

SINCE 1923, when young André Malraux (he was twenty-two) suddenly left the feverish scene of literary Paris for the then-exotic lands of the Far East, his personality seems to have undergone as many metamorphoses as the gods of which he so eloquently speaks in his recent widely discussed books on art. The story of his life, both fact and legend, has often been told, a sort of cloak-and-dagger tale that led the reckless young adventurer from his search for Khmer statues—about which he and the colonial administrators did not see eye to eye—to his present position as Minister of State responsible, amusingly enough, for the intelligent care of France's own cultural heritage. "The Temptation of the West," written between 1921-25, published in 1926, certainly reveals the fundamental Malraux beneath all the metamorphoses: the restless, driving energy, the high-powered, rhetorical, impassioned speech, the haughty isolation of a mind forever beating against its own limitations, the fascination with the life and death of civilizations and with art.

It is always easy and often fallacious to say that a writer is already entirely present and, as it were, complete in a brief early book. To be sure, there is much in Malraux's later work that "The Temptation of the West" hardly foreshadows, but the tense, dramatic finale of the book is not really very far removed from the lyrical pages with which he likes to conclude his meditations on the plastic arts.

And what of the China that Malraux deals with in this first work that really bears his stamp? So great has been its transformation that even a cursory reading gives something of a shock.



Andre Malraux—"sense of doom."

China has traveled far in the last forty years. And the West?

"The Temptation of the West," hastily thrown together, seems almost as if it had been improvised to satisfy a great and urgent need to speak. Impatiently, Malraux seized on an old and well-worn literary device, the exchange of letters: A.D., a twenty-five-year-old Frenchman traveling in the Far East and writing from on board ship and from Canton, Shanghai, and Tientsin, corresponds with the Chinese A. W. Ling, who is traveling in Europe. Both engage in that centuries-old game of definition and discovery: what characterizes an "occidental," what an "oriental"? The concepts, of course, are pretty broad. But although Ling does take a trip to Rome, so far as he is concerned, writing with Malraux's pen, "the occident" is France. Young Malraux obviously felt that "oriental" might perhaps be a rather vague term, and briefly pauses—as briefly as possible—to point out that Ling is not a type but an individual. To Ling, Malraux gives the bulk of the book, twelve out of the seventeen letters; but A.D. comes in at the opening, the middle, and the end with the crucial themes. Understandably enough, the book does not avoid some of the traditional stereotypes; the "Chinese temperament" serving as a contrast to and reverse of the "occidental"; the occidental "will-to-power" balancing the "cosmic detachment" of the Orient. Malraux seemed

to have absorbed, along with Nietzsche, large doses of Spengler's then-recent book on the "Decline of the West," and we are singularly far removed still from the revolutionary China that Malraux was so violently to impose upon Western imaginations with "The Conquerors" and "Man's Fate."

But as A.D., dreaming of an imaginary Orient old as History itself, moves toward China, and as Ling, uninterested in the past of Europe but obsessed by Europe's power, moves toward Paris, their dialogue gains in intensity and depth. Passionate, lucid, driven by the need to dominate the cosmos, no longer knowing why, A.D. confronts Ling and his vision of a humanity linked by all the fibers of its sensitivity to a cosmos loved for its beauty and felt as timeless.

The most original and forceful part of the book lies in the sense of doom Malraux creates as both men glimpse the ultimate fate awaiting their civilizations: the European caught in the vise of its relentless energy and its power to understand, but shorn of faith and facing only death; the Chinese tempted by the efficiency of an accident it hates; and both deprived of the vital links that tie action to thought. There are brilliant flashes of intuition here. The inhuman future that would result if the Chinese detachment and the Western drive for conquest should combine is something Malraux had glimpsed vaguely with a concern which now seems justified. Modestly and competently translated, "The Temptation of the West" could hardly have come at a more appropriate time.

**FRASER YOUNG'S**  
**LITERARY CRYPT NO. 959**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 959 will be found in the next issue.*

BY ACMES ACB AYGGBN  
HIS NSSKSEH OYFCOHDSE  
CBN HIS PQSCHSEH  
ECAQDRDASE YR GSB HD00  
DH DE KQSESBHNSN MBNSQ  
C GYQCO CEKSAH.  
EAI0S0EDBPSQ EQ.

*Answer to Literary Crypt No. 958*

Business men who would blush to be seen in a five-year-old car proudly make medieval pronouncements on economics. —HENRY ROBINSON.