CHAPTER II

SOCIAL, POLITICAL, INTELLECTUAL AND LITERARY TRADITIONS.

"As George Orwell" said is already a very common term of reference. But it may be equally worthwhile to refer to what Orwell dreamt of. In one of his poems written in 1935, he remarked very sensitively:

"I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls, And woke to find it true; I wasn't born for an age like this; Was Smith? Was Jones? Were you"? ¹

No doubt it is a very poignant realisation of Orwell that he wasn't cut out for the age he was faced with. On this aspect there is a perceptive observation figuring in a book based on a doctoral dissertation. "As we read the works of Orwell again and again the lines quoted above tend to assume greater and greater importance; here the author has tried to express the dilemma he is ever faced within his age. But it must also be pointed out clearly that the above extract does more than convey merely a single sensitive individual's sense of his own predicament. This predicament could be that of any other writer of this age, subject to similar pressures." ²

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George Orwell was not ready for the age in which he was born. Though the war had not actually happened it was looming large already on the horizon. This apprehension of the future appears to have been shared by another writer G.H. Bantock. He too expressed his concern as follows:

“I have the imagination of disaster—and see life as ferocious and sinister.”

There is a striking ring of familiarity in the above expression of a premonition. It might come from George Orwell who was held in certain quarters as the most savage pessimist since Jonathan Swift. It might as well come from Arthur Koestler who wrote Darkness at Noon. Here one is inclined to say that the writers of the twentieth-century seemed to be preoccupied with pessimism. One glaring example was E.M. Forster who had stopped writing novel after 1924. The fast changing times puzzled him. And the strange pressures were taking toll on him, causing great damage to his creative fecundity. In a television interview he said:

“…..I think one of the reasons why I stopped writing novels is that the social aspect of the world changed so much. I had been accustomed to write about old-fashioned world with its homes and its comparative peace. All that went, and though I can think about the new world I cannot put it into fiction.”

It needs a certain amount of peace and tranquility to write fiction. Forster was too much disturbed by the difficult material of life. In that state he could not concentrate and settle down to sit and write novels. George Orwell’s own confession would appear quite comparable. He writes.

“In a peaceful age I might have written ornate or merely descriptive books, and might have remained almost unaware of my political loyalties. As it is I have been forced into becoming a pamphleteer”.

On comparing the notes of the above two writers one could see that for certain reasons the novelists were affected by the various complex issues they faced in their times. As a result they were unable to put serious thoughts into fiction. With a note of warning Forster abandoned novel writing. On the other hand Orwell accepted the unfavourable situation as a challenge to write so as to tell the unpleasant truth to the world. Orwell perhaps thought that one might attempt to find a cure by means of the bitter pills and medicines and thus reveal the truth, nothing but the naked truth to the politically unconscious and naive public of the new world. In one of his letters to Cyril Connolly, he writes:

“..... Everything one writes now is overshadowed by this ghastly feeling that we are rushing towards a precipice and, though we shan’t actually prevent ourselves or anything else from going over, we must put some sort of fight”.

5. Orwell George, Why I Write (The Penguin Essays of George Orwell, Martin Secker & Warburg, 1985) p.10
6. Orwell’s Letter to Cyril Connolly, dated 14 December, 1938 (Published in Encounter, January 1962) pp. 60-61
Orwell was a man who always practised or at least tried in all sincerity to practise what he preached. Therefore he chose to put up a fight, as is reflected in the lines he quoted from *The Paradise Lost*, 'So hee with difficulty and labour hard Moved on: with difficulty and labour hee', and despite his limitations as a book reviewer, journalist and pamphleteer, he had emerged as one of most acclaimed novelists and critics of the modern age. Of course we will see more of him in the larger context of the twentieth-century background. Meanwhile we propose to divide this chapter as sections entitled as: I. BACKGROUND: SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND INTELLECTUAL. II. LITERARY TRADITIONS.

I. BACKGROUND: SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND INTELLECTUAL.

To begin with the Background: Social, Political and Intellectual, let us quote from a book which studies the mind and art of George Orwell in a systematic detail:

"For a survey of the twentieth-century background, we must very carefully examine the economic changes along with the corresponding social changes, which finally lead to the formation of a new social order. In other words, we should be willing to consider in detail the social crisis which came from the Industrial revolution".

Any kind of revolution, be it electronic revolution or agricultural revolution, always affects the social life of the masses. In the closing years of the nineteenth-century, certain marked changes in the economic and social field were perceptible. These changes multiplied and became clearer with the passage of time. In these decades, the economic and social forces operated actively showing a rich potential of drastic consequences. Modern economic history begins with distinct revolutionary changes in agriculture. To conservative consciences the new economic and social forces were very shocking. They were inclined to look at the changed environment as novelty for quite sometime. Anyway conservatives are always suspicious of new and innovative things. But as time passed the chances of a better appreciation of the change considerably grew. Even then there was a strong resistance. Indeed, it should be interesting and highly revealing to study closely the collision between the age-old theory and the changed economic environment as one proceeds to map out the new social background. Now what does one come across at the very outset? The pre-industrial way of life and economy was fast disappearing and the importance of agriculture as the supreme agency in social life was decreasing correspondingly rapidly. And the change was clearly perceptible to everyone in the closing years of the nineteenth-century. In some sections, it was opined that the decline of agriculture should not cause much worry, for it would be replaced by other industries “so all would be well”.  

"... all was not well. For political economy does not cover the whole field of human welfare. The men of theory failed to perceive that agriculture is not merely one industry among many, but is a way of life, unique and irreplaceable in its human and spiritual values".  

In the Holy Bible too something almost similar occurs regarding creation. It is written:

“And God saw everything that He had made, and behold, it was very good (well). And the evening and the morning were the sixth day”.

God has created everything perfect, well and good but man has made a mess of his earth and environment and even himself he has been abusing and polluting his own nature by sin, but wilfully choosing to disobey the divine plan of the Almighty. King Solomon mourns the wicked inventions of man to degrade, deprave and frustrate the creation of God. In the “Ecclesiastes” or, ‘The Preacher’, he preaches:

“Lo, this only have I found that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions”.

The Creator has ordained agriculture to be a way of life for human beings. Man is to sweat out to earn his bread from the ground till he returns to the ground. Agricultural life in the ancient days was very well for all
including Kings. Moreover the profit of the earth is for all: the king himself is served by the field (agriculture)." 14 proclaimed king Solomon in B.C. 977. 15 Agriculture in the pre-revolution days was beneficial even to the petty labourers. The flourishing agriculture of the mid-nineteenth century gave stability and shaped the way of life. In the later years of the nineteenth-century there was a marked slump in agriculture. The slump continued in the opening decades of the twentieth-century and the worst came in between the two world wars. In 'The Economic History of Europe' it is stated:

"Agriculture, which provided direct employment for more persons than all other branches of European economy put together, was in almost continual slump from 1920 to 1940. By the end of the First World War, however, adjustment to this situation had been in large part made, but the war itself once more upset the applecart." 16

In the cut-throat competition between agriculture and industry, agriculture was defeated. The face of the village changed fast. This posed a serious question not only before the novelists and the poets but also before every sensitive individual, because urbanisation swallowed all rural and agriculture life. This growing menace of urbanisation was so appalling. The first novelist and poet to be aware of this serious problem was perhaps Thomas Hardy. He passionately stuck his love to the ancient earth and not the 'artificial' earth. In 'The Return of the Native', he writes in full glow of a poet's vision:

"To recline on a stump of thorn in the central valley of Egdon, between afternoon and night, as now, where the eye could reach nothing of the world outside the sublimates and shoulders of heathland which filled the whole circumference of its glance, and to know that everything around and underneath had been from pre-historic as unaltered as the stars overhead, gave ballast to the mind adrift on change and harassed by the irresistibly new. The great inviolate place had an ancient permanence which the sea cannot claim. Who can say of a particular sea that it is old? Distilled by the sun, kneaded by the moon, it is renewed in a year, in a day, or in an hour. The sea changed, the rivers, the villages and the people changed, yet Egdon remained. Those surfaces were neither so steep as to be destructible by weather, nor so flat as to be the victims of floods and deposits. With the exception of the aged highway, and a still more aged barrow-themselves almost crystallized to natural products by long continuance even the trifling irregularities were not caused by pickaxe, plough or spade, but remained as the very finger-touches of the last geological change."  

The above description tells us how very feelingly Hardy mourned the swamping of the rural way of life by the onslaught of industrialization. George Orwell too felt the disappearing rural life from the scene. He wrote about how he felt regarding the surface of the earth in ‘Why I Write.’ To take his own words, "So long as I remain alive and well I shall continue to feel strongly about prose style, to love the surface of the earth".  

Again in *Coming Up for Air* when he returned to Lower Binfield there were lots of change. In fact, everything he had been used to as a young boy had disappeared and had been replaced by the meaningless new pattern:

"...... I'd come to lower Binfield with a question in my mind. What's ahead of us? Is the game really up? Can we get back to the life we used to live, or is it gone forever? Well, I'd my answer. The old life's finished and to go about looking for it is just waste of time. There's no way back to Lower Binfield, you can't put back Jonah into the whale, I knew though I don't expect you to follow my train of thought. And it was a queer thing I'd done my coming here. All those years Lower Binfield had been tucked away somewhere or the other in my mind, a sort of quiet corner that I could step back into it and found that it didn't exist. I'd chucked a pineapple into my dreams, and lest there should be any mistake the Royal Air Force had followed up with five hundred pounds of T.N.T." 19

Man-made environment had replaced the friendly environment of Nature. And Nature was already in the process of extinction to be replaced by bombs and time-bombs on the earth. No doubt, urban and city life of to-day is fast degenerating into a curse to civilization. Because of the pressure from a wholly new set of social forces, the status of man is undergoing a drastic change. In man's own make-up, a new element could be traced as a product of the prevailing economic forces. Small wonder, this study of the economic aspect of man has drawn considerable literary attention also. George Orwell had the opportunity to examine the question in hand. In *Keep The Aspidistra Flying*, the hero agonizingly realised:

"...... money-worship has been elevated into a religion. Perhaps it is the only religion-the only really felt religion-that is left to us. Money is what God used to be. Good and evil have no meaning any longer except failure and success. Hence the

profoundly significant phrase, to ‘make good.’ The decalogue has been reduced to two commandments. One for the employers -the elect, the money priesthood as it were-”Thou shalt make money; the other for the employed—the slaves and the underlings - “Thou shalt not lose thy job.”

A Chinese proverb says, ‘With money you are a dragon, and without money you are a worm.’ Similarly the Preacher in the Holy Bible says that “.........money is defence.” In the same scripture, King Solomon preaches on the money-god. He says:

“A feast is made for laughter, and wine maketh merry: but money answereth all things.”

The hero in *Keep The Aspidistra Flying* was forever haunted by the lack of money. George Orwell has reflected on the hard times in this novel. Perhaps George Orwell himself was also obsessed with this money syndrome so much so that he took the liberty to replace the word *charity* in the Bible in favour of ‘money.’ Hence his adaptation in “Coming Up for Air” goes as:

“Though I speak with the tongues of man and of angels, and have not money, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so

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22. Ibid p. 638, chapter xi:19
that I could remove mountains, and have not money, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not money, it profiteth me nothing. Money suffereth long, and is kind; money envieth not; money vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; Rejoice not in iniquity, but rejoice in the truth; Bearth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things; endureth all things, Money never faileth; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is money.”  

For Orwell, money was always a problem till the success of “Animal Farm.” In a book named George Orwell Remembered, it is mentioned that “She (Eileen, Orwell’s first wife)” and George Orwell were always hard up.”

Now, to return to the aspect of the times, the Victorian ethos seemed noted for a moral earnestness, even though it had suffered a serious setback in the twentieth century. In the changed economic situation, man became materialistic, compromising and selfish. But Orwell and Eileen were quite different from the rest. Audrey Coppard and Bernard Crick wrote on the unselfishness and large-heartedness of the Orwells:

24. Brackets mine.
25. Coppard Audrey Coppard and Crick Bernard, Orwell Remembered (Published by BBC 35, Marylebone High St. London 1984) p. 163
"Anything that Eileen or George possessed was liable to be lent or given to anybody in need ....... No one is entirely without jealousy or rancour, but Eileen seemed to be as free from them as anybody I have ever known and she had an inexhaustible capacity for being interested in other people’s affairs. She and George were always hard up, always bombed out, always in difficulties, but always helping somebody else, and never really ruffled by their difficulties." 26

George Orwell had a socialist attitude almost from the beginning. For social well-being, the private code of behaviour was condemned by the newly-formed society. The individual was deprived of all prospects of a private world of his own and fell back upon the public world.

There was a class struggle as the upper and middle classes were impelled by a strong desire to adopt a Fascist attitude towards the rest of the society. Apart from the peasant and the other two classes, Orwell claimed that there was the fourth class which he belonged to; he called it the "shabby genteel family" which he also described strongly as 'the lower-upper-middle class." 27

In the last two decades of the nineteenth-century, the upper-middle class had its heyday. As it waned, the lower upper-middle class inevitably was replaced by the upper-middle class. But according to Orwell, there was no love lost between the 'shabby-genteel' family and the upper-middle class.

26. Ibid pp. 162 & 163
27. Orwell George, The Road To Wigan Pier p. 123
"The twentieth-century may seem to have seen the breakdown of the old familiar authoritarian pattern in private and social life as opposed to political life. A similar type of moral questioning to that which, in the later eighteenth and nineteenth-centuries had undermined the old hierarchic political order, affected many of the assumptions of family and social life. By way of compensation, private dilemma provoked, or at least went along with, a growth of public concern, particularly a developing guilt over wealth. Divorce in 1930s carried no moral stigma compared to that of exploiting the poor, or of ill-treating a child. To some extent, indeed, the realm of the public expanded at the expense of the private almost as if the pressures of uncertainty had been resolved by a transfer of responsibility. The individual and the social (‘the socially understood to imply the primary sub-group as well as society at large’) came to seem interdependent to a degree which would have appeared strange to a Victorian, to the detriment of that individual atomization inherent in Victorian economic arrangements, and of that sense of individual self-responsibility which characterized the morally earnest Victorian ethos.”

From the above extract, we can see and distinguish the trait of the intellectual climate in the twentieth-century Europe. Traditional values had been annihilated with the result that there was a battering and shattering of faith. The World War also played its part in the dissolution of standards and frustration of hopes. The old order disappeared without giving place to a new one. Consequently there was total disorder and disintegration everywhere.

In fact, initially, there was apparently a fanatical patriotism with the outbreak of the war. But as wars prolonged people became tired of them, particularly because they saw the havoc and destruction of lives and property caused by war. Poems of the earlier wars and the later ones became quite different. And as the war ended, it left only heaps of ashes and shattered the dreams of people. The ‘brave new world’ became only a distant dream. It was a crucial time for man’s hopes and aspirations to thrive and grow. The moral and intellectual climate became unhealthy. The post-war era was

“..... in short, an era of doom and despair, of doubt and disillusion.”

Indeed, in case of war, for both the victor and the vanquished, there is nothing to gloat over; as war brought only death, tears, pains and desolation to the earth and human beings.

As the war ended in 1915, the spirit of old London seems to have collapsed. The city perished from being the heart of the world and became a vortex of broken passions, lusts, hopes, fears and horrors. This period witnessed the frightening change from a world of apparent order and contentment to a world of chaos and broken nerves. This collapse of tradition was bound up with the fast worsening social and economic conditions which finally led to the disintegration of civilization. Worse still, the realm of values as well came under serious attack. For example, to quote David Daiches:

“In the Restoration period, the seduction of a girl by a young man was a comedy; in the eighteenth-century it was a tragedy, but in all cases it was something significant, one way or the other. To a twentieth-century mind it might be neither comedy nor tragedy—simply a wholly unimportant detail.”

There was a moral degeneration in the air and frivolity was not taken as immorality. All moral respect seems to have gone with the Victorian period. Now, science piled wonders upon wonders and dazzled the onlookers and science was no longer a subject to be pursued in a closed laboratory. Investigations into the social conditions were pursued with the strictest adherence to the available facts. This bias for science with which the social surveyors of the late nineteenth-century observed and dissected facts continued unhampered in the twentieth-century. The war itself could not take away its significance and utility. However there are some writers who are sceptical about the invasion of science. Mr. Trevelyan writes:

“The twentieth-century has been kept in perpetual movement and unrest by the headlong progress of inventions, which hurry mankind on, along roads that no one had chosen, a helpless fugitive with no abiding place. The motor age has changed life even more than the railway age, and now the air-age is changing it again, with atomic power or what not to follow.”

The new knowledge gives power, but power corrupts ‘even angels.’

Science goes on conquering other fields including the field of psychology.

Mr. E. J. Oliver observes the impact of science on psychology perceptively:

“Psychology swiftly borrows the language of physical science, the machine has become God.”

The impact of the machine is enormous on the human mind and psychology emerges as a close kin to science. The intellectual climate in the twentieth-century is marked by a crisis of the spirit. The new universe is increasingly incoherent, and man, handicapped by his own creation is compelled to thrive in a state of deplorable helplessness. Materialism has gained more and more appeal and significance as a socio-moral ethic in the machine-made, godless civilization. The twentieth-century also has the notion, inherited from the Enlightenment, that man is the product of his circumstances rather than an autonomous moral agent; it was used to justify collectivist intervention which was increasingly advocated by the Fabians, for instance. They pointed to a profound moral perplexity concerning among other things the boundaries of the public and private worlds. A theory basically economic had deeply affected social and political thinking about relationship in society for nearly a century. Then in its replacement, the empirical sceptical spirit of science played a large part and helped in the dissolution of old social acceptance based on ‘a priori’ assumptions. Beatrice Webb refers to the ‘belief of the most original and vigorous minds of the seventies and eighties that it was by science, and by science alone, that all human miseries would be ultimately swept away.’

But, on the contrary, science heaps miseries after miseries upon the earthlings. Mr. Connolly remarks very feelingly:

"there are whole tracts of Europe where to be a writer is to invite a firing squad. "Silence, exile, and cunning" are the artist’s lot, and public educated at last, mobs him like a filmstar, we may be wiser to assume that, for our lifetime, "silence, exile, and cunning" it will remain." 34

The twentieth-century is indeed an age of fear, intrigue, betrayal and a century of chaos and confusion. The firm line which nineteenth-century psychiatrists had drawn between the normal and the abnormal, the latter being explained in terms of degeneracy seems to have disappeared; dreams and slips of the tongue, if nothing else, showed that we all displayed neurotic symptoms. Above all, the implied criticism of the traditional model in terms of which reason ruled the will in the interest of moral behaviour, and the discovery that the super-ego had profound effect on the twentieth-century moral attitudes. Therapeutically speaking, Freud’s ‘ego’ is a feeble thing, fighting for life against the encroachments of the super-ego and the id. And then, of course, there was the enormous importance, in the theories of instincts, placed on the demands of libido (those, that is, of sexuality), particularly on those manifested in the Oedipus phase. Thus a considerable blow was struck at man’s sense of self-responsibility and at the ordered emphasis of behaviour on which he had come to depend: the consequences for fiction can be sensed in the comments of Virginia Woolf, who knew of psychoanalytic doctrine early because of her affiliations with Strachey family:

34. Connolly Cyril, The Condemned Playground p. 286
.......the accent falls differently from of old; the moment of importance came not here but there.....Let us not take it for granted that life exists more fully in what is commonly thought big than in what is commonly thought small. (‘Modern Fiction’ in ‘The Common Reader, 1919’)  

The results in the spheres of private and family relationships were profound, especially during the twenties and the thirties. Jealousies were recognised where no such imputations would previously have been made. Mothers, particularly, were, suspect as seeking to devour their sons; ‘Hamlet’ was interpreted in terms of an Oedipus situation. The theme of sexual renunciation practically disappeared as subject for a novel; the dilemma of Isabel Archer vis-à-vis Gilbert Osmond in James’s, The Portrait of a Lady (1881) no longer appeared real. Interests in perversion grew. The relation between the generations profoundly altered, and the Freudian phenomenon of infantile sexuality, though initially received with horror, focused attention on the importance of early developments and gave childhood a status it had only previously had in the pages of Rousseau and the writings of other ‘progressives.’ Before the First World War, male hegemony had suffered a reverse in the rise of the ‘new woman’ and the suffragette movement. Shaw’s analysis of femininity in Man and Superman (1903) and Candida (1898) implied an error in the conventional nineteenth-century assessment of the relative role of the sexes.  

“Little wonder that D.H. Lawrence, writing in 1913, found in relations between man and woman ‘the problem of to-day, the establishment of a new relation, or the readjustment of the old one.....’ and that where parents and children were concerned,
there was a break-up of the old authoritarian pattern. For Ronald Knox’s sister, Lady Peck, parents had been ‘a race apart.’ To Robert Greaves, during the twenties, his children were close friends with the claims of friendships and liable to the accidents of friendship.’

If children were too familiar and too friendly with their parents there was room for accidents such as incest and the like as was in the case of Lot of Sodom and Gomorrah and his daughters in the book of Genesis. The two daughters of Lot made their own father drunk:

“And they made their father drink wine that night and the first born went in, and lay with their father .... and they made their father drink that night also: and the younger arose, and lay with him .... Thus were both the daughters of Lot with child by their father. And the first born bore a son, and called his name Moab: the same is the father of the Mo’abites unto this day .... And the younger, she also bore a son and called his name Ben-am’ -mi: the same is the father of the children of Ammon this day.”

(Genesis 19:33,35-38, from Holy Bible)  

Too much of familiarity breeds contempt but in the above case it was an “attempt out of too much familiarity.” The claims of friendship could be detrimental to healthy relations between close relatives. All this upholds the importance of detachment side by side with intimacy as a high, guiding principle for healthy personal relationships. But by and large, as the twentieth-century progresses, the questions raised above not only remain, but also tend to become more and more valid and sometimes even menacing.

36. The Thompson Chain Reference Bible, Genesis (B.B. Kirkbride Bible Co. 1964) p. 17
II. LITERARY TRADITIONS:

It has been observed in a perceptive study of the modern times:
"......any survey of the chief trends in contemporary fictions would not be complete without making a preliminary inquiry into the immediate ancestry of the modern novel. The starting point for any discussion of this immediate ancestry in fiction must surely be at least as far as the 1890s, the work of two novelists who were at opposite poles in their conception of the novel, its forms and its function but who nevertheless felt half-reluctant admiration for each other." 37

These two friends were Henry James and H.G. Wells. Sir Richard Rees says that,

"In 1915, after more than a dozen years of precarious mutual esteem and admiration, Henry James and H.G. Wells had a quarrel." 38

The comparative significance of the phase of disagreement between the two esteemed ancestors was impressive. Sir Richard Rees gives an account of it as follows:

"......H.G. Wells provided a useful clue when he wrote to James, "I have set before myself a gaminessque ideal." He was attempting to excuse himself for having ridiculed James in a book entitled 'Boon;' and he went on to explain that he had felt it necessary, precisely because of his admiration for James, to emphasize sharply his disagreement with what he regarded as

James's art for art's sake principles. He had felt he must hit back hard in order to avoid being overwhelmed. But by 1915 Wells himself was already famous and far more widely read than Henry James. The truth is that he was exhibiting a delayed "angry young man" reaction against a literary "Establishment" personified, in his eyes, by James." 39

In order to grasp the implications of the disagreement between James and Wells, let us examine both the 'Establishment' and the angry young man's reaction to it. To quote from "The Crystal Spirit,"

"When Henry James came on the scene, he was pained to see that genre in a decadent State. To him a contemporary novel was little more than a slovenly and haphazard conglomeration of descriptions and stray remarks. It appeared to him that even the celebrated practitioners in the novel form, Emily Bronte and Charles Dickens, had just blundered into greatness. The sacred art of novel-writing had thus degenerated into a mere exercise in clever improvisations, and finally gave the novel what was conspicuously missing in it, a tight form and structure." 40

These observations suggest that James had full devotion to art. He was a brave fighter for 'form' against a large army of late nineteenth-century improvisers.' The writer of "The Crystal Spirit continues:

"To my mind there was nothing very rigid about James's commitment to art: he was open to the influences of success in trying to by pass them. Yet in the ultimate analysis, we could fairly reasonably come back to the opinion that his chief claim

38. Sir Rees Richard, George Orwell : p. 128
39. Ibid p. 128-129
to immortality was his single-minded and an almost life-long devotion to art. The new interest to which he came at the end of his career could not but have been casual. Obviously it was in the ‘Establishment’ of art that his abiding interest lay.” 41

Gifford also says about James what is worth quoting:

“He has become widely recognized as a pattern of the dedicated artist, who exists to create values, to extend life, ‘to be finely aware and richly responsible, ‘In the last of his prefaces, he claimed for himself the title of the poet. There is nothing extravagant in the claim, since no less than novelists; have much to learn from his.” 42

Now about Mr. Wells let it be clear that he was a leader of the ‘angry young man’ movement in the early years of this century and thus became a liberator and he was found completely uncontaminated by any thought of ‘form’. He identified himself as a propagandist and rebelled violently against James’s apotheosis of from. Mr. Wells ridiculed the infinite pains taken by James to achieve an exactness of expression. In fact, he compared James to an elephant making a super-human effort to pick up a pen.

Hence the controversy of Wells and James is very interesting and important as a major fact in the history of modern fiction, nay, of the entire literary activity of to-day.

41. Ibid. pp. 40-41
Next, we have novelists of the Edwardian group. With Wells, Bennet and Galsworthy are always grouped together. These three novelists belonged to the Naturalistic tradition. Character did not interest them much. They were mainly concerned with environment in so far as it remained wholly external to character. They took their clue from Emile Zola. In his essay 'The experimental Novel,' Zola tried to prove that for a novelist the 'circumstances without' were all important. Zola and his followers succeeded in killing the 'soul' 43 of the novel. But in the pre-1914 years they had won an enormous public fame. However the Edwardian novelist could not remain on the peak of fame for a very long time. The twenties were rich in artistic experiments in a remarkable way. Graham Hough wrote:

"Then, sometime in the nineteen-twenties, all changed utterly. A whole new literary movement burst upon us. It had to be absorbed and assimilated. Peaks arose in unexpected places. The intricacies of Joycean composition required us to look at prose writing in a new way, with far closer attention to verbal texture and imagery. Henry James's criticism of the novel began to percolate, and we were persuaded to see the novel in terms of an almost musical structure and organisation. Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, and to be young was very heaven-for it seemed that literary study had got out of the hands of the pedants, the professors, and the historians had entered into a new pact with the creative imagination. "I say 'seemed,' for in fact this sense of a new freedom was partly illusory. The fact is a literary revolution was in full swing." 44

43. Wolf Virginia, Modern Fiction, The Common Reader, (First Series, 1957) pp. 185-6
The young rebels of the twenties had certain qualities in common. Sir Richard Rees says,

"With thinkers like T.E. Hulme and T.S. Eliot a reaction set in; and from the end of the first world war until the outbreak of the second, twenty-one years later, the social-literary history of England consisted largely of the gradual transference of prestige from the optimistic humanism of the progressive movement to somewhat disillusioned austere traditionalism." 45

T.S. Eliot made his appearance on the horizon of a twilight world and wrote a document of despair The Wasteeland. A whole group of new writers appeared namely T.E. Hulme, T.S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, James Joyce and Wyndham Lewis. Mr. Fraser wrote about them:

"They were not simply making gesture but announcing prophetically, the advent of newer and harsher age. The reading public did not take them at once, but in ten or in twenty years they were to seem to a new generation of young readers tremendously topical and in thirty or forty years now in the middle of the century, they have almost the status of modern classics." 46

Among the novelists and story-tellers, the chief figures were James Joyce, E.M. Forster, D.H. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf. Those who were somewhere between novelists and essayist were Lytton Strachey and Aldous Huxley, Then there is the archetype Virginia Woolf who might be regarded as the most remarkable instance of the protest of 'the twenties against

45. Sir Richard Rees, George Orwell, 1960 p. 130
46. Fraser, The Modern Writer and His World, p. 60
Edwardians.' Soon a new technique of novel-writing, known as 'the stream of consciousness' technique, had come into being, in which the principal business of the novelist was to catalogue the diverse alterations of moods and impressions, and finally to render the chaotic material into a sense of a well-ordered work of art. Mr. Allen says that the phrase 'stream of consciousness' was

"taken over-first ....... by May Sinclair, in 1918 while reviewing Dorothy Richardson's novels-to denote the new methods of rendering consciousness in itself as it flows from moment to moment, a method used with varying degrees of intensity by Dorothy Richardson, Joyce, and Virginia Woolf ......." 47

It appears that it was William James's definition of 'consciousness' from which the idea of 'stream of consciousness' partly derived. James wrote in 1890:

"Consciousness, then, does not appear to itself chopped up in bits. Such words as 'chain' or 'train' do not describe it fitly as it presents itself in the first instance. It is nothing jointed; it flows. A 'river' or a 'stream' are the metaphors by which it is most naturally described. In talking of it hereafter, let us call it the stream of thought, of consciousness of subjective life." 48

Another great figure in the field of fiction was James Joyce. He attained immortality by his masterpieces, "Finnegan's Wake" and "Ulysses." Though his writing made exhaustive reading he remains a giant of the 'twenties for having rejuvenated the language a great deal. Two other great

47. Allen Walter, "The English Novel" p. 345
reputations in the English novels of the 'twenties E.M. Forster and D.H. Lawrence thought that Mrs. Woolf and Joyce were the greatest experimenters with the technique of fiction-writing. Forster started writing sometime before most of the other giants of the 'twenties. He should therefore be regarded as a great connecting link between the earlier camp of the Naturalists and the Bloomsbury camp which came later. A few years junior to the Edwardians and almost as many years senior to the Bloomsbury writers, he seems to occupy a unique position. Lawrence has a pervasive influence throughout the century. To some extent he stood apart from the rest of the dominant writers of the 'twenties. Like Joyce and Mrs. Woolf, Lawrence too concentrated on exploring the interior region, the region of the mind and the spirit. He too was in a way 'spiritual,' in the sense Mrs. Woolf called Joyce 'spiritual.' Yet to read his novels along these lines is not to imply that he also adopted the 'stream of consciousness' technique. For this matter it has been aptly observed:

".....he (Lawrence) stood apart from Joyce and Mrs. Woolf (and in a different way from Mr. Forster too), and yet remains the most fascinating personality among twentieth-century writers."  

Somehow Lawrence cannot be confined to the limits of the decade and as we come to the 'thirties which has been described by Cyril Connolly as "the day before yesterday." With the emergence of the writers of this

49. The Common Reader; First Series, 1957 pp. 190-1
51. Cyril Connolly, Literature in The Nineteenth-thirties,' included in Talking to India. 1943, p. 131
period one felt like having almost arrived at the contemporary scene. Mr. Connolly has chosen to treat this decade apart. Mr. Fraser has called the 'thirties the Serious' 1930s' putting it against "The 'Gay' 1920s." 52 Mr. Frederic R. Karl also has taken *Ulysses* as the demarcating line Now the novelists who took over, as Conrad, Forster, Lawrence, Joyce and Mrs. Woolf retired from the scene, could be with ample justification taken together and described as belonging to the contemporary literary scene. The literary revolution which had been in full swing in the 'twenties take a significant change. Mr. Connolly recorded this significant change in the climate. He wrote:

"The 'twenties saw the end of one of the greatest individualist period of literature. The Modern Movement, that splendid surge of the human spirit based on the stability of bourgeois society, on the desire to know reality or the truth about life, on the cult of aesthetic integrity of patience, sensibility and craftsmanship, which we owe to Stendhal, Baudelaire, Balzac, Flaubert, Turgenev, Tolstoy, James and Proust, had thrown many interesting experiments and had survived the war, but was doomed not because it was exhausted, but because of the doom of the bourgeois society on which it depended, and which it had done so much incidentally to destroy. The 'twenties carried on the period of wild experiment which had begun as an expanding experimental decade, had contracted to a smug superficiality as the fundamentally reactionary nature of Post-Versailles. Europe became more apparent. What was original in the 'twenties easily degenerated into frivolity, dandyism, cynical cleverness, worship of the fashion." 53

52. G.S. Fraser, "The Modern Writer and his World." p. 84
Thus in this decade, a really new movement in literature was
inaugurated, led by major political and social upheaval. George Orwell, who
found himself a witness to "the invasion of literature by politics," regretfully confessed that

"No one, now, could devote himself to literature as single-
mindedly as Joyce or Henry James." 59

In Why I Write George Orwell made a similar statement:

"It seems to me nonsense, in a period like our own, to think that
one can avoid writing of such subjects as Totalitarianism vs
Democratic Socialism. Everyone of them writes in one guise or
another. It is simply a question of which side one takes and
what approach one follows. And the more one is conscious of
one's political bias, the more chance one has of acting politically
without sacrificing one's aesthetic and intellectual integrity." 56

No doubt these observations appear quite noteworthy in view of the
trend of the times when just to think was to be full of a political reaction. In
the above statement Orwell took up Totalitarianism versus Democratic
Socialism. The members belonging to the 'New Writings' could no longer
confine their attention and pursuit to the 'world within,' for the pull of the
'world without' was growing irresistible. A new movement came which in
the words of Mr. Connolly, this movement could rightly be

54. Orwell George, Writers and Leviathan (Collected Essays 1961) p. 444
55. Ibid p. 444
56. Ibid p. 440
“different from everything that had gone before by its social conscience, its leaders being both morally aware of the unjust system on which the individualism of their predecessors rested, and economically aware of the harder times ahead. They differed further in that, once admitting their social conscience, they tried to act on it. They wrote to serve the cause of socialism at home and anti-Fascism abroad. They not only wrote, but worked and fought and died for this, and this makes them a different animal from the writers of the ’twenties who had come through the last war, and left all their allusions behind it.” 57

This group extended its activities through various forms of literature, poetry, fiction, drama and above all, literary criticism and forms the real core of the movement of the ‘thirties, its central and most active motor. George Orwell remarked about these writers:

“....... quite suddenly in the year 1930-35, something happens. A new group of writers, Auden and Spender and the rest of them, has made its appearance, and although technically these writers owe something to their predecessors, their ’tendency’ is entirely different. Suddenly we have got out of the twilight of the gods into the sort of Boy Scout atmosphere of bare knees and community singing. The typical literary man ceases to be cultured expatriate with a leaning towards communism. If the keynote of the writers of the ‘twenties’ is ‘tragic sense of life,’ the keynote of the new writers is ‘serious purpose.’ ” 58

The above remarks lay bare the outstanding difference between the two literary movements that is, the writers of the ‘twenties and the new writers. About the new movement Mr. Connolly says that

57. Cyril Connolly, Literature in the 1920s (included in Talking to India, 1943) p. 132
“‘the output’ of the younger group was virtually, ‘not a literary movement, but a heavy industry.’”

But, even if we continue to look at it as a literary movement in spite of Mr. Connolly, we cannot possibly overlook the basic fact that this movement drew all its force and justification from the members’ hope of “a brave new Socialist World.” Precisely for this reason, it should appear that

“this movement gave way when the shocks came in the form of political upheavals. It may be pointed out that the terrible blow was the defeat of the Spanish Government in the Spanish War. Then follow two more blows-Munich and the Hitler-Soviet Pact.”

Thus the writers were so much impaired emotionally, that they felt powerless to cope with the catastrophe when it came. Only George Orwell and Stephen Spender could keep their seriousness and zeal intact. From all this it can be easily seen that literature in the nineteen-thirties was primarily of the political kind, when the mind of man was subject to a perennial invasion of politics. Generalizing on this phase, Mr. Connolly pronounced that

“the thirties were a failure and the movement was politically abortive and aesthetically null.”

59. Connolly Cyril, Literature in the 1930s. (included in Talking to India) p. 136
61. Connolly Cyril, Literature in the 1930s (included in Talking to India) p. 131
But Connolly does not intend to write it off; instead he goes on to argue:

"It is only when we come to look at the 'thirties as completely unsuccessful movement .... which did not even accomplish the elementary feat of discrediting the generation, before, as it set out to do, that we can perceive what was really important and valuable about it." 62

In December 1935, once again Connolly refers to the most serious shortage in the English novelist "63 of this phase and attributes to the fact that

"the English novelist never established a respect-worthy relationship with his reader." 64

As Connolly anxiously inquires into the general state of the English novel, he seems to have grown pessimistic and concludes that

"English fiction is stagnant; a wide bog interspersed with sparse tufts and pools of tepid water. Occasionally the reviewer espies alight and plunges after it. It leads him on for a while, even seems to burn brighter, then flickers away in an odour of marsh gas and goes out." 65

Like Mr. Connolly, Mr. Trilling also faces the same question as to whether the novel is alive or dead. But he does not confine this 'death' of the novel to the English novel alone; to him the very genre is in the danger of some kind of a total eclipse. He writes:

62. Ibid p. 131
64. Ibid p. 102
65. Ibid p. 102
“Everybody says the novel is in a bad way and no doubt everybody is right. As long as two decades ago certain of the more recondite critics were telling us that the genre of the novel was quite played out, having reached its fullest development in Joyce and Proust. And in England and America it has become an almost institutional practice of literary journalism to propound the question whether the novel really is moribund or to propose a symposium on its sad demise.”

Mr. Trilling continues to analyse the menace in detail:

“One reason commonly adduced is that the actuality of the world is very intense and so very strange that the figments of the imagination cannot compete with it. It is now life and not art that requires the willing suspension of disbelief. Another reason is that two of the subject-matters of the novel have been pre-empted by science—the novelist must compete as an unlicensed amateur with sociologist and psychologists, men who are intensely trained to tell us what is going on inside our social systems and our own breasts, with the result that the novelist has lost his once considerable status as an explorer and discoverer. Yet, another reason advanced for the decline of the novel is that the mechanical techniques of drama are driving pure narrative from the field: the novel cannot compete with the lively immediacy of the cinema and television.”

These arguments that attest to the decay of the novel as a literary form are cogent:

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67. Ibid p. 125
"We cannot possibly write them off: they do have partial substance. Yet, as we take into account the literary activities going on almost unabated in the field of fiction, I do not think it will be wholly extravagant to claim that "we are witnessing not the death of the novel, but rather its mutation and rebirth." 68

Perhaps it is not difficult to be in full agreement with this view. After all, everything has a passing phase. Even cinemas and televisions had to borrow their so-called stories from novels and fictions. Now there are some very good hopes for the critics who were very sceptical of the survival of the novel. For instance Gilbert Phelps writes that

"it would be wrong to conclude as some critics have done, that the novel as an art form is dead: there are signs of continuing vitality and there are some exceptions to the general rule." 69

On a distant note of hope Mr. Trilling also concludes:

"......it is of course quite possible that the novel, really is dead or dying.... And yet, in the face of all evidence and argument, I am still not inclined to add my signature to the certificate of the novel’s death.” 70

We could not leave the vast body of fictional output coming after the 'twenties to smoulder in the liberties. Mr. Karl has dealt with this issue at some great length and says:

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70. Trilling Lionell, *A gathering of Fugitive* p. 126
One must insist that the novel of the last three decades, or so-the post-Ulysses novel, contains the vitality and vigour worthy of a major genre. Granted also that recent years have not turned up another Joyce, Lawrence or Conrad: .... The English literary response to the several international crisis of the second third of this century has been curious. The novelists of the first third were concerned with major problems and major conflicts. Forsaking direct political comment they were nevertheless involved in the larger world. The novelists' intentions were realistic as well as impressionistic, and the fictional world that resulted was varied, many-hued, occasionally profound, and often exciting. This heritage of intellectual excitement has passed to the poets and not to the novelists of the second third of the century, while the novel has become something else. In the hands of Graham Greene, Elizabeth Bowen, Evelyn Waugh, C.P. Snow, George Orwell, and Joyce Cary, the novel has generally tended to become restrictive rather than extensive, to bring back traditional character and plot rather than to seek the expressible; in brief, to return to more self-contained matter while retaining, however, many of the technical developments of the major moderns. The contemporary novel is clearly no longer "modern." The second group of novelists, several of whom began to write in the early 1930s, skipped the immediate influences of their older contemporaries and with few exceptions returned to the narrative manner of the late Victorians. C.P. Snow is closer to George Eliot, Galsworthy, and Bennet than he is to Joyce or Lawrence, or any of the major continental writers; while Joyce Cary seems to be following Sterne, Fielding and Dickens; and Graham Greene appears akin to Wilke Collins, Robert Louis Stevenson, Rider Hoggard and early Conrad. Ivy Compton-Burnett does not trespass this side of 1910, and George Orwell returned to Gissing and Zola for his method. In common, these writers agree that the experimental novel-especially its treatment of plot-is no longer viable and that retreat is perhaps expedient. 73

The contemporary scene passes from an initial feeling of pessimism into a final healthy realization. "It will be merely extravagant to announce the impending death of the novel." 74

Now if the genre of the novel has been played out, let us put the question, "What then have been the major advances of fiction since the 'thirties?" Let us refer to a parallel question put to John Wain and his answer thereto. When he was asked what the major advances in literature since 1950 were, he screwed up his mouth and assuming an expression of mock deep feeling, exclaimed,

"Oh dear, I don't know that literature has any advances like technology." 75

There is yet another question which closely corresponds to the above one: what do we hope to see in a contemporary novel? Edward Sackville-West poses this question a little elaborately in his little but provoking essay on I. Compton Burnett.

"What do you expect of a contemporary novel? A reflection of your own life, with the events and feelings keyed up a little higher-made rather more exciting than you have ever found them? Or a picture of life you would like to be? Or merely an

75. John Wain talks about his work and ideas to Eric Phillips, the writer, April 1963. p. 7
escape into an ideal world which never could be? I ask these questions, not because I can answer them, but because it depends on your answer whether or not you will enjoy the novels of the very peculiar-in fact the unique-writer whose quality I want to describe.” 76

It goes without saying that Mr. Sackville-West’s contentions have very important general bearings.

To conclude the survey of the literary traditions and their corresponding historical processes ranging from the ‘immediate ancestry to the immediate background of Orwell’s novels; first we saw that ‘the decade of the thirties,’ according to Arthur Calder Marshall-

"was one of the transition, in which the old world of class privilege was already dying, and in which the believers in a new society were growing up.” 77

But definitely, in the history of contemporary fiction, Orwell has emerged as one of the major survivors of the thirties. Among the writers of this transition period, from the brief outline, we could see the position of Orwell. According to Orwell, he belonged to the upper middle class family which was in fact the old and gradually perishing society. He grew into a left-winger by his own choice and acquirement. He was joined by a good number of contemporary writers from Auden, Spender, Macniece to Evelyn

76. West Edmund Sackville, J. Compton-Burnett, (Living Waters) p. 79
77. Marshall Arthur Calder, Graham Greene, Living Waters p. 47
Waugh and Graham Greene. But he was a type-figure of the left-winger at the beginning. And that way he was unique. Other writers were out and out intellectual brands. But he was exceptional and could sufficiently distinguish himself by his distrust of the intelligentsia. He went along his own way as he chose. At heart he was an individualist. All these peculiarities placed him in a unique position. He was an outstanding figure among the survivors of the 'thirties. He made his appearance in the forefront of the literary scene during the war. Only Spender could approach his level out of all the writers who survived the movement of the thirties. Mr. Connolly says.

"only they took the war seriously and flung themselves into it as into something from which they had been in a sense responsible. They realised that though it was not quite the war they wished, it was the duty of all writers, who believed in freedom to support it." 78

Orwell continued to write vigorously even after the war: his post-war books won him a world-wide fame. Even to-day towards the fag-end of the twentieth-century, his reputation is increasing. Orwell's world has become a sort of terminology. Recently I inquired of one tribal Indian ambassador from the North-East who just returned from North Korea for a furlough how the situation was at North Korea. He replied that "at present the North Korea is in George Orwell's world." In another incident I bumped into three American young tourists at Imphal Hotel. As we struck some lively conversation they soon learnt that I was a research student working on Orwell. And the three of them said in unison-"Orwell" !!! It appeared to me that Orwell must have been quite popular in the United States of America.

78. Cyril Connolly, Literature in the 1930s included in Talking to India p. 137
Recently a press report in London runs as follows:

"George Orwell, the British author best known for the novels *Animal Farm* and ‘1984’, was recruited by the foreign office to help his country fight the might of the Soviet propaganda, according to press reports today. (London July 11, 1996 (AFP) He offered in 1949 to provide intelligence services with a list of writers he regarded as "Crypto-Communists" and fellow-travellers who could not be trusted, according to public record office documents released yesterday and quoted by several newspapers. Orwell, who was suffering from tuberculosis and died of the disease a year later, however told the covert Information Research Development (IRD) that he was too ill to write articles for them. The department run by the foreign office, was set up to collect anti-communist information and use it in a way that did not look like a propaganda. It used well known writers including Arthur Koestler, Bertrand Russel and Stephen Spender, to produce anti-communist material during the cold war. Orwell's Left-wing credentials made him exactly the type of writer the department needs, as it was keen to recruit known writers Left-Wingers rather than the authors on the Right. The newly released document show that the IRD promoted the foreign language publication of Orwell's satirical novel 'Animal Farm,' an anti-Communist allegory on the Russian Revolution, which was already being published in Russian ready to smuggle into Soviet-occupied zones of Berlin and Vienna. In March 1949, an IRD official named Cilia Kirwan visited Orwell at the sanatorium in Graham, western England, where he was being treated. "I discussed some aspect of our work with him in great confidence," she reported back to her colleagues. "He was delighted to learn of them and expressed his whole-hearted and enthusiastic approval of our aims," she said. Although too ill to write himself, Orwell, whose real name was Eric Blair, gave the names of potential contributors. Early the next month, he wrote to Kirwan offering to give her a "list of journalists and writers who in my opinion are crypto-"
Communists and fellow-travellers or inclined that way and should not be trusted.” He said that his notebook with the names was at home in London, but although the list appears to have been sent to the IRD, it is not among the papers released yesterday. A card placed next to Orwell’s letter to Kirwan reportedly says that a document has been withheld by the foreign office. Bernard Krick, Orwell’s biographer, told “The Guardian” newspaper that Orwell had indeed kept a “notebook of suspects” containing 86 names. “Many were plausible, a few were far-fetched and unlikely,” he said.”

The war prevented Orwell from embarking on anything that could not be finished in a week or two. This turned him away from novels and brought him closer to criticism. He wanted now to write criticism and plunged into this work. Orwell’s self-styled life was the life of a traveller. As a man of wide but erratic reading there were large gaps in his reading. It is gratifying to note that his irregular and inadequate education did not really handicap him as a literary critic. On the contrary his wide reading and a variety of experiences in his life made up what he may have missed as a scholar. Mr Brander say that

“by the time he came to literary criticism—the time after much reading and experience in living—he was well exercised as a writer and had plenty to say.”

It is no depreciation of Orwell to say that we do not get in them the clutter of academic scholarship. Among the literary influences of Orwell Dickens was the first and greatest. Though there is no Dickensian exuberance
of character-creation as shown in his novels, there are some striking similarities between Dickens and Orwell. In fact, in Orwell’s essay on Dickens, it is easy to enlist certain examples which, primarily meant to be a description of Dickens, seem to give us adequate information about Orwell himself. Besides, perhaps, it will be permissible to say that there must have been some important reasons which made Dickens appear to be a highly suitable subject to write on. In ‘Charles Dickens and Lear’ on whom Orwell wrote in 1939, Sir Richard has made an interesting remark:

“Dickens, on whom Orwell wrote, in 1939, one of his longest essays, was obviously a congenial subject, and the essay, although not strikingly original or profound, is one of his most attractive studies. He had a number of qualities in common with Dickens, some of them obvious, such as the hatred of oppression and bullying, the delighted interest in the details of the lives of ordinary people, and the championship of the conventional virtues, But they also had in common the rare gift of disinterested partisanship-shrewdly perceived and defined by G.K. Chesterton in his book on Dickens as a ‘secret moderation. “In Simone Wells’s language,” they “knew where the balance lay” and were ready to change sides, like Justice. Unlike most crusaders, they were always aware of the danger of hypocrisy and cant and exceeding the limits of common-sense. They both grew more pessimistic about the future as they grew older, though in Orwell’s case a considerable degree of pessimism was chronic, and it was only during the brief period which we are now considering that it perceptibly lightened.”

81. Sir Richard Rees, George Orwell, p. 77
Some points Orwell has made with regard to Dickens at the end of the essay may make one feel that in describing Dickens, Orwell is actually describing himself. He writes:

‘From the Marxist or Fascist point of view, nearly all that Dickens stands for can be written off as ‘bourgeois morality.’ But in moral outlook no one could be more “bourgeois” than the English working classes. The ordinary people in the Western countries have never entered, mentally, into the world of “realism” and power-politics. They may do so before long, in which case Dickens will be as out of date as the cab-horse. But in his own age and ours he has been popular chiefly because he was able to express in a comic, simplified and therefore memorable form the native decency of the common man.’  

It should be, however, fair to analyse Orwell’s critical essays later at more suitable places, where the main subject of enquiry would be his points of view in literary criticism.

82. George Orwell, Charles Dickens, Critical Essays, pp. 58-9