INFORMATION TO USERS

This material was produced from a microfilm copy of the original document. While the most advanced technological means to photograph and reproduce this document have been used, the quality is heavily dependent upon the quality of the original submitted.

The following explanation of techniques is provided to help you understand markings or patterns which may appear on this reproduction.

1. The sign or "target" for pages apparently lacking from the document photographed is "Missing Page(s)". If it was possible to obtain the missing page(s) or section, they are spliced into the film along with adjacent pages. This may have necessitated cutting thru an image and duplicating adjacent pages to insure you complete continuity.

2. When an image on the film is obliterated with a large round black mark, it is an indication that the photographer suspected that the copy may have moved during exposure and thus cause a blurred image. You will find a good image of the page in the adjacent frame.

3. When a map, drawing or chart, etc., was part of the material being photographed the photographer followed a definite method in "sectioning" the material. It is customary to begin photoing at the upper left hand corner of a large sheet and to continue photoing from left to right in equal sections with a small overlap. If necessary, sectioning is continued again — beginning below the first row and continuing on until complete.

4. The majority of users indicate that the textual content is of greatest value, however, a somewhat higher quality reproduction could be made from "photographs" if essential to the understanding of the dissertation. Silver prints of "photographs" may be ordered at additional charge by writing the Order Department, giving the catalog number, title, author and specific pages you wish reproduced.

5. PLEASE NOTE: Some pages may have indistinct print. Filmed as received.

University Microfilms International
300 North Zeeb Road
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106 USA
St. John's Road, Tyler's Green
High Wycombe, Bucks, England HP10 8HR

77-13,678

REPISHTI, Sami I., 1925-
THE THEME OF REVOLUTION IN THE NOVELS OF ANDRE MALRAUX.

City University of New York, Ph.D., 1977
Literature, Romance

Xerox University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106

THE THEME OF REVOLUTION IN THE NOVELS OF ANDRE MALRAUX

by

Sami I. Repishti

A dissertation submitted to the Graduate Faculty in French in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, The City University of New York.

1976

This manuscript has been read and accepted for the Graduate Faculty in French in satisfaction of the dissertation requirement for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Henri Peyre — Febr 1/1977

date — Chairman of Examining Committee

Henri Peyre — Febr 1/1977

date — Executive Officer

Robert W. Hartle

Yvette Louria

Madeleine Morris

Henri Peyre

Supervisory Committee

The City University of New York

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

As I was working on the conclusion of this thesis, the news of André Malraux's death reached me. My first reaction was that of a great personal loss. I began to realize how much this writer has meant to me since my first encounter with his work. Intuitively, I sensed a genuine gratitude as I started to become keenly aware of the wealth of knowledge that will remain with me, and the provoking questions that will keep me searching for answers for as long as I live. I began to realize how much this writer has contributed in making me aware of man's greatness. Without voicing it, I was indeed telling him: "André Malraux, I thank you!"

I initiated my study of Malraux's works with Professor Rosette C. Lamont, a scholarly lady, whose knowledge and charm used to captivate our classes at Queens College. Then I was fortunate enough to be instructed by three distinguished scholars: Professor Yvette Louria, Professor Madeleine F. Morris, and Professor Robert W. Hartle (the latter in Paris as well as in New York), all faculty members of The City University of New York, who also were kind enough to accept my request to read my thesis, and whose suggestions and corrections

proved to be invaluable.

I was also fortunate to have Professor Henri Peyre direct my research work and supervise the writing of this thesis. The many long hours that he spent with me in consultations, the oral and written instructions, suggestions, numerous constructive criticisms, and occasional words of praise, have helped and encouraged me to endure the unavoidable difficulties that I encountered in bringing this work to a conclusion. To Professor Henri Peyre, whose outstanding scholarship may only be surpassed by his humanness and enlightened humility, I express my great indebtedness and gratitude.

I also wish to take this opportunity to express my thanks to the French Government for awarding me a one-year scholarship to Paris during the 1970-1971 school year, as well as to The City University of New York and the New York Public Library. As a recent immigrant to this country, exiled from my native Albania, I was poor and alone. It was in these two institutions of higher learning and culture that I found free education and free access to that "hoard of wealth."

Last, but not least, is the assistance that I received from my friend and colleague, Mr. John Kabo and my sister-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Leka, who corrected my less than perfect English, as well as the affectionate

support of my wife, Diana, who did likewise, and who also accepted, without complaint, the loneliness of the many long hours that I spent secluded with my books.

December, 1976 Sami I. Repishti

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	iii
ABBREVIATIONS	vii
INTRODUCTION	1
Chapter	
ONE THE BACKGROUND AND THE MEANING OF REVOLUTION	8
A. The Traditional Approach	8
B. The Metaphysical Approach	21
C. The Concept of Revolution	31
TWO THE WORLD OF REVOLUTION	50
A. On the Road to Revolution	50
B. 'The European Spirit' in China	68
1. The Historical Setting	68
2. Revolution at Work	77
C. The European at Home	126
1. The Historical Setting	126
2. The Captive Activist	126
3. Illusions, Reality and Disillusions	148
THREE BEYOND REVOLUTION--HISTORY AND ART	211
CONCLUSION	232
BIBLIOGRAPHY	243
Appendices: 1. Letter to André Malraux	257
2. André Malraux's letter of response	261

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THIS DISSERTATION

LP	Lunes en papier, édition La Gerbe Illustrée (Paris: Gallimard, 1970), vol. I, p. 9-46.
TO	La tentation de l'Occident (Paris: Grasset, 1926).
JE	"D'une jeunesse européene," in Ecrits, Les Cahiers Verts (Paris: Grasset, 1927).
C	Les conquérants, Version définitive, Postface 1949 (Paris: Grasset, 1959).
RF	Royaume farfelu, Edition La Gerbe Illustrée (Paris: Gallimard, 1970), vol. I, pp. 315-338.
VR	La voie royale (Paris: Grasset, 1930).
CH	La condition humaine (Paris: Gallimard, 1933).
TM	Le temps du mépris (Paris: Gallimard, 1935).
E	L'espoir (Paris: Gallimard, 1937).
NA	La lutte avec l'ange, I, Les noyers de l'Altenburg (Lausanne-Yverdon: Editions du Haut-Pays, 1943).
VS	Les voix du silence (Paris: Gallimard, 1951).
MD	La métamorphose des dieux (Paris: Gallimard, 1957).
A	Antimémoires (Paris: Gallimard, 1967).
CHE	Les chênes qu'on abat (Paris: Gallimard, 1971).

The other works by André Malraux, not included in this list, are given with their full title.

Note: The number next to each abbreviation indicates the page on the text. The English translation from the French original is mine, unless otherwise indicated.

INTRODUCTION

My interest in André Malraux's literary work began relatively recently. From my first encounter with his writings, I found in them many of the questions that had been on my mind for years. In March of 1968, I addressed a letter to him pointing out the fact that, though admiring his work, "I found a personal paradox, for, on one hand, I had affirmed my dignity as a man in the fight against Communism, but, on the other hand, I could not help but look at the heroes' struggle for a Communist ideal as a source of inspiration."[1]

By his constant and persistent interest in man and his praise of man's virtues of courage whenever death threatens him--and death seems to be constantly around man --I was brought closer to this writer who, more and more absorbed my attention irresistibly. It was a rewarding and powerful encounter with the overwhelming presence of a contemporary eyewitness who had been wrestling with the questions that haunt us today--questions that basically express the uneasiness of modern man and his very grim vision of the world.

How does Malraux approach man's basic problem, mortality, and thus the meaning of life in a world from which, according to Malraux, God has vanished? What is Malraux's starting point? What are his fundamental assumptions? What does his literary work attempt to achieve; what is Malraux trying to save or to improve upon in man's lot in life? How does he succeed or fail in his chosen course of action and inquiry? What is really left of his world after these explorations?

Fancy evasions and "farfelu" adventures, desperate and bloody actions, human hopes in self-conscious and in party-organized revolutions, resurrecting gestures of human solidarity, courageous acts which rival God in the creation of symbols of permanence by those who have been denied immortality: such are the successive possible solutions to these disturbing and seemingly unanswerable problems of Malraux.

In this study, we shall be concentrating on one of these approaches, namely, on the revolutionary communities, their consciousness and activities as the two components of the theme of the revolution invoked and treated in Malraux's major novels. Our study is not essentially the study of revolution *per se*--although the background of the concept of revolution is explored. It is, rather, the analysis of what we think is essentially a European phenomenon as viewed by a European, and consequently, a subject

intensively treated and developed by the European writer, André Malraux. It is a subject consciously placed at the center of the writer's preoccupations, absorbing his thoughts and mobilizing his energies. It is an image that he pursues in his quest as he tries to grasp, elaborate, and perfect it, and from which, as he wrote, "I seize the elements of reality which I need to create my universe."[2] If Malraux fought in Canton and Shanghai, it was to a large extent because the Far East, as a land of adventure, offered unlimited possibilities to act; furthermore, in 1925 and 1927 there were no revolutions in Europe. In the thirties, Europe had a lot to offer, and Malraux was there, on home ground.

The world in which Malraux breathed and worked was a world of fear and danger. The events seemed to beckon participation: "You are _en situation_; make your choice in the labyrinth of man's history," they seemed to say. Malraux did choose to search for and to save man whenever he saw him being crushed, oppressed, and humiliated. Consequently, he committed himself to revolutionary action.

Revolutionary action involves drastic change and impatience. It is by definition a forceful action, requiring courage, endurance, pain, suffering and immediate responses. By entering this world of action, Malraux was treading on dangerous ground, for action, by its very nature, is Manichean. He needed fidelity to a purpose in order to

avoid the inevitable consequences of an action for action's sake, and thus, the negative action. He found that fidelity in his profound belief in the hidden greatness of man, thus echoing Pascal, the one classical writer whom he unreservedly admired.[3] He needed a hope to prevent the irreparable deterioration of a pessimistic individual. He found that sustaining hope in the fraternal dusty grounds of the battlefield, where man joins man to live and die together for something that transcends their individual interest, something which they cannot achieve solely. He found hope in the revolutionary will and action, a common ground for human solidarity and fraternity, to be the <u>only</u> hope for the vanquished, to be the source of love and chance for resurrection, as well as the source of strong allies in the struggle against man's inescapable foe, destiny.

Why do Malraux's men find it necessary to fight? What really drives those people to die? The answer may be summarily found in the titles of Malraux's novels: <u>The Conquerors</u>, <u>Man's Fate</u>, <u>The Days of Contempt</u>, <u>Man's Hope</u>, and <u>The Struggle with the Angel</u>. It is the fate of man that he must himself struggle against the powers that seek to destroy him, hoping to "conquer," during these days of wrath and humiliation, a meaningful existence, and to achieve a dignity that destiny seems to deny him. Such a struggle becomes, to use Albert Camus' expression, "man's vindication against destiny and its exterior appearances,

tyrants and bourgeois puppets."[4] Essentially, it is man against destiny. The two face each other in a deadly confrontation.

Who is the winner? It cannot be the one who dies. The victim is man. The first acknowledgment, the awareness of mortality for man, is the most important element in this struggle, as well as the basic factor in his defeat. Why does man engage in it at all? It is because the courage to challenge the enemy, fully aware and with all one's will power, is for Malraux the highest mark of man's distinction.

Here it is a question of conscious fighting, of seizure by force, of violent confrontation as is natural in any intentional revolt. And this revolt is a total one: metaphysical, in that it searches for an absolute affirmation against the threat of irreversible annihilation; revolutionary, in that it directs itself against the existing evils that, on this earth, make man's lot even more unbearable; creative, in that it endeavors to achieve a qualitative jump by creating images that defy the limitation of destiny and that assure permanence in time and space.

In these circumstances the chances of a victory of sorts are improved, although not reversed. For, it is not the ultimate victory that generates man's exaltation, but the dignity of provoking the enemy, the pride of thinking himself courageous enough to fight it, and the willingness to hunt for it relentlessly.[5]

Here, we shall focus essentially on the novels of Malraux.[6] The entire work of Malraux, however, has been taken into consideration. After the period of the great novels (the last one, The Walnut Trees of Altenburg, dates from 1943) Malraux devoted his attention to writing on art and on his memories. We feel that no real understanding of his novels and concept of the revolutionary hero would be possible without the inclusion of these contributions and the related hero-artist concept in the entirety of Malraux's literary production. The unity of his thought would otherwise be incomplete.[7]

The bibliography of Malraux is already large, and it is increasing rapidly, a testimony to the interest his work generates all over the world. Here, we have limited ourselves to those contributions that deal fairly directly with the different aspects of the theme of revolution in Malraux's novels. We shall try to illustrate the relationship of the revolutionary appeal to the revolutionary character--the magic Camelot and the inspired knight, the altar and the priest offering himself joyously to the redeeming power of the scorching flames. We shall also try to show that the tragic course of revolution involves initial purpose, persistent passion, ultimate perception, and the eventual rude awakening of disillusion.

Footnotes: Introduction

[1]S. Repishti, "Letter to André Malraux," 27 March 1968. The copy of the letter and Mr. Malraux's answer are in my possession.

[2]Gaëton Picon, Malraux par lui-même (Paris: Editions de Seuil, 1956), p. 58. (Note of Malraux No. 18).

[3]"Nous avons une si grande idée de l'homme que nous ne pouvons souffrir d'en être méprises, et de ne pas être dans l'estime d'une âme; et toute la félicité des hommes consiste dans cette estime." Blaise Pascal, Pensées et Opuscules (Paris: Classiques Larousse, 1934), p. 34.

[4]Albert Camus, "Carnets," I, février 1938, Pol Gaillard, Les Critiques de notre temps et Malraux (Paris: Garnier, 1970), p. 90.

[5]"Il n'y a pas de défaite pour celui qui a provoqué . . . toute lutte,--même si elle rencontre la défaite--est une victoire." G. Picon, Malraux par lui-même, p. 81.

[6]The list of these novels includes: Les Conquérants, La Voie royale, La Condition humaine, Le Temps du mépris, L'Espoir, Les noyers de l'Altenburg. In this text, the titles of these novels are given in English.

[7]Later, in 1967, with his Antimémoires, Malraux reassembles his favored themes, placing a special stress on his encounters with men of destiny. The aged man still has moments of exaltation before the extreme efforts and the powerful appeal of the Chinese revolution. The man of destiny haunts him, and it is in The Fallen Oaks . . . (1971), in a long and inspirational conversation--the last one--with De Gaulle, that Malraux develops his ideas on history as a possible defense against the everpresent crushing weight of destiny. In 1974, with Lazare, paralysis, a new face of destiny, generates an instinctive upsurge of fraternity, of solidarity among mortal human beings. Hôtes de passage (1975) completes Lazare as the second part of his Miroir des limbes.

CHAPTER ONE

THE BACKGROUND AND THE MEANING OF REVOLUTION

A. The Traditional Approach

The French intellectual André Malraux could scarcely be understood if one were to attempt to remove him from the framework of the French heritage and French tradition. As a young man in China, as a mature adult during the Resistance, and later as an older person after the Second World War, he was always leaning firmly on the foundation of French history and civilization. France for him, however, could not be summed up merely as being the nationalistic spirit of French colonialist expansion and imperialist "grandeur," not "superiority" (A 126); France could best be viewed in light of the nation's greatness, "its very essence," a France that found its true calling when it turned its eyes toward universality.[1] Moreover, French heritage and tradition, namely, a successive transmission and successful revelation of basic values, as they are interpreted or displayed in the history of the French people in general, and its best moments in particular, have been a source of inspiration for André Malraux, a writer who believed that one could not build in a vacuum. This love for his

country ended, as he put it, by his marrying France.[2]

André Malraux's work basically expresses, in line with Pascal, "the torment of the Godless man, his effort to succeed, to justify, to found his estate on dignity."[3] Malraux's work is also committed to the "constant tradition of a moralist's art, where Gide follows Barrès, as Barrès follows Chateaubriand, as Chateaubriand follows Rousseau, and Rousseau Pascal."[4] Malraux claims himself to be a moralist of a Cornelian tradition[5] of heroic courage and energy.

Indeed, he had much to learn from Corneille's individualistic heroes: the need for dangerous and unusual actions to fulfill an ambition or to quench the thirst for vengeance and the complete mastery of self, the lucidity and the aspiration to greatness; that is the total fulfillment of one's personality, usually in positive action, sometimes negative, but always free, always ascending and almost always imbued with noble intentions that would carry the passionate hero from purpose to perception. Master of his own fate, the Cornelian hero forges his destiny; he is his own Prometheus.

Malraux learned from Corneille's individualistic heroes the need to free oneself from all the obstacles impeding common man, because only thus could one be powerful. It is in such a context of unconditional power that the self-seeking hero reveals himself, his inner desires, and

his passions.[6]

The Cornelian hero, nevertheless, does not guide people's thoughts and feelings. He is simply an exemplary individual who does not prepare the future. On a national scale, for example, France with her military glory did not enjoy the respect and the admiration that was given her by the humanism of the following century: that confidence in human nature and that optimistic faith in human progress. A new and collective appeal to fight for the happiness of mankind stretched beyond her geographical, political and social barriers. The French writer Montesquieu called himself a "citizen of the world." Mankind was conceived as a single human species, which was in contrast with the existing mutually hostile national subspecies. Those were the days when, to use the expression of P. Hazard, conscience resumed its "perpetual search," a search that would never end.

The soul of this search was the lucid and thoughtful love for humanity; its body was the deep commitment to man's happiness. Moving from the divine right principle to the human realm, the qualitative change brought about a rejection of the established values on such basic points as 'divine' absolute monarchy and the 'divine' religious certitudes. Having nothing more to expect from Providence--a mystery beyond our comprehension--the new orientation endeavored to shape human happiness with human hands. "The

end of transcendence, Malraux comments, gave an unprecedented autonomy to the will for creative work."[7]

The search for the new implies effort in order to acquire new knowledge, to obtain new insights, to open new paths aiming at the improvement of the existing state of affairs. The search is action,[8] a constructive and dynamic attitude and, far from a Pascalian "divertissement" this action is looked upon as the "natural" expression of life and the foundation of man's dignity as well. It creates movement and releases the great passion for life, for love, ambition and glory; consequently, it develops in strong personalities the tendency for adventure and for dangerous acts.

Action, for the eighteenth century philosophers, was synonymous with fruitfulness.[9] It was, therefore, improper to confine it. One had only to try to channel it towards useful avenues. Strong personalities would be able to deploy their energy assuring, at the same time, their glory through humanity.[10]

The usual avenues are those where human problems are confronted. For the eighteenth century, the most pressing problem was oppression with its major weapons, royal power and the Church. Despotism, therefore, was denounced; religious was ridiculed. <u>L'Encyclopédie</u> with all kinds of skillful insinuations taught men <u>to</u> <u>doubt</u> and <u>to</u> <u>deny</u>.

By destroying all certainties, "the philosophers" prepared a new ground, from which all absolute authority

was absent, and their antinomies, equality and tolerance, became the basic values; it seemed as if there were no obstacles to all men being brothers. As Daniel Mornet put it, "A revolution took place in men's minds, or at least in the minds of many, before the Revolution of 1789 actually broke out."[11]

The moving hope in brotherhood and a better world had its positive effects. It was the affirmation of man's individual will coupled with his vision of fulfilling his dreams. The new attitude imposed a necessity for eliminating all the existing obstacles and was characterized by a self-propelling impatience to create a brave new world. And thus, the great values are born.[12] A new morality was proclaimed, the morality of the 'citizen' in general, and of the French citizen in particular. The "nation" was born withall its implications of equality which seized the population as its prey.

The tone of language was also changed; it was more theorizing. Ideas were expressed more dogmatically, and the formulas were more brutal; these "idées forces," if they did not actually convince, moved people. Then, to use Robert W. Postgage's metaphor, ". . . men at last saw the light beyond the trees of the forest in which they had so long thought themselves lost, and the stampede, which we call revolution, began."[13] France was embarking on the journey of finding lost happiness for herself, <u>and</u> for the world.

There were days of exaltation, of enthusiasm, of hope, of self-sacrificing and inevitable terror.[14] History was in the making in a state of mind that ". . . encouraged faith in progress and convinced a number of Frenchmen that it was their task to fulfill humanity's law, to endeavor to increase the sum of liberty, relative equality, 'enlightenment' and happiness in the world."[15]

The number of such Frenchmen was large and the experiment worth trying. The search for a largely representative government and an equally shared social order was promoted by the possibility of formulating and adopting a Constitution. Formulas alone, however, are not enough. A more concrete program is indispensable if one wants the whole stream of energy and passionate talk not to degenerate into inexcusable oppression.[16] Revolution must go ahead, with new daily victories offered to the revolutionary banquet in order not to risk the confrontation with masses maddened by the decay of their expectations. In France, these expectations were deeply rooted in the lower classes; ". . . the rural population, in particular, continued to hold superstitious beliefs concerning sorcery and the coming of the millennium. The power of magic was still strong, and . . . in a hundred ways, the individual who had lain dormant beneath feudal, despotic and corporate restrictions was awakening to independence, and dreaming of freedom."[17]

The French dreamer was hoping for a miraculous change in man's fate, together with other dreamers scattered throughout the country and even abroad.[18] His imaginary vision, with all its devotion to the Enlightenment, did not trust the human intellect. His heart was leaning towards something simpler and more sensitive.[19] He felt at home with the mystic identity of the general will, fully absorbed in building the 'Republic of Virtue.' All previous authority ceased to be a kind of projection of the individual's personality, and the Revolution was set up to substitute for the existing Church, with its own revolutionary ritual and its trinity, named "fraternity-equality-liberty." It was the expression of a deep faith, the active religion of _la patrie_, the confident faith in revolutionary salvation, a new heaven not up there in God's presence, but down here on earth.

The furthering of free will developed into an individualism which reaffirmed individual dignity and individual initiative. In its new form, it symbolized "the European's impulse to surmount all obstacles and conquer the world, to master nature through knowledge and invention, and ultimately, to control his conduct, government and society."[20] This was to be the ideal of a newly born class, _the bourgeoisie_, and it cast an irresistible spell upon the imagination of the nineteenth century all over Europe. It was, to quote Malraux, ". . . an impetus which guided all the

nineteenth century, and which can only be compared to a religion by virtue of its power and importance." (JE 138)

"We have finished the novel of Revolution. Now, we must begin its history," said Napoleon, the arch-adventurer that became the most representative leader of the bourgeois spirit.[21] The lyrical illusion had consumed itself; the apocalypse had to be organized. The revolutionary ideas practically were degraded, under the heel of the Emperor, into the most unidealistic of motives, the "raison d'état."

The traits of the warriors and knights, the devotion and the unselfishness of the missionary priests that characterized the fighters for the 'Republic of Virtue' were replaced by the taste for adventure and risk, enterprise and competition on behalf of the new spirit, "the icy waters of egotistic calculations."[22] One must win at all cost, even if one has to cheat,[23] even if men are treated as tools. The new belief produced an enormous spectacle of action. Napoleon, the symbolic figure of the time, was looked upon as an idol, evil maybe, but marching with confidence, an epic march of giants that left indelible marks on the imaginations of the succeeding generations.[24]

The Romantic age--in its literature,[25] art, thought and politics--is the concrete representation of this indelible stamp, of this new moral and philosophical attitude that seemed to caress individual fancy and to cherish the outbursts of each man's heart in his effort to be

unique, to express his own vision of the world, to emerge as a spirit of protest--out of an orderly world of bourgeois life. Far from being realistic, the new attitude had many idealistic features. A desire for uniqueness brought to the fore the possibility of two moralities, one for the uninspired masses, and another one for the 'élite.' Many French writers thought of themselves as privileged and as entrusted with a social and humanitarian mission.[26]

The people themselves, the multitudes, the masses, are Michelet's anonymous and voiceless crowds that history oftentimes neglects unduly. And yet, they have a voice; they have a beating heart. This multitude was abandoned once again after 1850; but during the preceding revolutionary days of 1830 (and especially those of 1848), this mass had made its claim clear--they were the raw material for future historical movements. The individual, as a single entity, seemed unable to do anything alone. Only the masses could from now on move mountains. The "Frederick's" ran through the streets of Paris in a state of exultation "as though the heart of all mankind beat in their chest."[27] So did many others all over Europe, but they lost. The individualistic representations of Balzac were to be replaced by the epic marches of the rising masses in Zola's world, where the individual was absorbed by the unknown, the discordant, the unpredictable crowd.[28]

Those who found the air stifling discovered refuge in turning back to the past and to the exotic, in a voyage through time and space, in the cultivation of cultural remoteness--like Baudelaire's dandyism--always in search of the new, of the unknown. Whatever the direction of the escape, the results produced an intense feeling of freedom.

The massive revolutionary movements, especially during the days of the Paris Commune, had shaken one's confidence in an essentially stable world in which both human values and physical matter could have permanent and absolute character. New values came to the fore, the will, the power, the unleashing of irrational forces, the natural instinct for a free, fuller life characterized by unrestrained happiness. Most of these values in their extreme form bordered on a total abandonment of reason. Society and man were brought to the fore in a new light and immediately confronted each other. Three minds contributed formidably to the making of the Western Zeitgeist, the spirit of the age, in the first half of the nineteenth century: Marx, Nietzsche, and Dostoievsky.[29]

Since 1917, a new element was added to the ideological influences of the great thinkers; it was violence, which passed from the theoretical level to the practical one through the actions of a relatively small number of professional revolutionaries, whose leader, V. I. Lenin, opened a new era in the world's history. Finding himself

with a country to reorganize and to govern, Lenin had to act. He did, forcefully, violently, as he preached, "by concentrating all revolutionary forces of destruction against the [bourgeois] State power, and by regarding the problem as not one of perfecting the machinery of the State, but of breaking it up and annihilating it."[30] This is the inevitability of the violent revolution. For Lenin, the whole root of Marx's teachings lie ". . . in the necessity of systematically fostering among the masses _this_ and only this point of view about violent revolution. . . ."[31] Consequently, ". . . a Marxist is one who extends the acceptance of class struggle to be the acceptance of the dictatorship of the proletariat."[32]

The acceptance of the historical necessity, and a second acceptance of another necessity of a practical nature, violence, brought Lenin to declare that, "We want the Socialist revolution with human nature as it is now, with human nature that cannot do without subordination, control and 'managers.'"[33]

It seemed that nothing was left any more for the individual in our twentieth century but submission to the new fatalistic march. Stalinism, as we have known it, or lived it, is only one frightening model for it.

Was Europe going to survive now that the role of the individual was rendered to the masses, and oftentimes to the masses shaped by Marx and Lenin? One figure there

stood to confront these masses and their massive waves: the unconventional individual of F. Nietzsche, with his negation of permanent laws and his insistence on our role as free actors. Nietzsche's "want" as the fundamental attitude of human consciousness, his "will to power" as the free expression of a restless energy, and his hate for everything finished, completed, contented, "dead" as all gods are, represented "a living philosophy which might actively affect our existence and which bravely affirms life in spite of its pain and evil."[34]

"Our existence," defense and affirmation of life itself, puts man's individual fate at the center. Once the search for transcendental values and truths is abandoned, Nietzsche thought that the need for each of us to impose meaning upon the chaos of life becomes imperative. This individual right--a right for him--makes each single man a creator of values; solidarity does not serve any purpose, and to be solitary means to be free, independent and potentially great.

That man should be the creator of all values is a feature of Dostoievsky's heroes. Raskolnikov wanted to belong to an elite class of men strong enough to be a law themselves in a Godless univers and to force the herd to obey; his will was to be a homeless adventurer. Such an attitude requires total rejection of any thought of capitulation, no matter how difficult the trials that one has to

endure may be. Any weakness is betrayal, especially the loss of life through suicide. One could not help feeling that history was going to be a risky road, and that Western man had reached a dangerous stage in his evolution.

Indeed, it was a dangerous world. The successful revolution of October, 1917,[35] the great upheavals of the afterwar, the Germany shaken by uprisings and turmoil and the monstrosities of the Hungarian revolt kept the young generation that had missed the combat in a state of uneasiness. The very morning of the armistice, the world was in danger again. Germany was found guilty and punished severely; she was encircled, weakened with France standing guard with the largest army in Europe. On the East, revolution in Germany convinced Lenin that the time was ripe to spread his form of revolutionary Communism westward across Europe. Japan was allowed to retain Chinese territory, and a weak China facilitated the penetration and the rule of the European monopolies. It also encouraged the secret intervention of Soviet Russia (Canton, 1925; Shanghai, 1927). Resentment, wounded national honor, oppression and vindictiveness were sowing the seeds of trouble for the next generation.

In 1922, the first Fascist regime established itself comfortably in Italy. In 1923, France reoccupied the Ruhr, and one year later went into decline with the danger of a total financial collapse. In Geneva the protocol of

Security was rejected. The working classes were resenting the economic difficulties; the Soviet Union was being transformed into a large closed society, and Germany was producing weapons secretly. It was the Europe of armaments, legions, military training, annexations and indemnities in a world kept together by blood and iron, the Europe of harsh words and cruel philosophy as Woodrow Wilson defined it.

B. The Metaphysical Approach

The post-war state of mind was characterized by Paul Valéry in 1919. It was an indictment of all that had been dearest to Europeans' hearts--culture, science, idealism, faith, skepticism, greed and renunciation. Still worse, all that was left was a Hamlet meditating on the life and death of truths. What was to be done? To start anew and set up an order, or to plunge into absolute disorder? After all, wherein lies the difference since at the end we shall see "the miracle of an animal society, a perfect and tidy termite world."[36]

For as long as the war had not exploded, the prevailing nineteenth century optimism had made it possible for literature and philosophy to enjoy their "apartheid," their spiritual isolation and their rejection of the ideas of the time as well. War changed everything; the urgency of the present prevailed over the appeal of eternity.

There was no sound mind which did not fear the voices of a world that had gone mad. Society and the politics of the society pressured everyone for an answer and demanded a solution.

> The old felt ill-at-ease and do not know what to do in a world that was not their own and which did not accept them. The young were either desperate and exalted, enthusiastic or critical . . . with changing convictions, going from one absolute to another . . .[37]

said a sage of the days, Bernard Groethuysen. When the answer is given, the tone is brisk and brusk; the voice is piercing and pathetic as it wants to disgorge the painful sufferings of the heart, the distress of someone who has lost his self.

The massive war movements took away the distinctiveness from each individual; the latter learned to think _en masse_ and as a mass. Once demobilized, individuals found it hard to think freely and individually, as they relied on the course of history, on historical movements and objectives which, it was hoped, would substitute for their lost faith and confidence on their own forces. Everything was world-wide and universal, as the feeling of man's smallness grew and comfortably settled in each man's heart. The individual was no longer the object of love; he was rather a passing and ephemeral creature.

What was left was the surrounding reality, to which one had to give the utmost importance. Squarely placed in this reality, man found the uniformity unbearable. A new

feeling was born in him--the need to distinguish himself, to establish a hierarchy among all things of the same order. For those who had lost faith in the past orders and saw no hope of finding a new idol to worship, that situation became a perplexing question. All seemed to be moved by some unexplainable, absurd forces, a thought which reinforced the feeling of life's futility. Even to struggle seemed to be struggling against an absurdity since, in the heat of that struggle, one felt that life was really dominated by something that was not oneself, by something that kept reminding one of the certitude of that futility. And yet, to escape that world, to live alone, does not resolve the problem; "death is there . . . as the irrefutable proof of the absurdity of life." (VR 107) The problem becomes even more acute as the physical forces of resistance decrease and the weight of age and illness press hard with the time and develop like a cancer; the patient realizes that his condition is terminal. Time, the atrocious enemy, becomes the fellow traveler of man's fate. Trapped in this condition, "man's freedom is but the knowledge and the manipulation of his fate." (TM 133) Answering Leon Trotsky, Malraux wrote: "All Garine's life is a denunciation of man's fate."[38]

To denounce man's fate, is to make an effort to escape it, to free oneself from it, to become independent and permanent, to generate the illusion of being a god. The absurdity of man's fate turns out to be, therefore, the

condition for man's liberation from that same absurd fate.

The reasons for this all-embracing attitude are not to be found outside, in the society or in the psychological complexes of an individual; they are much deeper, wider and universal; they are metaphysical. Intervening in a debate on Gide's work, Malraux specified that, "It is a question of one of the greatest problems for man: What can the human mind do against death? . . . Gide was forced to pose the problem on the plane of the particular, with almost no metaphysical appeal or help."[39] Each individual recognizes the unique character of life"; only one life, only one life," screams Garine. (C 38) Consequently, nothing could be more precious than the uniqueness of that life, and nothing could be more disastrous than its waste; there is a tension originated by an everpresent fear of waste.

The uniqueness and the inevitable annihilation of that life gives to each individual's life its profoundly individual character; "there is no death, will say Perken, there is I, only I, who is going to die." (VR 182) What should each individual do with his own unique life? The awareness of man's condition brings about the urge to give some possible meaning to that life, as a form of freedom, as an attempt to fully possess oneself through a conscious manipulation of one's own life. That attempt in Malraux has often taken the form of solidarity and has expressed itself through the revolutionary action by making it

meaningful to man's life. Gaëton Picon writes:

> . . . the struggle of man is always silhouetted against the backdrop of the Cosmos, because Malraux imagines the thunder of bombs reaching out to the very stars, because geological indifference is the decor of the human drama. But far from obliterating the struggles of man, cosmic eternity makes it greater: this struggle is a worthy adversary.[40]

All of Malraux's work shows that the physical or the social aspect of the particular is not sufficient; man wants to deepen his quest farther, to enlarge his vision of the world. Malraux's work confronts the universe and what might be beyond it. His search takes on a metaphysical character, free from the traditional image of man. He uses his strength to direct his own quest towards his own salvation, an attitude that later on will provide the tenets of existentialism. Here lies also the originality of the young Malraux; he unites "the idea of the human condition with, first, the idea of the struggle against destiny, tragic in its inevitable failure but man's only way of affirming himself and, secondly, the idea of the absurd."[41] Writes R. M. Albérès:

> Malraux's inspiration is a rare thing in France: metaphysical and not psychological. For him the flaw is to be found not in the errors of men's ways, but in their very 'condition'; that is to say, in the situation that is theirs on earth, in this life and this universe.[42]

Malraux proposes a full reliance on self-affirmation and energetic determination to pursue the struggle, to save the mortal fighter from whatever "imposes on man an awareness of his fate," (VS 628) to help him "escape from his

fundamental relationship with the gods and with destiny," (MD 61) and to "make man the divine part of man," (MD 80) that self-affirmation is a willingness to experience life in full. It is a need to impart a new sense to man's existence in a world where the death of Christianity and the failure of Western civilization have left man bereft of any fundamental value.[43]

The spirit of nihilism that was predominant in Europe after World War I was coupled with a feverish search for the new. In France and abroad, the characteristics of these years were restlessness, preoccupation, search, and aspiration. "It is the deluge, after which all begins again." wrote André Gide.[44] Cubism, dadaism and surrealism attempted to present the prevailing disorder as fragmentary, meaningless and psychic automatism.[45] Contrary to the two preceding centuries when man still hoped to find a comfortable place in the cosmos, twentieth century man was deeply aware of the impossibility of such an agreement. Religion and reason had failed; science had deprived man of his indispensable role as the center of the universe, and civilization had suddenly appeared to all as mortal. The heir to the nineteenth century individualism had lost his theological dimension; he alone was responsible for himself. As Malraux puts it, "Man ceased to be oriented towards the Being, in order to be the man orientable by ideas and action." (VS 478-479)[46] A master of

Having destroyed the certitude of God's existence and everything else that could oppose man, the European has reached the end and discovered that what lies in front of him is death, ". . . a bare horizon, . . ." (TO 204) And yet, the temptation of the West, "the calm rather than the movement in the dream, the serenity . . . the purity, the disintegration of the minds in the arms of eternal light" (TO 35) were not the answer. The European then concluded that ". . . nothing is worthier of passion than his sudden, violent, disturbing attempts to find again the lost quality." (TO 80)

For centuries Christianity imposed on the Western man the idea of the uniqueness of man, and his individual responsibility, as it asked for his submission. The modern man refuses;[48] he accepts the abandonment to the unknown and the unpredictable. Each age, however, analyzes Malraux, possesses a certain hierarchy of values, which orients man's minds. Our age is seen through the Christian grid by us, the non-Christian moderns. It is, therefore, imperative that we create our own reality. The modern notion of man would never accept the subordinate role that the Christian world calls for.[49]

The loss of spiritual values, the lack of an orientation that absorbs man's heart and fulfills his need for finding an answer to what appears to allow none, and the rejection of the existing values which are a mere survival of past ones, annihilated by the war, left the door open

his own fate, man viewed the worls as "the domain of infinite possibilities," (TO 92) susceptible to be achieved through action.

For Malraux the idea of action is strictly associated with Europe, the "privileged place," and with the European man, author of all miracles. It is this European man who feels the need to "measure everything according to the length and intensity of one human life. . . . One single life." (TO 65) In an effort to make the best use of his lifetime, the European attempts to conquer time and space. Malraux writes,

> To impose yourself in a world common to everybody means to distinguish yourself, it means to establish a differentiation between things of the same order. (TO 108)

It is a fever for power rather than an arrogance of power that touches the European. To become a king, not to be one, to fight for and never attain the unreacheable sky, to accomplish in the real world the wishes of our dreams and become conquerors without thrones; this is the "mark of a race submitted to the test of acting and to which is promised, thanks to that, a most bloddy destiny." (TO 77) It is an attempt to submit the world to man's will, rather than to immolate man on the world's altar. Paradoxically, the object of the European's victory is conquered without love. After all, retroactively, . . . "death will destroy the meaning that the individual had been able to find temporarily as a person committed to a historical action."[47]

for violent, uncontrollable action. Malraux wrote,

> . . . the substitution of the values of persevering energy for spiritual values is the very mark of our times. By destroying these spiritual values we have paved the way for . . . the reign of force, and especially of the strongest kind, the one which endures . . . .[50]

If we are captives of our hopeless situation, we should not accept passivity. "The whole problem of captivity is to stop being passive," Malraux tells us. (TM 68) This is as true for the metaphysical human condition as it is for man's social ones. In the midst of this gloomy picture there is a bright spot which makes life worth living. It is man's awareness of his fate and his determination to protest against this fate. The protest is based on a solemn and positive assertion to oppose death and the related servitudes of man's mortal condition as well.

To the different forms of these solemn affirmations Malraux devoted his writings. The events are, in a sense, the echo of an appeal, of a voice calling to test human greatness in a duel against destiny. The struggle acquires a qualitative value, an invulnerable one, like equality for Christianity, citizenship for the Republic, and work for Marxism. Through this qualitative act, Malraux's heroes become positive and progressive elements of society.

Whether it is hostile nature, forest, illness, old-age, or primitive Mois, reactionary cliques, Fascist governments, Internationale, war and poverty--it is always destiny and its varied faces which should be fought and

forced to unmask. The heroic aspect of the struggle derives from the fact that it aims at what elevates man and it fights against what debases him. With a Nietzschean candor, Malraux could say,

> . . . even if the universe is blind and entirely meaningless a strong individual can still say "yes" to life and affirm it through his will to create and breed a higher type of man, for the sake of a higher type of life; all that helps this aim is good, all that destroys or impedes it is evil.[51]

Thinking in the same vein, Joseph Hoffman wrote, ". . . Man's drama should find a human response, i.e., a response that is brought about by the very condition of a human existence,"[52] although it is a "battle lost in advance [but] that one should deliver anyway, everyday, as if one should win it."[53]

Malraux's world of revolution is the human response to that man's drama, sure of defeat and yet, fought as if he should win it, by those who like to believe that one is able, against all odds, "to safeguard the existence of universal and authentic values."[54] This is another originality of André Malraux, the only French writer who after World War One had made the proletarian revolution an important structural element of his literary creation (Victor Serge also falls in this category, but he was a militant and member of the Communist party), and yet, as Lucien Goldmann rightly points out, remains out of the Communist party's structured organization.

C. The Concept of Revolution

In an effort to conceive of the term "revolution" as an idea that includes what is characteristically associated with, or suggested by it in Malraux's novels, one should bear in mind that revolution for Malraux is essentially a perpetual revindication, the concrete aspect of a permanent metaphysical search for the way to escape the idea of absurdity, as well as the helplessness of man's condition fleeing into the humane.[55] Revolution is a hope for redeeming man through a collective struggle aiming at bringing a world in which he can live. The revolution is a form of defense, which has taken the aspect of a brotherly communion of helpless people in the struggle against a multi-faceted destiny that seems to rule invincible. The events, in themselves, are the given possibilities, the necessary elements sought after to be molded by individuals, or organized groups, whose urge to protest and whose refusal to bow to blind destiny are paramount in their lives. Therefore, the revolutionary movements in general, and those of Asia and Europe chosen by Malraux in particular, simply provide the proper climate and scenery for the great human drama to unfold.[56]

Torn and tortured by the ominous specter of the inevitable annihilation brought by death, Malraux's revolutionaries debate interminably within their individual

closed worlds of powerlessness. Condemned to be alone, they denounce and protest; they search for and struggle against the suffocating atmosphere of estranged affections and diverted normal functions that we usually call alienation. Dominated and controlled by a hostile destiny, Malraux's revolutionaries prepare their defense to keep at least the semblance of independence by constantly testing themselves, and in so doing, make it possible to live with intensity a life whose meaning has never been revealed to them.[57] As. J.-P. Sartre puts it, it is a question of ". . . plunging into the unknown act as one would in a forest. One act. One act that commits you, although you will never understand it completely."[58] And yet, like the legendary Roland and his friends, far from accepting the terms of their destiny, they fight to become masters, and, by so doing, to make their lives a drama not directed by fate but by their own will.

The revolutionaries underestimate all other solutions because of their faith in the privileged position of their act as the best gesture of an affirmation; as Garine says, "All that is not Revolution, is worse . . ." (C 136)[59] It is a commitment clearly made in behalf of man, and against the different gods, against the different faces of destiny. It is a question of establishing a special relationship between mortal man and the universe crushing him, a confrontation between the mortal's temporary presence

and the permanent destiny which denies him permanence. The revolutionaries welcome the event in order to defy it, and thereby they hope to become free, to give a meaning to their lives, to assert themselves and hopefully transcend their present condition. As for the people of Madrid, "there was that night pregnant with hope, as unclear as it was unlimited, that night when each man had something to do on the earth." (E 20)

Each character sees the revolution through his own eyes. There is a great diversity as if it were impossible to reach a unique agreement on a common urge. There is an attitude of fixed positions in separate closed worlds, as if it were impossible to understand each other's sufferings, as if they couldn't hear each other's hearts beating. It is a world of loneliness where solitary souls seem to indulge freely in soliloquies: I want Spain--I want the collectivisation of factories--I want a meaningful work--I want dignity--I want fraternity--I want the world of Christ to be alive again--I want a great China--I want the liberation of the poor--I want just to die for something worthy--I want a final victory--For me this is an action, like all other actions--and so on. They all, however, protest against their condition by means of an action that promises a better lot in life for their fellow men and gives hope by nourishing them with the feeling of a brotherly communion, which, in a Godless world, becomes the victory of man. It is

in this human companionship that we see the power and admire the honor of being a man.

Since there is no chance for victory, Malraux's man mainly defends himself in two ways: either through the creative act, which is an extension in time, an accomplishment that protracts beyond the duration of a single human life, or, through his action and an act of faith in man, that is, his communion with fellow men, his devotion to a cause that transcends him, and which is an extension in space, a worldwide comradeship. This comradeship is essentially a climate of feverish activity that aims at the liberation of man, and allows an intensification of the network of ties and connections with others, therefore, setting the ground for solidarity, for fraternity, in the same way as "love which makes people stick together against loneliness." (CH 67)

Malraux's revolutionary man consoles himself through his longing for underground communion,[60] by attaching his own personal salvation to an action that saves other people, in manly brotherhood, in devotion and readiness for sacrifice.[61] Malraux's revolutionary man demonstrates an acceptance of the struggle to magnify man,[62] and an ability for common action, as well as for exploring the unknown through that common action. He struggles for man's dignity, and joyously outwalks the borderline of what is humanly possible. He accepts revolutionary action hoping to reach

plenitude through it, with intensity and passion in the same way men did with their Cathedrals "which fought for everybody, with everything they had, against the devil." (E 50)

Malraux's revolutionary man casts himself with the hope of attaining the same certitude which is conferred upon believers of eternal life; he expects liberation. As he aspires for a better future, Malraux's man trusts the privileged moment,

> . . . each one of these men had wildly seized, as it passed, the only greatness that could be his . . . (CH 246-247), . . . the moment when even the dead begin to sing. . . . (E 363);

he looks for the place

> . . . a common will, . . . above the drama of the particulars, their foolishness and their dreams, . . . their anxieties and their hopes, . . . a will as strong as the whole city together . . . Madrid. . . . (E 306);

he chooses the climate

> . . . that dispersed crowd which left to return to the poor quarters with their robbed objects reconquered . . . (E 52), the Chinese people afraid of seeing the Revolution die and seeing themselves fall back into the world of wrath from which they hope to be liberated. . . . (C 120);

all of them as reliable means for bringing salvation, as the second coming of Christ,[63]

> . . . Jesus-Christ discovered that things were not going well. And he said to himself: I will go there. . . . (E 178

Malraux's revolutionary man hopes to change the existing undesirable reality into a lyrical illusion, where dreams

marry action,

> . . . Barcelcna was pre;nant with all the dreams of [people's] life. (E 32)

He hopes to change the devastating humiliation into a conquest of dignity,

> . . . to conquer here the dignity of his [Kyo's] own people. . . . (CH 38)

He hopes for the dreams of the future to come true for those who have had no past or have no present,

> . . . the Revolution is giving each one of them his own life. (CH 121)

He hopes to revise the power of the Word,

> . . . the Revolution has acted on them in a troubled way, profoundly--and unexpectedly--with an extraordinary violence, giving them the possibility to believe in their own dignity, in their importance, if you wish. . . . (CH 121)

He hopes to give humanity one temple for worship, with one creed for all,

> . . . friars of the beseeching order of the Revolution. (CH 20)

And when it seems that nobody cares anymore for the "beggars," then

> . . . for the first time in this world of ours, from all the places, those from the scorching hot regions and those from the frozen lands, all those who were courageous and miserable at the same time, began to march <u>armed with rifles</u>. (E 179)

We see Malraux's revolutionary man ending, desperate and heartbroken in the same brotherly fatality, victim of "a cruelty savagely desired" (E 89) in a field open to vindictiveness,

> . . . those who have been unjustly condemned, those who have seen too much stupidity, or ungratefulness, or cowardice have a need to pay back (E 309)

and hate,

> . . . For Hemmelrich life is not the only way of contact among human beings, that is neither the best, that one may know them, love them and possess them more in vengeance than in life. (C 207)

And finally, Malraux's revolutionary man is defeated by the new tragic form of contemporary politics, by the new symbol of our day's destiny--its fatalistic word and its oppressive deed, Marxism--Leninism and the institution of the Komintern. The dependence upon Moscow leaves the success of each revolution in the hands of the Soviet experts, who represent the new face of destiny. Naturally, all hopes are doomed in advance in Malraux's world of revolution. Because, it is not man fighting another man that we are concerned about; it is rather, man, on behalf of all men, who is wrestling against cruel destiny. This is a tragedy that, for the experts, for the new gods of Party discipline and efficiency, cannot exist.[64] "The experts" cannot conceive it; and what is the use of their assistance if they do not understand the essence of this human drama? Their very presence in the world of revolution becomes, _a priori_, the source of an entangled conflict as a new confrontation of man with destiny.

As a matter of fact, one might say with W. M. Frohock[65] that it is to the October Revolution that Malraux refers to when he praises Communism as likely "to

render fertility," as a force susceptible to regenerate creative forces in a society that has so unjustly stifled them. "Action and ideology, Drieu de la Rochelle tells us, make passion flourish; and Malraux, who acted out of a need to act, became passionate when he met a promising ideology."[66]

If Malraux later changed his tone, it was because the appeal of the Revolution had been annihilated by the rigid structure of the Soviet State, which had replaced it and changed everything for worse. For, if the October Revolution was an admirable intent to search for freedom and redemption from a chaotic world through heroic action, the Soviet State failed to make this search an act of creation, a condition that Malraux expects the revolution to fulfill.[67] On the contrary, the bloody tragedy was coupled with a spiritual drama which left no room for that search. Communist ideology no longer conformed to Malraux's ethics of responsibility. It was no longer related to the individuals, nor did it constitute a form of hope.

Footnotes: Chapter One

[1]"I told him [President Kennedy] that France was a deeply irrational country which found her soul (you know my dada) only when she found it for the others: Crusades and the Revolution much more than Napoleon. . . . France was really great only when she was for the world." (Chê 133)

"He [De Gaulle] has restored a France that was loved by many nations, and not a France über alles." (Ibid., 55)

[2]"The metamorphosis that brings out life is found only in an heir." (C "Postface," 290)

"Finally defeat came and like many others, I married France. When I returned to Paris, Albert Camus asked me: Should we one day chose between Russia and America? For me it is not between Russia and America; it is between Russia and France." (A 125)

"During the Resistance, I married France, and I am not the only one." (Ibid., p. 197.

One could say for Malraux what Malraux said for Charles Maurras: ". . . cette aide il l'a trouvée dans l'amour de la France. Si sa doctrine ne pouvait exister sans une grande admiration de la France, et surtout sans une préférence pour tout ce qui fut créé par la France . . ." Charles Maurras, Mademoiselle Monk (Paris: Stock, 1923), "Préface" by André Malraux.

In an interview dated October 22, 1968, given to The New York Times, Malraux said the following: "As for me, if I am asked: Have you changed? I say: Undeniably I have; but only on one point. And this is that when I was thirty years old I defended essentially the proletariat. That is absolutely true. . . . But with the Second World War, I substituted France for the proletariat. Bon. The traditional nationalism of the nineteenth century is dead. It was based on feelings of exaltation and superiority. This nationalism has been replaced by the perspectives of a world hegemony. . . . What we see (today) is that the nations are discovering, in a fairly vehement way, their own particular consciences . . . in self-defense against uniformity." H. Tanner, "Malraux explains some changes in his opinions," p. 49, col.: 3, 4.

In a recently published anthology André Malraux is included in the chapter intitled, "L'inspiration nationale," together with Charles De Gaulle and François Mauriac. (See J. Bersani et al., La Littérature en France depuis 1945 [Paris: Bordas, 1970].)

Evoking his death, even the French Communist Party stressed this aspect of his life. Georges Marchais, the general secretary, declared: "Ce qui demeure pour nous

c'est qu'il fut toujours animé par une idée force, la France, sa place et son rôle dans le monde." France-Amérique, 25 nov.-1er déc. 1976, p. 4, col.: 3.

[3]Georges Pompidou, Pages choisies d'André Malraux, Pol Gaillard, Les Critiques de notre temps et André Malraux (Paris: Garnier, 1970), p. 147.

"The background of Malraux is Pascal: obsession of death, absurdity of the universe, anxiety generated by man's fate." Georges Mounin, "Les Chemins de Malraux," P. Gaillard, op. cit., p. 106.

[4]G. Picon, "L'unité d'une éthique vivante et d'un art efficace," in Pol Gaillard, ibid., p. 98.

"Lorsqu'en 1945 je fis part à Malraux de mon projet . . . et je fis remarquer que je comptais le faire dans une perspective pascalienne, il m'approuva: "Vous avez raison de partir de Pascal. Mais n'oubliez pas Saint-Augustin." Joseph Hoffmann, L'Humanisme de Malraux (Paris: Klincksieck, 1963), p. 27. The supreme goal of Pascal, however, is saintliness; for Malraux, the agnostic, intensity becomes the primary goal: ". . . l'intensité de la civilisation occidentale [qui] vient de la mort." (A 350)

[5]". . . the four French writers whose work is entirely posterior to 1916 year and who have a large audience abroad, Giono, Bernanos, Montherlant and myself, all four of us belong to what one might call the heroic tradition of France, the Cornelian tradition." "Après un silence de quatre ans. . . ," Françoise Dorenlot, Malraux et l'unité de la pensée (Paris: Gallimard, 1970), p. 263.

[6]Gustave Lanson and Paul Tuffreau, Histoire de la littérature française (Paris: Hachette, 1951), p. 455.

[7]A. Malraux, Le Triangle noir (Paris: Gallimard, 1970), p. 11.

"It is only the eighteenth century that propagated the idea of a world without God." "A. Malraux nous dit. . . ," Arts, No. 335, 30 nov. 1951, pp. 1-10.

[8]The tendency of putting all the importance on the act of searching is stressed also by Malraux in a critical review of H. Massis's book Défense de l'Occident: ". . . it is a question of a learning mind, of a search, and of creation by that same search . . . which implies that man's nature is such that allows all kinds of experiments." La Nouvelle Revue Française, June 1927, p. 87. (The underlining is by Malraux.)

[9]"Who condemns activity, condemns fecundity." Vauvenargues, Réflexions et Maximes, Lagarde et Michard, Le XVIII-e siècle, Anthologie . . . (Paris: Bordas, 1962), p. 261.

[10]Ibid., p. 261.

[11]Daniel Mornet, French Thought in the Eighteenth Century, translated by M. Levine (New Jersey: Prentice Hall, 1929), p. 268.

Solemn warning of a forthcoming revolution was also given by J. J. Rousseau.

"We are approaching a state of crisis and a century of revolutions; who could answer you what would be of you then." in Emile (Paris: Garnier, 1964), p. 224.

[12]Henri Peyre, Historical and Critical Essays (Lincoln: Nebraska Univ. Press, 1968), p. 74.

[13]Robert W. Postgate, Revolution from 1789 to 1906. Documents (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1962), p. 10.

"In 1789, from the spheres of dreams and speculation, the revolution came down to life. Furthermore, a whole nation, until then curbed under the heavy burden of daily life, kept repeating its name and eating it up. . . ; then, once out of the domain of intelligence, the revolution entered that of sentiment, making hearts beat, attracting them or frightening them . . . Let's be careful; since that time it is still omnipresent; god or devil, it is a living thing, it has preserved a soul. . . ." Ferdinand Brunot, Histoire de la langue française (France), n.d.; n.p., t. IX, p. 617.

[14]"At certain junctures, there is a time when it becomes a necessity, terrible times, bloody but the signal of a new freedom. It is about the civil war that I am speaking. It is then, that all great personalities arise, some attacking, some defending freedom. The Civil War reveals the hidden talents. Extraordinary people come to surface and seem to be worthy of commanding other people. It is a frightening cure; but, after the stupor in which the State falls, after the somnolence of the minds, it [the event] becomes necessary." L.-S. Mercier, quoted by D. Mornet, Les Origines intellectuelles de la Révolution française (Paris: A. Colin, 1938), p. 239.

[15]Henri Peyre, Essays. . . , p. 74.

A. Malraux will write almost two centuries later: "The days of our [French] Revolution were the legendary days of our history. . . . The Revolution exalts the young Frenchman. . . ; it is a metamorphosis of the world, one of thos days when everything is possible, when the innkeeper's

sons are born to become kings, the sons of simple families to become emperors. . . ." A. Malraux, Le Triangle noir, p. 100.

[16]"Men who rebel and urge the lower classes to rebel, ought to have other than formulas to go upon. Men who discern in the misery of the toiling, complaining millions, not misery but only raw material which can be wrought upon and in for one's own poor hidebound theories and egoisms, to whom millions of living creatures with beating hearts in their bosoms--beating suffering, hoping,--are masses, mere explosive masses for blowing down Bastilles with, for voting and hustings for 'us,' such men are of questionable species." Thomas Carlyle, quoted in R. W. Postgate, op. cit., p. 17.

[17]Georges Lefebvre, The French Revolution, I (New York: Columbia Univ. Press, 1965), p. 55.

[18]"Very impressive is the description that H. Steffens gives of how his father came home one night in Copenhagen, and gathered his sons around him, and with tears in his eyes from joy told them that Bastille had fallen, that a new era had begun, that if they were failures in life they must blame themselves, for henceforth poverty would vanish, the lowliest would begin the struggle for life on equal terms with the mightiest, with equal arms, on equal grounds. In this quiet Danish town the Gospel was received with no less fervor than in Paris . . . (Among the literate classes of Western and Central Europe the indifferent were few; the wholly ignorant almost none)." Crane Brinton, A Decade of Revolution (New York: Harper and Row, 1963), p. 66.

[19]"The Declaration of the Rights of Man, this single page of print, which outweighs libraries, and is stronger than all the armies of Napoleon, 'yet' is not the work of superior minds, and bears no mark of the lion's claw." J. A. Chaphan, "Lord Acton on the French Revolution," The Cambridge Mind, 1970, p. 70.

[20]G. Lefebvre, op. cit., p. 147.

[21]André Castelot, Napoleon (New York: Harper and Row, 1968), p. 192.

[22]". . . the bourgeoisie . . . has transformed personal worth into mere exchange value, and substituted for countless dearly-bought chartered freedoms, the one and unconscionable freedom of Free Trade. It has, in one word, replaced an exploitation veiled by religion and political illusion, by exploitation open, unashamed, direct and brutal." K. Marx, and F. Engels, The Communist Manifesto (London: International Publishers, 1948), p. 2.

[23]"One must be a charlatan. That's the way to succeed." Napoleon, "Proclamation to the Egyptians," quoted by A. Castelot, _op. cit_., p. 122.

[24]Henri Peyre makes the following comment: "The word 'condottiere' holds most of the secrets of his make-up. He had no convictions, he obeyed no higher principles, but embodied energy and unscrupulous ruthlessness, like those men of the Italian Renaissance, whom Taine, following his master Stendhal, had much admired at one time . . . The historian can see no spiritual greatness in Napolean, only the implacable architect of a geometrically built France constrained to serve one man's ruthless ambition." _Essays_. . . , pp. 91-92.

"Was Napoleon an idol or an evil? The question will go unanswered for many more years to come. One thing is true; for the nineteenth century he was a new Messiah." J.E.C. Bradley, "France," _French Quarterly_, v. V (1928), p. 128.

[25]"La Révolution c'est la France sublimée. Il s'est trouvé, un jour, que la France a été dans la fournaise. Les fournaises, à de certaines martyres guerrières, font pousser des ailes, et de ces flammes, cette géante est sortie archange. Aujourd'hui pour toute la Terre, la France s'appelle Révolution: et désormais ce mot, Révolution, sera le nom de la civilisation jusqu'à ce qu'il sera replacé par le mot Harmonie. Je la répète, ne cherchez pas ailleurs le point d'origine et le lieu de naissance de la littérature du XIX-e siècle." Henri Peyre, _HUGO. Les Philosophes_ (Paris: P.U.F., 1972), p. 57 (quoted from Victor Hugo's W. _Shakespeare_).

[26]Philipe V. Tieghem, _Le Romantisme français_ (Paris: P.U.F., 1968), pp. 11-113.

"With the world has begun a war that must end with the world and not before: The war of man against dead nature, of the mind against matter, of freedom against fatality. History is nothing else but the tale of this unending stuggle . . . In this human emancipation France is called to play a privileged role.. . ." J. Michelet. _Introduction à l'histoire-universelle_, 1831; quoted by Lagarde et Michard, _op. cit_. (Le XIX-e siècle), p. 363.

That conviction brought many French writers into the fields of politics. For them, France also had a mission to perform. Lamartine felt that the time had come "to give the final achievement of the French Revolution and the institution of international fraternity to the world." (See _Manifesto To Europe_, 2 March 1848.) Michelet made of this mission an apostolate in favor of liberal and democratic ideas. His enthusiasm greeted the Revolution of 1848 as the fulfillment of all his hopes to see France and the world free, to see

the fraternal union of all peoples in a peaceful future of humanity, the great people "chosen by God martyrized by man." (See Le Peuple, 1848.) Victor Hugo sings the glory of the Revolution "pointing to the heavens," and the greatly enhanced hopes for progress,

La Révolution leur criait: --Volontaires,
Mourez pour délivrer tous les peuples vos frères! --
Contents ils criaient oui.
. . . .
En retournant les yeux dans leur course olympique,
Avaient vu derrière eux la Grande République
Montrant du doigt les cieux.

Victor Hugo, Les Châtiments
'O soldats de l'An Deux'

[27] Caesar Graña, French Society and French Man of Letters in the XIXth Century: Modernity and its Discontent (New York: Harper and Row, 1967), p. 134.

[28] "C'était la vision rouge de la révolution que les emportait tous, fatalement, par une soirée sanglante de cette fin de siècle. Oui, un soir, le peuple laché, débridé, galoperait ainsi sur les chemins; et il ruissellerait du sang des bourgeois, il promènerait des têtes, il sémerait l'or des coffres éventrés." Emile Zola, Germinal (Paris: Pasquelle, 1963), p. 294.

The days of the Paris Commune were not distant, and their bloody orgies were, to use Karl Marx's expression, a foretaste of the days to come.

[29] Karl Marx suggests that our ideas are not eternal truths, but rather mere reflections of psychic projections of existing conditions in the field of production. Production, having to do with matter and ways of changing it, is in itself a changing process. If these views were to be accepted, the bourgeois values, especially morality and religion, would lose their intrinsic values and be destroyed as "absolutes," leaving behind a world of shifting appearances.

Nietzsche begins by attacking our civilization, and offering us a new view of 'truth' and a new perspective of the self. For him, we are just actors (masks) playing a role. Our essence is a sort of cauldron of a formless "will to power" and "aggressiveness" which we hide without being able to check. There is no stable human nature but a shifting nature of reality: social and personal. Contrary to Marx, however, he declared that here was no law to direct us in a deterministic process with an aim and end in sight; we seem to be free actors and mere members of different perspectives in a Heraclitean world.

This is the world of Dostoievsky's "negative heroes." The individual ego, blessed or cursed with freedom, "the achieved I, the conscious I, shall be infinite, God-like, and absolved from all relations." René Wellek, ed., Dostoievsky (New Jersey: Prentice Hall, 1962), p. 10. The individual as a free actor, is "filled with the wrath of outraged pride and with a furious impatience to break out from his trapped existence even at the risk of self-destruction." Ph. Rahv. "Dostoievsky in Crime and Punishment," ibid., p. 24. This is man's only choice.

For the Marxist this choice is only the tragic one of history, generated by the social necessity of life in an exploiting world. For many others--and Malraux among them--as we shall see later--the choice is determined by the tragedy of man's fate--"la condition humaine"--deriving from man's acknowledgment of his total and irreversible annihilation. This hopeless situation pushes man toward a radical activism, a phenomenon that would bring the intellectual back through the world of ideas into the world of action, of forceful change, of revolution, into the modern world.

Marxism offers to remove the tragic awareness by changing society, the facts of daily life, not man's imagination. Man is part of the external world, not its opponent. There is an interdependence between the two, and our job is to adjust nature to man's needs, to eliminate man's alienation from his work by changing the social order, thus returning to man the possibility of a real and proper life.

With a total rejection of God, one tends to embody a cause, a sense of mission, a conviction that life is worth living, because the course of history needs him. The new demand represents an ethical value, implies a moral commitment. Essentially, Marxism sounds the call for a permanent struggle to consciously change society and free man through a period of violence and destruction. (George Sorel will insist on the necessity of violence.)

This struggle, however, is locked in the framework of a historical determinism which itself is conditioned by the economic reality, social classes, means and ways of production, etc. Man, himself, the center of our attention, seems to be overcome in Marxism by "la force des choses." This scientific civilization does not resolve the problem, because, as Malraux warns us: ". . . science does not tend to build a notion of man, but rather to provide a better knowledge of the world. The drama of the civilization in the century of machines . . . is to have lost all notions of man." A. Malraux, "L'homme et le phantôme," L'Express, 21 mai 1955, p. 15.

(In France, the powerful voice of Jean Jaurès, modified the tenets of Marxism. It is "par la force des hommes," by conscious energy and will, that the emancipation of man will be assured. History, for Jaurès, will never neglect individual valiance and nobility in its search to assure the common social ideal beyond class and national struggle.)

[30]V. I. Lenin, State and Revolution (New York: International Publishers, 1932), p. 24.

The French Revolution seems to be a prelude to the Soviet totalitarian State: ". . . The French Revolution led quickly to a rule by committees, to a government that was almost entirely executive in its concentration of power . . . It produced a state merely calculated for efficiency, more highly organized, wider in its competence, more terrifying in its power than any which then existed; and it made Government more irresistible from the fact that henceforth Government was to claim to be the incontrovertible agent of the new God, the organic people." H. Butterfly," "Napoleon," quoted by C. M. Trevelyan, "The Legacy of Napoleon," The Cambridge Mind, 1970, p. 88.

[31]Vladimir I. Lenin, State and Revolution, p. 20.

[32]Vladimir I. Lenin, p. 29.

[33]Vladimir I. Lenin, p. 43.

[34]". . . Even if the universe is blind and entirely meaningless a strong individual can still say yes to life and affirm it through his will to create and breed a higher type of man, for the sake of a higher type of life . . . . All that helps this aim is good, all that obstructs it and impedes it is evil." (Jauko Lavrin, Nietzsche (New York: Ch. Scribner's Sons, 1971), p. 22.

[35]"Between 1917 and 1921 three revelations struck this mind [Malraux's] nurtured on Nietzsche (but more by The Birth of Tragedy than by the declamatory Zarathustra): the October Revolution, the destruction of Europe and the art of the Orient . . . all three proclaim the same thing: history changes, Gods die. . . ." A. Hoog, "Malraux, Mollberg and Frobenius," R. W. Lewis, ed., Malraux (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice Hall, 1964), p. 90.

[36]Paul Valéry, "La Crise de l'esprit," Variétés, v. I (Paris: Gallimard, 1934), pp. 13-21.

[37]Bernard Groethuysen, "Lettre d'Allemagne," La Nouvelle Revue Française (1919), p. 793.

[38]A. Malraux, "Reply to Trotsky," R. W. Lewis, _op. cit_., pp. 20-21.

[39]_Cahiers de la Quinzaine, 6-e Cahier de la XX-e série_, 5 avril 1939, p. 50, quoted by J. Hoffmann, _op. cit_., p. 25.

[40]G. Picon, "Man's Hope," in _Yale French Studies_, No. 18 (1967), p. 4.

[41]"Malraux's real originality lies in having united the idea of the struggle against destiny, tragic in its inevitable failure but man's only way of affirming himself and, secondly, the idea of the absurd." Denis Boak, _André Malraux_ (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1968), p. 90.

[42]R. M. Albérès, "Malraux and the abridged abyss," _Yale French Studies_, No. 18 (1957), p. 45.

[43]"It is the obsession caused by other civilizations that gives to mine, and maybe to my life, their specific accent." (G. Picon, _André Malraux par lui-même_, p. 18. Note of Malraux, No. 5.

[44]André Gide, "Dada," la _Nouvelle Revue Française_, No. 79 (1920), p. 477.

[45]After the catastrophe of World War I, one had the need "to excavate the deepest corner of self, which brought at its logical results: the conscious having been unable to avoid the conflict, one addresses itself to the unconscious, which in itself brought to the disintegration of man and to the large acceptance of Freudian psychoanalysis. Malraux rejected this attitude. (See A. Malraux's note in G. Picon, _Malraux par lui-même_.) He could not, however, escape the impact of the rampant trend; his first writings are fancy evasions, a humor that indirectly reflects the meaninglessness of an absurd world. Lucien Goldmann comments: ". . . it seems that the discovery of the afterwar had confused Malraux to the point of thinking that in a world where everything is lost--and all Gods are dead--there is nothing left but humor." _Pour une sociologie du roman_ (Paris: Gallimard, 1964), p. 43.

[46]"Orientation towards the Being" that we are dealing here, is not the Oriental concept in which the Being crushes man; it is the new conception of the Christian Western world, in which the Being pulls man to Himself and donates His perfections to man," comments J. Hoffmann, _op. cit_., p. 50, note 17.

[47]L. Goldmann, _op. cit._, p. 79.

[48]"Of course, there is a higher faith: that proposed to us by all the crosses of the villages, and even the crosses over the graves. That faith is love, and there is peace in it. I will never accept it; I will never lower myself to ask for an appeasement that my weakness calls for." (TO 159)

[49]"Man is the only object worthy of passion . . . I am the only object worthy of my own passion. . . ." (JE 139)

[50]"The immediate consequence [of this position] is a world composed of obstacles to be overcome by the use of will; and therefore, a world of constant struggle and violence, seen as heroism." D. Boak, _op. cit._, p. 54.

[51]See our note, No. 34.

[52]J. Hoffman, _op. cit._, p. 155.

[53]P. Gaillard, _Malraux, La Condition humaine_ (Paris: Hatier, 1970), p. 54.

[54]Lucien Goldmann, _op. cit._, p. 42.

[55]"I have insisted even before on this sentence: to escape from this idea of absurdity by joining the human world." A. Malraux, "Le Problème des _Conquérants_," P. Gaillard, _La Critique_, p. 28.

[56]In his "Préface" to Laclos' _Liaisons dangereuses_, Malraux speaks of "the clothing of events within which (the author) fits so well his heroes." G. T. Harris, quoting this sentence, asks: "What else are in the Malrausian universe revolution, violent action, manly brotherhood, but these "clothing of events" which hide the real intention of his novels?" See "André Malraux, L'éthique comme fonction de l'esthétique," in _Lettres modernes_ (Paris: Minard, 1972), p. 139.

[57]"The Revolution brings awareness of existence, a goal that one might valuably pursue and the possibility to escape even for a short time, the feeling of impotence and of nothingness." L. Goldmann, _op. cit._, p. 83.

[58]J.-P. Sartre, _La Mort dans l'âme_ (Paris: Livre de Poche, 1949), p. 77.

[59]In this respect they resemble the Sophoclean heroes who live ". . . on the edge of humanity. They constantly assert their individuality . . . freedom and strength. Several live apart from society quite literally . . . All act completely on their own but out of passionate motives that ultimately defy rational comprehension: all willingly incur the charges of insanity, blindness and folly . . . and prefer death to a compromised life." Th. Woodward, ed., Sophocles (New Jersey: Prentice Hall, 1966), p. 8.

[60]". . . that underground communion which used to be Christianity and that now was the revolution; they had chosen the same way of living, and the same way of dying." (E 52)

[61]"Revolution offers the chance to overcome permanently the solitude by assuring a connection between the individual and the community, death being the high moment when the individual joins in the most intensive and possible way the revolutionary community." L. Goldmann, op. cit., p. 123.

It is a new qualitative dimension.

[62]"Revolution is especially the hope to change man (through) . . . a transfigurating epic act." A. Malraux, "Préface," A. Ollivier, Saint-Just (Paris: Gallimard, 1954), pp. 26-27.

[63]"Revolution in its early stages may be compared to certain religious movements in nascent form, when the poor gladly discern a return to paradise on earth." G. Lefebvre, op. cit., p. 120.

[64]"Revolution--a moment that helps bring to light the character . . . that represents to a high degree the tragic meaning of human loneliness . . . and which hardly exist for the orthodox Communism." "André Malraux nous parle de son oeuvre," Le Monde, 18 octobre 1930, p. 4. The article is by Malraux himself, although it does not seem to be.

[65]W. M. Frohock, "The Power and the Glory," R.W.B. Lewis, ed., Malraux, Collection of Critical Essays New Jersey: Prentice Hall, 1964), p. 54.

[66]Drieu la Rochelle, "Malraux and Nietzsche," P. Gaillard, Les Critiques. . . , p. 65.

[67]André Malraux, "Défense de l'Occident," by Henri Massis, "Notes," La Nouvelle Revue Française (June 1927), p. 815.

CHAPTER TWO

THE WORLD OF REVOLUTION

A. On the Road to Revolution

As early as 1919 and 1920, at the age of nineteen, André Malraux began his long writer's career collaborating with the short-lived monthly magazine *La Connaissance*, whose program stressed new and constant effort, the duty to act as remedy to the loss of the feeling of happiness, ". . . to create, if one wants to claim the right to life in a world where everything must be reconstructed, rebuilt . . ."[1]

Living in the midst of an atmosphere of feverish activity Malraux began to lean toward contacts that--like the magazine *Action*--stressed anarchist tendencies. However, Malraux did not profess any faith in the panaceas offered by the many minuscule groups that proliferated all over the country; he showed no inclination towards any revolutionary position. Furthermore, the anarchistic tendencies of this group seem to have been a common, and not a specific, phenomenon among the youth of the 1920's, a generation that felt deceived and, therefore, unwilling to put faith in unkept promises.

During this period of collaboration, Malraux wrote two articles, "La Genèse des Chants de Moldoror" and "Aspects d'André Gide."[2] If his writings showed no revolutionary postures, they revealed important viewpoints that Malraux would keep all along his life, namely, the definite respect for the French cultural heritage, and the attachment to a commitment: to save 'man.' This attitude of young Malraux became even more evident because of the fact that it was professed during a period when the nihilistic individualisms, characterized by the dada movement, were in full fledge.[3]

Malraux's efforts to save Man excluded the religious approach. A non-believer at a very early age, he saw the world as a Godless one, and in the confusion that resulted from this mental attitude, Malraux tried to trace a new course in which man was the maker of man's fate. The void left by the removal of religious certainty had to be filled. Clara Malraux wrote: "Since the world was emerging unjustified from a lunatic war we wanted for discovery to take the place of faith, knowing perfectly well that no discovery could be anything but incomplete. In the same way we happily put up with contradictions. . . . We were a generation without dogmatism, one they sought more than it found and that refrained from any kind of systematization, in spite of a real liking for it, a liking that made it the temptations of Thomism, and later on, of Marxism, attractive."[4]

Malraux chose two weapons: the commitment to act and change reality, and the mockery of reality that brought him into the world of imaginary; it is simply a question of "rectifying the unacceptable absurd world either forcefully or artistically."[5] Forceful action and art make Malraux a fighter and an artist at the same time, a ditheism that stays with him all along his career as a writer.

If the world of the imaginary could have brought Malraux to the disintegration of man--and to the acceptance of Freudism that Malraux rejected[6]--his leaning toward action helped him realize that it was possible for man to escape the atmosphere of helplessness and the danger of annihilation. The intellectual rebellion could transform disgust into serious action.

In a study devoted to the early writings of Malraux, André Vandegans places in 1923 the "first testimony" to Malraux's tendencies to avoid attaining the real without passing through reason, as well as his yearning to find a conviction; that was in a brief Preface to Ch. Maurras' book <u>Mademoiselle Monk</u>. Malraux wrote,

> To go from the intellectual anarchy to the <u>Action Française</u> it is not to contradict oneself, but to construct. If he [Maurras] wanted to life in [ancient] Greece, it is because those philosophers were used to bring harmony between their lives and their philosophies . . .[7]

Action in a world without any polar star had to be both intensive and purposeful; successive meaningless

acts--which negate or refuse to follow a meaningful sequence--seem to have no appeal for Malraux. On the contrary, since his early days, he seems to have had a predilection for a basic conviction that would have served as a leading thread in the darkness of the labyrinth of confusion and anarchistic preachings.

A second important element disclosed by the Preface is Malraux's sentiment that was always kept dear; that is, the love for France. Analyzing the Maurras phenomenon, Malraux wrote,

> . . . If his doctrine could not exist without a great admiration for France, and especially without a <u>preference</u> [underlined by Malraux] for everything that was created by the French genius it is that this admiration was since the beginning of an aesthetic order, so deeply rooted into him, that he could not have been able to set a system that would not base itself on it. He passionately loved in Greece and in Italy, only what was to determine the mode of the French genius. . . .[8]

If the desire for change was great, if the need to feel free from everything was constant, if Malraux in his early twenties accepted the ideas of an active anarchism, we should bear in mind that he also felt the need for a "disciplined" way of thinking and an attachment to some values that he felt to be positive, as a possible means of orienting man's life; French heritage was one of them, and he was unwilling to throw it away, at least until as he puts it,". . . a new collective appeal to the soul will powerfully call man."[9] Against the tendency for disintegration, Malraux resolved to mobilize, to strengthen and

to put himself on the road to new horizons, to new goals directed at one fundamental aim--to find a new notion of man.

For Malraux it meant to achieve self-mastery and seek an honest encounter with the real world--not that of the imaginary Lunes en Papier (1921)--to meet with non-European civilizations, and especially with those that, had not excluded the sacred and had neglected the individual. He told his wife--"The essence of the matter, don't you think is to know how the Oriental will adopt himself to the necessity of becoming an individual?"[10]

The road he chose was a dangerous one. The adventurer, according to Malraux in 1930, "escapes from himself, that is to say, that he escapes his feelings of being haunted by death at the same time that he runs toward it."[11] When in 1928, he left for Indochina, he wanted, totally independent, to look for new frontiers in order to establish a new notion of man, using uncommon weapons, living in unusual conditions and away for the realm of the imagination and the fantastic. Literature was not enough for him, and words' manipulations were not sufficient.[12] His anxiety demanded a more solid cure, a direct confrontation with difficulties as concrete aspects of destiny. He chose Asia, and especially Indochina, a country where French was spoken and understood, and a land possessing a wealth of archeological objects.

As a lonely fighter, during his first Indochina adventure, Malraux suffered defeat. Sharing in common action, during the second one, he knew at least the hope of victory. As he learned that a common action meant more than the sum of the individuals involved in it, Malraux also discovered the fraternity that transforms--fills the inner lives of the members of a community animated by the same will. No matter how hopeless this fight against the invincible destiny may appear, it still maintains its noble character. The world and its crushing weight have remained the same, but man has found meaningful ways of fighting it, forms of intentional protest and purposeful revolt. The writer uses this solid reality to create his own universe based on the very details and circumstances of daily life, which he sometimes exalts to a higher meaning. As André Vandegans puts it, "The originality of The Conquerors . . . and of the novels that follow it is to utilize reality as a means of expression . . . as well as to relay an ethical message . . . Through the heroes' will [the novels] question destiny . . . ."[13]

Malraux had been tormented by an urge to travel since his youth, when he realized that literature could not satisfy his longing. A love for art, and especially for Oriental art, helped in giving more strength and meaning to his burning desire to see different worlds and civilizations. Malraux wrote:

> What the confrontation of two opposing civilizations causes to arise within us is a kind of reappraisal, due to the discovery of the arbitrariness of both of them. To experience the feeling that our world _could_ be otherwise, that the modes of our thinking _could_ not be those with which we are familiar, gives a freedom whose importance may become extraordinary.[14]

Although he craved for action, there are no indications that Malraux was interested in politics at the time of his departure in October, 1923.[15] What he saw in Indochina discouraged him to the point of revolt. Morally, he felt committed to join the natives in their struggle for equality and freedom, and he tried to take a leading role in that fight. Systematically hostile to all bourgeois values that he had rejected at a very early age, Malraux witnessed the degrading results of these values forcefully applied against a defenseless population; he discovered a cowardice sticking to "law and order" philosophy and practice, the inevitable acceptance of a police regime, and the stifling atmosphere of permanent injustice and its cruelest form--the oppression of the innocent. The Pnom-Penh trial --charging him with the theft of archeological objects from Anghor--only reinforced his conviction of the necessity to condemn colonialism as one of the concrete aspects of destiny. Indeed, it is highly probable that the trial was the last push needed to throw him into the arena of politics, a struggle which he was never to abandon.

The physical organization of the new world in which he was going to live became the enemy to fight. The

concrete aspect of this world was the French colonial administration of Indochina, which appeared to him as the main obstacle on the road to freedom and equality for the millions of natives. As the servant of a social cause, he was still far from being a revolutionary; not even in the heat of the battle did he ask for the separation of Indochina or her complete autonomy.[16]

Malraux's political evolution is a typical one. First, he discovered the monstrous lack of justice and was appalled by the depressing economic stagnation of Indochina. He witnessed the corruption and the oppression that these unbearable conditions had created. Then, he felt that any effort aiming at the improvement of this painful situation was a moral obligation,[17] a social service and the most desirable political action for both France and Indochina. He had to undertake whatever he could do best and bring his best weapons in the fight. As a talented young writer he could use the power of the pen; he chose journalism.[18] Finally, in January 1926, he was forced to abandon journalism. As he was discouraged by the mammoth solid wall of colonial bureaucracy and corruption, he felt the enemy could not be shaken. That feeling of helplessness led him to the "revolutionary" positions and direct political involvement, not in Indochina, but in France.

> In my view, wrote Malraux, the revolutionary is born of a resistance. Though a man may become aware of certain injustices and of certain

> inequalities though man may become aware of intense suffering, that will never suffice to make a revolutionary. For that, it is necessary that at the moment when he seeks to intervene on behalf of that suffering, <u>he encounters a resistance</u>. (Underlined by Malraux)[19]

Leaving Saigon in January 1926, Malraux accepted defeat. Nevertheless, the Indochina adventure of 1924 and 1925 had marked him profoundly and was to shape his political thought and his literary activity for most of his life.

Malraux witnessed the oppressiveness of the system under which the natives lived in Indochina; his personal experience, the humiliation he suffered during "the theft" trial made him even more aware of other people's plight. Confronting the same evil, he welcomed the opportunity to fight the common oppressor. "The enemy" had taken over the full control of the political and economical life of the colony. There was no right to vote, to elect or to be elected, since the Indochinese were not French citizens; they were ruled by the small Antillean clerks, a population that gained French citizenship with the 1789 Revolution. The Foreign Legion's adventurers had a free hand all over the country; their cruelty, coupled with denunciation and murder, was proverbial. Malraux, generally speaking, had discovered a land where the rule of the fist and the law of the jungle had replaced the law of reason, where justice had no meaning for a band of greedy administrators and

colonizers, where to get rich and fat, was the rule and not the exception.

Malraux learned that the masses were growing increasingly angry and restless, and that the best element of the population, the educated youth, saw its energies wasted, without any direction or purpose. Many of them were already impatient, and rejected any reform or evolutionary approach. They wanted everything "here and now," and therefore they sided with the Communists, who where at that time, the only ones to promise a radical change.

Under these circumstances, Malraux discovered that time was the most precious element. The pressure of events kept growing, especially the influence of the Chinese revolutionary movement which was bringing the echo of a restless people and its hope for a new life, with freedom from European domination and dignity for millions who had known only humiliation.

After his first and devastating experience in Indochina, Malraux came back from France, in January 1925. His decision had been made--to side without reservations with the oppressed colonial people against colonial oppression. For a few months little is known of his activities. There is one interesting coincidence between Malraux's "disappearance" (January-May 1925) in Indochina and his confessed contribution to the formation of the "Young Annam" organization, on one side, and, on the

other side, the foundation by a young teacher, widely known as Ho Chi-Minh, of the Revolutionary League of the Youth of Vietnam, which occurred during the same period of time. It is the Revolutionary League that became the nucleus of the Communist Party of Vietnam (May, 1930). This perfect coincidence makes plausible the assumption that four months of quasi-clandestinity could have produced some sort of contact between Malraux and the Revolutionary youth movement whose leaders were often, partially or fully, French educated.

It seems that young Malraux began an underground activity to organize the disgruntled young Annamites and, in so doing, to change their political opposition into an effective political movement which, like any underground movement, is an organic structure. Systematically coordinated and operating under definite rules, the movement leaves no room for chance or the unessential, everything functioning in such an integrated form that the relationship of one member to another is governed by his relationship to the whole movement itself. Where Malraux was trained, or initiated in revolutionary organizational matters--if at all--is not known; this is, it seems one of the many unanswerable questions about his life. He admits, though, to have participated in such activities.[20] We can only say that action is an education in itself.

Then, either discouraged by the inherent difficulties of clandestinity or eager to bring his own contributions in a field where he felt stronger, in May 1925, Malraux came back to Saigon and began the publication of the newspaper L'Indochine. In an editorial which seems to express his fundamental position he asserts that ". . . one does not govern people; that one can, with a lot of tact, direct an evolution; and, that directing it is a laudable role."[21]

The evolution desired by Malraux was clearly inspired by France's humanitarian ideals of freedom and justice, which from the days of "The Republic of Virtue" to the leftist parties of the after-war, had brought such an astonishing appeal to all the oppressed people of the colonial lands. "Appeal to the humanitarian ideals of France. You will get satisfaction," he wrote.[22] He called for a France and an Annam co-existing in friendship, not like masters and slaves.

The evolution desired by Malraux was a revival of hope for the masses of Indochina. He helped their consciences to evolve, to raise them to a level where they could conceive of themselves as free human beings, and especially to be aware of their potential strength. The 1925 spring events in China were most encouraging. On May 20, 1925, a scuffle in Shanghai left ten Chinese workers dead. Malraux saw in these events the first signs

of a new era for the whole continent; he reproduced the news with no commentaries in his newspaper as "telegrams of our special service." The new situation alarmed the colonial authorities, and Malraux and his friends were branded Communist agents and anti-French.

These events played a major role in shaping the political philosophy of Malraux, and especially they contributed to the material needed for his later novels; as he put it in 1926, he used "all these incidents and details of personal experience, on a wider intellectual scheme."[23]

Malraux had fully understood that the policy of the colonial administration was bringing Franco-Annamite cooperation to an end, and consequently to the bloody confrontation that he hoped to avoid. He called for a strict equality with the French, for a recognition of those French who were there "by right, a right that should not be attacked . . . those who really work,"[24] for a political action to inform public opinion in France, for Annamite technicians, for the organization of unions as a means of pressure on the government, but he stopped short of calling for direct revolutionary action. He writes:

> However, all this demands great sacrifices, and for a long time--and maybe, Sir,--my answer would have pleased you more if I had spoken to you of quick and impractical solutions, and shown in the sky visions of great castles filled with marvels . . .[25]

In an important article, "The Choice of Energy"[26] Malraux demonstrates a further political maturity. Written in a highly intellectual style, the article contains statements that reveal his deep understanding of the complex colonial situation. Malraux declared,

> Each power that feels inside the impulse of expansion, . . . as its first task looks for strength and to discern that character of independence and loyalty ready for revolt through which strong people are quickly recognized [. . .] What I am writing here is the accusation against a political attitude which will produce the most dangerous attack that colonization might have ever suffered . . . This attitude is forbidden by the French laws which do not think that France represents such an ugliness and such a shame that it should not be exposed for the Annamites to see.

Even at the last hour, in his last article to Indochine Enchaînée, Malraux did not lose faith in the magic of France, although this time he expressed some reservations: "We are going to appeal to all those who, like you, are now suffering. People in France, will not accept that the suffering that is marking your lives be inflicted in its name."[27] This article was the swan song before an unexplainable long silence.

The constant appeal that Malraux kept making for friendship between France and Annam demonstrates Malraux's lack of attachment to the basic Marxist tenets of class struggle, to the theory of irreconcilable interests of the different economic and social strata of a society. Furthermore, his insistence on individual abilities and

opportunities offered to those who work shows that Malraux had confidence on the viability of the free enterprise system as a fundamental element in a dynamic society.

One basic thought is reflected in almost all the arguments that Malraux uses to defend the natives of Annam, as well as the French colonizers not affiliated with the administration. That thought is the value of work. Work for Malraux is the justification for the Annamites to ask and obtain full rights as fully recognized free citizens. Work gives them their voice to protest, to oppose and, if necessary, to strike.[28] Work, Malraux maintains, gives also the French colonizers the right to stay there, to produce, "to create" new wealth, to be accepted as part of the country's life, and not as foreign bodies in a hostile organism. In making work such a fundamental value, Malraux adjoins the basic tenets of Marxism.

Marxism, as we have seen, is fundamentally an interpretation of history based on the revolution of economics in general, and of the ownership of the means of production in particular. What Malraux was predicting was not the ideological victory of that doctrine; it was rather the appeal of an organized propaganda which promised everything in the shortest time to a people already impatient and discouraged by broken promises. It was Bolshevism, a definite set of rules of a highly efficient organization, that had proven itself in other countries, courageously led and

masterly executed by professional revolutionaries in a march toward a promised land of bread, peace and freedom.

> This [colonial] policy, wrote Indochine, is what may be best credited for bringing Bolshevism to this country, because of a general dissatisfaction, because of an awakening and an exasperation of the nationalist sentiment . . . In Asia, as in Europe, the rich classes, at this time, are doing all they can to serve the game of the extremists.[29]

Communist propaganda promised to do away with all the heavy structure of injustice and exploitation and replace such government with a new society which would be the fulfillment of all aspirations, where each and everyone would secure his own place and have a part of the common wealth. Anyone who was bitterly frustrated and felt powerless would be able to correct the present overwhelming abuses and injustices. What helped the Communists even more, was the fact that capitalism appeared to the local population to be a product of foreign rule, a fact that, together with the lack of democracy, profoundly influenced the nature and the orientation of the Indochinese resistance movement. A few years later, Malraux will write, "All their [Communists'] merit consists in knowing how to exploit with ability a factual situation that the Government had not even tried to avoid."[30] That factual situation was the world of the absurd; to get out of that viscous ground, Malraux might have looked at the revolution for help, as a possible stroke against destiny, as a possible way to give meaning to his life, to break out of

his human condition; but, he did not join the party of the revolutionary Communists.

Again Malraux makes a fine and valuable distinction among the factors involved. "The exasperated Annamites," he wrote, "unable to wait any longer for the fulfillment of their official promises, would go, not toward Communism, but towards the Communists . . . ."[31] In a desperate situation, when only action counts, it is only natural that people rally around those who have mastered the virtues of action. In China, and later on in Spain, we will witness that same human inclination.

Malraux seems not to have been convinced by the Communist line of thought; an intellectual, he had little faith in the masses who were less eager to understand than prone to hate with furor. Malraux remained an elitist intellectual in that he was still inclined to believe that it was through

> a university élite, and only through them that France can still maintain a stable government in Indochina in a time when troubles are beginning. People, still passive, do not move, but detest us as foreigners. It is the movement that will be initiated by these graduates and the naturalized intellectuals, natural intermediaries that will keep the masses in passivity or will raise them against us.[32]

There was nothing Marxist, and even less Communist, in these statements; Malraux remained basically a liberal French intellectual who did not see France's presence in Indochina as an act of forceful imposition.

He believed in the emancipating role of the Republic of France, in the beneficial influence of French culture over the natives, and in the constructive channelling of energy that could be accomplished by a newly appointed socialist governor. By no means was he a true revolutionary asking for an immediate and total change, requesting the overthrow of the existing government and its substitution by another. He was clearly asking for reforms to assuage to the rising wave "of hate that, from the furthest rice paddies of Cochinchina, was advancing"[33] those days up to the doors of the High Administration. Everything led one to believe that an explosion was imminent. Malraux only tried to defuse it.

Why did Malraux not cooperate with the Communist groups in Indochina where he counted many Indochinese friends? Why did not Malraux who had courage, throw himself into the revolutionary activities of the clandestine organizations and try to force the change through violent action? Malraux had not given us any clues. His journalistic activity makes of him an audacious social reformer deeply believing that a rapprochement between France and Annam was the most desirable solution. That solution, however, would maintain France as an empire and Annam as a colony. Nevertheless, the kind of reform Malraux desired so much was looked upon as "revolutionary" by the reactionaries of the ruling class, and Malraux was branded

--as we have seen it--as a dangerous Bolshevik and anti-French.

One might say that resistance to colonialism had two different meanings for Malraux and the Communists. For the latter, resistance consisted essentially in the class struggle between the exploiters and the exploited; this is the definition of the Communist revolution. For Malraux, resistance was more to be acted on personal or individual grounds, it meant fighting a definite enemy, namely, injustice. The revolution was looked upon as a favorable situation where one was given a chance to act forcefully with hope to win. Finally, "He does not have to define the Revolution--as Malraux says for Garine--but to carry it out."[34]

B. The 'European Spirit' in China

1. The historical setting. The nineteenth century European imperialism had brought its weight to bear on China. The Ancient Empire came under severe pressure on all its borders, lost its dependencies and much of its own territory, gave up some of its sovereign power, was threatened with partition, lived in a state of civil war, and experienced periods of terrible massive famine. Imperialism for the Chinese meant "land-grabbing, unequal treaties, substitution of Western laws for the Chinese traditional law, imposition of cheap machinery-made goods,

proselytizing activities of Christian missionaries, foreign ideologies and 'isms,' demands for preferential treatment, generally arrogant and brutal, that, especially since 1898, threatened to suffocate millions of Chinese people. China was weak and backward and it was saved only by the inability of the [European] powers to agree on the division of the spoils."[35]

When Malraux went to Asia, China was a country where three-quarters of her population lived usually on the borderline of starvation. Famine was the rule, not the exception. As Mao Tse-Tung remembers it,

> Once, I had known the great famine of Tchang-cha, with the severed heads of the insurrectionists hung on long sticks, but I had forgotten. For two miles around my village there were no tree barks left and on some trees, up to twelve feet high; the starving population had eaten them. (A 525)

Official graft and corruption were part of daily life, and had caused, especially in the years after the proclamation of the first Chinese Republic (1912), the peasantry to be driven to the impoverished towns. Gangs of armed bandits were roaming all over the country ravaging crops and property. Countless victims of misrule felt hopeless and would not hesitate to join any army--or the Red Army's waving flags carrying the two hieroglyphic words DIVIDE PROPERTY. In a country where, as a Chinese scholar puts it, "a system that makes possible such constrasting spectacles as habiual hunger and pain on one hand, and ease and luxury on

the other" revolution is a sound idea, becomes a motivating force and under the leadership of a "small group of devoted exponents succeeds in mobilizing the oppressed and disgruntled masses."[36]

Another important element of the Chinese situation was the Chinese traditional aristocratic intelligentsia; Malraux will call them "skeletons dressed in embroidered togas, lost in the eternity of time as motionless assemblies." (CH 47) These mandarins proved to be a real obstacle to the process of change and progress. The attractiveness that their prestige emanated all around them consumed the potential revolutionary energies of the best youth.

It was evident that for a revolution to go ahead, a fundamental intellectual revolution was necessary. In China, this new consciousness found expression in the magazine The Youth, edited by Cheng-Du Shu, a professor of the Peking National University with radical leaning.[37] Revolutionary ideas, from Socialism to Communism and Anarchism were introduced and passionately debated. The importance of the new initiative was especially great because of its effect on the students who were looked upon as the potential leaders of any political movement. Malraux writes, "China is beginning to take into account the value of youth, or to be more exact, its strength." (TO 104)

This new consciousness among the intellectuals was a blow to the principles of Confucianism, whose strong

influence had brought many intellectuals to sidestep man's obligations to help develop man's possibilities to the utmost. One of Malraux's characters, Garine, will say, "Any man who detaches himself from the Chinese life, from its rites and its vague beliefs and rebels against Christianism as well, is a good revolutionary." (C 197) To escape Confucianism was interpreted as the sacrifice of one's calm and serenity on the altar of the tumultuous general cause. Others, as was the case of the old intellectual, Lusin, the father of Chinese literary revolution, "whose intellectual honesty had often paralyzed action . . . and who frankly admitted that he was temperamentally disqualified for action but that he was willing to cheer or even follow the leaders in their fight for worthy causes,"[38] were of the utmost advantage to the country's change. Yet, the class of mandarins was such a powerful elite in those days, that Malraux will write, "There is no China to speak of. There are only Chinese elites." (TO 103) With the new consciousness, however, there was a good reason to believe that there would be a China to speak of, after all, and that the eternal elite "the dirty bunch of people, wise and debased" would be quieted down by the new wave of "a savage idealism" (C 197) that called for revolt. This revolt, the old Chinese passion for liberation, was being contaminated with the European infective agent of courage and was armed with the European spirit of organization, although Europe

as the dominating power, had begun to lose ground.

The whole continent of Asia was boiling; the millions were waking up after centuries of a deep sleep. Malraux wrote, "A new China is being born, that we find it hard to conceive; will she be shaken up by one of these collective emotions that have so many times capsized her? Even more powerful than the chanting of prophets, the deep grounded voice of destruction is already echoing in the furthermost corners of Asia." (TO 106)

That voice of destruction was forecasting the breaking down of one of man's greatest social systems, founded either on the total submission to gods or to man, "the mandarins' China, where woman is subservient to man, as man is subservient to State; and [where] to be man's servant is less hard than to be State's servant. De we live for ourselves? We are simply nothings. We live for the State in the present, for the order imposed upon us by our dead all along the unending centuries. . . ," (CH 47) as a Chinese mandarin, himself, described it.

The Chinese were realizing that their fate had to be taken into their own hands, since nothing would come from "the cooperation" with the European capitals. Action was needed to face the situation; it was only natural that the Asiatics would turn to the only organized effective force--the Communists and their effective methods of action. People who "at the end of their rope, dragged into

fool-hardy adventures by the force of events, [and who] desperately offer themselves to airplanes, bombs and machine-gun bullets to seek a death they no longer fear" are the best material to be molded by the Communists, no matter that "even the best educated do not know exactly what Communism is," adds Malraux.[39]

When Malraux landed in Indochina for the first time, the Chinese nationalist movement had already acquired a new friend, Soviet Russia. On January 1, 1924, an official agreement was reached between the Chinese President Sun Yat-Sen and the Soviet Ambassador to China, A. Joffe. The joint statement issued, included the following paragraph:

> Dr. Sun Yat-Sen holds that the Communist order, even the Soviet system, cannot actually be introduced into China, because there do not exist here the conditions for the successful establishment of either Communism or Sovietism. This view is entirely shared by Mr. Joffe, who is further of the opinion that China's paramount and most pressing problem is to achieve national unification and attain full national independence, and as regards this great task, he has assured Dr. Sun Yat-Sen that China has the warmest sympathy of the Russian people and can count on the support of Russia.[40]

The Communist-Kuomingtan agreement did not work. The Communists had hoped to utilize the nationalistic aspirations of Kuomingtan. The latter on the other hand, tried to exploit the Communist revolutionary techniques and the material aid coming from Russia. Even more important was the fact, that the Communists openly claimed

to support the nationalistic program of Kuomingtan. In the eyes of the people, they were allies. It was difficult for them to turn against their allies and "escape the charge of duplicity and treachery . . . an untenable position because of the [Chinese] deep-rooted ethical prejudices against duplicity and treachery."[41] The Soviet public position as stated in the 1924 Declaration, was that they were there not to bring about a Communist revolution in China, but to help China achieve national independence. The Soviet attitude had practically handcuffed the Chinese Communists, and was serving only the Russian interests. Furthermore, distrust of the foreigners who had dominated China for the last hundred years, did not exclude Soviet Russia whose intentions became suspicious after supporting the independence of Outer Mongolia and whose neutral position in the Sino-Japanese conflict was deeply resented by most of the Chinese. It is therefore only natural that the Soviet policy of "patience and incubation" adopted in order not to bring about an abortive revolution was of course opposed by many Chinese Communist leaders who felt that "tactically, expedience may be justified, but it is necessary to make sure that the expediency will not compromise the fundamental issues involved and damage one's own position. Revolution must be carried underground first, but once a revolution has come out into the open, it must fly its own colors and not borrow those of a potential

enemy."[42]

The Chinese nationalist feelings were strong. The first Chinese revolutionary army of Canton (1926) was basically nationalistic, although the main organizational hand was Communist. The Komintern tacticians were fully aware that the Chinese generals, their subordinate cadres, as well as most of the intellectuals, were not class-conscious, and consequently, would not accept the theory of the class struggle. Furthermore, in Shanghai one year later (1927) when a Communist take-over attempt failed, the Nationalistic army generals initiated an operational purge of a frightening magnitude.[43]

To add even more to this confusion, the West had also brought in China the dissident spirit, inseparable from individualism. Opposing factions were quickly formed, and in a short time they were fighting each other. In 1927, Malraux wrote, ". . . Our civilization brings its strength with its individualism; it organizes Asia, of course, but in factions opposing one another."[44] Since one of these factions, the Communists, were gaining ground more and more as the only supporters of a total freedom, their main organization, the Komintern in Moscow, seemed to have been able, in those days at least, to bring a solution to the problem. André Vandegans comments,

> . . . Unfortunately, the indifference of its agents towards "the human constants," their fascination for their techniques, the heavy weight of the

> doctrinal precepts . . . all these together compromised the action of Communism, and therefore the establishment of great collective values.[45]

China's tragedy was wearing a modern mask. It is within this turbulent framework that Malraux's characters fight for their lives, their freedom, and their dignity.

Except for a short stay at the end of August 1925 and a short visit in Shanghai in 1931, Malraux had not visited mainland China. The few days that he spent in Canton and later in Shanghai gave him a first-hand view of the physical environment of that country, which he fully utilized in his novels. The remaining details seem to have been supplied through reading and eyewitness accounts of the events.

The occurrences of the mid-twenties revealed the strength of the two Asiatic giants, India and China, and the proportion of their revolt against the domination of the European governments and American economic consortiums. Everything seemed to have been trembling under the gigantic weight of the massive movement whose effects reverberated all over the continent, and especially in Indochina, a country with centuries-long historical ties with China. It is in that French possession that Malraux witnessed the effects of the earthquake.

As Malraux was sailing for Saigon, the cablegrams from Canton were posted on the bulletin board; symbolically they announced and forecast simultaneously the present

and the future of the Asian continent:

> Each day, the news detail the [Asiatic] drama that is beginning; now, that drama is taking shape, a direct threat that haunts all those people on boat . . . What really seems to shock everyone . . . is the emergence of an unexpected will which appears to be as tenacious as the English will. (C113)

China was a propitious and more promising ground for revolutionary movement than Indochina. Malraux placed two of his first novels in the two Chinese cities that were drawing the world's attention--Canton in 1925, and Shanghai in 1927--both the material of a timely subject.

2. Revolution at work. To those who thought that Europe was going broke, and consequently left *heimatlos*, a restless Asia offered the chance to seek action and adventure. China, the sleeping giant, was awakening. For the Western man who had "reached a state of weariness with all that had sustained him theretofore,"[46] China was wide open, as well as receptive to the efforts of those natives who were "searching for deeper reasons for living or dying."[47] China was trying to find a new image for herself, she was waiting for ". . . the day [that] the world in which [she] lived [would] doubtless reel and collapse"; she was almost imperceptibly preparing for ". . . the collective appeal of the soul [that] swings men. . . ."[48]

For the adventure-seeking Western man the time was ripe to question himself and test his powers, to

arm himself and choose his weapons in order to break the chains of his desperate condition. It was a time for him to take a resolute and well-calculated step, in order to discover life, pressed by a deeply felt need to try consciously to be what one wants to be, to forcefully give an acceptable meaning to human existence through a way of being tied, immediately and organically, to all the turmoils of troubled times. It was also a time for a choice made through refusal, a struggle undertaken to reject the existing order of things rather than to create a new one. Furthermore, it was a choice based on a negative element, isolation, which carried within it the seed of inevitable defeat.

Western man aspired to be the hero of a life which is not at all like that of other men,[49] and his self-assigned mission ". . . was to teach the Chinese what a colossal potential force lay in the ideas leading to action,"[50] in a time when the drama of the Chinese spasm precipitated a convulsion embodied in a violent revolution threatening everybody and everything in that country.

What was the European mind bringing to China?

Officially it was Marxism that was advancing in China, with its stress on the will to change, a movement justified by its dialectical interpretation of history. Essentially, there were two influences that were shaking

the foundations of Chinese society: the Western predisposition for action, and Leninist Communism as a method of organizing workers' passions, as a means of preparing a vanguard, an elite group for revolution, the organized proletariat and its dictatorship.

The predisposition for action is a need felt from inside. It is the result of the discovery of the unique character of life, of death as an end to everything, of the vanity of the world in which we live. There is only one life, one life that one cannot afford to lose, even if it were to be given for one's own children. As the adventurer Garine remarks, "A life is worth nothing, but nothing is more valuable than a life." (C 299)

The methods of organization are a necessity imposed from the outside. They involve a program, a plan of action, which aims at a definite goal: the forceful overthrow of the existing economic and social structure and its replacement by a new tightly structured and materialistically oriented one.

The reaction to these two influences in China was not unanimous. Most of the young Chinese, drawn out of the mud and mire of a misery that the West finds difficult to imagine, welcomed the Western gift, "the creation constantly renewed by action of a world destined to action." (TO 20) They offered themselves to the liberation from misery, without forgetting it. In their somewhat confused

judgment one thing became clear to them--the concept of the uniqueness of life. With death having lost its frightening character, the only thing that remained to fear was the fear of spoiling one's only life. "When one has only one life, one does not try to change the social order," the Genovese anarchist Rebecci used to repeat to young Hong. (C 38) Every day of the past was hated because it was lost, just as everything that symbolized that past was detested. In Chinese society respectability was especially prestigious, and therefore the hate against it took the character of a duty. One must perform; one must act; that's essential. Malraux wrote:

> Concommitantly with the terror of a meaningless death, of a death that does not pay or compensate for life, the idea is born of the possibility for each man to win over the collective life of the unfortunates, to succeed in having that particular and individual life, that they confusedly maintained to be the most precious thing that rich people have. (C 137)

Consequently, only action compensates for rhetoric. Many of these youths ended in terrorism and violent action.[51]

Others, the not-so-young who rejected action as the most suitable solution, relied on the strength of moral values especially that of justice, a virtue held in esteem by the Chinese. They sided with the Revolution for moral reasons without really participating in it; they wanted to be judges and guardians. Seen through the eyes of the European adventurer Garine, their tendency toward

moral protests and their hope to win through justice, "does not express anything else but the greatest form of strength that could be found to hide the deep, irremediable weakness, so common among their [Chinese] race." (C 111)

That sentiment of justice had always been very powerful in China, and the Communist movement was judged from that vantage point. Opposed to action in general, and to violent action in particular, the Chinese "guardians of justice" felt that China did not have the need to become an experimental field for revolutionary activities. Tcheng-Dai, the most representative figure of this tendency accused Garine saying that, these activities would:

> contribute to maintain the fanaticism that has come with you [the Europeans]. . . . fanaticism whose value I do not not contest, but cannot accept. . . . It is on the truth that one should found. . . .
> - Do you believe, Mr. Tcheng-Dai, that England cares for justice as much as you do? asks Garine.
> - No! That's why we will end by winning . . . without violent action, without fighting. . . .
>
> And he continues:
> - Mr. Garine, if China is going to be other than the China of justice, the one that I have worked to build, . . . then I do not see the need of her existence. Let it remain a great memory . . . worthy of respect . . . .
> - Lord! Save us from saints, exclaims Garine.
>
> (C 155-156)

The wind of change, blowing from Europe, was not always welcome in China: it seemed, however, unavoidable, and consequently, the need to know Europe became indispensable. It was a privilege reserved for those who belonged to the aristocracy of mind. A Chinese mandarin commented,

> Savages with swords and the millions of the indifferent who know only the fear of the stick, are of little importance. Also of little importance are the silly ones intoxicated with university nonsense. It is the state of mind of our best brains that Europe attracts and disgusts at the same time, that really counts today in China. (TO 134)

China resembled an old building falling apart. With Confucianism having lost its justification, the whole country seemed to have been left without a soul. Europe tried to fill the gap, but was unsuccessful; the best Chinese minds hated her. Europe had only succeeded in ". . . making them sensitive--as it did for her strength--to the nothingness of all thought." (TO 137) What was left then in China was a furious desire for destruction, and after that, "wait and see!" Was China dying?

There was a general belief in China that the acquisition of the European culture would not change the Chinese, since it did not change the sentiments of a people that was hoping to commit itself to "some great Chinese thoughts, or some great Chinese action." (TO 147) They were not fully aware, however, that military courage, the taste for energy are European sentiments;

> I am waiting with a certain curiosity--writes the Chinese student Ling-W.--for someone who will come and tell them to ask for vengeance and not justice. The power of nations has grown very much since it has been based on the ethics of strength; what would be the action of those who are willing to risk their lives in the name of hatred? A new China is being created, which eludes even ourselves. Will she be shaken by one of these great collective emotions that so many times have overturned her? More powerful than the chant of prophets, the low

> voice of destruction is already heard in the furthest echos of Asia. (TO 149)

Furthermore, the old elite mandarins and the Western-influenced were very different. Little by little the latter was taking over the respected role of the old and was vying for the privileged position. The newly assigned and recognized role of this young generation was bringing about the transformation of the country.

If the Western voice of destruction was the temptation of the East, what was to be its future since the West itself "after having destroyed God and all that has opposed man, like Rancé, facing his mistress' body, has found only death?" (TO 158)

1925.

We are in Canton. Two main figures dominate the scene of this early revolutionary movement--Pierre Garine and Mikhail Borodine. They are both natives of countries that geographically belong to the European continent, but spiritually are totally different from each other--Switzerland and Old Russia. That basic difference is evident in the roles played by them, and willingly accepted, in the great Chinese drama.[52]

Garine is an adventurer, an "I" powerfully individualized; Borodine is a professional revolutionary, a technician at the service of a cause. For Garine, each

man has a unique life and represents a goal, an aim in himself; therefore, he is the object of the highest consideration and <u>the</u> supreme value. For Borodine, man is worthy of consideration in so far as he serves a goal; he is not an end in himself, but a means to achieve an end which eventually becomes <u>the</u> supreme value.

None of them is politically innocent or inexperienced. As Crane Brinton would put it, ". . . they are not academic theorists totally unadapted to action. On the contrary, they are admirably adapted . . . the special, the unique environment of the crises. That's why they succeed."[53] But Garine is also a René or a Manfred ". . . somber, tortured, terrifying, a solitary savage rebel seeking in the revolution what René had sought in the American forests," as Edmund Wilson saw it.[54] "It seems to me, that by doing what I am doing here [in China], I am fighting against human absurdity," says Garine. This absurdity had taken the form of the established order of society, of the Chinese society and against the evident, concrete form of it revolt was possible. Since "the object of social order is the reduction of man to the level of a termite . . . violent action can strike a blow to destiny by tearing a vent in the established order, destiny's creature."[55] Furthermore, since this pertains to a "true believer," Garine, while serving the Chinese revolution, found in his struggle most of the

psychological satisfaction commonly supplied by a solid faith, or a religion. At the service of a Communist revolution he finds that Marxist will and determination "not to interpret, but to change the world." The call for struggle and its dynamic appeal were powerful enough to mobilize the energies of a young adventurer who was looking for a battleground to which to commit himself. The Chinese revolutionary atmosphere offered, if nothing else, at least a hope that kept the search for a solution alive and active. In the revolution, and through the revolution Garine wanted to be himself, to be the image of his dreams. As such, he is the forefather of the many idealists whose time was running out, and whom Malraux was to meet later in the battlegrounds of Asia and Europe. One may ask together with the writer, "What do we see in him?" and answer, "The clear will to struggle despite the lack of doctrine."

That struggle is an affirmation used as a self-support rather than as justification, by a conscience, lucid and passionate at the same time, which ". . . is affected more by what the world could be than by what it actually is," (JE 153) and that cannot ". . . lower itself to becoming but aspires to being someone." (TO 76)

Paul Bénichou writes: "Misery allows but one exit to those who want to be great; the yielding of power (as a barbarian affirmation of oneself) and the empire."[56] Western man, nourished by a promise and a hope of a

veritably human life, suffers from the fever of power. "Just think, my friend," exclaims a European youth, "that by us there is not one man who has not conquered Europe." (TO 74) The glory of the past and its appeal move him as the thought of vanishing without a trace gives death the tragic impact of the irreversible. Hence, we find the Western "attempt to conquer time, to make the prisoner of its forms . . . to bring the world to man," (TO 92) during <u>one</u> human life. That life, limited in its extension should be characterized by its other dimension, the intensity, the extremeness in strength, force and energy and the infinite possibilities offered by it.

For Garine, one of these possibilities was offered by China "the very empire of disorder." The practical task was a formidable one, to organize this empire for a confrontation with the people "that more than anyone else represents the will, the tenacity, the strength," namely, England. (C 11) The field of action was very large and had many purposes: teach the Chinese people ideas that lead to action, convince the coolies that they exist, "simply are alive," organize them, make good soldiers of them, inject into their blood the European poison of courage, unknown to them at that time, and hopefully alert them, tell them that there <u>is</u> such a thing as human life. "After all," says Garine, "it is the sentiment of possessing a particular life, distinct from God, that made the

strength of Christianity." (C 138)

One sentiment dominates Garine's activity--impatience, a fundamental attitude in a revolution,--and one fixed idea directs it, "to obtain a certain form of power." (C 84) That power he knows full well can be obtained only "through a blind peasant stubbornness through a persevering energy" (C 88) which he has learned and acquired in Canton. That power, however, is a means to a more advanced goal-- "to add to what we possess, the man or the element that we are missing." (C 88) He hates the pervading Chinese velleity, that lowest degree of desire for change," the Chinese reverence for wisdom and not for glory, their inclination toward calm even in dreams.[57] He struggles to force the Chinese to take resolute steps, to involve them in actions, even small ones, to nourish them with victories, even costly ones, to convince them that their lives "will lose their values if they are beaten, that they will once again become nothings, since they are tied to the fate of Revolution." (C 139)

To be nothing means to be humiliated to the point where one cannot stand up anymore. It means to become wretched. Garine, in his youth, had lived that experience. "Deep in my heart," he says, "there are old resentments that have contributed a lot to tie me to the Revolution." (C 140) He will never allow himself to go back to those days. Now in Canton, fighting for the Chinese, he is

bolstering the confidence in his strength, buttressing with experience, in a struggle for the creation of a new China, a powerful China that will build new and enduring hopes in the hearts of millions yearning for a new start, for a new life[58] "the hope of people which is their reason for living and dying." (C 196) Through this creative act --of a new society and of a new man--Garine defends also himself against the anxiety caused by the absurdity of life, against the fear of the irreversible threat of annihilation of death.

Garines' flaw is his self-isolation; he feels painfully lonely, because he does not project himself into the realm of humanity.[59] His assertions do not tend to a purposeful end; he does not even like people, including poor people, those for whom he is fighting. His assertions are genuine means of combat, but they lead to dead ends. The passionate Garine does not think of the established social order as susceptible of change and improvement. He thinks of it as totally absurd, without any interest in being changed. Finally, he descends to asking for a form of power which dominates, oppresses and, ultimately destroys. Able to prepare, probably even to conquer, but certainly not to consolidate and survive his conquest Garine is like "those knights who are able to enter palaces containing the objects of their dreams, thanks to their victories, and then would encounter nothing but long contours of

shadows." (JE 147) As a matter of fact, he belongs to a distinctive class of individuals for whom "the revolutionary spirit is only generated by an emerging Revolution, a class for which Revolution is, above all, a state of affairs." (C 78) This spirit operates with a series of spontaneous acts tending toward a shifty goal, as these acts lose their meaning with the achievement of the goal itself. "If I have joined the revolution," says Garine, "it is because its results are elusive and always changing." (C 249) Malraux stresses the fact that this violent youth "is delivered from the ignoble vanity of naming greatness the scorn for a new life that they do not know how to attach themselves to." (JE, last paragraph) Garine himself explains, "I am aware that throughout life I will find the social order at my side, and I know that I will never be able to accept it without renouncing alltbat makes me what I am." (C 75) Why fight then? Because, in spite of everything, there is, always, one thing that counts--not to be defeated.[60]

Garine had a certain idea of revolution in a preconceived doctrine which tended to organize an ideal without really knowing how. It was something vague, inexact, more as a movement than as a fixed image, something tending towards a goal, which for him was a revolutionary disposition, a state of constant availability and courage. Although Garine was a man of ideas, he realized nevertheless

that his entangled situation would not be resolved without an assistance offered by the concrete aspects of the outside world, of the moment and the place. That realization brought him to China and to the Cantonese uprisings.

His availability leaned towards the proletariat, "the perennial vanquished." To those who hated the bourgeois life and values, it meant the other side of the coin, the clear conscience of an innocent class; proletariat was for them a moral asset, accusing the immoral liability of the bourgeois world. When revolution came, Garine was offered a chance to show his preference and his willingness to join "his brothers-in-arms," with the definite goal of asking and obtaining the most that he could for them. Joining them in a revolutionary and historical action, Garine, at least, transcended his individualism and entered the large historical and social context, as a maker of history.

From this aspect, Garine is an exemplary figure; he is "the new type" who had succeeded in finding an acceptable solution to the difficult drama of the European intellectual "who would like to be a revolutionary, and yet he cannot be one."[61]

He fights to keep alive the mythology of action, which involves more responsibility to act than to justify the cause that he defends; as a matter of fact, the action of this responsible leader is valued by the results he

obtains. As Malraux explained it, Garine does not have to define what is good, but to do it. Revolution for him is the supreme adventure. He is victorious through his struggle, but he has to die by his own victory, since he cannot establish another order, acceptable to him, although less hateful than the one he destroyed.

Garine is the individual facing inextricable problems. Squarely placed in the midst of a bourgeois society --which he detests with passion--and of the crisis of that society's values, Garine tries to give a meaning to his life. Clearly aware of his human limitations, and especially of death, he reacts with a conscientious and net refusal to submit to the blind chain of events that he knows he cannot control. There lies his greateness--to know that one cannot win and yet to refuse to give up the struggle, contemplating scornfully the inevitable defeat.

Borodine, unlike Garine, possesses a doctrine, a teaching, a body of principles which in his case is a dogma, Communism. His dogma is formally stated and authoritatively imposed. As an organizer, he possesses special qualities of leadership, combining reliance on theory with a keen sense of practical circumstances, generally recognized as characteristics of Communist behavior, and often times of parish priests as well.[62] As a Communist leader, he acquiesces in the need for thinking of everything: Can it be used for my purpose,

and how? As a technician he works well and hard; he is courageous, very simple and endowed with the virtues of action. For him, "China is a raw material." (C 22)

Borodine is the model for many others who are at the service of "the directed" revolution. His revolutionary impetus is subordinated to the needs of final victory, just as feudal honor was at the service of the king and just as the religious ardor of the inquisitors was at the service of faith.[63]

Garine accuses him of being possessed of an unbearable Bolshevik mentality and a stupid exaltation of discipline. Borodine, however, organizes the workers' committees with people who have never been accounted for, and encourages the never-ending voiceless lines of faceless ones to voice their demands. He makes of them expressive creatures and gives them, through their participation, the feeling of a certain importance, of a dignified life. Borodine organizes the army with efficiency and determination. He promulgates decrees, orders direct executions, and imposes taxation. The exigencies of exercising power are primordial; they come even before the very goals of revolution. At this point, for him, they are <u>the</u> revolution. "Revolution," says Borodine to Hong, "is to pay the army." (C 227) Borodine patiently builds the ground floor of a Communist structure, whose project he knows well; he admires energy, appreciates intelligence,

but essentially demands total obedience. Borodine simply serves the proletariat, ". . . that nucleus which should become conscious of itself, which should grow to seize power." (C 279) With his work Borodine builds the Red Army, a new institution where Garine's role is no longer necessary; the whole new structure is very impersonal, and "the human, all too human Garine" is excluded. "There is no room in Communism for someone who wants to first . . . be himself, to be different from the others," explains Nicolaieff. (C 279)

Around these two main personalities rotates a group of lesser figures; most of them are failures in their lives. Now, for reasons not always noble, they are caught in the whirlwind of the Revolution. There is the young Gérard, a Frenchman, who assists, and is expected to replace, Garine. He is initiated into the bloody scenes of the Cantonese movement, and accepts all with a certain attitude of distance from the masses that he does not understand, yet serves. There is a Rebecci, a Genovese, former anarchist who never went beyond dreaming, because he did not know what he wanted, and who ended by becoming a police informer and merchant of mechanical birds. He succeeds in passing his dreams on to a Chinese boy, Hong, a courageous young man with a tremendous capacity for hate, making a terrorist of him. There is Lambert, who before Garine, has left without a trace, like a shady

character into the darkness. There is "the delegate," a Baltic, the assistant-delegate Meunier, a Frenchman, and the German Klein, who are all professionals; they simply serve by organizing. Somewhat different from the others is Nicolaieff, a former police agent of the Tzarist regime, who now under Borodine's supervision is doing the job of the security officer. Heartless, cruel and inhuman, he is the symbol of the most repulsive role in a revolutionary movement, and, by an irony of fate, the representative of the new, _de facto_ ruling class.[64]

Referring to Borodine, the adventurous Garine complains: "If the Communists of the Roman type, if I may say so, namely, those who from Moscow defend the acquisitions of the Revolution are unwilling to accept the revolutionaries of . . . how should I say, the conqueror's type who are busy working and giving them China. . . ." (C 279) There is, indeed, a definite dualism in the attitude of the Europeans in Canton. One seems to be a short-lived idealism with a stress on the central importance of our basic urges, of the nature of our objective mental images, conflicting with the existing order of things. The "other" is skillful, businesslike, systematic activity, dealing with events in an opinionated way, obsessed by the practical consequences of thought and action, trying to establish a new order. It is a dualism that we have seen before, on a higher level and in a more conceptualized

form, in Malraux's idea on Athens and Rome, and which we will again see later in Malraux's political analysis of Western Europe and Soviet Russia.[65] Athens remained essentially the bearer of something new in the world, "that appeal of Justice, superseding the wrath of Achilles, . . . answering the book of Job, and voiced . . . by Antigone . . ." (MD 60); Rome remained the city of strength, power and enjoyment, as well as abuse and the shame of slavery; it is a city lacking in imagination and sensitivity that compensated with tenacity and pride; it is an empire with a most efficient fighting machine which views everything, even war, as a practical matter, and approaches it as businessmen would. It is a cruel and relentless world where human life is cheap. A Chinese student visiting Rome, noted, ". . . And to the exalted individual, as well as to the self-scrutinizing one, the Seven hills [of Rome] will teach submission." (TO 51)

Ten years later, in Spain, the Soviet journalist Golovkine, will say the same thing relating to the anarchists, Christian moralists and other non-Party affiliated volunteers: "They will have to change, or die . . ." (E 212) The wily Nikolaieff is right in saying about Garine: ". . . Better for him to return to Europe and die in peace and glory. The days for people like him are coming to an end. . . ." (C 263) Having Nicolaieff, the utterly corrupt security man express this devastating truth, Malraux

apparently wished to dramatize the end of the conqueror's era by adding insult to injury.

"Ah! How much I would like to see China five years from now!" exclaims Garine before leaving Canton for Europe. We see China again after two years, in 1927 and in Shanghai. The individual conqueror has run its course. The revolution is seen in the perspective of the revolutionary groups, rather than through the eyes of the individual. The fraternity of arms which brought the adventurer physically into the revolutionary ranks is replaced by the fraternity of men, a communion which brings the revolutionaries wholly into the common battlefield, where humans life and die together.

Garine's activity has given its fruits; he has succeeded in recruiting and training elite troops, the vanguard of revolution. We now have a new situation.

The new structure of the revolutionary movement is composed of two main elements--the most conscious sections of the Chinese organized workers, whose ranks by now have swollen and are at the point of taking over the leading role of the revolution; and, "the delegates," the military experts of the Komintern. The new Chinese class has grown in stature, consciousness and number, and China is pregnant with a deeply felt need and impatience for immediate change; it is ready for revolution.

The elite group, however, still consists of individuals who have accepted participation in the group for the sake of an efficiency, which is greater than that of the sum total of single participants. They are not yet simple militants, members of the party, and their place in the future socialist society is hard to predict without the element of fear being a factor. Yet, they have advanced leaving behind the Garine-type revolutionary man who looked at the Revolution as a means to achieve a goal rather than as a goal in itself, and who used the Revolution not as a prodigious effort to liberate the commmunity of man, but as a valuable instrument to satisfy deep personal needs and resolve personal problems.

Their potential is colossal, because they lean their demands on the aspirations of the large Chinese masses, "irresistible in the sheer force of their number. This multitude of poor and downtrodden, whom every century before has hidden in darkness and shame . . . They [the revolutionaries] offer space and light to this immense majority who are not free because they are driven by daily needs."[66]

Their chances for winning are good, because they are imitating the European example of courage, spirit of sacrifice, and organization.[67] In the old continent this spirit has been the property of a selected few, who in the face of persecution, torture and death have stood up,

spoken and acted, bringing hope where there was none, and the promise of a new life for the millions decayed in servitude and submission, a new life for those who hide their faces because they cry, a new life for the descendants of those who for centuries faded away, silently, in impotence, fear and ignorance.

In Shanghai there are no more Garines--savage, individualist, conqueror-types who could not insert the inner "I" into the outside man. They are replaced by more subdued dreamers whose idealism takes a more definable form and whose sense of sacrifice is not an act of desperation, but a call of duty as a divine favor of grace. Young, educated, bright and courageous, the new figure is again an outcast. Like Garine, half-European, half-Japanese, Kyo Gisors, is a Marxist because of his will to see a different world, the Soviet Republic of China, one of the great thoughts and actions dreamed of and long awaited by many millions of young Chinese. He is a Marxist, because he wants to fight the humiliation brought on these millions of lost souls who fight for daily bread and for the very possibility of eating, miserably though it might be. He is a Marxist, because he wants their daily work and sweat to make sense, to be a meaningful effort, to enrich and support their existence, and not to alienate them. He wants to bring about a new world that will be a conquest of dignity for those millions who are not aware of it.

He wants to fight a world that he hates, and Marxism satisfies that urge for hate, as well as his thoughts and dreams of bringing about a new world for all those now starving slowly as during a plague. He wants to give new meaning to the lives of those that have nothing. He wants China to be a fatherland, not a wasteland and a location for exile. His father, the old Gisors, had told him,

> Marxism is not a doctrine, it is a will; it is for the proletariat and its allies,--you--the will to establish an identity, to feel exactly what you are, and to win by being such as you are; you should not be Marxist in order to be right, but in order to win without betraying your own self. (CH 56)

By joining the community of men, Kyo has made a qualitative jump over Garine.[68] Kyo's defense is in the creative act of a China which he hopes will be free from hunger and free from fear. It is not a China putting its colossal power into the hands of those who dream to compel, to constrain, to coerce. Unlike Garine, he knows China too well to love her too much. Still quite young, he has left his home to work as a coolie and as a docker to see life for himself. Sharply aware of the prevailing misery, he serves with the devotion of a worker priest. As far as his action is concerned, no questions are asked, because there is no conflict; he is there to help his brothers in the beseeching order of the Revolution. Like Garine, he is without will for everything that is not action. In the presence of his intellectual father his

will might be changed into intelligence; this is something that he does not like, because he is afraid that "he would begin to show interest in beings rather than in forces." (CH 35) Like Garine, he lives in the atmosphere of revolutionary activities like a fish in his own waters. Malraux writes: "In order to corrupt the guard, a Chinese merchant had hung small pastries on the barbed wires. A good way to poison the guards, eventually, thought Kyo." (CH 22)

Yet Kyo cannot escape his solitude, ". . . the unalterable solitude behind the mortal multitudes." (CH 46) He discovers that he is only himself after he heard the phonograph and did not recognize his voice. He realizes that he is alone after May's confession of adultery.[69] He finds himself so different from what the others think he is. When the Party machine condemns him and his friends by ordering the rendering of their arms to Tchiang Kai Shek troops, Kyo's world collapses as he enters Shanghai alone, abandoned, and sacrificed by the divinities of the Kremlin.[70] Finally, before the torturer Koenig, Kyo discovers "how exhausting it is to be forced to find shelter only in yourself." (CH 233)

If Kyo has been unable to win over his solitude, he has succeeded however, in winning against destiny through his meaningful and honorable life, as well as through his death which resembled that life. One is

right to recall the word "dignity" before the butcher Koenig, who brings him death.[71] He was fighting for the community of men, he was moaning with them in prison, and he was joining "the plaintiff murmure of sacrificial suffering." (CH 274) In this condemned community, where the surrounding and victorious death filled him with despair, he found at least the fraternity brought by a common struggle and a compassion for his comrades in distress and misfortune. His loneliness had been conquered as he was tied to them in death even more than he was during his life, in a communion that was stronger than the fear of death itself. He was fighting for what, in his time, made sense the most and engendered the greatest hope. He was dying to give death a meaning as he gave meaning to his life and to the lives of all those who were lying in prison. And at the end, he was elated to see that "it was easier to die when one does not die alone: death saturated with a tremulous brotherly emotion. . . ." (CH 247), and that he would not be forgotten--

> In the repression that was crushing exhausted China under its boots, in the anxiety and the hope of the masses, the action of Kyo will remain chiseled forever as were the inscriptions of primitive empires which were cut deep in the gorges of the rivers. . . . (CH 274)

Kyo's main characteristic is his total commitment to action. His main problem--the word being understood as a situation in which there is no solution to be found--

is the opposition between his tendency to expand and to deepen the Chinese revolution and his commitment to the Party and to the Komintern. Even his private life is determined by the exigencies of the revolutionary action, as it was for every revolutionary leader who looked at the revolution as his reason for living, as it was for Saint-Just during the French revolution. Action in itself is determined by the imminence of the struggle, which for Kyo was the insurrection of the Shanghai Communist group. And, when the insurrection tended to be almost totally independent on the cadres and the assistance of Komintern, defeat became inevitable because the interests of the same masses that Revolution was expected to serve and defend did not satisfy the long-range perspectives of a wider plan that recommended a moratorium on the revolution at that junction.

Next to Kyo is another finger of the handful of revolutionaries of Shanghai; it is the almost saintly Katow, for whom life and Revolution meant one single thing. As a matter of fact, Katow has no private life, as everything in him is revolutionary action. "Neither a hothead nor a fanatic or an adventurer,"[72] he is the least "European" of them all, in that he has many qualities in common with other people. He is closer to the totality of humaneness, to what is creditable in man. He is the example of man's total commitment to his ethical principles; he wants to be.

Prone to sacrifice--grace bestowed upon him had taken that form--characterized by a constant volunteering, Katow, like Kyo, reaches his brothers in the Revolution with his purity of heart and intent, and with his readiness to give, always give for others. His thirst for the absolute consists in his absolute offer of himself at the service of humanity; and, in so doing, he succeeds in being the artifex of his own destiny and makes his victory over death and annihilation possible. By joining the Revolution Katow has set the ground for his work that eventually will give man a new image, a new dimension enabling him to impose himself over the crushing disorder represented by the reactionary establishment of law and order.

Katow relies on firm convictions, and does not pose any more questions or need any answers. He proceeds with calm and confidence toward complete fulfillment, namely, self-immolation. Like Dostoievski's Mitya, Katow "wanted to make himself another man by suffering . . . he was in love, passionately in love with suffering."[73] Like Kyo Gisors, Katow is adding a new dimension to human dignity. He is fighting in order to give to others the fruits of his victory. His efficiency is supreme, because he has chosen his own path with enthusiasm. Like Kyo's Katow's example inspires the rest of the revolutionaries in the Shanghai group moreth an the often empty phraseology of Communist propaganda.[74] He succeeds in consoling

Hemmelrich by understanding him. Tchen is closer to him than to any other andhis past, known to his friends, is "a legend of strength and generosity that follows him." Because the real revolutionary virtue of Katov, as it was for Kyo and to a lesser degree for all the devoted revolutionaries, is the tendency to save oneself through a constant concern for others, rather than allow oneself to weaken in despair and exhausting self-concern; not "I" Katow would say with Malraux, but "man" wherever he is being crushed is my main concern.[75]

The young Tchen, like the terrorist Hong of The Conquerors, represents revolt in extremis. He cannot accept an ideology that does not transform itself into immediate and violent action. The more he thinks, the more he feels the need to push his action further and further, as if pulled by a sense of fatality that cannot be stopped. "Soon I will be killed," he says, as he is fully determined to endow his death with the same importance and meaning that others give to their lives. He strongly wishes "To die in the most exalted possible way!" (C 123) That is to say, to live one's own life in full. The fascination that death exercises on him brings him total appeasement, something even deeper than that, an ecstasy, "an ecstasy that pulls one down." (CH 123)

Tchen is more educated than Hong. He hates with the same force, but he is able to explain and justify his actions. A former student of an American pastor, he has replaced one passion by another, politics for religion. Even more significant is the fact that he has joined the Revolution in a readiness to give his life for it. Unlike Hong who looked at the Revolution as an instrument of satisfying his hate, Tchen advanced in his revolutionary activities; he realizes however that there are some inner forces, sometimes deeper and stronger than the cause he is serving, that drive him irresistibly toward death and the appeasement of his hatred. Talking to an American pastor, he explains, "I am not looking for peace. I am looking for . . . the opposite, [since] I do not like a humanity which contemplates suffering." (CH 136) He is deeply anti-Christian as he hates the idea of submissiveness or of any compromise. Even action, the most dangerous action, appears like an adventure to him. There is only one thing that counts for him, the absoluteness of the moment of death. Consequently, terrorism becomes the very meaning of his life, just as for him "it is the complete possession of oneself." (CH 150) The self-isolation of the terrorist forcefully imposed on himself, brings him the absolute solitude of a mystic: "Solitude first, that the terrorist should decide alone, execute alone . . . the last solitude . . . not to look for your own people . . ."

(CH 189) Tchen's first killing separates him from the world permanently. As he evolves, alone in his suffocating atmosphere, he tries to give a meaning to that solitude through violence in solitary action because, "with all the intimacy of death, with all that brotherly weight that covers him, he feels that he is not one of their friends." (CH 85)

Tchen does not go as far as Hong who says, "Any social order is nothing but filth"; he believes in the Revolution and he serves it as an ally, but he also thinks that the uniqueness of life is essential. One should not lose or waste it. That is all! This is the basic lesson that the two Chinese young men have learned from the two very different Westerners, Rebecci, the anarchist, and the American pastor. This lesson has taken root in a ground fertilized by misery and humiliation. Both of them have reacted violently to the European poison of revolt. Like soldiers and brigands they have freed themselves from misery through courage. They have made the decisive jump into the world of action, rejecting with hatred everything that is Chinese and that could keep them back, such as the Chinese order!

Having had no life to speak of in the past and having no patience for the future (they do not believe in God, and they expect an immediate death), they both place importance in the present, and in so doing, they appease

their hate and thirst for violent action. Rejecting both the innate Chinese dislike for action and the Christian appeal for peace and serenity, Hong and Tchen found themselves attached to revolution and, jumping out of that passive boat called China, they landed on the shores of a continent devoted to action and appealing to its strongest form, the durable one. For them, there was a whole new life to gain . . . Their main difference consists in their relationship with the leaders of the Revolution. Hong, extremely individualistic, refuses to accept the Party's directives and ends in opposing it and being condemned by it; he is an enemy. Tchen, accepts the Party, however reluctantly, fulfills its instructions, even kills defenseless merchants, an act that he finds nauseating; but he cannot help feeling lonely; individual action is sacred to him as the logic of organization and the commonly conducted action do not satisfy in full his leaning toward violent acts.

The two Chinese youths, Souen and Pei are somewhat eclipsed by the powerful and violent figure of Tchen. And yet, it is they who are the pioneers of the forthcoming Chinese society. Aware of their status as oppressed workers, through systematic indoctrination, they have joined the revolution with the intention of serving their class and the determination to act in an organized form. They are the exemplary material of modern revolutions, whose path is traced in advance and whose march is gradual, calculated,

with a clear perspective. Pei, whose intellectual abilities allow him to write articles on China's clandestine magazines, dreams of China as a great country, in both size and grandeur. Communist revolution for him "is the only real way of reviving China." (CH 148) For Souen, a less educated worker, Communist revolution is basically the means of making but a life for his own people, with or without China. "The poor people! It is only for them that he accepts death and killing. Only for them." (CH 148) Souen the worker, is captured and massacred in Shanghai. Pei, the intellectual, succeeds in escaping to Soviet Russia, where he finds in his work his raison d'être, and "in place of Gods, the human force struggling with the Earth." (CH 269) Eventually he will return to China to continue work left unfinished.[76]

Hemmelrich, a Belgian, is what one might call a rather ordinary type in the world of Revolution; he is totally submissive to the Party that he serves faithfully. Having failed to make something of himself in Europe, he has come to China to try again, as he earns a living in a record shop. Always poor, with hands tied by a social order that he thinks denies him dignity, he works to simply survive the dagger of starvation. To complicate things even further, he is tied to a sick wife and child whose sufferings have almost knocked him out of the field of revolutionary action. He resents this family situation.

Then one day, his family is massacred and he experiences a feeling of total freedom. On his way to seek revenge, he finds for the first time in his life, that, joining in a battle, he has killed an enemy with joy; "One can kill with love, with love, for God's sake," (CH 207) he screams. He has unreservedly served the Party, to which he submits himself totally. Hemmelrich escapes the massacre by a miracle and ends up in Soviet Russia as a worker in an electrical plant, where he is happy to spend his life in blue overalls. Hemmelrich precedes those technicians of revolution whose integration within the Party is total and who will be serving the new insurrections all around the world.

The European lady-physician May, like Katow, is imbued with the idea of sacrifice; in joining the revolution she has found herself in the suffering world of the sick and poor, of the oppressed and the persecuted. Although she renders a great service to the revolutionary movement, she is kept out of its activities. Malraux's characters feel that violent action is suited to a man's physical build and purposely excludes women. That is why we do not see her arrested, tortured, or killed. She leaves China to join her people in a less dangerous world, probably in a world where sweat replaces blood. But May introduces a new element in Malraux's world, namely, the women that is not dominated by man. This

might be because of her participation in the revolutionary activities, in the world of equals; and, as such, she reflects one more noble aspect of the revolution. Contrary to the tendencies of Malraux's adventurers to treat women as inferior beings in order to strengthen their inner feeling of superiority in an act of domination, Kyo treats her as a companion who supports him in his struggle against the degraded world of capitalism that denies her individuality. Even the momentary weakness of May, who accepts making love to a former comrade ready to leave for the front lines "and who is so close to dying" (CH 42) is overcome thanks to her participation in the revolutionary activities whose importance overshadows the problems of private lives.

The second element of the Chinese revolution in Shanghai is represented by the delegates and the military experts of Komintern, the people from and for Moscow. We are only told that General Gallen is a military leader and the organizer of the Communist "iron army," the nucleus of the coming Chinese army. The other delegates are the direct subordinates of Borodine. The secretary of the delegation is a comrade who organized the first insurrection in Finland. In the Shanghai section we find Vologuine, "heavy, looking more like a mature woman than a man . . . with fine features . . . plunged in his armchair . . . expressionless . . . with his

ecclesiastical hands. . . ." (CH 111-116) It is from this near-robot type that Kyo learns that all odds are against his Shanghai revolutionary group, and the fatal decision that Moscow is not ready to jeopardize a preestablished plan. ("There is a fatalism in Marxism, Kyo used to think, and I am suspicious of it." (CH 114) As he feels helpless and his ground slipping as in a dream, Kyo thinks that it is useless to open one's mouth in that stifling atmosphere. Moscow, however, needs time, claiming that the conditions are not ripe for a Communist revolution which must be achieved by the workers. The Chinese thesis, defended by Kyo, of a peasant revolution is antagonistic to doctrinaire Marxism and, therefore, rejected by Moscow with scorn.

The following dialogue follows:

> The peasant always follows, either the worker or the bourgeoisie, [says Vologuine]. But he always follows. . . .
> -You are sacrificing us without appeasing Chiang-Kai Shek. Borodine may as well tell Moscow. . . .
> It was the only hope for Kyo
> -Moscow knows it: the order to surrender the weapons was given the day before yesterday.
> Heartbroken Kyo did not answer. . . . (CH 114-116)

Kyo had one more acquaintance, Possoz, a former anarchist turned Bolshevik. As he was explaining his desperate situation, Kyo noticed that Possoz was becoming more and more uneasy. Finally Possoz said, "I have worked in the watch industry for fifteen years; I know what it means to be like the wheels that turn each other. If one does not have faith in the Komintern, one should not be in

the party." (CH 127)[77]

Hopeless and helpless, Kyo had only one desire: to leave Hankeou--

> Characterized by one singular feature: HUNGER. As it was not with Tchen, Kyo felt that in the very same night across China and all the way westward up to the heart of Europe, people like him were hesitating, torn by the same torment between imposed discipline and the massacre of their own friends. . . . (CH 130)

Moscow! A name that sounds like a fatality spelling death and destruction. Moscow! A new mystery that envelopes the perennial tragic destinies of the millions yearning to be free in a new life. Moscow! A lonely modern Jupiter, powerful and suspicious, whose whims decide the success or the failure of all revolutions, helping them, dooming them, directing them through its faithful vassals on earth.

It appears that Revolution devours its best children and that it lives on the sacrifices of those who support it and grows with the myth of the martyrs, the heroes of the Revolution, of those who do not survive it. There is a strange dual purpose in Revolution, a twofold distinction and contrast, of the present and of the future, of actual existence and of times yet to come. In Malraux's world of revolution Kyo, Katow and the group of Shanghai--like Garine in Canton--kindle the torch of the Revolution and consume themselves in its flames, in its light and its heat. Borodine and the delegates supply it

with new sources of fuel during the darkness of night in order to extinguish it at the dawn of the new day. Leon Trotsky wrote about this phenomenon as follows: "If the Russian revolution has made possible the Chinese revolution, the Russian leaders have choked it."[78]

Two major elements found in Canton have lost most of their weight in Shanghai--England and Tcheng-Dai, intrepid tenacity and powerful moral force. Both of them are metamorphosed into two elements of smaller stature. England is replaced by concessions and the rich quarters of Shanghai; Tcheng-Dai, to a large extent, by the old professor Gisors, an outsider to revolution. None of them, however, has either the strength or the influence of the former. Now, it is the people, the suffering masses of China that emerge as the powerful potential factor of the gigantic struggle.

The rapport among the different forces also has changed. The Red Army has a nucleus that has increased in size and strength since the days of the Canton government. Its main adversary now is no longer traditional England, but rather its former ally, Kuomintang, defender of the concessions and of the rich quarters.[79]

The main representative of this new camp is a European, the French industrialist Ferral, symbol of modern capitalism, of its effective génius for organizing, and of the unappeasing Western world. The British Empire

was unmasking itself, and the Chinese proletariat was preparing to face, in a mammoth duel, its real enemy; international capital. Ferral, a twentieth century Rastignac, resembles the adventurer Garine in that he seeks unlimited power and that it uses the system, capitalism, and its overseas extensive imperialism, to achieve one single goal: domination. Malraux wrote, "An individualist . . . he was always busy depositing millions as steps of a ladder to climb and rule over Paris. (CH 72) It is to him that the old Gisors speaks: "Man has no desire to rule: he wants to coerce, you have said it. To escape from the human condition. I was telling you before. Not to be powerful: but all powerful . . . Each man aspires to be a God!" (CH 185-186)

For Ferral only the act justifies life and satisfies Western man. "A man is the sum total of his acts, of what he has _done_, of what he can do; nothing else," (CH 185) he says. He well knows how to act and execute vigorously, but he is not able to act without an established government, a concrete form of oppression. He is twice the adversary of the revolution. In principle, he cannot understand how people can give their lives for an ideal;[80] and, in practice, he does everything in his power to reinforce the efficiency of the government structure in order to keep the march of the revolution in check. He orders, uses, rejects, and humiliates people to corroborate his

determination to coerce and rule.[81] He reduces his subordinates to the status of a machine, he has a special talent for denying them their individualities, and he refuses to treat them as human beings by asking them only to serve. In his effort to corrupt everybody, he says "To use Chiang-Kai Shek was becoming possible." (CH 71) He is definitely close to that other adventurer Perken in that he shares his daring, his initiative and his desire; like him, Ferral wants to leave a scar on the map. He is the typical conquering bourgeois, who has no scruples and knows no limitations; and finally, ends by being powerless in front of a mass meeting of a formless multitude, when even his own driver abandons him. Left alone in the street "He could only listen and wait, a situation that he detested more than anything else in the world." (CH 67) He is also rejected by his own colleagues who, while chewing candies with boredom, dump his ambition as they do wrapping paper, into the waste basket. The conqueror is conquered by the technocrats. "He had made efficiency his essential value . . . [And now] being weaker than they in his own system, he knew that whatever he might be thinking was fruitless." (CH 266) An active pessimist, his present could not be anything else but a world of repression.[82] Therefore, he has no future.

In the midst of confusion brought about by revolutionary action, there is a voice of pure intellect, a source of wisdom, an altar for confession. It is the calm, almost invisible figure of Kyo's father, the old Gisors. Possessed of superior intelligence, he is actively involved in understanding people, in grasping basic truths, and the essential element of man's fate. Alone and detached from the rest of the world he discovers within each human life an anxiety constantly generated by the fear of death, as well as a deeply felt desire to escape that anxiety through action or dreaming, conquest, power, domination or escape through illusions, women, and opium. He understands the others thanks to his natural inclination to join them, even his adversaries, as he proceeds in the search for the roots of their malaise.

Although a Marxist by conviction, his intelligence having weakened his will, Marxism has become a kind of fatalism. The other aspect, that will to act and change the world, does not appeal anymore to him. He is interested in beings rather than in the components of a large revolutionary movement aiming at overthrowing the existing social order. And yet, he is lucid enough to recognize that "to know only through intelligence is a futile attempt to forget the passing of time." (CH 183)

His great uneasiness is caused by his only attachment to life, his son Kyo. In Kyo's absence, all his

thought is devoted to the justifying of his son's action. In Kyo's presence, he finds that they cannot understand each other, in spite of their mutual love and respect. Highly knowledgeable and articulate, he has been able, as professor of sociology, to express eloquently the appeal of Marxism to Chinese youth. Many of the revolutionaries have found his writings enlightening, and his son is very proud of his father's work. His removal from life, however, has made it impossible for him to understand humans in depth; as a matter of fact, he does not believe in that possibility. Consequently, he feels that he cannot help them alleviate their anxieties. "The understanding of a being," Gisors explains to Ferral, "is a negative sentiment. The positive sentiment, the reality is the anxiety of always being a stranger to someone you love." (CH 183)

He is condemned in advance to absolute loneliness, and with all the intellectual contribution and moral help given to the cause of the revolution, he remains basically, if not an adversary, at least an obstacle to the growth of revolution and its final victory, as all "fellow travelers" are at certain stages of a Communist revolution. His predecessor from Canton, Tcheng-Dai, symbol of that strength that alone assumes to carry all the necessary moral force, was assassinated by a terrorist to the great satisfaction of the Communist leaders. Tcheng-Dai had no children tied to Revolution like Gisors and he never

taught revolutionary groups either. Furthermore, old Gisors, by removing himself from all kinds of activities (Tcheng-Dai was actively involved), does not cause feelings of hatred and compexes of inferiority. He is poor and non-influential. Harmless in his thoughts, he is not (as yet at least), harmful to the activities of revolutionary groups by virtue of his attitude, and consequently, susceptible of being eliminated. His _coup de grâce_ is his solitude to the point of being abandoned. Not even May accepts his advice any more, as he confesses, "I have no desire to go to Moscow. I will be teaching miserably. Marxism has ceased to live in me." (CH 271) And yet, he agrees to teach in the universities of Japan.

Leftovers of cataclysmic movements that shook the Russian Empire after 1917, débris of a sunken ship that used to be the Tzarist Army floating over the waters of the Chinese social and political upheaval, the Nicolaieffs, the Koenigs, the Martials and the Chpilevskys, are hopelessly rejected human failures. They have crossed the borderline into inhumanity, living in a world of their own, where they try to reconstruct their lives into the form of some kind of human creatures, "no matter what kind of human beings, even like the biggest of idiots," and they cannot. (CH 217) "Two hours before, Koenig had interrogated a Tchekist taken prisoner. Ten minutes later, he felt the presence of a brother. Their world, for the two of them,

was not that of humans." (CH 235)

The endless humiliation to which they were previously submitted had resulted in a complex of permanent inner torture, of an unforgivable offense that asked to be paid back, of a monster whose claws scraped them deeper and deeper to the point of bleeding. Malraux wrote, "Clappique had seen enough wretched people from the civil wars of China and Siberia to fully understand what a negation of the world intense humiliation brings; lonely people, they nourish their loneliness with blood profusely shed, the drug and neurosis." (CH 218) At the end, Clappique himself, would have been happy even to be a dog, provided that he could climb the ship's ladder and escape.

Nicolaieff, former agent of the Tzarist Okhrana, now works for the Reds, namely, the ill-famed Tcheka. Having betrayed his comrades (it is suspected he did the same to his wife, a revolutionary who disappeared mysteriously) he is finally abandoned by his bosses. Unwilling to work and earn a living for himself, after a long series of the most degrading activities, he succeeds, thanks to his abject experience, in getting an important post in the Sun Yat-Sen secret police. Borodine knows his "file," but seems to forget his old profession. He humiliates, tortures, and kills. With a certain pleasure he tells how cowardly people are when they are alone and face torture or death. His hope is to see the day when

revolutionaries of all kinds can be "used and sustained by two resolute Tchekists. Resolute. What is this limited police? Borodine, Garine, and all that. . . ." (CH 262) says he to Gérard. When Garine, his superior, confronted him with a case of inexcusable negligence, he was ready to torture an old man to crush the victim's last ounce of will.

Martial, the Police Commissioner of Shanghai detests his subordinates whom he treats with contempt, but he cowardly obeys Ferral whose crushing superiority he resents. Reduced to a working machine, Martial sees his own individuality denied by his boss, with an insolent indifference that becomes unbearable to him. The commissioner has the police, however, and he uses them in full to alleviate his feeling of deep humiliation, as a form of defense against it. After all, remarks Malraux, "the torturer is always stronger than the victim in the last stages of humiliation and suffering." (TM 27) "All around the world it is always the most depraved who choose this (torturer's) calling," (TM 27) will write later Malraux.

In China, the most inhuman of them, is Koenig. Summarizing his own philosophy, "For me, my own dignity consists in killing . . ." (CH 217) he says. Short, heavy, brown, with a square face and hair-cut, "Koenig came to him [Clappique], who was interviewing on behalf of Kyo Gisors, and shook his hand rapidly and forcefully, in a

way that seemed to separate more than unite them. Clappique understood that nothing was left of their former "camaraderie" in his partner, who could not conceive of anyone able to act under the impulse of personal dignity, a word that provoked an avalanche of hatred in him. The memory of humiliation through torture that the Russian Communists had brought upon him in Siberia, surfaces powerfully and indelibly as the leitmotiv of his thought and the justification of his sadistic act. Malraux tells us that, "there is no doubt that he used to tell the story--or repeat it to himself--each time that he would kill, so that this story would scrape up to bleeding the boundless humiliation that tortured him." (CH 217)

That personal humiliation was everything to Koenig; the rest did not really count, as he confesses to Clappique: "Why should China interest me? Why do you think so? Eh! Let's face it!" (CH 218) And to Kyo Gisors, when he proposes to collaborate with him in exchange for his life, he says: "Only I will know the deal. That will be sufficient. . . . Why, Kyo asks himself about that disposition to be kind and convincing when Koenig pronounces "that will be sufficient?" (CH 235) Compromising irreparably a young idealist who has chosen dignity as the value of his life, Koenig would find it easy to convince himself that dignity does not exist, and that men are what the situation makes of them. By lowering those who stand higher, misery

provides company for itself.[83]

The former Polish count Chpilevsky, a low-ranking officer, a food speculator and a life-long smuggler, has also become an informer of the Security Police in order to enjoy the benefits of illegal commerce defended by "the forces of order." Fully aware of his abject situation, he tries to overcome it by occasional good deeds. "When one has lived the way I have," says he to Clappique, "this kind of job, if one does not . . . compensate sometimes for it" (CH 133) He was referring to some occasional assistance given to those who had fallen into disgrace with the local police. Chpilevsky has never recovered from his debasing position because he never received the blessings of the grace that is revealed sometimes through an act of devotion or sacrifice. Not having learned how to give, he only reaches his hand to grasp; "he plunges into sadism," as the almost saintly Katow would say.

Man's Fate is a further development of the main outline of The Conquerors, as well as of the alignment of its main characters. The confrontation between a dying world and a new one which is struggling to be born is there; in Man's Fate it is more precise as it is more localized, although not less universal. There is the presence of decadent imperialism, although this time through a proxy--Kuomintang--and there is the presence of that other new imperialism of Moscow, although still vested with the

prerequisites of hope. There is a government still in power, with an efficient police and a solid backing from the advanced troops of Tchang Kai Shek, and there is a Communist-organized group trying to overthrow the existing power and revolutionize the life of the country. There are European experts advising and assisting the "Government," and there are Soviet experts advising and assisting the revolutionaries. Both "Government" and revolutionary groups are still dependent on the outside assistance and leadership, as both have lost their freedom of action and their ability to decide independently.

There is a definite pattern in the principle and the nature of the help received. The "Government" receives capital, weapons and ammunition, experts and organizers; in exchange, it gives concessions, as well as political and economic control of the country. The revolutionary groups embrace an ideology, learn insurrectional techniques, accept assistance and "advisers," and in exchange, they give the promise of working for a proletarian state in an international spirit. Any deviation from the promise of exchange risks undermining the outside help and therefore the local chances of victory. Any individual deviation from the general set of group priorities is a personal tragedy, since the individual is excluded from the community and, therefore, lost.

It is all clear in The Conquerors and in Man's Fate that there is a striving for greatness which consists of joining the suffering souls struggling to be free, as all evident is the frailty of that greatness which depends on forces which do not really care for it. It is obvious that there is an inspiring surge of people's hopes for better lives, as is manifest the degrading course that events take under the pressure of realities' exigencies. And finally, it is evident that no matter the frequency or the intensity of defeat, that hope in men to be free is constantly reincarnated grater and always more promising.

If the representatives of the "government" do not change very much from Canton to Shanghai, the main revolutionary figures do. This change is based mainly on the personality of the revolutionaries and specifically on the intensity of their personal problems. Revolution, we have seen it, does not resolve man's problems because it does not really care about them. As those who are involved in action find out at the end of their experience, what really counts for each is one's own destiny, one's unique, particular, individual life which cannot be confused with that of the rest of the world. Specifically for the Soviet Communist revolution, man does not count. There is no room for any individual life, since man is absent.

When these personal problems become paramount they bring defeat. Garine disappears, Hong is executed,

Tcheng-Dai is assassinated; however, Borodine and his assistants continue their métier. Tchen commits suicide; Kyo, Katow die although they live in the memories of the revolutionaries; however, Borodine and his assistants survive and continue to work now in Asia, and later on through Kassner, Pradas and Enrique in Europe. Malraux himself wrote, "It is not difficult to see where the myth of Man's Fate resides; it is the vulnerability of greatness and the degradation of the great forms of people's hopes, which are constantly reborn through their incarnation."[84]

Against this background of violence, there are those who question the wisdom of the whole revolutionary action; they are immersed in thinking, as they consider intellect to be superior to action. Collective values cannot replace the individual ones, they claim, as they put the center of man's problems not in the outside world but inside man himself; it is man and his condition that is their main concern.

And finally, there are the masses; one might say of them, last and least of all. There is a marked absence of conscious Asian masses in Malraux's first two novels. The flat-faced spectators are not his kind of people. They are given to us as creatures whose unique concern is to assure some alimony, and whose moral decay is so complete that it leaves no room even for hate. They are the miserables, the walled-in lives whose existence seems to

have no meaning. The masses of Asia are given as a counterpoint to the exalting moments of revolutionary life. They are, from the ideological point of view, anti-revolutionary, and therefore reactionary, a blasphemous attitude for a Marxist. Hence, the strong criticism that Trotsky addressed to Malraux. They are faces without expression, fearful creatures with human emotions, those with curbed backs who for thousands of years have been at the service of an order that had denied them a meaningful existence. They resemble the massive, motionless block of a sleeping giant. That is the dough of the revolution, shapeless and rotting on a sterile ground. That is contemplative Asia, the dormant body waiting for the European poison of action, courage, and organization.

C. The European at Home

1. The historical setting. In January, 1926, Malraux returned to France. The "Indochina adventure" was over. Six months after his return, he published The Temptation of the West (1927) as he continued to work on The Conquerors, his first novel, which was to be published in 1928. While he was working on The Conquerors, he was tempted to resume and complete a work of his early youth, interrupted since 1921, The 'Farfelu' Kingdom. This work, with a "farfelu" content and diametrically opposed to The Conquerors, may be interpreted as the writer's need to

conquer through the imaginary what the real world had denied him.

Between 1928 and 1930 Malraux made two trips that took him through the Soviet Union, Persia and Afghanistan. Upon his return, he published his second novel, The Royal Way (1930), the half-true, half-fictionalized "pure" adventure of an adventurer *in extremis*. In 1931, still greatly interested in Asian art, Malraux and his wife, Clara, made another visit to Afghanistan and Persia, travelled through India and China--where he had a first-hand view of the port and the city of Shanghai--and returned to France via the United States. In 1932, he settled down to write his third novel, Man's Fate, published one year later. During that same year he knew the joy of parenthood with the birth of a daughter; but he was never tied to family life, as he had decided to remain free for adventurous action.

With his On a European Youth (1927), Malraux had found no certainties and had offered no hopes for man, the European man in particular. At best, for Malraux everything was temporary, as temporary were the answers given to his hard questions. However, if the persuasive sense of fatalism that had covered Europe after World War I had convinced so many people of the everpresent evil, danger, and death as the sole masters of the world, Malraux felt that life was also, ". . . [with] all that promised of

joy, brotherhood, all man's deeds concurring with a heaven against which the powers of hell would not be able to prevail."[85]

It was that period of life when youngsters resolve to forge for themselves some perspectives and directions. In those crucial moments, when the need for a choice became paramount, Malraux--who had known both humiliation and comradeship--decided to opt for an act of revolt, and a fidelity to "man" a value he had known through his personal experience in Indochina. It was a hard road to follow softened by a note of inspiring hope, a feeling that turned out to be adventure-like and revolutionary at the same time. In Jean Prévost's words, "danger hardens the heart; [one] seems able even to relax."[87]

The hard road of history offered innumerable obstacles, as the conceptual man's tragic fate was now embodied by man and the different forms of his oppression; and man's struggle had now to be directed toward eliminating or at least alleviating, that oppression.

After Hitler's electoral victory in Germany (January, 1933), the situation for the opposition--and especially for the German Communists--became desperate. Malraux began his contacts with this moral force struggling to survive, welcomed the persecuted, and assisted them. As he was getting closer to them through the ties of human suffering and solidarity, he continued to look at

the Soviet Union with favor and as a citadel against Fascism, although he did not become a Communist. At the same time, "when the French Communists and the French intellectuals were coming to feel a common fear and hatred of German Fascism, not only the French Communist Party, but Moscow as well, began an intensive open house period of hospitality for the intelligentsia."[88] Malraux was among the first and the best.

Like many thousands of Western intellectuals he developed leftist leanings and believed in the fundamental dignity of Communism, as he thought that the revolutionary will was the only form of protest in those days of wrath; he threw himself against the rising tide of a false form of man's hope, Fascism.

In 1934, he went with André Gide, to present a petition to Goebbels in Berlin in favor of the Communist leader, Dmitrov; subsequently he was elected co-chairman of the "World League Against Fascism," founded and presided over the "World League Against Anti-Semitism," organized leftist meetings, spoke in Congresses for Writers and Artists in Paris (1935), in London (1936), in Madrid (1937), and was among the first to join the Spanish Republican Army (July, 1936), where he organized the first international air squadron, _España_. In 1937 he toured Europe and the United States campaigning for a cause that he felt defended universal values.[89]

And yet, the intellectual and the artist never died in him. In August, 1934, Malraux was invited to participate in the highly structured "Writers' Union" in Moscow. There, remaining truthful to himself, he did not hesitate to defend artistic freedom against the official life of "socialist realism" that claimed writers' obedience to directives from above. He declared, "Art is not an act of submission, it is a victory. . . . over the emotions and the means of expressing them . . . a victory over indifference almost always; and for artists, over logic. . . ."[90]

After having dared the orthodoxy of the Communist party by declaring that the "rejection of the psychological, in art, leads to the most ridiculous individualism," Malraux made the following dubious apology for Communism: "You. . . . are building here the civilization from which the Shakespeares arise. May that not be stifled under photographs however beautiful! The world expects of you not only the image of what you actually are, but of what transcends you. Soon you will be able to give this to the world. . . ."[91] Six months later, writing on the relationship between Marxism and Soviet literature, he stressed his belief that "the concepts of literature as the application of a doctrine never represents a correspondence with reality," and that "freedom . . . is the liberty to do what he [the artist] wants to do."[92] While rejecting

Faithful to his credo, Malraux was also the most powerful voice in opposing a Manifesto (November, 1936) signed by sixty-four intellectuals (including five academicians) who supported "the civilizing role" of Fascist Italy invading Ethiopia. In a "Rejoinder to the Sixty Four" Malraux rejected the arguments of the beneficial European presence in black Africa, the necessity of the Western concept of law-and-order and the Fascist "right" to conquer people and land. Malraux wrote,

> The West discovered that the most efficient use of intelligence was to conquer, not men, but things . . . No civilization ever began with the warrior. It began when the legislator or priest set out to civilize the warrior, it began when argument asserted its supremacy over brute fact. Every civilization implies the awareness of and respect for the other.[95]

To the combat against the brute force, to the promotion of that respect for the other, Malraux devoted all his time and his energy. It was the threat of blind destiny on march, Fascism. Malraux wanted to make as many people as possible aware of that fatal danger. In a speech delivered in London in June, 1936, he said among other things:

> Fatalities, biological, economic, social and psychological, fatalities of every kind must be conceived so that then they may be possessed . . . It is day by day, and from thought to tought that men create the world anew . . . Revolution offers them only the possibility of their dignity; each man has the task of transforming this possibility into a possession. But to that end all we intellectuals--Christians, liberals, Socialists,

totally the Western institution as "hypocritical," he accepted the new Soviet civilization with a somewhat contradictory line of logic:

> . . . The Soviet civilization is a totalitarian one; by which I understand, a civilization in which men have a part, to which they accord their conscious allegiance, and in which labor is not the deafening part of life. . . .

He continues:

> Within the Soviet civilization, the act of first and capital importance is the diminution of the artist as an object of interest in his own eyes. The world to him is more interesting than himself, for the reason that a world is there to discover. . . .

And finally,

> . . . thanks to the suppression of that importance which was formerly conferred upon money, the USSR is able to uncover the positive hero, the only true one, always the one who risks his life for other men . . . I feel, in conclusion, that the basic consequence of the Soviet society is the possibility of creating a new humanism; I feel that humanism well may be man's fundamental attitude towards a civilization which he refused; that the important thing from now on is not that which distinguishes one man from another, but the depth of his humanity and his readiness to fight, not for what separates him from his fellows but for that which enables him to come to them on a terrain that lies beyond their individualities. . . . beyond all ridiculous sentimentality.[93]

In April, 1935, in the Parisian <u>Salle de Mutualité</u>, Malraux, one of the organizers of the "Writer's Congress" delivered a report on the <u>Work of Art</u>, and, as he did in Moscow the previous year, he concentrated mainly on the nature of art rather than on the problems of the Communist movement by focusing his attention on immediate social and

political problems. His was a clear example of the difficult dilemma of many French intellectuals caught between their ideological commitment and their desire to keep a critical mind and preserve an inner life as well.[94]

A few months later appeared The Days of Wrath in a serialized form. When it reappeared in a book form (December, 1935), Malraux had added a Préface. The world of Hitler, the world of tragedy that was presented in The Days of Wrath, Malraux explains, "is the ancient world still . . . [and] it reduces itself to two characters, the hero and his sense of life." (TM 3) After having wished "the word Art to mean an attempt to give men a consciousness of their hidden greatness," Malraux calls the history of the last fifty years in French literature the "death-agony of the brotherhood of man" defining it as a "fanatical desire to be different." He declared, "The individual stands in opposition to society, but he is nourished by it. And it is far less important to know what differentiates him than what nourishes him." (TM 6) After having professed his faith in Communism which ". . . restores to the individual all the creative potentialities of his nature. . . ," he concludes: "It is difficult to be a man. But it is not more difficult to become one by enriching one's fellowship with other men than by cultivating one's individual peculiarities. . . ." (TM 8)

> Communists, despite the ideologies that separate us--should seek the acts of will that may unite us. For every noble thought, every work of art is the infinite possibility of reincarnations. And the hoary world can find its significance only through the present will of men.[96]

It was an almost prophetic appeal to all the "civilized" Europe. One month later, July 17, 1936, the Spanish Civil War began and on July 21, Malraux and his wife Clara fled to Madrid.[97] It was precisely the present will of man at the service of a noble thought that was seeking the unification of all, despite the ideologies that separate, in the possibility that Revolution was offering to them, namely, their dignity. It was a question of transforming this possibility into a conscious possession. Malraux offered himself as long as that possibility was able to inspire a hope. It is there that he found intellectuals without a country, without roots of social environment, strangers to all classes who joined the Communists because of their organizational abilities and their experience in insurrectional activities, although they were fully aware of the dangers involved once the totalitarian character of the revolutionary demands were accepted.[98] J. P. Sartre has resumed this critical position as follows:

> The adventurer (I would prefer to call him: the man of action), and the militant are not opposed simply as two abstract concepts. Here, we have to do with living people confronting each other, knowing and reknowing each other, sometimes getting close and sometimes fighting each other.[99]

In the midst of confusion and fear, the Spanish Fascist intervention came up as something that shocked the consciousness of the restless millions, seemed to offer a promise for positive action, brought back a meaningful life and constituted a new moral value in a world suffering from decay. The positive action, the revolution in Spain took the aspect of a historical action; there, history was in the making. Like the general strike in Canton in 1925, the Spanish drama created its actors who willingly decided to get on the stage and play their heartfelt roles. It was a question of giving meaning to their inner lives in the midst of that chaotic outside world. That general crisis had world-wide repercussions; André Malraux was correct in predicting that "the great bloody maneuvers of the world had begun. For two years France had backed down "in front of the constant threat of the war that Hitler would have been, technically speaking, unable to start." (E 111)

On July 17, 1936, two hundred Spanish generals received the order to revolt against the legal Central Government duly elected by the Spanish people. One hundred eighty-five of them obeyed. In Spain, where half of the twenty-four million population were illiterate and more than half were really poor, landless peasants and jobless city workers, the war immediately took a social character.[100]

What started with a love for Spain among the counterrevolutionaries ended in their absorption into the ranks of the Fascist Phalanges; what started with a love for the proletariat and social justice among the Republicans ended in their absorption into the ranks of the Communist Party and the International Brigades. There was no more room left for "the lyrical illusion," chivalry, or individual fighting values. "The age of the Parties" had begun with its unavoidable orthodoxy, iron discipline, forceful recruiting and suppression of individuals. The results were the massacres that the fanatically organized war brought with death, destruction, and immense suffering. Against this background one can grasp the whole meaning of the final plea of the Spanish President Azaña.[101]

2. The Captive Activist. When Garine left Canton as a sick man he felt that he had nothing to do in Europe, where he would be forced to settle to some janitor's job. When Perken left Europe as a heimatlos, he felt as if he were escaping from prison. When Ferral failed in Shanghai, Clappique saw him boarding the ship for France and thought, "Now Europe! With every sound of the bell it seemed to him that she [Europe] was coming closer and closer, not as a symbol of deliverance, but rather imprisonment." (CH 240)

The next major work of Malraux, The Days of Wrath (1935) is a short novel[102] and it is, indeed, based on life in a real prison. In those days of scorn, Central Europe was a kind of prison and Clappique's prediction proved to be correct.

Twice imprisoned in his own world, that of destiny and that of Europe, the European activist faced a new situation. It was no longer a question of infusing the European virus of courage into a sleepy giant, not making a world of termites aware of such things as the uniqueness of life and the importance of death. Now, for the European, it was a question of mere survival in one's own land. In a sense, it was a simpler situation than the one in China, less metaphysical, just as moral, and especially more concrete, because it was compounded of a class of things belonging to actual events, of specific applications and of immediate experiences. In the Nazi prisons of Germany and in the towns and sierras of Spain, the European fought for his fellow European, and defended justice and legality as an act of faith in a mysterious fraternity against the torturer (a leftover of the disintegrating individualism of the nineteenth century), who hung on to his declining world with his paws. It was a desperate and grave offense against humanity that one hoped to cope solely through "man's fellowship." "You my comrades," appeals the prisoner Kassner, "who are

buried alive, my Russian fellows with your eyes gouged out, my German friends around me with your ropes, you in the next cell who have perhaps been beaten to death, the thing that I call love is what binds us together." (TM 98) Tragedy abounds and the threat of death hangs over everybody's head. There is cruelty and humiliation in profusion, yet there are men with faith in man who hope that ". . . at least, if we are victorious everyone will finally find his own meaning in life." (TM 98)

It is not accidental that Malraux's revolutionary situation was transferred from China to Europe through Kassner. The Communist militant was a delegate of the Komintern to China and Mongolia. He is an intellectual, a writer and the first European character in Malraux's writings whose conflict between his inner moral inclinations and ideological teachings becomes prominent. Kassner's conflict makes him the predecessor of the many torn and tortured revolutionaries of Europe and especially of the Spanish Civil War. Malraux writes: "Several times after becoming prisoner, Kassner had told himself that if they had actually used violence they might have won over that majority of workers which they needed; but, he was keenly aware of the romantic streak in his own make-up and was on guard against it. A phrase of Lenin's obsessed him: 'You cannot win with the vanguard alone!'" (TM 25)

A Communist activist, Kassner does not have either the wild selfishness of Garine, or the callous indifference of the Komintern's bureaucrats. Tied to the cause that he serves well, he is consciously disciplined without losing his humaneness; he is very much a character drawn from real life.

Answering Leon Trotsky's charges that the characters of The Conquerors were symbols, and therefore taken out of time, Malraux wrote, "My defense is to put them back."[103] That is to say, within the time in which they live.

Kassner is the faithful example of the Communist hero of his time. He has committed himself to an action which not only helps him escape his solitude, but also allows him joyfully to join his fellow men in challenging the suffering thrown upon them by destiny. If Kassner shares with the other revolutionaries of The Conquerors and Man's Fate the feeling of fatality, something like being impelled by a blind power, he does not commit himself to the avenue of the Revolution as an individual for whom the act which is committing is a struggle of historical inevitability.

And yet, that historical inevitability of Kassner's political arena is not any less emphatic on the universality and timeliness of man's concern, a focusing on those achievements of man that transcend time and

place. As Nazi Germany was a kind of symbol of the life of us all, imprisoned and tortured in the modern political systems, so too, the imprisoned Kassner is the symbol of that Promethean struggle for man's freedom and dignity. Aside from the political aspect of the Communist hero Kassner--one might say that the Communists have not had the monopoly of heroism, and World War II has provided us profusely with excellent examples--one cannot help admire in him the nobility of his humanity; a single revolutionary seems to carry on his shoulders the heavy burden of a whole human tragedy. As we read line after line about the mental torture of the prisoner, we discover his thoughts, his feelings, his wishes; we feel his deep humanity invade us little by little, as part of us as the expression of what makes us proud of being human, as the image of the new man. "It is difficult to be a man" Malraux wrote, "but it is not more difficult to become one by enriching one's fellowship with the other, than by cultivating one's individual peculiarities." (TM 8)

The lack of that compelling need to be different from others, the feeling of love that pervades all his thoughts, makes of Kassner a new man, a "true person" free from the bourgeois "hypocritical" attitudes. Waldo Frank rightly uses the wisdom of the old seeming paradox when he describes that kind of love: "He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life shall

find it." (TM, Forward, XVI) And that is what "makes men human, . . . enables him to surpass himself, to create, invent or realize himself," adds Malraux. (TM 8) The new man Kassner intends to nourish himself from society. As an integral part of a new community--the Soviet system--Kassner "identifies himself with the social order which is struggling to be born," (TM 6) and therefore his expression takes a heroic character.

As he confronts the square-headed and heavy jawed Nazi guard, the long equine faced Kassner realizes that his intellectual abilities and his sensitive mind are of little use in this unequal fight. The activist "seeks refuge in complete passivity, in the irresponsibility of sleep and madness," (TM 28) that is, in entering the unconscious world, in staying there, lying dormant, vegetating, and waiting. That's all. Wait! Like Kyo in the large Chinese prison among the condemned to die and helplessly isolated from the outside world, Kassner was living in a state of stupor, of suspended animation "like a face in the very heart of darkness." (TM 36)

Familiar with the situations that confront dangers, but unprepared to confront terror and torture--like all courageous people are, all those who take well the intensity of the moment, but are ill-prepared to resist the constant pressure of the duration in time--Kassner falls into a visionary state of mind that keeps him "idly

active, thinking without consciousness of this thought." (TM 33) The perception of the objects without any reality, the sensations without any external cause, the wandering of the mind as if in a dream, like the hallucinations of Perken and Garine in their moments of high fever, ". . . the vulture shut up with him in his cage . . . tearing off pieces of his flesh. . . ." (TM 44) was bringing him to the breaking point, when all of a sudden something human began to come up from inside--music!

One day the unexpected happened. A series of knocks in a definite pattern came from another cell; the other prisoner was trying to say something, to extend himself beyond the walls of his cell, to overcome his solitude, to approach a human soul. Kassner answered back with two knocks. The communication was established and he did not feel totally alone anymore; someone else like him, was trying to free himself and his companion from nothingness, to save them both from madness. When he finally succeeded in decoding the message, Kassner realized that the other called him "Comrade" and he felt reborn; beyond the iron circle of the iron guards he had joined the revolutionary community. Malraux points out, "No human speech went so deeply as cruelty. But man's fellowship could cope with it, could go into the very blood-stream, to the forbidden places of the heart where torture and death are lurking." (TM 155)

All his time in the cell, Kassner had thought of his comrades all over Europe meeting in large manifestations of solidarity to keep their comrades, who, like him were suffering in the Nazi prisons. That thought had kept him alive. He envisioned his wife, Anna, joining the tens of thousands asking for his freedom, as a bridge reaching between him and the revolutionary movement, and he felt closer to her, closer to all of them, not alone. In his world, fraternity was becoming a supreme value to which people would offer their lives. When Kassner was told that he was free, he learned that a comrade had given himself up for him, and had accepted to be tortured and maybe to die for him. A brother! How meaningless the word seemed to Kassner when he thought that it was given to those who are merely of the same blood. In spite of the suffering that famine brought in Canton, in spite of the Chinese locomotives burning people alive in Shanghai, in spite of the Nazi camps using both famine and cremation to exterminate human creatures, with a beating heart and unbeatable hopes, in spite of even that cruelty, "man had become man. . . . and that dignity alone, perhaps could offset the pain." (TM 170)

As Kassner was leaving Nazi Germany on a plane supplied by the Party organization, a storm developed. The pilot had volunteered. Kassner kept looking at him. This man unknown to him had offered his life to save

him. What pushes man so far? The common bond of that subterranean region when man loves other men more than himself is the creator of supreme values as it slowly lifts him to the pedestal of human fellowship.

Inside the little plane, tied to the unknown pilot by the fear of danger and the warmth of brotherhood, Kassner faced the imminence of the crash with a secret feeling of relief; at least he was not alone, at least someone was accepting death with him. Left hopeless and without defense, he braced the window frame of the poor little plane in a desperate need to touch something concrete as proof of the reality in which he was living. All around him, the hail beating the fuselage and the windows seemed to him like screams and knocks and prisoners' cravings for revenge. Again he felt the burden of humanity fall over his shoulders. He had to do something for them, to speak for them, to protect them, to fight for them.

With the revolutionary Kassner, Malraux gives us, for the first time, "the irruption of tenderness," that soft, almost fragile human weakness for the beloved ones that we hardly see in other revolutionary characters of the two previous novels. The affectionate love for Anna, the moving thoughts [for his little child] that invade Kassner when he arrives in Prague, the terrible desire that he feels to take his wife, hand by hand, and walk alone, and talk, and talk, and talk, and share with

her everything is a new element in Malraux's novels. Closed in his cell, Kassner thinks of her, as that tenderness "breaches irreparably even the closest circle of hell."[104] In the world of cruelty and hate that human weakness softens the heart of men. There could be no greater consolation for Kassner than his self-assuring thought of Anna being on his side, even when he is waiting to die, "that confidence of one person in another, that consolation adjoining the moment of death."[105]

When Kassner admitted to her that his experiences had been terrible, she answered, "if only I could give you joy, my life is what it is. I have accepted it and even, --chosen it. I just want you to keep a tiny place for me in yours. But I was thinking of something and I meant that I would like to give you more than I do." (TM 166) Kassner could not detach his eyes from that face which he had thought to be lifeless so many times while he was in jail. In a low voice, Anna added, "Even your going away again shortly--I am ready to . . . better than you think . . . She had wanted to say 'accept it.'" (TM 172) It is a Christ-like attitude that in its nobility of supreme sacrifice parallels Katow's giving of himself to save the suffering of his two unknown friends.

Kassner's and Anna's love has a distinct feature --that of a couply fully committed to the struggle for freedom. The commitment itself puts them on the same

level. Equality assures their union. Thinking of her not only as a wife but also as his comrade, Kassner transcends the limits of personal relationship and enters the field of the revolutionary community. The community seems to be the main source of strength for Kassner, as we see it implicitly direct all the underground activities dealing with his salvation. It is that community, personified by the Communist Party, that manipulates all the strings of the clandestine activities and makes it possible for him to escape. Kassner had accepted it in full and, in doing so, had saved himself from the uncomfortable feeling of disagreement. He is totally integrated into that community, the way a Roman legionnaire or a Middle Age crusader was. No questions are asked, no problems are presented, and no unacceptable solution is offered.

That seemingly comfortable position of relying entirely on the community conscience, however; reduces the militant to the role of appendix, a tool, a spare part "detached and detachable" that we know to be the philosophy of Stalinism. And yet, the militant needs it if he is not to be left totally alone, abandoned, rejected. The militant without the Party is nothing. That's why Kassner in the prison cell tries desperately not to lose contact with the events of the outside world, his past in Russia and China, his present activities in the German underground, and especially the image of his wife, a

Party member, which becomes an extension of the whole revolutionary community. He thinks of her as the continuation of Party activities, as one of the millions all over Europe fighting for him and other prisoners, as the supporting world that keeps him alive. There is in Kassner a total impossibility to stand alone and by himself.

That continuation of Party activities which is the assurance of a mortal man, is also the movement of millions yearning for a new life for themselves. Placed into a Marxist perspective, this march is a historical objectivity that cannot be stopped. Revolution will prevail, and the "singing tomorrows" are an inevitability. These conditions, however, are not sufficient. There must be something else, a moving force behind them that takes over the leading role to organize the general effort of the movement towards a definite goal. This force is the Communist Party for Kassner; he and Anna, as two militants, have accepted it unconditionally. The day of victory remains only a question of time as the liberation is _a fortiori_ forthcoming. This is why--and Lucien Goldmann is right in pointing it out--Kassner and Anna have a child as symbol of their faith in the future, the generation that will benefit from the fruits of their struggle. Kyo and May, by the same logic, did not have a child. Revolution as seen by the group of Shanghai was doomed as soon as their problems with Moscow proved to be

unresolvable. There was no unity between the individual revolutionary and the supportive revolutionary community to assure the continuity; therefore, their annihilation was inevitable.

3. Illusions, reality, disillusions. As Kassner was facing the danger of crashing in the little plane, he felt that his task was to survive, not to die, and to fight for those brothers in revolution still suffering in the Nazi prison camps. He knew that the fight was inevitable and he was anxious to join it wherever the conditions would arise.

In the International Congress of Writers in London, June, 1936, Ralph Bates told Malraux, "We will meet Fascism again, in six months, on other fields."[107] Only one month later Malraux volunteered to fight in Spain together with Catholics, liberals, Socialists and Communists in what he felt was something without precedent since the first war of the French Revolution--the world civil war. During his campaign in favor of the Spanish Republic through Europe and the United States, Malraux declared, "What unites us all is. . . . that we aim to preserve or to recreate not static and particular values, but humanist values--humanist because they are universal."[108] One of those values was acceptance of suffering for the sake of human solidarity, "one kind of a suffering by those who suffer because they want to make a world worthy of

man."

Everything suggested that the moment for a final confrontation was near, and the place seemed to be Europe.[109] Consciousness and the will power of the old continent were out to a fatal test. The European had to fight to the end against the frightening march of a repulsive new order, with a renewed consciousness that tried to fulfill itself with lucidity in daily events and through an act of revolt that turned to revolution, thereby shaping "out of age-old sorrows of man, a new and glowing consciousness of mind."[110] The European action, now in Europe, had taken the form of an instrumental good against the new face of the world's absurdity, a revolt against the new sorrows of man brought by a political order.

The actual and ever-present suffering of man is much more a compelling appeal than any philosophical dissertation, or to use Malraux's words "a human blood stain has more impact than any work of art." (E 316) It is an obsessing need to get involved, to act, and not to be satisfied with words alone.[111] The revolution then becomes the opportunity offered to those who want to display their willingness to serve with their comrades-in-arms in a "heart-breaking apparition of goodness . . . in that confidence in man, in that consolation that rubs elbows with death."[112] The resulting brotherhood and sense of justice comes to be the concrete form of that willingness

to oppose the weight of the oppressor's cruelty. Malraux, bestowing on revolution a noble[113] and transcendental value, commits himself irrevocably to a rational and ethical fidelity; to defend the cause of the oppressed, as a conviction and as a moral obligation, assuming eventually a position that does not allow any fall or disgrace. Emanuel Mounier concludes that "for Malraux who has met and recognized such a fraternity, it seems a spiritual impossibility to forget it."[114]

The cause of the oppressed offers itself as <u>the</u> ideal for all clear consciences and the living force of man's liberation as well. In Spain, Malraux writes, "All the oppressed that are reduced to such a state in one way or another, have come with us to fight together," (E 91) in a mood of protest, ready to pay with their blood for their own fight against the tragic course of history. Even Garine, who does not like the people, cannot but choose to be on the side of the oppressed; he says, "I prefer them because they are the vanquished." (C 162) The violent Hong cannot endure the misery of the oppressed any longer, ". . . a kind of sweet devil, too busy trying to prove man how low he can go, the coward that he is, the weakness that distinguishes him, thet endency to debase himself"; (C 224-225) he becomes a terrorist in order to burn to the ground the social order that perpetuates that devil.[115] For a fervent Catholic-like

colonel Ximenes, the oppressed offer "an unusual fraternity" (E 34) as they do for the twenty-six year old Jaime "a fraternity in life and death." (E 44) Although the ideas might change those suffering souls, those for whom one decides to fight do not, and this is what really counts. Voluntarily committed to serve, Malraux's characters are basically "consciences searching to fulfill themselves in deliberately chosen events."[116]

Commitment and self fulfillment, in a world of collective action--this is a mutually exclusive terminology because, unless the appeal of collective action is too strong and entirely worthy of a total participation in it, and unless, as Henri Peyre reasons it, one is fully convinced that at a given time, the events in a given place represent the only possible chance for engagement, collective action cannot be a solution of a fulfillment for the committed revolutionary.[117] The sacrifice is too great to be made without serious considerations. Collective action implies collective responsibility, namely an obligation to comply with the required duties and to accept the consequences. Naturally, such is the case in any organized revolution. Since other people are involved, collective action requires teamwork and imposes collaboration; it has its collective consciousness and collective principles which oppose collective aims to individual destinies and oftentimes submerge individual

destinies under the sea of an anonymous mob. The conflict is self-evident and the obstacle, seemingly unsurpassable, exists because collective action, by definition, cannot resolve personal problems. This is the tragic aspect of political action for the politically committed activist.

In Malraux's novels this collective action is mainly the Communist-organized revolution. We should bear in mind the necessity for a careful planning of the revolution, and its course; for the Communists the outline of their planning is given as a Marxist axiom and is rounded up by the Leninist categorical imperatives of the dictatorship of the proletariat. Such conclusive theorems close the field of discussion; they simply demand total obedience and discipline. For an intellectual, and especially for an artist, that demand spells spiritual death.[118]

And yet, men united by a common hope and action, like men united in love, reach heights which they would otherwise not attain if they were to be alone, says the art historian, Giovanni Scali. (E 319) United in action and divided by different sentiments, men manage to find a common ground of fraternity and solidarity; they fight together in the brotherly communion of revolution. They cannot discard the fact that "only through multiplying man can an attempt be made to assist man in living victoriously through the present crisis."[119]

At that given moment, the important thing for the European was not that which distinguishes one man from another, but rather the depth of man's humanity. The important element was man's readiness to fight not for what separates him from his fellows but as Malraux put it in 1925, for what enables him to come to them on a ground that lies beyond their individualities. The passage reads:

> To define oneself through the well-defined obligations and a great hope . . . in which the inner necessities are a luxury . . . to escape isolation through action . . . changing oneself as one tries to change the world . . . to discover one's real self in the gift of oneself to others. . . . in brotherhood . . . . when one always donates part of self to the other.[120]

There is a new form of victory which consists of offering the fruits of one's personal victories to fellow men. So, brought together by action, men fight fraternally different gods; or rather "fraternity takes the form of action." (E 270) How can this need for fraternity and the necessity for politically organized action be harmonized?

<u>Man's Hope</u> is essentially the struggle between these two irreconcilable tendencies and the triumph of the politically organized action. We might even go further to say that in <u>Man's Hope</u> Malraux divested the revolution from its highest prerogatives and invested it with a new value, military discipline; consequently, <u>Man's Hope</u> might well be looked at as the slow strangulation of the

hope in revolution and the victory of war, its antinomy. The real conflict of the entire novel might be perceived as a struggle for survival by those who desperately wanted to be something by serving their fellow men, and the triumphant military march of the organized armies trying to do something, reaching for massive victories, and eventual destruction.

It all starts in Barcelona where an unarmed population is struggling to face the insurrectionary Fascist troops. There is turmoil in the streets; and yet, that first night of war seems to be an immense liberation. People are the only watchers of the city, as they are imbued with an unlimited and confused hope. Each and every one of them feels that finally there is something for them to do. All dream of a new life to come. That is revolution!

In the midst of this crowd there are those who satisfy long awaited urges, like the anarchists, Puig, Ramos, and Negus, those who faced with a hopelessly corrupted world see in this situation a chance for exemplary revolts. For them, courage and character are the only virtues sufficient to resolve all problems, including the political ones. In this crowd there are officers who stick to loyalty and join the fight without having wished it. There are young intellectuals whose dreams of fraternity are personified in the Popular Front made up of

volunteers to fight for a cause they feel to the depths of their hearts. They all march through exuberant crowds, followed by the long lines of everybody and surrounded by errant children. With fists raised energetically and the "Salud!" at everybody's lips, this effusive crowd seems to scream as if it were ravished by an individual breath of joy. One thing is very clear: the good disposition. Everybody seems to be either a fool or a hero, sometimes both. "Each person needs one day or another to find his lyricism," (E 49) says the American journalist Shade, as he marvels at the constant and brotherly human street chorus, joined by cars requisitioned for the war, cars that beep as they cross each other in a tumultuous communion of the poor, people living for the first time their own lives. That is revolution!

In the battlefield, the International aviation volunteers like Magnin, Scali, and Sembrano, fight together with mercenaries in a romantic atmosphere of solidarity in action, strengthened everyday more and more in the presence of their wounded and killed friends. In the countryside, armed peasants and enthusiastic farmers, are impatient to go to war. Large crowds of people, often times unarmed, almost always without a leader, are engaged in fighting--it is the "lyrical illusion." And yet, they understand that the other side does the real fighting. Their struggle however, keeps them united. A new,

promising life is expected to come. A new star is expected to be born. That is revolution!

One feels that everywhere all the oppressed have joined the ranks of the revolution. Many are deeply committed to the relationship among men, to an attachment for each other, to a belief in the great family of humanity where nobody should be hurt or suffer but live as brothers. The unfortunate millions, swept by a fatality that overcomes them, struggle in a fervent confusion that knows only brothers . . . That is the way Madrid looked in its noisy life filled with hope and exaltation. "What we hear from the window," remarks the commander Garcia, "is the Apocalypse of the brotherhood." (E 118) That is fraternity, the soul of the revolution!

The heat of the conflict spreads more and more; executions on both sides become more frequent, making the atmosphere around the fighters more suffocating. The young Communist officer Manuel, his eyes glued to a young peasant who was washing his bloody hands after having written on the wall "Death to Fascism!" with a prisoner's blood, begins to think. He realizes that it will be necessary to fight again and against this dehumanizing effect of the conflict, and that it will not be any easier. "Something has changed in me," he says, "and for the rest of my life . . . I felt that we are responsible for that." (E 90) That is reality interfering with the dream

of the revolution!

In the front lines, the Republican artillery batters the Republican lines; the officer in command is a Fascist infiltrator. Nobody seems to be in command, or rather everybody is a commander without authority. In front of Alcazar surrounded by the Republicans, the two sides fight, mix together, curse each other, and exchange cigarettes. "People act freely," says Negus, "in spite of their hate." (E 199) Although they are determined to live the way they want to or perish, the whole atmosphere has a good dosage of the theatrical, like a very early stage in any popular movement. It is the adolescence of the revolution before it comes of age, when the straightforward idealistic, or fanatical attitudes are the rule, not the exception." [The Catholic] Hernandez is an honest man, for whom revolution is a way of fulfilling his moral desires . . . it is a personal Apocalypse. . . ." (E 207) [The Communist] Manuel is an honest man, but he sees only through his Party's eyes." (E 211) That is the problematic world of revolution.

While Magnin was wondering how he could impose any kind of discipline without using any constraint, the Communists had resolved the problem, the decisive one, of the revolutionary discipline. While the hopes of the people relied on the world's proletariat, the Communists' hopes relied on the Soviet Union's assistance; "one

hundred modern airplanes do more than fifty thousand militiamen." (E 157) As long as Magnin remains out of the Party, he is quietly put aside the main stream as an non-essential element for the organized action. Faced with such injustice, Magnin feels, "to the depth of his being the loneliness in the war . . . with a great sadness." (E 158) Not to be accepted, and to join the fight; why? Looking around himself, Magnin sees how all those "who had been courageous and poor have armed themselves <u>with rifles</u>, all those who knew well enough poverty to accept dying in the fight against it," (E 179) and he decides to stay with them. He accepts being together in a common struggle against a common danger which essentially is bound to overwhelm them; they look like brothers in a Pascalian dungeon. That is the tragedy of revolution!

War rages all over Spain; peasant battalions, disorganized brigades, and militiamen without rifles crowded the streets of the cities left defenseless. Remnants of the militia belonging to units bearing historical names, the Invincibles, the Red Eagles, the Eagles of Freedom, kept wandering without an aim, their arms down, rifles held by their canons and dragged like leashed dogs, as they would stop, from time to time, to listen to the foe's artillery approaching from the other side of the river. They were useless, powerless, lost. It was evident for those people who had come to fight that retreat in panic

meant a crisis in the command. "The Apocalypse" had to be organized. New drastic steps became indispensable. The formation of the V-th Regiment and the organization of the International Brigades served as nucleus to the first regular units of the new Republican army; "for the first time in the world, people of all nations mixed in common fighting units were singing _The Internationale_." (E 275) And now, even Magnin was realizing that he could, after all, transform the foreign aviation corps. Everybody is disciplined and in uniform. That is the dream of revolution wearing the military uniform of the war!

Scali for the first time understood that he was part of the coordinated energies of five hundred thousand people, with

> . . . all those who had lain down in the square attacking the casern when they were shot from the windows; those who had only one machine-gun per kilometer and who would lend it to their friends in case of an attack; those who had stormed Alcazar with hunting rifles; those who had fled from an airplane, or cried in the hospitals because "ours have abandoned us": those who had run away from the advance of the tanks and those who had resisted with the dynamite, all those who knew that the _señoritas_ used to recognize the "good people" in servility--the unending crowd of the future executions, invisible like the canon that was shelling from one side of the front line to the other with the rolling sound of the drum. . . . (E 318)

Those who flee and those who commit crimes are shot, as each proletarian is held responsible for the victory; there is no more choice between it and charity or pity. A month ago, the Anarchist Negus, had lost his faith

in revolution; the Apocalypse for him was over. Yet, "there is the fight against Fascism and the respect of Negus for the defense of Madrid," (E 409) that is left for him. That is the last gesture of fidelity to revolution!

Then, the dawn of victory looms for the first time on the horizon, and that part of the book is called _The Hope_. The ministers are not the same anymore. The soldiers are all dressed in uniforms, and well-trained. Franco has failed to capture Madrid. The people's army was in the making; the Air Force was reconstituted. However, people like Scali were worried: tankers, pilots, gunners, "the warriors" were coming back from all over Europe. Sembrano had had it with death around him. The Great Powers were participating in full, and for the first time, the Fascist and Communist Parties confronted each other in a battlefield. The Communists' domination of the Republican army became a fact of life accepted, willingly or under protest, by all as the spiritual drama of the non-Communist volunteers reached tragic proportions. The question, "What am I doing here? I who am not a Communist," finds no answer, as it becomes clearer and clearer everyday that revolution does not solve personal problems, and war doesn't even take notice of them. That is the death of revolution and the victory of war, "the killing of the unknown by the blind." (E 300)

The entire novel with all its array of characters may be divided into two families, or "abstract and collective characters" to use Lucien Goldmann's expression.

The first family is composed of a conglomeration of enthusiastic sentimental, romantic revolutionaries and elements inclined to join the crusade for freedom as a compelling moral demand, the need of a problematic conscience to help poor people--workers and landless farmers in Spain--cheated by life or social order. This is the result of an urge to assist those left wandering without having ever been able to find a foothold in a world that excluded them and denied them the dignity that they relentlessly pursue. It is in this family that we find the Anarchists and Catholic moralists fighting together as brothers.

The second family, so to speak, is made of military people, the professionals and sometimes the improvised leaders, the warriors, the party loyals or the "clergy," for whom revolution has either lost is primary, essential, all-important character in favor of war, or has been replaced by the organizational necessities, especially discipline. Consequently, for them the value of life depends upon the service to the cause they serve and its resultant success; they are Borodine's breed on a scale of greater or smaller importance. By conceding the victory to this species, Malraux seems to have

accepted the exigencies of the moment over the moral pressure of the universal values. Thus, he has denied revolution its initial idealistic character, its redeeming grace. As an end result, revolution in Man's Hope equals Communists, as the Communists are a discipline.

Discipline, as a value in itself, is nevertheless essential to the armed conflict--a violent struggle to subdue the world,--not to revolution--the struggle to change the world for the better. The two terms are in fact mutually exclusive, revolution being, by definition, the hope to change men in a transfigurating, epic act.[121]

Outside these two families are left "the masses" the body of the revolution, straight-jacketed into the molds conceived, planned and shaped up, like cars in a Ford plant, by the highly structured organizations, or they are rejected altogether if they are not summarily executed.

Finally, above the turmoil of war and the quarreling of the two opposing factions, there are two isolated figures of sages; Alvear and Unamuno, "the thought" in its purest form, unaffected by the issues of a ravaging battle and in permanent search of a truth that transcends man's parties and events; as a matter of fact, the two sages seem to prefer truth to men.

In the first group of Anarchists, the most representative figure is Negus; his past--five years in jail, and a series of organized acts of sabotage--have confirmed him in the values of courage and exemplary personal actions. In the streets of Barcelona, among the first to defend the Republic, he fights the insurrectionist troops with a revolver, although he knows well that his action bears no substantial weight. But in those streets of Barcelona, he finds more fraternity than in any Cathedral of the city. Victory is not his last wish, as he thinks that "if we beaten here in Madrid it does not matter; men have lived one day as their hearts wanted to. . . . In spite of their hate. They are free. They have never been before." (E 199) The step-by-step policy of the Communists irritates him. Political maneuvering revolts him as he is eager to live in full his life, _here and now_, or die. "If one loses," he says, "well, too bad; but no return ticket." (E 200)

His friend Puig, like Katow, in _Man's Fate_ has an even more romantic biography. During the Fascist repression of 1934 he had organized the assistance to the children of Saragoza, and thereby he had earned the confidence of all his friends. Everybody recognizes his inclination for sacrifice. His friends felt that "Puig envied his dead comrades, although he had a burning desire to see the tomorrows." (E 32) Courageous enough to fight, but

unable to do the fighting, he attacks with a truck a positioned machine gun and dies, an exemplary death that does not bring victory. Inebriated by the presence of fraternity in these initial days of fighting, the Anarchists try to live in full, as they are fully aware that it cannot last for too long; that is why they are as ready to die pushed by "exaltation or vindictiveness" as those who are living the world of their dreams do. When reminded of the need for organization, Negus answered, "The parties are made for man, not man for the parties. We are not here to make a state, a church, or an army. Only men." (E 88)

Even the convinced Communists realize the attractiveness of the Anarchist attitude; they see in it the hopes and the dreams of an adolescent age, pure and unobstructed by the pressure of the moment's exigencies. "The Anarchists" confesses the Communist Manuel, "That's a world that makes your head dizzy . . . It is important to know what Negus' friends think; the important thing is the fact that millions of people, millions that are not Anarchists, think the way they do . . . ," "about war and life," concludes the senior officer Garcia. (E 208)

The pressure of the moment's exigencies, however, kept mounting more and more as the inefficiency of the Anarchists did not stop Franco's armies, especially as their number diminished steadily in exemplary individual acts. Courage still remained their most distinguished

feature. When Leclerc, an old-time Anarchist, returns from an unaccomplished bombing mission because he is scared by the enemies' fire power, he cannot live with the shame he thought he had brought with him, he degenerates and ends in disgrace. Negus and the others who had survived are little by little absorbed in the new Republican army under the pressure of the organizational needs, and they accept to work with the Communists. Negus protests; "The Communists work well; I can work with them, but to love them, no, I cannot . . ." (E 410) His personal problems are sometimes eclipsed by the urgency of the war; but, whenever they surface, Negus withdraws within his own shell and finds an outlet "in violence or sacrifice, or in both of them, something he would like even more." (E 410)

With Anarchists fight side by side the Catholic moralists whose compelling moral demands have brought them on the battlefield. Individually responsible for themselves, most of them hope to find in the revolution an answer to their problematic consciences, and they find none. At most, they enjoy the inspiring moment of hope which for them is the most powerful force of the revolution. Furthermore, these career officers like Hernandez, or intellectuals like Guernico are educated and able to express their pressing inner needs.

Hernandez is especially concerned with man's nobility in thought and in action as he tries to be noble himself when the occasion arises. It is distressing to him to see among the ranks of the Republican army quite a few bums and assassins, since Revolution for him is the field where one can fulfill one's ethical needs and conduct a highly ethical life despite all fears and temptations. Revolution for Hernandez is a personal Apocalypse. In the eyes of Garcia, "what is very dangerous in these half-Christians is their inclination for sacrifice; they are able to make the worst mistakes, provided that they pay for them with their lives." (E 207) They do expect revolution, that ground for brotherly communion, to help people be better ones, help them be better beings, or moral reincarnations in new beings, to offer people an opportunity for the salvation of their own souls. As Malraux keenly remarks, "like the Anarchists, but for different reasons, they want <u>to be</u> something"; (E 212) that is, they want to live a life based on an individually selected morality.

Faced with the realities of war, and concretely, the problem of stopping Franco's armies, Hernandez is forced to change or die. Yet, "as long as the revolution had not been lived, he thought so much that the opposite was true." (E 213) The senior officer Garcia explains, "Your position, Hernandez is lost in advance. . . . It is

a comparison between what you see and what you used to dream. Remember that action is thought in terms of action . . . you cannot have an organization against a wish, a dream or an Apocalypse . . . (E 213)

What keeps Hernandez attached to the Revolution is the common fight against Franco and his readiness for sacrifice; otherwise, he is an outsider. As the revolution gets under control, the fighters are more disciplined, and the pressure of collective action more demanding, Hernandez feels alone more and more, a loneliness that frightens him. What he then wanted most was to act, and not be left alone to die. In the midst of confusion, as he sees the militiamen in a disorderly retreat, he grabs a machine-gun and without thinking of anything else, he holds it against his shoulder and "is perfectly happy and full." (E 245) Action dissipates his anxiety.

Taken prisoner, Hernandez feels exhausted; the inner conflict had overcome him. "People with whom he had wanted to live were good enough for dying and, with the others, he had no desire to live." (E 247) Having no ties with the outside community, having no membership in any revolutionary community, he is totally alone. He recalls Moreno's sentence--"Hernandez, remember; one dies all alone, don't forget it!" (E 248)--as he is prepared to die by indifference, neglecting a chance to escape. There is one single consolation for him; as a Christian,

he believes in the immortality of the soul.

Watching the execution of his comrades going on before him Hernandez "realizes how little the whole human history counts compared to the importance of a living creature." (E 254) In front of the massive graves Hernandez learns how history is made, "once more in this land of women dressed in black, with the centuries-old nation of widows revolting." (E 255)

The other Catholic with a problematic conscience is the young writer Guernico, for whom intelligence had taken the form of charity, as Garcia used to say. Unable to fight with a gun, but resolute in his opposition to Fascism, Guernico serves in a hospital during the evacuation of Madrid. He was staying in the city as a challenge to the threat of death, to spite the Fascist threat. He knew full well that he would be among the first to be executed by Franco; Guernico had decided to die as a sacrificial lamb for the Spain that he loved so much.

He felt deep in his heart that he was a Spaniard and he was fully attached to the Spanish people. He had seen both sides of the people, the oppressor and the oppressed, and had chosen to endure with the latter. "Twice I have seen the people of Spain," he says to Garcia, "This war is its war whatever might happen; and, I will stay with it." (E 304) Hundreds of thousands of poor people are staying in Madrid refusing to evacuate

the city, waiting for the undesirable crushing march of Franco's legions, and their death, alas! And Guernico will stay with them.

He is terribly torn between his faith in Christ and his hate for the institution of the Spanish Church of Christ as he feels his responsibility as a Catholic writer to the point of guilt by association. He hopes to absolve himself through his service to the revolution of the poor. He is trying to appeal to the soul of the Church against the body of the Church: "For twenty years," he says, "I have seen her, the Spanish Church, I have seen her rites, but her soul is like our countryside, a desert . . ." (E 307) Faith for him is not the absence of love. Hope for him is not a world that demands the adoration of a golden crucifix called The Christ of the Wealthy, a world order "where nothing is heard, because those who suffer hide themselves to weep!" (E 308) And he continues:

"She is alive; there is no place in the world where one could say that the Word has been present; soon we will learn that here, in Madrid, during these nights we have heard it. Something is beginning in this country for my Church something that might be the rebirth of the Church."(E 309) It is through suffering that he expects that birth, through these suffering masses that have revolted and preferred to die. And now, these masses have rejected the Church for another communion,

deeper and more meaningful than the ritual ceremonies of the thousand existing Churches all over the country. Talking to Garcia, Guernico exclaims:

> Against the Church, I lean in full on my faith . . . (E 308)
> - Where are you going to find the Church of your faith?
> - Look in the poor houses, or in the hospitals, at this [same] moment, there are priests without a collar, in simple gillets of Parisian waiters, all too busy taking confessions, giving the last unction, maybe even baptizing. . . .
>
> And he continued:
> - God knows, there are trials the priesthood has to go through; but I believe that the priesthood must become difficult . . .
>
> And a second later: Maybe like the life of every Christian. (E 310)

Neither Hernandez, nor Guernico, belonged to a community of their own anymore. Hernandez was a career officer who abandoned his colleagues to defend a cause that he felt deserved his loyalty; but, as he realized later on, people that he met were not those whom he could understand and live at peace with. Guernico, had abandoned his Catholic Church; as such, he was out of the framework of that social institution and its community. The world he had joined, with all the enthusiasm that inspired him, was not yet an organized community. It was not able to win for itself, and for him, the life they were fighting for. There was a problematic situation without a solution in sight; it simply would not fade away in front of the overwhelming brute force of reality. Slowly, but surely, both Hernandez and Guernico are

doomed to die for lack of a future in their perspectives. Educated, courageous, led by their well-rooted moral qualms, they fight against a peril that endangers the existence of a society which seems to hold some promise for them.

The Italian Scali, the French Magnin, the Spanish Sembrano, they are all united in defending values they consider to be universal. Born in different countries, here in Spain they fight for the common cause of humanity, the real motherland of them all.

Scali, an art historian, finds himself welcomed in circles where culture is respected. Commanding an army unit or showing muscle in the turmoil of war is not his forte; he is too sensitive to be rough and rude. Even during the bombing of enemy columns, he feels a need to return back to the airfield as soon as he sees the Moors retreating; killing a fleeing soldier is not morally acceptable to him. As an intellectual, he is not attracted by the use of physical force in settling disputes. On the contrary, he easily engages in explanations, as he insists on his intellectual need to convince the converser. And now, in the midst of this mad destruction, what frightens him is not the future, but precisely this atrocious present where "he saw the physiological element of war growing and gaining ground in many of his best friends, and which was practically knocking him out . . .

He really did not know any more where he was." (E 317)

For months Scali was wondering what was going on, as he detected the war technicians taking over everything. "He admired the fighters, distrusted the military and detested the war-likers," (E 422) Now, here he is, living in a world that he can not understand, and yet fighting for it. All his life he had tried to conceive of a "notion of man" that he had heard, read and written about. What he was discovering there, in this Spanish Civil War, was the surprising truth about that "notion of man," face to face with man committed to a struggle of life and death: "There was courage and generosity--and there was physiology. There were [individual] revolutionaries--and there were masses. There was politics--and there was morality." (E 423) Where was he, and what was he really doing there? The questions kept coming back to his mind as he was trying to clarify for himself one fundamental wisdom: first, I must know what I am talking about. He is confused.

Magnin is more action-prone than Scali; he, too, however, is caught in the conflict of war. He wants people to fight and die for what they believe and not for a technique or a discipline. Deeply feeling the warmth of 'camaraderie' in war, he had succeeded in being accepted as leader by his comrades in the aviation, and was respected for his unswerving loyalty to revolution. He is not a Communist and, as the Communist dominance

gains ground, he feels left aside. One judgment by the Communist Comissar Enrique rings constantly in his ears; "All the Magnins and the Garcias of the world are less important to me than one member of the [Communist] party." (E 158) That is depressing to him. Magnin admires the energy of the Communists, of those who are organizing the Army, as he ends up finding himself helpless in front of those who think of the action as just an action and not an act of justice. Finally, for the sake of that action, he is forced to adapt the techniques of efficiency. What kept him going is that brotherly fatality in which he found himself united with other airmen, and--in the case of the farmer who reported the presence of the hidden enemy aircrafts--that "inspiring ideal that pushes men to fight and accept death for the sake of something that is not in their own interest." (E 450)

Sembrano goes further than Magnin; he joins the Communist Party. Entering the revolutionary community, he resolves most of his problems as he now accepts the policy of his own party. At heart, he has remained a pacifist. Whenever he is in a bombing mission, he tries to resolve his ethical problems by risking his life in low flights, hoping that this way he would spare the unnecessary civilian victims. That option was still left open to him and he was using it as a safety valve of a boiling cauldron.

Other participants advanced in their military formation more than the Magnins and the Sembranos. All of them, however, accepted more fully the logic of war and its inherent exigencies. Two figures are especially prominent in this category of militants; men who went all out for action and victory without questioning the values of either one, but without succeeding in totally suppressing their ethical qualms. They are Garcia of the Army intelligence, an ethnologist and intellectual with a tendency for precision and logical definition, and Manuel, a sound engineer and music lover, whose stature grows with the growth of the Spanish Republican Army.

Garcia is not a Communist. He is with the Communists, however, in the field of action. He works with them because he recognizes all their virtues of disciplined action. Although he does not seem to see anything else in the Communists, he cooperates with them in full in order to achieve the main purpose that he has set before himself: namely, to stop Franco. Everything that goes against this course of action is not acceptable to him as he thinks of the situation in concrete terms: "what is the use of this or that in our fight against Franco?" He is convinced that the war will be a technical one, fought by technicians, the only ones capable of winning. For Garcia "the revolution is the sequence of an insurrection directed by experts (political, technical,

or whatever you wish) found in the struggle, and able to rapidly substitute with a new structure the destroyed one." (E 116-117) Nothing of the enthusiasm encountered all around the country enters into this concept. For Garcia, there is essentially a chain of cause and effect based on concrete conditions and following a strict logic of events; in short, there is a technical war to be fought --and won.

The modern history of Spain with its tumultuous years of attempted social reforms have brought Garcia to the conclusion that no social changes are possible with peaceful means, much less are revolutions possible without violent action. Therefore, war is inevitable. Since war is fought with modern weaponry and modern technology, a romantic militiaman can do little against a tank, and peasant battalions hastily put together cannot resist the fear of a trained aviation. One cannot fight an army with a wish or a dream.

Garcia's cold logic fosters no illusions that the Apocalypse of the disorganized masses will die as soon as enthusiasm and reality meet. Nor will the stress on the value of moral problems have any effect on the operations of foreign policy; world affairs are conducted on the basis of cold egotistic calculations. The secret of victory, for Garcia, resides only in the disciplined action that these people of Spain will be able to take

and carry out. It is for this purpose that Garcia insists on "organizing the Apocalypse," on strict discipline, which is simply a technique like any other, and "which gives collective groups who engage in fighting their highest efficiency." (E 117)

Garcia disapproves of the Anarchists' determination to make Revolution the way of life, _per se_, for the simple reason that all ends inevitably in death; therefore, no victory is possible. Yet, he understands their need for fraternity very well and he prefers it over the Communist passion for hierarchy. It is the same for the Fascists; what Garcia resents the most in them is their great pride "in the young heroes of a superior race who defend their ideals against a populace that has gone mad." (E 206)

It is not without inner conflict, though, that Garcia has given his total support to the Communists. As he pushes ahead towards the achievement of his goal, he pauses to evaluate the changes that are taking place. To the Communist Pradas, who rejects the possibility of politics nurtured by moral principles, Garcia replies that "the complication, and maybe the drama of the revolution, is that one cannot do without. . . ." (C 204) Eventually, Garcia realizes that all the bestiality that war had brought to Spain will not disappear so easily; people have changed--their minds, their feelings, their nature--

and he wonders what war was going to do to him. Will he be able to recuperate from that fall that the armed conflict had brought upon him? All around him Garcia witnessed violence, death, treason, and destruction. He was fully aware of the subversive activities of the pro-Fascist elements inside Madrid--the ill-famed Fifth Column --but he restrained himself from unleashing the masses maddened by suffering; he knew what it meant to tempt the beast in man. He did not approve of the use of torture, although for the Communists it was a preferable weapon that could help bring them victory. Finally, almost broken by the heavy burden of responsibility, Garcia who did not join the Communist Party, who did not have a community of his own, remaining an individual, is saddened by the inevitability of the undesirable results that war would bring to Spain. Dialoguing with his conscience, he utters: "Whatever direction this war will take when it's over withall this hatred, what peace could be possible here? And, what is this war making of me? He remembered that men ask themselves questions that deal with morality, shook his head, took his pipe, got up with difficulty and went to the Section of the Security." (E 301)

Unlike Garcia, Manuel is a member of the Communist Party; as such he is fully committed to the program of this party, and is totally obedient to his Party's instructions. At war, he acts as if he were an

intelligent "computer": "We must make the new Spain!" the Party has said, and that is an order Manuel has taken seriously and will do everything he can to fulfill. Assistant to an experienced commander, this thirty year old young man is rather serious for his age. With a stubbornness characteristic of all Communist making, he works systematically and intelligently in order to know the world in which he has placed all his hopes--the world of war. He was learning not to mix up his dreams with what he really was doing. He was acquiring political experience, and the maturity that comes with it. He was changing more and more everyday, as the cruelty of the war fist shocked him, then conditioned him and ultimately left him insensitive. Manuel "was becoming more and more aware that war meant making the impossible by putting a scorching red iron deep into the living [human] flesh." (E 93) Disciplined by nature and endowed with a deeply-felt sense of efficiency, the former musician, joined a career army colonel in order to learn from him the art of making war. Once the responsibility of leading his units was accepted, the moral obligation that derived from it became a concrete responsibility; a leader had to win, or die. Under these circumstances nothing else counts more; one should think concretely, and for Manuel, "now even human beings do not count any more for what they are, but what they can do. (E 166)

Like Garcia, Manuel thinks that courage is a matter of organization, and that no collective courage has any weight against the modern machine-gun and airplanes, unless that courage is organized and supplied with machine-guns and airplanes. As a military leader, he thinks that one should rely on the confidence of the military units under command, a problem that he has resolved with his membership in the Party, a strictly structured organization. As a Communist, he thinks in concrete terms, and as the war progresses, he learns more about it. He acquires especially "prudence, organizational abilities, stubbornness and rigidity at work. He learns to possess all this, rather than simply to conceive of it." (E 219)

The insistence on the concrete aspects of the problem by the Communist Manuel brings a stress on the object _per se_, excluding the quality aspect of it. Man-soldier, then becomes a soldier-object that precludes the human quality of man. Translated into real terms, that concept brings Manuel to the position of judge and executioner of his own troopers. Those who panicked were executed as there was no room left for human weakness and frailty. In a panicking army unit, the execution of the deserters was considered to be the first positive element, and Manuel used it. As a military leader, Manuel was paying his debt to his commanding

role in human lives, as he soon realized that "never in his life had he felt so much need to chose between victory and pity [for dying humans]" (E 382) That choice, however, had already been made for him:

> I am determined to serve my party, and will not allow myself to stop because of my psychological reactions. I am a man without a sense of guilt. . . . But, listen to me [he was talking to his commander Ximenes] there is not one single step upward that I have made to increase my efficiency, to improve my leadership that has not separated me more from other men. I am becoming less and less human everyday . . ." (E 402)

Removed from the world of humanity, Manuel developed a closer attachment to animals; a big German shepherd dog was his inseparable companion. He reviewed from a stand his units leaving for the front and, as he looked at those faces who had accepted dying under his command, he realized for the first time in full, that he was directly responsible for their lives. On one point he was sure: he was not going to let them down, for any reason whatsoever. That determination brought him back to the field of action, to the exigencies of the war, to the supreme values of efficiency, discipline and obedience to the Party.

Yet, Manuel was disturbed by his past. Walking alone with his dog in the deserted streets of Brihuega, he heard coming from a half-destroyed house the notes of a romance played on a piano by a militiaman. There seemed to be three pianos, played with one finger by three

militiamen. Not one of them played the <u>Internationale</u> but a romance, "as if they were playing the infinite sadness of the destroyed trucks all over the slopes of Brihuega . . . trying to reach a colorless sky." (E 497) He did not feel like playing; he wanted to listen and be left alone in the streets of this conquered town. He was realizing how the world lives and life advances undisturbed and above the daily human worries and sufferings, as if it wanted to testify to the meaninglessness of man's action in that world.

In the dining-room of his Brigade he located the records of Gartner, the German commissar, and found the Beethoven Symphonies and <u>Les Adieux</u>. Manuel felt that music right away; man's noble art of harmonious sounds was weakening his present will for action and throwing him back to the past. Ximenes used to say, "probably he had found life again." (E 497) Maybe on the day when the sounds of these canons will stop tearing the silence of these peaceful surroundings Manuel too, will find his past, as he will become another man, a Manuel unknown to the military leader of today. He will have the time to stop and think, as all those soldiers undoubtedly one day will, as the bleeding Spain herself will ". . . . like those who suddenly interrogate themselves at the last hour of their lives, before they die." (E 498) War will remain simply a discovery of only one facet of life:

> Manuel was listening for the first time to the voice that weighted heavier than man's blood, more disturbing than their presence on earth; the possibilities of their destiny; and, he felt that [human] presence mixed with the noise of the brooks and the steps of the prisoners, deep and permanent as the beating of his heart. (E, last paragraph)

The professional officers in this conflict are its backbone. They are not directly related to revolution, but yet they emerge as the indispensable elements of war. What is important to them is a respect for the rules of the game as they are caught in the insoluble contradiction of training men for fighting against men on one hand, and their concern for defense, man's preparation to face the danger brought by fighting, on the other. It all depends on which side one finds oneself. Malraux's military men are redeemed by their choice to side with justice, as their participation in the war has an explanation that tries to justify it. Yet, the Catholic Ximenes and the Communist Enrique remain pure militarists.

The symbol of this pure militaristic caste is the General Heinrich. We do not know anything about him, as we see him constantly on the move. He advises, directs, commands with expertise. There doesn't seem to be any inner conflict in this man's heart. He knows his job very well and demands that everybody do the same. Officers, assistants, telephones, maps, visits to the front lines, technical discussions, that's all he knows, that's all he needs in the performance of his duties.

People are not seen with him, although mortal humans abound around him, and die executing his orders. To Manuel, who still suffers from the heavy burden of leadership, General Heinrich has the following advice to give:

> From the day that you have accepted a commanding position in the army of the proletariat, you have no longer the right to have your own soul. . . . Your heart, you can keep it: that's something else; but you must give up your soul. . . . There are losses for each victory achieved. . . . and not only in a battlefield. . . . Now, you should not ever have pity for anyone of your people that are lost. (E 495)

Fraternity, so much desired in Europe, had taken the form of an organized action, which was expected to produce its effects, to perform its functions, to do something. In Spain that doing consisted in the prevention of a threatening situation by means of force, by combat in war.

War, the irreversible means of exerting violence and force against the other party, is made by an organized and armed body, which basically requires a technique, a discipline and weapons. In Spain as anywhere else, those who possess the virtues of action become indispensable, especially as leaders. The stage is set for a bloody scene, for the tragic and its impact. It is set for the difficult choices between living free and remaining faithful to one's thinking on one side and total obedience to the new and indispensable god of efficiency on the other. There is no middle way. The organization could be achieved by a Party whose job is to build up an army. As such,

both Party and Army care very little for justice, for freedom, for morality. Their first principle and foremost quality is efficiency; their ultimate and irreplaceable goal is victory. Anything less than that is defeat. This black-and-white attitude could only breed fanaticism, and the Spanish Civil War was an excellent example of it. Magnin's dream of total freedom and his conviction that ". . . people cannot be asked to die for technique and discipline" faced Garcia's cold and cruel judgment" ". . . under present circumstances like these, I care less for the reasons why people offer their lives than for the means of killing their enemies. . . ." (E 117) It is evident that we have in Spain, to quote Lucien Goldmann, ". . . the revolution in the perspective of the leaders of Hankeou, and the consequence of that position. Malraux in Man's Hope practically denies [. . .] the revolution, that absolute, privileged and incontestable character, as its first and fundamental value."[121]

The result of this indoctrination brings Manuel to the most cynical conclusion: "I am not interested in what people are; I am interested in what they do." (E 166) The following dialogue between Hernandez and Garcia is very revealing:

> -What's the use of Revolution if it does not help people to better themselves? . . . Why is it not done by the most humane kind of people?--asks Hernandez.

-Because the most humane people do not make revolution, my dear friend: they make libraries and cemeteries. Unfortunately, answers Garcia.

-The cemeteries can give good examples, too. Very much so!
-In the meantime, Franco's victory. (E 211)[122]

The imperative of victory, appears to have its own logic in Man's Hope: to be someone is wrong, to do something is right. The doing, therefore, implies not being yourself but what conditions force you to be. That is what we call Stalinism. Personal heroism is almost excluded. Garcia preaches: "To cause your own death, does not serve any purpose, my friend . . . ," to survive, "to do what one can do to help the revolution." (E 304) Victory, the only thing that counts, has reduced the role of the revolution to an accepted humble task of organizing the Apocalypse. Drafted, obedient and disciplined, one looks only for efficiency, a mechanical[123] revolution, a loss of freedom, and as Manuel realizes it later, a "less human" situation.[124] Victor Brombert writes:

> The "to do" compromises those who uphold it (Garcia), dehumanizes them (Manuel), partly or completely alientated them sooner or later from it or from the entire enterprise (Scali and Magnin) . . . If the result of organizing the Apocalypse is to let the Sadists fill the revolutionary ranks, the present is paying a heavy tribute to the future.[125]

It appears that many of Malraux's revolutionaries are trapped by the inherent logic of war. The more one is committed to the cause of mankind, the more one has to

deal with human lives. And, as in any other field, an exchange is involved: you win or you lose. Here, there is one great difference, however. In a revolution you deal with human lives; you protect them, but you also destroy them, that is to say, you destroy life. That is why Manuel becomes "more and more saddened, and yet harsher and harsher. . . ." (E 400) At the end, he did not even have a voice to save an innocent volunteer whose life depended on him.

If the Heinrichs were the symbol of the pure militaristic caste, the two sages of Spain, Alvear and Unamuno, are their counterpart. They are the pure intellect transcending the exigencies of the war, in its permanent search of truth.

Alvear, professor of art history, entrenched in a room overcrowded with books, lives the days of the Civil War among his paintings, his statuettes and his past. Half blind himself, Alvear looks at this war with the bitterness of a father whose only son, Jaime, has lost his sight for it. Scali finds himself attracted by this atmosphere, as the calmness of the old man in front of the imminent danger brought him back to his own real values, intellectual and artistic, and he was pleased.

"I have worked according to my truth," said Alvear, "and tonight I am living with it. The Moors? No, it does not matter. . . ," as he is prepared to die

as his final proof of contempt for the Fascists. (E 315) No living voice possessed any value that night of destiny when the marching waves of war stifled everything; wisdom could not overcome this tragedy. "However, music and art are valid for both life and death," (E 315) continued Alvear, as if he wanted to give all his importance to what transcends all temporary human activities. Outside, in the streets of Madrid, steps of people running to escape, detonations, all kinds of noises brought by fear and terror seemed to move around Scali who was fixing his look on the intense eyes of the old man. There was no fear of death on that face who feared also the Communist victory. The thinker was rather curious about death, but Scali was somewhat detached from all that. He was constantly in action, and did not think of death anymore, unless as a duel: one wins or loses with it.

The noise of a machine-gun broke the silence of the room and brought reality inside. Alvear questioned, as if he were talking to himself, whether the whole war was worth making after all; men do not commit their best part to action they are engaged in it. He continued: "I want to establish a relationship with a man for his nature, and not for his ideas. I want fidelity in friendship, and not a friendship dependent on a political attitude. I want a man to be responsible to himself--and you know well, mister Scali, that whatever one might say,

this is the most difficult thing--and not to a cause, even if that cause is the cause of the oppressed." (E 317)

Alvear recognizes the value of revolution as a maker of hopes, as a chance for the unjustly treated, for those who have suffered bestiality, injustice or humiliation, to remedy the evil or heal the wound; he expects, however, that transformation to be done through individual effort, not organized pressure or guidance, as he does not think that there is room for both. Coming back to the horrors of war, Alvear asked:

> -Please, tell me, you, you the interpreter of Massaccio, of Pier de la Francesca, how can you suffer this universe? And as Scali was justifying his involvement with the nobility and the hope that the common action inspires in him, Alvear said: I am tired of many things here where I am, but for me, what is essential in man, if you want to call it that way, is precisely in these domains. 'You will earn your bread with your own sweat.' It's the same for us, also, as you can see, even and especially when the sweat is cold.
> -Ah! You all are fascinated by what is fundamental in man.
> -The age of the fundamental is coming back, mister Scali, said Alvear with a sudden seriousness. Reason must be grounded again.
> -You think that Jaime was wrong in joining the fight?
> Alvear raised his curved shoulders; his cheeks shrank even more.
> -Let the earth be Fascist and my son not be blind. . . . (E 319)

Making an effort to overcome his anxiety, Alvear returned to his main preoccupation, the ideas centering on man's own efforts to improve himself. What he expects from all those who are engaged in the struggle, including his own son, is not a better social order, but a

preservation of what he had done his best to teach, namely, the quality of man. And yet, as he opens the window and the tunes of the Internationale enter this room, the sad voice of his small and weak body is heard saying: "If the Moors would enter right now the last thing that I will have heard will be this song of hope played by a blind. . . ." (E 320)

"Life," wrote the intellectual Miguel de Unamuno, "is more than pleasure, is more than pain." (E 423) His past and his present had become an indivisible part of the struggle for the possession of the quality of man, to those who hated him before or loved him later. A man who had devoted his life to the respect for truth had remained the symbol of the search for it. During his exile years he made Truth and Life the two tenets of his life, as he believed "to live in the truth, even if one suffers, rather than to reason in happiness, or be happy with reason." (E 371) Ten years later, he repeated the same thing to the Fascists in Salamanca: "This University must remain at the service of Truth. . . . Miguel de Unamuno will not be where there is a lie. . . ." (E 371) Faithful to his beliefs he protested against the Fascists' executions, the Red atrocities, the repression of Biscayne and Catalonia and was threatened, offended, injured. He could not accept the role of the henchman in North Africa as an act of civilization, and he said so. He rejected

the screams "of the windmills that are our giants" claiming the right to great Spain, and preferred to close himself inside his own little Spain, far from the turmoil of the leaders drunk with military glory, far from the frightening noise made by the cruelty of the Spanish papers. Without his committing himself to action, his opposition takes on an ethical character. Yet, the massive executions that he had witnessed without being able to stop them had brought him to think about the real value of his thought as he did not succeed in grasping the full meaning of the Spanish drama. His sons were fighting for the Republic that he refused to defend because of his opposition to the Communism. Nevertheless, the war that was ravaging the country, the executions and the suffering people had increased his worries, as he saw in his country the eternal recourse to violence and irrationality.

Threatening by the outside world, tormented in his inner world, Unamuno found refuge in the little studio of Salamanca; and, as he turned his eyes towards his last years spent outside that studio, he thought how he had dreamed of a life with books evading the turbulent world. "To read?" he declared to a visitor, "I do not read very much anymore, if it is not about the sea, whose intimate friend I am becoming more and more." (E 375) Spain was engulfed in a terrible war and Unamuno kept aloof, detesting the victor, rejecting its lies and remaining faithful

to the ideal of Truth. The thinker never ventured to enter the Manichean world of action.

The response to the challenge of death meets the logic of the organized revolutionary action in The Conquerors. The revolutionary ideal meets the same logic in Man's Fate, and universal humanist values meet it in Man's Hope. The same logic is met everywhere facing the different elements which constitute the new image of man engaged in an effort to bring about a world where one can live, a world with fundamental values. And finally, it is the same logic that, trying to bring victory, causes the death of the ideal and kills the purpose of that noble fight for man. The European's fight to destroy God and whatever else was opposed to man ended in a one-way street facing death. By rejecting metaphysical anxiety, by destroying idealism, by chastizing humanism, the logic of revolutionary action ends in discovering that the newly created image cannot generate passion any more. With a growing awareness of this existing opposition between one's deepest inner life and action, the revolutionary man loses his ardor and begins to live a new phase of his evolution--the aftermath of the revolution.

> Revolution is not simply the march toward a general insurrection [comments Janine Mossuz] but it also means the building of a new society demanding discipline, organization and the use of methods that caused the insurrection. André Malraux ceased to believe in the revolution very early, as soon as he saw that revolutionary ardor was easily

> being transformed into bureaucracy, into dictatorship, into new forms of oppression.[126]

Revolution, in its effort to build a new society, seems to resemble the building of shelter facilities as a hope to resolve the need for refuge and protection. Its framework, however, limits man's field of freedom and its completion ends in closing him in. As it was the case in Spain, the lyrical ardor had to embody itself into some structures that, in our days, turned out to be those of modern war.

Apparently Malraux understood that to simply look after the results of action alone and forget about the purpose of that action, meant forgetting the subject that action would serve--namely, human beings.[127] This road would inevitably lead toward Fascism, whose main tenet is to assume, as indispensable, the necessity for using force and violence in order to maintain man-made laws and an imposed order for law-and-order sake. Consequently, it is a display of lack of faith and hope, a diffidence toward human beings, a treatment usually reserved for the despised inferiors; therefore, it is for the unwanted and the unloved.

The ability of the revolution to change man is questioned incessantly in Malraux's novels. Nevertheless, the strong urge to yearn for an ideal situation is everpresent. The revolutionaries have ideas of their own in their minds which do not call for the

establishment of an orderly mechanism demanding acceptance and obedience. According to Malraux, "the danger now resides in the totalitarianism of the revolutionary revindication, which does not allow any room for maneuvering, or for freedom."[128]

The choice is rather limited and, as in the case of Manuel, it is rather tragic: "I am with you! screamed the wounded man, for the first time with a convincing accent. I am telling you that I am with you! Manuel came to the square only after having heard the shots of the execution squad." (E 87) As the categorical imperative of obedience demands the killing of human beings by order, including friends and comrades, an irrevocable breakdown of man's unity is caused, of man's search for man, of man's effort to save man. Thus, one can never come back again to the path of righteousness. That something which has been irrevocably broken is the dead fraternity, and this is a heavy price for anyone, including the leaders, to pay.

"With the god of efficiency we have gained the system analysis; we have lost the knowledge of good and evil," writes A. Wheelis.[129] Now to win is good, no matter how, even if it means to throw justice into the garbage, to execute the innocent or to set up the most oppressive state apparatus. Of course, it is a question of fighting the old oppressive order; however, when this

exigency demands the absolute rule of violence--as it did in all the revolutions of Malraux's novels, and especially in Spain--then, ". . . not only the laws but everything and everybody must fall silent."[130] For those who are privileged to understand, the new situation becomes a torment. In Man's Fate, Kyo felt like a prisoner because ". . . it is difficult for him to find a basis for his action, if he cannot any longer but simply obey the instructions of the Komintern, without questioning them." (CH 121) Manuel felt responsible for the youngster who writes on the wall with the blood of the two executed prisoners, and he says so. When Magnin is told that the Communists cannot confide in him, that action is action and not justice, for the first time he felt the loneliness of war in the depth of his heart. At that point even the pragmatic Garcia wondered about the results of such hatred, and confessed: "What peace could be possible here? What will this war make of me?" (E 301) In Barcelona, the former slogans on churches' gates "Controlled by the people" have changed; they read: "Property of People's Vengeance." The mobilizing credos of the lyrical illusions are replaced with the cold and squarely cut slogans of the two major political parties involved: Fascist and Communist. It is the same Garcia who, in those circumstances, was less interested "in reasons for which people die than in the means of killing their enemies" (E 117) and who

now pronounces the revolutionary's death sentence and the subsequent reign of the militants: "The word party is deceiving . . . the parties whose entire grass roots clutch the profound and irrational elements of man." (E 493) In the Party era even fraternity loses its lofty appeal. Instead of delivering man from solitude through solidarity, the new relationship becomes a complete submission of self to the Party apparatus.

Bestowing on the irrational the privilege of generating passion for joining in and fighting for the revolution, Garcia's verdict deprives the revolutionaries of that conscious and dignified part of man that prompts them to offer their best with ardor, on the altar of fraternity and justice, ". . . that willingness of man to subordinate himself to what, from within, surpasses him."[131] Jean Lacouture makes the following comments: "When one has attended the school and accepted, like Manuel, the difficult path of adherence to the discipline of the Party of Stalin, and chosen to make war rather than revolution, then defeat takes an even more horrible aspect."[132]

"We may renounce everything" used to repeat the Anarchist Durruti, except victory." (E 267) Everything, that is to say, even humanity, even love and hope and faith in man. In 1945, Malraux himself, will make this important distinction: "It is right to say that war and revolution are two antinomies."[133]

One cannot live in the dormant state of quietness for ever; the dramatic moment comes, the crisis, and one has to act, or fade away accepting to be "a nothingness." Even more: to make others act by waking them up from the centuries-long lethargy is an important aspect of action for oneself. It means to carry the idea of action from inside of man into the outside world of men. There is only one human species, one absolute, humanity, in a world where all other absolutes seem to have died. It is up to man to grasp the relay, challenge destiny in the absence of anything else, divine or superhuman, and search for a universe where man can live. Life then becomes a constant struggle, a forceful action to shape man's history, the history of mankind. Therefore, it is not the chosen weapon that is essential, but the constant metaphysical concern for human fate, as well as man's constant concern for man's future.

The struggle involves a danger deriving from the threat that action for action's sake may bring war and destruction. In Malraux's novels, it is not war that justifies the need to challenge destiny, as war is initiated by masters and fought by slaves; it is rather, a much higher form of challenge, it is Revolution, the forceful action initiated by the oppressed slaves to fight the oppressive masters acting as tools of destiny. From the lunatic oppressive war to the emancipating movement of Revolution there is a great qualitative jump. Thus,

Revolution becomes a giant step forward on the march of humanity and, as such, an ethical imperative, as long as it remains uncorrupted. Seen in this light, Revolution gives full meaning to history, as it serves as a dependable guide to human conduct in the future as well. That future would represent then the new forces shaping the new world against a dying order which struggles to prolong its agony refusing to surrender.

Revolution is a battle and a reason for it; it is, therefore, a great action, the privileged enterprise inspired by an act of faith in man and man's ability to save himself through a conscious and meaningful collective struggle.

Footnotes: Chapter Two

[1]André Vandegans, La Jeunesse littéraire d'André Malraux (Paris: Pauvert, 1964), p. 28.

[2]In Action, No. 3 (avril, 1920), pp. 13-14. Action, No. 4 (avril-mail 1922), pp. 17-21.

[3]Speaking about Charles Maurras' efforts to harmonize life and thought, Malraux will write that it was not an easy thing, because "the attractiveness of the different anarchies that he [Maurras] fights today is great. . . ." Préface" to Mademoiselle Monk, p. 8.

[4]Clara Malraux, Memoirs, transl. by P. O'Brian (New York: Farrar, Strauss and Giroux, 1967), p. 208.

[5]A. Vandegans, op. cit., p. 152.

[6]Gaëton Picon, Malraux par lui-même, p. 84 (Note by Malraux No. 32).

[7]A. Malraux, "Préface," Mademoiselle Monk, p. 7.

[8]Ibid., pp. 8-9.

[9]A. Malraux, "La défense de l'Occident," p. 818.

[10]Clara Malraux, op. cit., p. 304.

[11]André Rousseau, "Une quart d'heure avec M. André Malraux," Candide (13 novembre 1930); quoted in A. Vandegans, op. cit., p. 151.

[12]"Dira-t-on qu'il renonce à la littérature? Pas même! Lui qui est un des plus purs parmi les jeunes écrivains, il savait que la littérature ne pouvait pas le satisfaire; il dédaigne sans grandes phrases, simplement parce que son angoisse ne peut pas se contenter de mots." M. Arland, quoted in A. Vandegans, op. cit., p. 152.

[13]A. Vandegans, op. cit., p. 428.

[14]A. Malraux, "André Malraux et l'Orient," Les Nouvelles Littéraires (31 juillet 1926); quoted by Walter Langlois, André Maraux, L'Aventure Indochinoise (Paris: Mercure de France, 1967), p. 214.

[15] "Until that time he had not been interested in politics." "Never before going to Indochina had Malraux been involved in politics." W. Langlois, *op. cit.*, pp. 14 and 60.

[16] The Annamites formed in French schools went for their people, a slow but sure evolution, under French sovereignty, toward a constitutional form styled after the European nations." Ninh in *Europe*, Nr. 31 (15 janvier 1925). "This was the fundamental position of Malraux and Monin," comments W. Langlois, *op. cit.*, p. 67.

[17] To a large extent the foundation of this morality was "born of the principle, consecrated by the unanimous agreement of the so-called civilized nations, that peoples have the right to self-determination, born also of the spreading among the masses of certain republican ideas that France was the first to propagate throughout the world." "Au service de l'Albione," editorial of *Indochine* (18 July 1925), quoted by W. Langlois, *op. cit.*, p. 135.

[18] *Indochine Enchaînée*, quoted by W. Langlois, *op. cit.*, p. 187.

[19] A. Malraux, "La Question des 'Conquérants,'" *Variétés*: Revue belge (15 octobre 1929), pp. 429-37, quoted by W. Langlois, *op. cit.*, p. 226. Underlined in the original.

[20] A. Malraux, "Letter to E. Wilson" dated 2 Oct. 1933. ". . . Then, I abandoned archeology, organized the Jeune-Annam movement, and later became a commissioner of the Kuomintang in Indochina and finally in Canton." in R.W.B. Lewis, ed., *Malraux* (New Jersey: Prentice Hall, 1964), p. 30.

[21] *Indochine*, No. 2, quoted by W. Langlois, *op. cit.*, p. 81.

[22] *Indochine*, 16 July 1925, *ibid.*, p. 145.

[23] "A. Malraux et l'Orient," W. Langlois, *op. cit.*, p. 256.

[24] *Indochine*, 4 July 1925, *ibid.*, p. 30.

[25] *Ibid.*, p. 309.

[26] *Indochine*, 14 April 1925, in W. Langlois, *op. cit.*, p. 238.

[27]Ibid., p. 238.

[28]Looking back at Malraux's greatest novels, one is brought to see why Malraux sided with those who rightfully revolt, and did not see any reason why they should consider their right for revolt as a privilege that obligates a mandatory submission to a new political or social order. As he puts it, when it comes to "the order": "The High Administration [of Indochina] is created to serve the country, and not the country to serve the Higher Administration." Indochine, 16 July 1925, quoted by W. Langlois, op. cit., p. 311. Here, the analogy with the anarchist philosophy is evident, as we will see it in the Spanish drama.

[29]W. Langlois, op. cit., p. 135.

[30]A. Malraux, "Préface," A. Viollis, SOS Indochine, quoted by W. Langlois, op. cit., p. 242.

[31]Indochine, in ibid., p. 165.

[32]L'Indochine Enchainée, 10 February 1926, in ibid., p. 204.

[33]Ibid., p. 323.

[34]A. Malraux, "La question des 'Conquérants'" in W. Langlois, op. cit., p. 224.

[35]D. Gidman, ed., "Imperialism," Problems of Western Civilization (New York: Scribner's Sons, 1969), p. 659.

[36]Chi-Chen Wang, "Communism takes root in China," Revolution through Recovery, S. D. Schmulhausen, ed. (New York: Covice-Frieden, 1933), p. 321.

[37]Ibid., p. 330.

[38]Ibid., pp. 334-335.

[39]A. Viollis, SOS Indochina, quoted in W. Langlois, op. cit., p. 203.

[40]S. D. Schmulhausen, op. cit., p. 337.

[41]Chi-Chen Wang, op. cit., p. 337.

[42]Ibid., p. 338.

[43]"Their task [of purging the Communists] was entrusted to two minor men in the Kuomintang Party, who, utilizing the Chinese detectives in one of the foreign police organizations and a large number of persons connected with the Blue Society, one of the two secret societies operating there, made such a clean-up of Communists as no other Northern general (collaborating with the Japanese) would have dared to do even in his own territory." G. Sokolsky [American journalist], quoted by S. D. Schmulhausen, _op. cit_., p. 333.

[44]A. Malraux, "La défense de l'Occident," by H. Massis, "Notes," _La Nouvelle Revue Française_, juin 1927, p. 815.

[45]A. Vandegans, _op. cit_., p. 255.

[46]H. Peyre, _Essays_ . . . , p. 270.

[47]_Ibid_., p. 270.

[48]A. Malraux, "Défense de l'Occident," p. 816.

[49]G. Picon, _Malraux par lui-même_, p. 42. (Note by Malraux.)

[50]H. Peyre, _Essays_ . . . , p. 269.

[51]P. Bénichou, _Les Morales du Grand Siècle_ (Paris: Gallimard, 1948), p. 226.

[52]An interesting analysis of these inherent national qualities are skillfully presented by A. Malraux in the "Address to the Intellectuals," Salle Pleyel, Paris, 1948.

[53]Crane Brinton, _The Anatomy of Revolution_ (New York: Vintage Books, 1952), p. 170.

[54]E. Wilson, "André Malraux," R. W. Lewis, ed., _op. cit_., p. 26.

[55]David Wilkinson, _Malraux: Essay in Political Criticism_ (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1967), p. 35.

[56]P. Bénichou, _op. cit_., p. 226.

[57]"Each man detached from Chinese life, of its rites and its vague beliefs, and rebellious to Christianity at the same time--says Garine,--is a good revolutionary. . . ." (C 137)

[58]"Crucial to any understanding of revolution in the modern ages is that the idea of freedom and the experience of a new beginning should coincide." Hannah Arendt, <u>On Revolution</u> (New York: Viking Press, 1963), p. 22.

[59]As a matter of fact, he rejects the world of humanity with the disdain of a Sophoclean hero:

> Ajax--I said--so you are not going to forget your anger against me, even in death. . . . Come here to me, my lord, hear what I have to say, subdue your pride and noble spirit!" So I spoke to him. He made no answer but strode off after the other shades to the dark house of the dead, and gone, alone . . . apart, in anger. This isthe permanence Ajax had chosen. It is an eternity of hatred and loneliness, but it is the permanence Ajax longed for,--he will hate always, forgive never. His yearning for the absolute, the permanent, is fulfilled by his everlasting existence as a proud and silent hater of his enemy, alone but free, free of the shifting patterns of constant change, free of time.

B.M.W. Knox, "The Ajax of Sophocles," <u>Sophocles</u>, Th. Woodward, ed. (New Jersey: Prentice Hall, 1967), p. 61.

[60]In this respect Garine is a real Dostoievskian character, because "there is nothing better than the feeling (of revenge) left in their whole being." Dostoievsky adds:

> Such a gentleman simply dashes straight for his object like an infuriated bull with its horns down, and nothing but a wall stops him. . . . Well, such a direct person I regard as the real moral man, as his tender mother nature wished to see him, where she graciously brought him into being on earth. I envy such a man till I am green in the face. He is stupid. I am not disputing that, but perhaps, the normal man should be stupid, how do you know? perhaps, it is very beautiful, in fact!

F. Dostoievsky, <u>Notes from Underground</u>, in Walter Kauffman, <u>Existentialism</u> (Cleveland: Meridian Books, 1962), pp. 58-59.

[61]Emmanuel Berl, "L'intellectuel et la Révolution," in P. Gaillard, <u>Les Critiques</u>. . . , p. 31.

[62]Parallels between Communist ideology and organization, and Christian doctrine and Church, are not difficult to make. The sacrifice of the present for the future and a better life, the religious and materialistic

interpretation of history, the respective Manifestos and Bibles, the Fathers of the Church and the Communist Patriarchs, the rigorous interpretation of the 'holy' writings, the network of devoted priests and Party workers, and the ardor of evangelism and conversion. The basic differences are, of course, too well known to be repeated here.

[63]Borodine is the 'Roman type.' We see in him the spiritual father of a host of other 'functionaries' of Communist Party in the succeeding events, hammer and tool of a large establishment, whose structure he dominates, remaining at the same time obedient to orders. His structure has changed into a complicated machine simply obeying the physical laws of movement, and finally ending, like Garine, into a forced obedience.

[64]Intelligent Chinese like Tcheng-Dai have judged them very well. "I know what it means to die. I know that sacrifices are necessary, but . . . I think that you and your friends Garine are not good pastors for the people . . . and even more, you are dangerous for them. I think that you are extremely dangerous, because you don't love them." (C 140)

[65]A. Malraux, "Appel aux Intellectuels," Salle Pleyel, Paris, 5 mars 1948.

[66]Hannah Arendt, op. cit., p. 41.

[67]"Everything that falls in their [revolutionaries] hands is organized as their advance progresses; the insurrection has definitely Russian or European cadres; the revolutionary employees at each level of administration guide the insurrectionists. There is a military committee that directs the whole movement. . . ." says the police commissioner Martial." (CH 90)

[68]B. T. Finch is correct when he writes: "Kyo has opted for the life in the world rather than for his inner life . . . because what man is to himself cannot be of any use to the revolutionary struggle . . . What interests him is the capacity of a man . . . The intimate being centered around himself cannot have any place in these [Malraux's] novels precisely because the world that they describe is the world of revolution." Lesdeux univers d'André Malraux (Paris: Archives des Lettres Modernes, 1964), No. 52, p. 70.

[69]". . . The main thing, what really was disturbing him to the point of anxiety, was that suddenly he was separated from her [May] by a feeling that he did not know how to call and yet, as destructive as time or death: he could not find her anymore. . . ." (CH 43)

[70]". . . it is the Stalinist period during which it was imposed an absolute defensive policy which led to the Pact of Non-Aggression with Hitler's Germany (1939) and which required the use of the Internationale and Communist Party apparatus against all attempts to develop or to expand revolutionary movements in the different countries of the world." L. Goldmann, op. cit., p. 102.

[71]W. M. Frohock, "The Power and the Glory," Malraux, R.W.B. Lewis, ed., p. 57.

[72]Henri Dumazeau, Malraux, La condition humaine (Paris: Hatier, 1970), p. 35.

[73]Feodor Dostoievsky, The Brothers Karamazov (New York: Modern Library, 1950), p. 863. "Fraternity (bratstvo), Dostoievsky says, is found only in the total denial of the self and in the unlimited service to others." Rufus Mathewson, "Malraux and Dostoievsky," American Contributions to the Fourth International Congress of Slavicists (1958), p. 22.

[74]Speaking about the painter Rouault, Malraux once wrote: "Christ and not God, delivers from the absurd those who believe in him." A. Malraux, "Notes sur l'expression tragique . . . ," Formes (Paris: Editions Françaises), décembre 1929, p. 6.

[75]Henri Dumazeau, op. cit., p. 35. Because the most important thing for Katow, as it was for Kyo and somewhat to a lesser extent for all other revolutionaries, is a tendency to save himself by a concern for others rather than allow himself to weaken in despairing and exhausting in self-concern; not 'I' Katow would repeat with Malraux, but 'man' wherever he is being crushed, is my concern.

[76]It seems that a line is drawn by Malraux between the intellectual and the worker of the revolutionary movement, concerning the degree of their sacrifice for the same ideal, which is, in our opinion, dear to the official Communist line. Kyo and Pei, two Communist intellectuals, either commit suicide (an anti-Marxist attitude) in an effort to avoid the terrible consequences of torture or of being burned alive, or manage to escape the massacre

waiting for more propitious moments. Katow, the worker, goes one step further; he overcomes the fear of death, challenges the supreme suffering to reach the peak of human fraternity, the absolute communion with men. Souen again a worker, fights with the revolutionary group to the end, is captured, suffers with his friends and shares the ultimate destiny with them, death, as he did with his life.

[77]"Stalin's invention . . . has consisted simply in treating people like machines. He has thought of his empire as a vast and unique machine; man is only a detached spare part, and therefore, detachable. All men." J. Roussault, "Le sens du Stalinisme," L'Age Nouveau, No. 79 (févr. 1953), p. 70.

[78]W. H. Frohock, "Malraux, the Power and the Glory," R.W.B. Lewis, ed., Malraux, p. 18.

[79]Garine was very right in fearing Tcheng-Dai and the rallying power of his nationalistic Chinese principles which could be used by the young generals of the Kuomintang.

[80]"Don't you think that it is characteristic of the human race's stupidity that a man who has only one life should waste it for an idea?" (CH 185)

[81]For Ferral, intelligence is "the possession of the means to compel things and people." (CH 183)

[82]"Those who seek control of themselves through the domination of others, cannot end but in useless cruelties of torture and sadism. It is the perversion of the project of Masterhood." S. Doubrovsky, Corneille et la dialectique du héros (Paris: Gallimard, 1963), p. 502.

[83]"Clappique had seen enough of rejected people during the Chinese and Siberian [civil] wars to know that a negation of the world is brought about by the intense humiliation; only blood stubbornly shed, drugs and neurasthenia nourish such lonelinesses." (CH 218)

[84]L'Express, 25 décembre 1954, p. 11.

[85]R. Caillois, "La vie est inépuisable," P. Gaillard, Les Critiques . . . , p. 96.

[86]"What else is it,--Malraux wrote in 1929,--but a refusal to accept the power of constraint by things, and to create a world at our image when we do not want to be at the image of the world?" A. Malraux, "Pont Egaré" by P. Véry, in La Nouvelle Revue Française (décembre 1929), Notes, p. 839.

[87]Les Caractères, quoted by A. Vandegans, op. cit., p. 267.

[88]J. Flanner, Men and Monuments (New York: Harper and Row, 1957), p. 36.

[89]G. Picon, Malraux par lui-même, p. 90, note by Malraux No. 38.

[90]A. Malraux, "Speech in the Congress of Soviet Writers," Moscow, August, 1934, quoted by YFS, No. 18 (1957), p. 28.

[91]Ibid., p. 29.

[92]A. Malraux, "Literature in Two Worlds," in Partisan Review, vol. ii, No. 6, Jan.-Feb. 1935, p. 14.
"Malraux's attitude reflects an ironic mood," writes Malraux's friend, Georges Gabory, "if irony is the distance between what think it is (or we would like it to be) and what really is. Otherwise how can he profess that the "very existence of the USSR is the emodiment of their (intellectuals) hopes." After Hitler's coming to power [January, 1933] Malraux developed further his Communist leanings, which ended in August 1939, after the conclusion of the Nazi-Soviet Non-Aggression Pact.

[93]Ibid., pp. 15-16.

[94]In Commune, No. 23 (juillet 1935), pp. 1264-1266.

[95]See The International Association for the Defense of Culture, Paris, 1 novembre 1935; quoted by YFS, No. 18 (1957), p. 51.

[96]A. Malraux, "Our Cultural Heritage," quoted by YFS, No. 18 (1957), pp. 31-38.

[97]J. Lacouture describes the scene of Malraux's arrival in Madrid: "He [Malraux] landed in July 21, [1936] in Madrid accompaned by Clara . . . . Malraux with his fist raised and his brotherly "Salud!" at the tip of his tongue, goes up and down Madrid, travels to Barcelona, where he collects, during the very first days of fighting, observations that will constitute the first chapter of L'Espoir." J. Lacouture, André Malraux, transl. by A. Sterrdau (New York: Pantheon Books, 1975), p. 227.
The Spanish Civil War was a real test of conscience for many millions including many European leaders. On November 26, 1975 Le Monde of Paris published an unknown

letter written by the French Prime Minister, Léon Blum, and addressed to President V. Auriol. Among others it reads: ". . . Nous risquons d'être les victimes de notre générosité. . . . Pour ma part, je vous le dis franchement, je ne pourrai assister impuissant à un jeu de dupes . . ." (underlined in the text). Dated Aug. 11, 1936.

[98] In the first edition of L'Espoir, serialized in La Nouvelle Revue Française, 1-er novembre 1937, on page 767 we read the following: "Lukacs [the Hungarian Marxist philosopher] dans un de ses livres Ethique et Politique concluait
l'inconciliabilité de ces points de vue, à leur opposition irréductible. Deux jours plus tard son ami Liebknecht and Rosa Luxembourg étaient assassinés. La semaine suivante, il entrait au Parti Communiste," dit Garcia. -Ce qui n'a sans doute pas résolu son problème," répond Scali.

In the book edition of L'Espoir this passage is replaced with the following:

> Pour un homme qui pense, la révolution est tragique. Mais pour un tel homme, la vie aussi est tragique. Et si c'est pour supprimer sa tragédie qu'il compte sur la révolution il pense de travers, c'est tout." (E 285)

which is not too different from the first.

[99] J.-P. Sar re, "Préface," R. Stéphane, Le Portrait d'un aventurie (Paris: Ed. Sages Harre, 1950), p. 10.

[100] "Largo Caballero, the Prime Minister of Spain in September 1936, had to earn his living at the age of eight, and learned to read and write at the age of twenty-four." P. Gaillard, L'Espoir (Paris: Hatier, 1970), p. 11.

[101] "When the torch passes to other hands, to other men, to other generations, let them remember, if they ever feel their blood boil and the Spanish temper is once more infuriated with intolerance, hatred and destruction, let them think of the dead, and listen to their lesson: the lesson of those who have bravely fallen in battle, generously fighting for a great ideal, and who now, protected by their maternal soil, feel no hate or rancour, and who send us, with the sparkling of their light, tranquil and remote as that of a star, the message of the eternal Fatherland which says to all its sons: Peace, Pity and Pardon." "Manuel Azana at Barcelona, 18 July 1938; quoted by Hugh Thomas, The Spanish Civil War (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1961), pp. 623-624.

[102] [The book] It reduces itself into two characters, the hero and his sense of life; individual antagonisms which make possible the complexity of the full length novel, do not figure here." (TM, Préface).

[103] A. Malraux, "Reply to Trotzky," R.W.B. Lewis, ed., Malraux, p. 24.

[104] R. Bespaloff, "L'irruption de la tendresse," P. Gaillard, Les Critiques . . . , p. 70.

[105] Ibid., p. 72.

[106] L. Goldmann, op. cit., p. 140.

[107] Ralph Bates, "Malraux's Best Novel," The New Republic, 16 November 1938, p. 49

[108] André Malraux, "Forging Man's Fate in Spain," The Nation, No. 144 (mars 1937), p. 315.

[109] A. Malraux, "Speech in Mutualité," Paris, 23 décembre 1936, in YFS, No. 18 (1957), p.

[110] N. Chiaramonte, "Malraux and the Demon of Action," in R.W.B. Lewis, ed., op. cit., p. 109.

[111] M. Arland, "L'une des plus belle figures d'aujourd'hui," in P. Gaillard, Les Critiques . . . , p. 25.

[112] See note 105 above.

[113] Louis Gillet, "Idéal d'aristocrate . . . ," P. Gaillard, Les Critiques . . . , p. 80.

[114] Emmanuel Mounier, "André Malraux et l'impossibilité de l'échéance," in G. Picon, Malraux par lui-même, p. 95.

[115] "Like a Dostoievskian man he has found a primary cause, that is, justice. And so he is at rest at all sides and, consequently, he carries out his revenge calmly and successfully being persuaded that he is doing a just and honest thing." (Dostoievsky, Notes . . . , Walter Kaufmann, op. cit., p. 64.

[116] G. Picon, Malraux par lui-même, p. 24.

[117] Essays . . . , p. 278.

[118]"It is a significant fact that his Communist-inclined period has been the only one when his [Malraux's] thought has never developed in the form of an essay of some length." G. Picon, Malraux . . . , p. 91.

[119]H. Peyre, Essays . . . , p. 279.

[120]A. Malraux, "Literature in Two Worlds," Partisan Review, vol. II, No. 26 (1935), pp. 12-19.

[121]"In Man's Hope," writes Lucien Goldman," the conflict between discipline and the will to fulfill [the mission of] revolution has essentially withered away, the novel being uniquely centered on the exclusive value of the first one, [which] is conceived as a military problem, not a political one." Pour une sociologie, p. 102, note 1.

[122]Analyzing this crucial and crucifying attitude, Henri Peyre, makes the following comment:

> "Action . . . invites us to pursue temporarily, neatly defined and limited goals, to abdicate our freedom of thought for the sake of efficiency and to submit to a discipline which may in time cramp our critical spirit . . ."

And he concludes:

> Sacrificing the present to the inevitability of the better morrows always striving for the latest model and for the latest doctrine also entails despair: the present becomes nothing but a stage toward the future and is corrupted by a flavor of death even before or while it is alive."

Essays . . . , pp. 271, 274.

[123]"D. H. Lawrence may have spoken for all non-Marxists and post-Marxists when he said that each modern society was 'a steady sort of Bolshevism; just killing the human thing and worshipping the mechanical thing.'" C. Graña, op. cit., p. 208.

[124]Writing about the Communist militant Brunot, mobilized in 1939, J.-P. Sartre says: "He was committed--he had renounced his freedom, he was only a soldier. To this [new status] he had surrendered all his freedom." L'Age de Raison (Paris: Edition Livre de Poche, 1959), p. 175.

[125]D. Wilkinson, op. cit., p. 92. We may also add the opposing argument:

> Often a country in danger cannot be saved by virtuous and scrupulous men, because a country in danger can be saved only by measures far from being virtuous and scrupulous."

Denis Boak, André Malraux, p. 115.

In 1930, the twenty-nine years old revolutionary Malraux, demonstrated a very keen understanding of this problem when he wrote:

> Of course, one should first win; but, it remains to be seen if, victory once obtained, man does not find himself facing death, his death, and what is even worse, facing the deaths of those he loved. . . ."

"André Malraux nous parle de son oeuvre," Le Monde, No. 124 (18 octobre 1930), p. 4.

[126] Janine Mossuz, André Malraux et le gaullisme (Paris: Armand Colin, 1970), p. 18.

[127] "Man," explains Jean Roussel," vanishes behind the social classes and is swallowed by collectivists. He becomes an instrument and a means, and through a detour he is changed into that thing that Marx had precisely encountered in his inquiry of the capitalist economy when he was reproaching to this economy to dehumanize man." "Une tragédie de l'esprit," L'Age nouveau, No. 79 (février 1953), p. 14.

[128] R. Stéphane, Le Portrait . . . , p. 187.

[129] "The holders of power act, and without conviction in the principles which once shaped ends, their actions proceed toward whatever ends the means at hand are suited to, and the only value is efficiency with which we do whatever it is that we do." "When void is not in the void," The New York Times, August 15, 1973, p. 33, col. 3.

[130] Hannah Arendt, op. cit., p. 9.

[131] Janine Mossuz, op. cit., p. 30.

[132] Jean Lacouture, op. cit., p. 267.

[133] "Le Congrès de la Résistance," Paris, janvier 1945, in Jean Lacouture, op. cit., p. 312.

CHAPTER THREE

BEYOND THE REVOLUTION: HISTORY AND ART

After Franco's victory in Spain, Malraux returned to France, and war was raging there also. He was staying in Querey in the Southern region of France when the German armies invaded Poland in September, 1939. Malraux left for Paris, rich with the Spanish experience, and his mind already made up about the coming confrontation. Simone de Beauvoir wrote in her diary: "Malraux appears to want to enlist in the tank corps, but has been rejected because of his nervous tics."[1] The truth is that he volunteered and was not rejected; in May 1940, after nine months of training he was sent to Flanders to fight the advancing German armies. It was too late, because the whole French system of defense was collapsing.

During this short experience, Malraux was part of the tank corps. One awful day his tank fell into a trap. Inside the pit, waiting for the German shells to come, he and his three comrades were terrorized. The experience was described in detail in his novel <u>The Walnut Trees of Altenburg</u>. Coming out safely from that trap, Malraux's tank advanced to an abandoned village. It is there that

the serenity of life contrasting with war shocked Malraux, as if he had been in a magical country: "like one who encounters India for the first time." (NA 193) In the old and obstinate way of life, in the unchanged nature and in the people living in the village generation after generation, indeed, in everything that bore man's imprint in that desolated village, Malraux was seeing the real stuff of history: Man struggling for survival against an ambushed death, each ready to jump at the other's throat. Sitting on a bench, two old people, unable to walk, were enjoying the warm spring sun, indifferent to all that was going around. "When you are old," said one of them, "everything becomes worn out." (NA 194) Even death loses its frightening character. Recalling the memories of that morning, Malraux wrote: ". . . What I bear within me is the discovery of a simple and holy secret. I have seen earth with divine eyes . . . This morning I was not afraid of death." (NA 194)

The following June, Malraux was taken prisoner and was sent to an improvised concentration camp, from which he escaped in November, 1940, reaching the "Free Zone" in the South. He settled in Roquebrune above Nice. It is there that he undertook to write a book about T. E. Lawrence and a novel to be called <u>The Struggle with the Angel</u> which was to transpose in literature the living experience of Man struggling against the ambushed death,

the discovery of "the simple and holy secret."

War was going on ferociously, but Malraux was enjoying the life of a prince in a villa. He spent most of his time thinking and writing about his only concern--man. He was trying to define a notion of man very much like Alvear and Unamuno, who, during the Spanish Civil War, had struggled with the same problem from their closed studios, away from the turmoil of a troubled war.

In his novels on revolution Malraux had tried to give faces and names to the representatives of the proletariat, to reincarnate into dignified human beings the masses tired of being rejected and humiliated. Reincarnated and brought to life by Malraux's genius, the proletariat appeared as a powerful force, trying with courage and determination to formulate a new hope to life, more rewarding both in basic needs and in human dignity. The proletariat itself had placed its hopes on Marxist beliefs and nourished them with Marxist propaganda. It was indeed a question of honor. It was a question of the revolted human dignity, of an injury to be paid back.[2]

The resulting revolution that tried to improve people's lives--and was expected to free the individual as well--was a privileged moment in the making of history. Unfortunately, those who made that history lived long enough to see that victory was not yet won. What filled them with joy and kept them going with enthusiasm,

however, was the struggle itself, not its distant end; in it they found brotherhood that gave life and breath to their existence.

Yet, these enthused people do not assure the continuity of man's adventure on earth. It is another category of man--simple in their way of life, modest, calm and resigned--the common human material that perpetuates itself through centuries, that weaves history.

History becomes the battleground where man's freedom stubbornly fights man's destiny. The fiery individual in Malraux's novels realized how the world lives, and how life advances in its irreversible continuity, undisturbed, above the daily human worries and suffering. Through cultures and civilizations, history provides us with a perspective of man's adventure through the centuries. Religion, political action, and art emerge simply as single aspects of the totality of man's history, remaining at the same time the main forces that shape that history.

When absolute religious faith lost its indispensable right to interpret the world, two new more tangible beliefs replaced it. They were _the nation_ and _the people_, both of them being the concrete form of modern history. Malraux writes: "Emotions centering on the People and the Nation are, and always so in times of conflict, forms of communion." (VS 482)[3]

There is a similarity in the thought structure of these beliefs and religion. In general, religious faith means belief in God and an acceptance of His revelation as being true. Often Biblical faith is also a belief in God's fidelity to His promises. This faith is intimately connected with the history of salvation, which implies a confident expectation of attaining eternal life for the religious man. For the non-religious one the history of salvation is a meaningful course of history. There is the hope of reaching an objective regarded as attainable. If that objective is beyond man's grasp the religious one relies on God's "covenant promises," while the non-religious is offered the possibility of a hope manageable by man through man's own wisdom and effort. "Hope," writes Malraux, "is history's impulse, the inevitable future."[4] There is a trust in man's potentiality to forge his own fate and direct the events--with or without God's assistance--that makes history the desirable fabric of meaningful events; thus, Revolution, as a meaningful event, may be conceived as the manifestation of man's will and freedom to act.[5] Historical action replaces religion as a yearning for definite deliverance, through man's intervention--not God's--into man's existence. Malraux explains:

> It is day to day and from thought to thought that men create the world anew in the image of their destiny. Revolution offers them the only possibility of their dignity; each man has the task of transforming this possibility into a possession . . . For every noble thought, every work of art is the infinite possibility of reincarnations. And the hoary world can find its significance only through the present will of man.[6]

Salvation by some act of deity, so prominent in religion, is replaced by confidence in man's efforts to restore mankind to its path of progress whenever this path has been deviated from, not as a result of the original sin, but as a consequence of his own wrongdoings--social, economic or psychological. Deliverance comes by a conscious, deliberate, historical act of the individual,[7] or by a concerted and organized social movement.[8] And finally, as in the case of religion, in the messianic era there will be fearful tribulations before the coming of ". . . the destruction of the forces of evil . . . and the establishment of God's rule in a new world."[9] The historical experiences of our days are eloquent enough examples of those tribulations.

> The Eternal in its death throes was not replaced by any sorry substitute until an adversary worthy of it namely, a new Eternal, has been discovered. What was set up against it was the only enemy of the Eternal which the human mind could find to cope with it: this enemy was History. (VS 481)

wrote Malraux.

The substitution of the absolute, as conceived and maintained until the Middle Ages, constituted "the

most momentous revolution in the history of thought."[10] The immediacy of reality won over man's concern for eternity. As a result, Western man sought substitutes. First, adventure, then revolution, and finally history and art, are for Malraux the concrete aspects of this substitution (or "la monnaie"). Referring specifically to History, Malraux declares: "What distinguished us from our masters, at the age of twenty, was the presence of history. For them, nothing had happened. Our generation was born within the heart of history which crossed our camp like an armored tank . . . ."[11]

That blind march of destiny had to be transformed into an awareness,[12] and a willingness to confront destiny with the hope, as in Marxism and democracy, that man can succeed to dominate destiny rather than submit to it.

In our twentieth century, World War One had overturned many basic notions, including those of time and space.[13] After the war everybody felt included in universal history, losing in the process the tendency to let oneself glide along the stream of life. There was no more blind will, no unformulated aspirations which would prepare the future, as had been the case in many previous generations, notably the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.[14] Suddenly the individual ceased to know how to act unless drafted into the scheme of history. Everything appeared to be world-wide and universal, in almost apocalyptic

proportions, making the single individual's smallness even more evident, and consequently more painful to bear. Malraux's early mentor, Bernard Groethuysen, had this to saY:

> Men of the present generation seem to have put all their confidence in the makers of history, whose appeal consists in their interpretation of each person's particular fate through the data of universal history. Faith has been placed in history, a history without God and without Providence, but those views seem to satisfy the needs that interpretations based on individual lives are incapable of, since man, for many years, has admitted his weakness and his lost confidence in his own forces.[15]

For the twentieth-century European intellectual aware of the slow disintegration of nineteenth-century individualism, to concur in the flowing process of history meant, initially, to break with the past and present of his continent's individualistic civilization, and to side with the collectivity of men in the world at large. Action for action's sake alone had to be abandoned, and activity had to acquire another meaning. It had to serve a purpose other than its own; it had to accommodate a vision larger than one man's life. Thus, it had to be a collective action.

The territory stretching beyond the individualities belongs to the field of fraternity, which might be understood as a mobilization susceptible of manipulating history. The efficient instrument for that manipulation seemed to be revolutioanry action, whose different aspects took on the magnitude of a contemporary faith, and thus

brought hope for redemption in an atmosphere of true urgency. "Through action one is transformed into another person, one gets out of oneself and changes in the process of changing the world,"[16] Malraux tells us. That change promotes the virile fraternity, a firm belief in the supreme value of human companionship.

If the great revelation of The Walnut Trees of Altenburg (1943) is that ". . . it is sufficient to look at people live in order to see the idea of fundamental mankind emerging"[17] symbolically represented by the slow growth of the two walnut trees and the spring of life, the everlasting farmers' work and the old woman's smile, the ordinary crowd of Marseilles and the simple conversations in the trenches of war, then "history" as understood by heroes and the few exalted individuals may not give universal meaning to moral man's life. Consequently, in a parallel endeavor, man himself, with his own creative work and will power, should invent his own justification, and make of history the possession of himself and of the world within his reach. From this perspective, history appears a slowed-down revolution, and man's work a relaxation in the intensity of revolutionary humanism. The struggle with the angel is no less cruel nor less bloody than the struggle against destiny's puppets. It is simply extended in time and slackened in intensity. The privileged moments of adventurers and revolutionaries

are diffused into the long, endless centuries of man's obstinate will in the struggle against universal chaos.

In The Walnut Trees of Altenburg, revolution itself is reduced to be the ambition of a daydreamer running after his illusory visions and whose awakening is brutally brought by the senseless act of a madman. What is real, is war in the East for the father and in the West for the son, a war that culminated with the asphyxiation of the Russian soldiers. In that universal chaos, rubbing elbows with cruelty and death, we find emerging again Malraux's most cherished human value, fraternity, the only one able to reach as far as death and torture.

Aware of his extreme smallness and faced with oblivion, man searches for other men, hoping to establish himself in the newly created community through continuity in time and extension in space. Although the community does not permanently deliver man from the anxiety of solitude, in Malraux's novels common ties with the rest of humanity, the entire human race, seem to offer moments of relief for the intoxicated individual. The passage from the individual adventurer to the member of the recognized community, as we have seen it, implies a qualitative change. Malraux tries to extend this improvement by stretching the meaning of the revolutionary act through the flowing river of ages in the duration of time--in history. If the revolution manifests the presence of

human will power and freedom, ". . . it is history that is in charge of giving meaning to human adventure--as gods do--by connecting man to the infinite." (NA 140) History, through the memory of men and the judgment of posterity assures for man "a scar on earth." History gives man the feeling of circumventing the solitary cell of individual consciousness by allowing him to join in the durable process of community life, in "the actual effort of all these men applying themselves to maintain Man . . ." (TO 98)

Describing the experience of Vincent Berger, Malraux wrote: "My father did not feel fully efficient and passionate any longer but at the service of what he had himself conceived or helped to be conceived," (NA 65) such as the appeal of history, the camaraderie, the combat, the friendship, namely all that ". . . which delivers us from time and from death." (NA 112)

Since history is assigned the role of giving a meaning to human will, to human adventure as a whole, the history stands also behind revolution as a meaningful framework. The whole debate of The Walnut Trees of Altenburg, followed by the basic hypothesis of The Metamorphosis of Gods, is based on the assumption that man exists, as a coherent, permanent, universal notion. If man is the sum total of his acts, it results that history is to be understood as the sum total of all people's acts. Under the walls of Chartres Cathedral, Malraux looks at

the thousands of prisoners that move in the dim light of dawn, and thinks: "Here I am, in front of the original stuff." (NA 28)

And yet, there lingers the secret knowledge that we cannot solve the problem of human predicament, and thus is born in us a need to transcend it. If we are witnessing the death of our civilization what is left to assure us of the permanence of man? "The search for the immortal, beyond the domain of transcendency, leads him [Malraux] towards the man of stone, toward the universe of statues,[18] "that is, into the field of art."

"There is something more important than history itself; it is the permanence of creative genius," wrote Malraux in 1952. Permanence, that spark of eternity latent in man throughout the ages, is "a problem which assumed a new complexity in our modern culture, the first of all cultures to realize and recognize its ignorance of man's significance." (MD, Introduction, 35) Permanence is man's striking refusal to submit himself to destiny; it is the victory of the artist, whose constant creation monumentalizes that victory over destiny--that chaotic and uncontrollable chain of events that ultimately brings man's irreversible annihilation, as well as all that imposes on man the awareness of human condition. Malraux proclaims:

> Each separate masterpiece is a purification of the world, but their common lesson is that their existence, and the victory of each separate artist over his own servitude rejoins, in an

> immense unfolding, that of art over the destiny of manking.
> Art is an anti-destiny. (VS 637)

To be "<u>anti</u>-" means to struggle in order to impose oneself over the chaos; it means to create one's own cosmos.[19] Man's forceful intrusion into the world of chaos, and his attempt to reshape it with his own hands, brings us to the contemplation and the meditation of art as a search for the new image of Man. It is an attempt similar to our involvement with the revolutionary act. "Essentially, our art is the humanization of the world," (NA 128) declares Malraux; but unlike the revolution art is promoted as a superior, liberating way of life, and the only means of surpassing oneself "without violence, calling for a communion with each individual in an unremitting creative work."[20] It is man appealing to man in an effort to overcome the weight of destiny. Thus, man's deliberate effort eliminates the presence of the unconscious, and this is in itself a victory; man's appeal is a form of exorcism, an attempt to conjure up evil spirits, the absurd, and the pitiful human condition that ostensibly denies greatness to man. Malraux tells us: "The only issue left to the mind to escape the absurd is to drag the world into it, to conceive it, and to express it."[21]

Explaining his fundamental conviction about the hidden greatness and the particular strength of man,

Malraux writes: "They [all those for whom art exists] undervalue reality as the Christian world did, as all religious worlds did; and, like the Christians, they undervalue it by their faith in a privilege, by their hope that man, and not chaos, carries within himself the source of his own eternity." (VS 318) The underevaluation of reality implies the rejection of the domain of contingency, of everyday life, a domain in which man closes himself in his own thoughts and finds it impossible to communicate with others. In the world of art, where the rule is not destruction for re-creation but metamorphosis, where every existing work of art originates from another preceding it, continuity is assured. "During periods when all works are disdained, "admonishes Malraux, "genius languishes; no man can build in a void, and a civilization that breaks with the style at its disposal soon finds itself empty-handed." (VS 281) Because, for Malraux, ". . . the masterpiece does not maintain a sovereign monologue, but an invisible dialogue." (VS 67)

There exists in art a good enough reason not to despair. Metaphysical anxiety, the permanent element in Malraux's work, is counterbalanced by the everpresent and persisting hope which, in the domain of art, seems to be indefectible, flawless. A work of art generates an intuition about the existence of a human essence, an infinite mystery of human will and freedom, "that endures

and persists (as a coming-to-consciousness of that will and freedom) underneath the equally infinite vicissitudes of time and history."[22]

The strength of man, formerly based on outside forces such as gods and devils, rises now from within, from the innermost divine part of himself. Through art, the new image of man is based on "what he (man) recognizes as his divine part,"[23] and it is so, because "a sense of the divine, like that of the sacred, is innate in mankind," (MD 58) and rejects the existing order of worldly things. Quoting Richard Wagner, Malraux wrote: "No man upon whom the good fairy has not bestowed at birth the spirit of Divine Discontent with all existing things will ever discover anything new." (VS 344) The great artist, concludes Malraux, is not responsive to the world that he shares with other men, but to a "special" one--to the privileged world of art.

The special world of the artist is not the world of appearances; therefore, it excludes the fidelity to appearances, to their shifting forms, and to the rearrangement of old forms presented as a new contribution as well, because "he is not expressing something he has experienced, he is responding to a call," (VS 412) to an inner urge. The world of the artist "the original work of genius, whether classical or not . . . is the invention." (VS 374) It is the competitive domain of a

supreme value called creation, the competition being with gods.

The god-like quality of creation in true arts and cultures "relates Man to duration, sometimes to eternity, and makes of him something other than the most favored denizen of a universe founded on absurdity." (VS 525) Like the revolutionary man who destroys not to benefit the hazard but to profit man, art shows us "the challenge of the man who is the master of his art [as opposed] to those who gamble on the miracle." (VS 582) Unlike the revolutionary man of the collective action, artistic man's challenge "seems to be that of a conquest of the world by the individual, acting alone," (VS 603) although each masterpiece is man's victory over the blind forces of destiny, which affirms, as Malraux puts it, man's victorious presence.

The adventurer failed, although he was free, because he was not free anymore. Only the artist, at once free and, alone in a world of his own seems to assure, by his presence, an invincible communion with humanity able to bring his victory over the hegemony of Time. For Malraux "time is vanquished by the images that human hands created to defy it." (MD 35)

The artist succeeded in liberating man from being subject to the rule of Time. Since the major aim of art remained the revelation and the upholding of

the forms of Truth, the great artist tried to force himself out of all shifting appearance, as a creator outside the common man's chaotic world, and to win a place in a universe where all great works survive ". . . A work emerges in its time and from its time," continues Malraux, "but it becomes a work of art by virtue of being outside time." (MD 32)

The mystery embodied by the works of creative genius, enables us to transcend history; or, as Malraux puts it, "We call art their power for resurrection." (Musée imaginaire, I, 54) that is, a constant questioning of world and life. Without any interest in the awareness that makes man's adventure on earth an intelligible one, and discarding that claim, creative genius enters the domain of freedom as he challenges the obscure forces of destruction. "The history of art," Malraux tells us, "when it is the history of genius, should be a history of a deliverance; because, "history tries to transform destiny into consciousness, and art to transmute it into freedom." (VS 621)

If destiny is not death alone, but all that imposes on man the awareness of his human condition, as Malraux defined it, then art in its role as anti-destiny, is all that frees man from that awareness and assures him a unity as well as a continuity. For Malraux this is achieved through a metamorphosis, as successive victorious

answers to an invincible question. That question, "What is man?" remains the same one that has always obsessed Malraux, a writer who here on this earth expects to deal only with "art and death," (A 51) the two irreconcilable enemies.

Summarizing an introduction to a collection of essays on Malraux, R.W.B. Lewis wrote the following: "To save man through art--Malraux was unable to resist this great temptation."[24]

Footnotes: Chapter Three

[1]Robert Payne, A Portrait of André Malraux (New York: Prentice Hall, 1970), p. 290.

[2]Louis Gillet, "Idéal aristocratique, l'héroisme peut-il être aussi l'idéal de tout un peuple?" P. Gaillard, Les Critiques, p. 80.

[3]". . . Do not forget, that He who is looking at us, I mean History, which judges us today and will judge tomorrow, needs the courage that brings victory and not the courage that consoles . . .

Let the Provi . . . chance help us! Let the One who sees everything, I mean . . . the Spanish Nation, be with us, boys who fight for what we believe to be just." (E 165)

[4]André Malraux speaking about Algeria in 1958. See J. Lacouture, op. cit., p. 348.

[5]"L'âme de l'histoire sous la cuirasse romaine comme sous la robe de Gandhi, c'est la volonté." André Malraux, "Liberté et Volonté," Le Rassemblement, No. 53 (24 avril 1948), pp. 2-3.

[6]"Puisque le ressentiment [de Garine] se dirige contre la société telle qu'elle existe, tous ses efforts tendent à renverser l'ordre des choses et à inaugurer une nouvelle époque de l'humanité. Il ne fera donc pas seulement de l'histoire, mais l'histoire universelle." B. Groethuysen, op. cit., p. 561.

[8]"Après le banquet [à Saigon] André prit conscience de ce qu'un ensemble d'hommes n'était pas la somme des individus qui le composait, mais un élément nouveau qui le dépasse. Clara Malraux, Les Combats et les Jeux, p. 118, quoted by J. Lacouture, op. cit., p. 89.

[9]Apocalypse, ch. 20, 21.

[10]H. Peyre, Critical Essays . . . , p. 273.

[11]Quoted by J. Lacouture, op. cit., p. 15.

[12]André Malraux, "Our Cultural Heritage," June, 1936; see note 6 above.

[13]"It is Time that is tragic and it is by the meaning that it intuitively attaches to Time, that one Culture is differentiated from another and, consequently, 'tragedy' of the grand order has only developed in the Culture which has most passionately denied Time. If we let ourselves sink into the terrible meaning of those words too late wherewith we resign a fleeting bit of our present to the eternal past, we find the deep foundation of every tragic crisis." Oswald Spengler, The Decline of West (New York: Harper and Row, 1926), p. 430.

[14]In the Middle Ages people ". . . had faith in their absolutes . . . The substitution with the relative was the most momentous revolution in the history of thought . . . Since, the men of the West have been seeking substitutes, or, as Malraux calls it "small change" "la monaie" for the lost absolute." H. Peyre, Critical Essays . . . , p. 273.

Referring to the following centuries Malraux wrote: "Neither the eighteenth nor the nineteenth centuries are tragic: man still maintained the confidence in the possibility to giving a meaning to things and to himself. Once sole master of his fate, he is going to consacrate all his forces to direct the activities of his domain, fortified with the certitudes of the past and the promises of the future." (VS 480)

[15]Bernard Groethuysen, op. cit., p. 563.

[16]J.-P. Sartre, "Introduction," Roger Stéphane, Le Portrait . . . , p. 16.

[17]Joseph Hoffmann, op. cit., p. 268.

[18]J. Lacouture, op. cit., p. 415.

[19]Malraux writes: "The cosmic symbolism we can discern to a greater or lesser extent in all religious edifices is not a schematic representation of the universe, but a means of creating places in which man can shape a cosmos out of the class of appearances and, through this cosmos, forge a link with that inaccessible power which governs it throughout." (Métamorphoses des Dieux, Introduction, p. 16)

[20]P. Gaillard, Les Critiques . . . , p. 17.

[21]André Malraux, "N'Etait-ce donc que cela?" p. 12, quoted by F. Dorenlot, op. cit., p. 192.

[22]Joseph Frank, "André Malraux and the Image of Man," R.W.B. Lewis, ed., *Malraux*, pp. 77-78.

[23]André Malraux, "L'homme et la culture artistique," *Occident*, Revue Internationale, No. 1 (1947), pp. 3-6.

[24]In *Malraux*, p. 11.

CONCLUSION

We have approached the study of revolution in André Malraux's novels with a confessed admiration for his heroes and for most of his mode of life. Our main concern, however, has remained the understanding of the answers given by the writer to the many questions that essentially express the uneasiness of modern man's grim vision of the world.

That uneasiness was caused by the fear of the irreversible annihilation brought about by death. This predicament of man, which was seen as the salient point of man's fate, bred a deeply-felt need; it was an urge for a total commitment to a struggle which aimed at the breaking down of all the obstacles that reminded man of his inexorable fate. That struggle, in Malraux's novels, took among other forms, that of violent political action, or better, of revolution.

The uneasiness that brought man to the commitment of struggle could only develop in individuals who had acquired a keen awareness of the uniqueness of life, of the need to live that life intensely, as well as of the necessity to measure everything according to the length and the intensity, of that single life. Malraux found those individuals in Europe. That's why this phenomenon in Malraux's novels is essentially a European one, as Malraux himself remained essentially a "European" writer. The urge for action

that resulted from the need to live an intense life had fully developed only in that continent.

Action itself, nevertheless, needed an objective, an aim worthy of being pursued. Malraux's heroes chose to commit themselves to man's freedom and man's fight for dignity, as the two aspects of their lucid and thoughtful love of humanity. Their commitment implied a search for man whenever he was humiliated, oppressed, and crushed; the nature of the search was characterized by an impatience to create a brave new world. That atmosphere of impatience and the commitment to save man, were discovered by Malraux in the redeeming power of a brotherly communion of people determined to use their own strength, to direct their own quest, towards their own salvation. That quest led them into the field of revolutionary movement.

Those who had excluded the religious approach, saw the movement as a forceful rectification of the world. The millions who knew suffering and humiliation, or were tormented by bad memories, or felt to the core of their beings the necessity for revenge but were powerless to correct the injustices against them, swelled the ranks of an army marching with confidence against the obstacles that threatened to destroy their hopes; they tied themselves, organically, to all the turmoils of their troubled times.

Others chose to fight their way out, alone; adventure itself satisfied them as they looked for no outside principle to justify it. The individual, committed to forceful political action saw in it, and in its most common form, Revolution, a possible strike against destiny. They conceived of their situation as a desperate one where only force counted. They saw in that action the only chance for them to be what they wanted to be, a rebellion that could bring an epiphany. The choice, however, was based on a negative element, on their refusal to join the community of men. In Malraux's world of revolution they could not survive.

The struggle of the collectively organized revolution overcame this negative attitude, as it acquired a qualitative value. It was no longer a question of simply escaping an individual desperate situation; it was rather, a united attempt to collectively save existing universal and authentic values; it was a brotherly communion.

The collectively organized revolutions of the twentieth century were mostly permeated with a Marxist philosophy. Their heroes, the proletariat and their allies, were presented as the symbols of a Promethean fight for freedom and dignity by Malraux. Siding with them, with the clear conscience of the oppressed, Malraux's revolutionaries were elevated from brothers-in-arms to brothers-in-suffering. Substituting for their narrow individualism a large historical and social context, they became makers of history.

The organized revolution, however, like any other organized form of common action, became a "directed" revolution. The exigencies of exercising commanding power became primordial; they often took precedence over the very goals of the Revolution and became <u>the</u> Revolution. In Malraux's novels the revolutions were "directed" by the Communist Internationale of Moscow, a forceful Spartacus. The Promethean character of the revolution was irreparably compromised; it was a rebellion that ended in a confining system, where the conquerors were conquered by the technocrats.

There is an obvious design of inner organization relying on outer relations in Malraux's revolutionary narratives. There are idealists facing pragmatists, anarchists confronting technicians, terrorists dying without fail, and pure intellects and "moralists" remaining aside as judges and guardians. All of them have one thing in common; they all participate, willingly or not, in a revolutionary movement that depends on outside forces. As a matter of fact, both "Governments" and revolutionary groups are dependent on outside assistance and leadership, as both have lost their freedom of action and their ability to decide independently. Initiated as acts of freedom, Malraux's revolutionary movements end as simple tools of a much larger scheme that is beyond the participants' comprehension and ability to control. The unfortunate millions are swept

by a fatality that overcomes them, and that they cannot understand as they struggle in a fervent confusion that knows only brothers.

The resulting dependency puts forth the most excruciating moral problem for the revolutionaries, namely, to fight and win without betraying oneself, to fight for the cause of the oppressed with a conviction and a sense of moral obligation without letting their own privileged act be degraded into a simple political or military action.

The moral conflict is not "sheer metaphysics" as Lenin thought of it; morality is not simply and _only_ what prepares the total and permanent overthrow of "capitalist bestiality, and nothing else" as Trotsky defined it; morality is not simply subordinate to the interests of the proletariat, as Lenin wanted it to be, or _simply_ the duty _to make_ the revolution without questioning, as Stalin forced it to be. The fact remains that the apparent impossibility of solving the moral conflict does not exclude its inevitability as it is bound to surface.

There are two "sets" of moral principles involved: the "personal" set and the collective one, that of the revolutionary "community." Every choice or decision made has to refer to both of them. That's why it is important to know the "surmoi," that body of principles and intentions that inspires the members. The "personal" morality of a revolutionary tends to lean generally towards

universally accepted values, towards self-fulfillment through these values with a sense of responsibility only to oneself; it tends towards being--what one wants oneself to be. The revolutionary "community" serves the interests of a party, and it has to constantly refer to the party's necessities, directly or indirectly. Having adhered to a party, these militants have already accepted the party's moral code in advance; they have been committed to it. In any conflicting situation they have to remain faithful to that code.

Herein lies the danger. This kind of morality which is imposed upon all the members of a revolutionary community is based on political conveniences or military exigencies, where the individual member is often neglected. Even worse. The revolutionary fighter becomes a means instead of being an end in himself of the Revolution. We have seen in Malraux's revolutions the difficulties that arose with the new forms of morality, so frightening because they were collective; those who for their personal-ethical reasons neglected to see the presence of the enemy were eliminated by their own comrades who were blinded by that presence.

If the end is conceived as the natural result of the means used to reach it, then unacceptable means would irreversibly bring us to unacceptable ends. This is not less true in revolution. If one remains faithful to one's

personal morality, the results of the revolution may not be crowned by total success but the revolutionary has accomplished his privileged act in full. As Condorcet defined it, the word, "revolutionary" can be applied only to revolutions whose aim is freedom. These are the privileges and the pitfalls of morality. In Malraux's novels victory has been given to those who accepted unscrupulous means in order to achieve a desirable end, which is an impossibility. As a result, all Malraux's revolutionary movements have failed. The very idea of a political revolution is to provide the means for changing an unacceptable situation; that is, to provide the power. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance to search for and keep the debate open within the organization in order to give to that organization the best means to provide its best power. Indeed, it is precisely the magnitude of this search, inherent to an organization's political life, that constitutes its ethical dimension. In the Communist-dominated revolutions this dimension does not exist; the search is choked, and the spirit of the revolution itself is sacrificed on the altar of the party's interests. It is a totalitarian necessity that takes over the fate of man on behalf of a religious-like "truth" with its claim to permanence and universality. In Malraux's novels we witness the end of the revolutionary heroes as they fade before our eyes in a defeat that is final. We mourn their greatness as we notice how their disappearance has not brought the

liberation of man as their pragmatic adversaries had promised. Today, man's obligation has remained the same, as man's mission on this earth continues to be, maybe even more urgently, the transformation of man's fate.

In our era we perhaps feel a greater sense of urgency than in the past, because historical events are happening at such a fast pace that they are shaping our world and our lives without our actual participation in those events. Within the short span of a single generation this rapid transformation is bringing about so many changes that we wonder whether it will be at all possible to find a set of principles upon which to orient our thoughts, and measure the morality of our actions. The Marxist "storming of the heavens" has brought a primitive idolatry that excludes man, hiding him behind the concept of "the class," or drowning him in the never ending sea of the masses who are without identity. Man has simply become a _thing_ which is surviving the cataclysm thanks only to an innate and unlimited sense of hope, still seduced by the vision of his being a maker of History. And since History would be directed by him, then History would be working for his salvation and that of mankind from the forces of oppression. This remains his dream. In times of crisis what people believe is true is more crucial than what is true.

For Malraux, Europe imposed the concept of justice to the world as she had taken it from the Bible; Europe brought freedom to the world as she had learned it from the philosophers of the cities of Greece; Europe cultivated the feelings of love and peace as she absorbed the spirit of the Holy Land. For Malraux, neither justice nor freedom nor love are found in the Communist countries today; the "singing tomorrows" are the constant moaning of the remote and countless 'Gulags.' Europe could not accept this as she saw her own existence threatened. Firmly supported by her two fundamental values, awareness and will-power, Europe for Malraux is now heading for a new search, willing to face the unknown rather than submitting to destiny, which leads only to war. That search has been the European's affirmation of his belief that Man is moulded, not through submission, but through interminable refusals, through the constant questioning of the universe, a questioning that has found its best expression in History, where man's freedom opposes man's destiny.

While the logical process of history has depicted several moments of madness and manifest absurdity,--and the world of the concentration camps is but one of them, albeit among the ugliest,--it is in Art that Malraux sees the Promethean dream of man to escape fatality by breaking the chains with his own hands. "We draw for ourselves," writes Malraux, "images powerful enough to

deny our nothingness." (NA 100) In Art there is no room left for the non-conscious. In Art there is faith in man's power and a hope "that man, and not chaos, carries within himself the source of his permanence." (VS 318) Art assures communication and exchange as it requests not the destruction of the old to give birth to the new, but offers an uninterrupted continuity through metamorphosis which is the history of art. "The masterpiece," writes Malraux, "does not deliver a sovereign monologue, but an invincible dialogue." (VS 67)

Overcoming the despair of the adventurer and the disillusion of the revolutionary, Malraux, through art displays a tone of optimism that has inspired him in his search for the images of man's greatness. Whether it be in historical political action or in the creative act of the artist, Malraux's main purpose has always remained the glorification of man.

Concluding with a Malraucian line of thought and style, we could say that the Revolution is a wide field of indefinite possibilities where forlorn fragments of humanity reveal themselves--as in an 'imaginary museum' of art, --in the community, with their invincible presence. Each of these fragments, a representative of what is more lucid, conscious and courageous in man's gestures against destiny and its allies, is a testimony of victory over imposed servitude. As an Art, the immense deployment of the

stream of manly brotherhood looks like a victory over man's destiny. For one privileged moment, the revolutionary act is an anti-destiny. But it is for one privilege moment only; because the honor of permanence in time and space is bestowed, by Malraux, to Art.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Selected Works of André Malraux

Books and "Fragments"

Lunes en papier. Paris: Editions de la Galerie Simon, 1921.

La tentation de l'Occident. Paris: Bernard Grasset, 1926.

"D'une jeunesse européenne," Ecrits. Paris: Bernard Grasset, 1927.

Les conquérants. Paris: Bernard Grasset, 1928. (The final edition of this novel was published in 1949 with a "Postface" by Malraux, which is essentially Malraux's speech "Appel aux Intellectuels," Salle Pleyel, Paris, 5 mars 1948.)

Royaume farfelu. Paris: Gallimard, 1928.

"Fragments inédits des Conquérants," Bifur, 4 (31 décembre 1929), pp. 5-15.

Les puissances du désert. I. La voie royale. Paris: Bernard Grasset, 1930.

Vie de Napoléon. Paris: Gallimard, 1930.

La condition humaine. Paris: Gallimard, 1933.

"A l'hôtel des sensations inédites," Marianne, 4 (13 décembre 1933), p. 4. (This is a fragment of the La condition humaine not published in the novel.)

Le temps de mépris. Paris: Gallimard, 1935.

L'espoir. Paris: Gallimard, 1937.

"La psychologie de l'art," Verve, 1 décembre 1937, pp. 41-48.

"Laclos," André Gide. Tableau de la littérature française, XVII-e, XVIII-e siècles; de Corneille à Chenier. Paris: Gallimard, 1939, pp. 417-428.

La lutte avec l'ange. 1-ère partie. Les noyers de l'Altenburg. Lausanne-Yverdon: Editions du Haut-Pays, 1943.

"N'était-ce donc que cela?" Liberté d'esprit, 3 (avril 1949), pp. 49-51; 4 (mai 1949), pp. 86-87; 5 (juin 1949), pp. 117-118. (This is the only chapter published from Le démon de l'absolu.)

Scènes choisies. Paris: Gallimard, 1947.

Esquisse d'une psychologie du cinéma. Paris: Gallimard, 1946.

La psychologie de l'art, I, Le Musée imaginaire. Genève: Skira, 1947.

Dessins de Goya au Musé du Prado, Texte d'André Malraux. Genève: Skira, 1947.

La psychologie de l'art, II, La création artistiques. Genève: Skira, 1948.

La psychologie de l'art, III, La monnaie de l'absolu. Genève: Skira, 1949.

Saturne, Essai sur Goya. Paris: Gallimard, 1950.

Les voix du silence. Paris: Gallimard, 1951. (This book includes the three volumes of La psychologie de l'art.)

Tout l'oeuvre peint de Leonard de Vinci. Paris: Gallimard, 1952. (This is a collection of texts from Stendhal, Valéry, Goethe and Malraux.)

Barrès parmi nous. P. de Boisdeffre, ed. Essai de psychologie littéraire et politique, suivi de témoignages. Paris: Amiot-Dumont, 1952. (The text written by Malraux is on pages 189-190.)

Le musée imaginaire de la sculpture mondiale. I. Paris: Gallimard, 1952.

Le musée imaginaire de la sculpture mondiale, II, Des bas-reliefs aux Grottes sacrées. Paris: Gallimard, 1954.

La musée imaginaire de la sculpture mondiale, III, Le monde chrétien. Paris: Gallimard, 1954.

La métamorphoses des dieux. Paris: Gallimard, 1957.

Le musée imaginaire. Paris: Gallimard, 1963. (This volume includes the first part of La psychologie de l'art and of the Les voix du silence, reedited in 1963.)

Antimémoires. I. Paris: Gallimard, 1967.

Le triangle noir, Laclos, Goya, Saint-Just. Paris: Gallimard, 1970.

Les Chênes qu'on abat. . . . Paris: Gallimard, 1971.

"La mort qui n'est pas loin," La Nouvelle Revue Française, avril 1971. (This is an addition to the reedited form of Antimémoires.)

Oraisons funèbres. Paris: Gallimard, 1971.

Antimémoires. Paris: Gallimard, 1972. (The new edited form, as Part I of Miroir des limbes.)

Lazare. Paris: Gallimard, 1974. (Together with the fragment Roi, je t'attends à Babylone it forms the Part II of Miroir des limbes.)

La tête d'Obsédienne. Paris: Gallimard, 1974. (This volume is the Part I of Métamorphoses.)

L'irréel. Paris: Gallimard, 1974. (This volume is Part II of Métamorphoses.)

Hôtes de passage. Paris: Gallimard, 1975. (This volume continues Lazare as Part II of Miroir des limbes.)

Articles, Speeches, Interviews

"Aux origines de la poésie cubiste," La Connaissance, 1 (janvier 1920), pp. 38-43.

Articles in L'Indochine and L'Indochine enchaînée. Saigon, 1925.

"André Malraux et l'Orient," Les Nouelles Littéraires, 31 juillet 1926, p. 2.

"Notes sur l'expression tragique," Formes (décembre 1929), p. 6.

"La question des _Conquérants_," _Variétés_, 15 octobre 1929, pp. 429-437.

"Déclarations sur André Gide," _Les cahiers de la quinzaine_, 6 (5 avril 1930), p. 43 and pp. 49-51.

"André Malraux nous parle de son oeuvre," _Le Monde_, 18 octobre 1930, p. 4.

"Une quart d'heure avec André Malraux," _Candide_, 13 novembre 1930, p. 3.

"Réponse de Malraux à André Rousseau," _Candide_, 20 novembre 1930, p. 3.

"Réponse à Trotsky," _La Nouvelle Revue Française_, 211 (avril, 1931), pp. 501-507.

"Jeune Chine," _La Nouvelle Revue Française_, 220 (janvier, 1932), pp. 5-6.

"Trotsky," _Marianne_, 25 avril 1934, p. 3.

"L'art est une conquête," _Commune_, 13, 14 (septembre, octobre 1934), pp. 68-71. (Text of Malraux's speech in the Congress of Soviet writers.)

"Le 1-er Congrès des écrivains soviétiques," _Cahiers du Sud_, 21 (novembre 1934), pp. 718-719.

"L'attitude de l'artiste," _Commune_, 15 (novembre 1934), pp. 116-175.

"L'oeuvre d'art," _Commune_, 23 (juillet 1935), pp. 1265-1266.

"Literature in Two Worlds," _Partisan Review_, 6 (January-February 1935), pp. 12-19.

"Réponse aux 64," _Commune_, 27 (décembre 1935), pp. 410-416.

"L'héritage culturel," _Commune_, 27 (septembre 1936), pp. 1-9. (Translated by K. Douglas, "Our Cultural Heritage," _YFS_, 18 (1957), pp. 31-38.

"Psychologie des Renaissances," _Verve_, 2 (printemps 1938), pp. 21-25.

"De la représentation en Orient et en Occident," Verve, 3 (1938), pp. 69-72.

"Forging Man's Fate in Spain," The Nation, 144 (mars 1937) pp. 315-317.

"L'homme et la culture artistique," Les Conférences de l'Unesco (novembre-décembre 1946); Paris: Fontaine, 1947. (The text by Malraux is on pages 78-89.)

"Introduction à la psychologie de l'art," Les cahiers de la Pléiade, avril 1947, pp. 9-26.

"The Double Crisis: A Dialogue between André Malraux and James Burnham," Partisan Review, XV (April 1948), pp. 407-438.

"Appel aux intellectuels," (5 mars 1948), Printed as "Post-face" to Les Conquérants.

"Culture," Liberté de l'esprit, 1 (février 1949), pp. 1-2.

"Le siècle de l'espoir s'achève," Carrefour, 288 (21 mars 1950), pp. 1-2.

"André Malraux nous dit. . . ." Arts, 335 (30 novembre 1951), pp. 1-10.

"L'état n'est pas fait pour diriger l'art mais pour le servir," Carrefour, 393 (26 mars 1952), p. 1-5.

"Le premier musée imaginaire de la sculpture mondiale," Carrefour, 429 (3 décembre 1952), pp. 1-3.

"Premier entretien avec Malraux," L'Express, 25 décembre 1954, p. 11.

"Entretien avec Malraux," L'Express, 29 janvier 1955, pp. 8-10.

"Lignes de force," Preuves, 49 (mars 1955), pp. 5-15.

"L'homme et le fantôme," L'Express, 21 mars 1955, p. 15.

"Il ne peut pas avoir de gaullisme sans De Gaulle," L'Actualité, 69 (15 mars 1971), pp. 8-11.

"André Malraux et le lecteur inconnu," Le Figaro Littéraire, 30 avril 1971, pp. 27-28.

"Préfaces" and "Avant-propos"

"Préface," D. H. Lawrence, L'amant de Lady Chatterly. Traduit de l'anglais par F. Roger-Cornaz. Paris: Gallimard, 1932.

"Préface," William Faulkner, Sanctuaire. Traduit de l'américain par R. W. Rainbault et Henri Delgove. Paris: Gallimard, 1933.

"Préface," André Viollis. Indochine S.O.S. Paris: Gallimard, 1935.

"Lettre-préface," Bergeret et Grégoire. Messages personnels, Bordeaux: Bière, 1945.

"Préface," Manès Sperber, Qu'une larme dans l'océan. Traduit de l'allemand par l'auteur et Blanche Gidon. Paris: Calman-Lévy, 1952.

"Lettre-préface," Général P.-E. Jacquaot. Chimères ou réalités. I. Essai de stratégie occidentale. Paris: Gallimard, 1953.

"Préface," Albert Oliver. Saint-Just ou la force des choses. Paris: Gallimard, 1954.

"Texte liminaire," Nicholas Lazar et Izis-Biderman. Israél. Lausanne: Ed. Clairefontaine, 1955.

"Préface," Louis Guilloux. Sang noir. Paris: Le club du meilleur livre, 1955.

"Préface," André Parrot. Sumer. Paris: Gallimard, 1960.

"Notes" and Book Reviews

"Aspects d'André Gide," Action, avril-mai 1922, pp. 17-21.

"Art poétique de Max Jacob," Action, 107 (août 1922), pp. 227-228.

"Défense de l'Occident, par Henri Massis," La Nouvelle Revue Française, 164 (mai 1927), pp. 815-818.

"'Bowdha vivant,' par Paul Morand," La Nouvelle Revue Française, 167 (août 1927), pp. 253-255.

"'Où le coeur se partage,' par Marcel Arland," La Nouvelle Revue Française, 173 (février 1928), pp. 250-252.

"'L'imposture,' par Georges Bernanos," La Nouvelle Revue Française, 174 (mars 1928), pp. 406-408.

"'Journal de voyage d'un philosophe,' par Herman Keyserling," La Nouvelle Revue Française, 189 (juin 1929), pp. 884-886.

"'Pont-Egaré,' par Pierre Véry," La Nouvelle Revue Française, 195 (décembre 1929), pp. 838-839.

"'Les Traquées,' par Michel Matvéev," La Nouvelle Revue Française, 249 (juin 1934), pp. 1014-1016.

"'Journal d'un homme de quarante ans,' par Jean Guéhenno," La Nouvelle Revue Française, 256 (janvier 1935), pp. 148-151.

"'Sans reprendre haleine,' par Ilya Ehrenbourg," La Nouvelle Revue Française, 266 (novembre 1935), pp. 770-772.

"'Les nouvelles nourritures,' par André Gide," La Nouvelle Revue Française, 267 (décembre 1935), pp. 935-937.

Selected Bibliography on André Malraux and on Revolution

General

Thieme, Hugo P. Bibliographie de la littérature française (période 1800-1930. Genève: Droz, 1940.

Deher, S. et Rolli, M. (périod 1930-1939). Genève: Droz, 1954.

Devet, M. L. (période 1940-1949). Genève: Droz, 1960.

Talvart, H. et Place, J. Bibliographie des auteurs modernes de langue française. vol. 13. Paris: Horizons de France, 1956.

Rancoeur, René. Bibliographie de la littérature française moderne. Paris: Armand Colin. Published yearly.

P.M.L.A. Bibliography of Critical and Biographical References. Annual publication, French section (French VII), Bibliography for the study of contemporary French literature.

Langlois, Walter. Malraux Miscellany. University of Kentucky and Wyoming. Published periodically, since 1969. It contains unpublished materials, reproductions of Malraux's texts difficult to find, and an up-to-date bibliography.

Subject

Books

Arendt, Hannah. On Revolution. New York: Viking Press, 1963.

Bersani, J. et al. La littérature en France depuis 1945. Paris: Bordas, 1970.

Blend, Charles D. André Malraux: Tragic Humanist. Columbus, Ohio State University Press, 1963.

Boak, Denis. André Malraux. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1968.

Boisdeffre, Pierre de. André Malraux. Paris: Editions Universitaires, 1963.

Brinton, Crane. A Decade of Revolution. New York: Harper and Row, 1963.

_______________. The Anatomy of Revolution. New York: Vintage Books, 1952.

Brombert, Victor. The Intellectual Hero. Studies in the French Novel, 1880-1955. Chicago: The University Press, 1964.

Carduner, Jean René. La Création romanesque chez Malraux. Paris: A-G. Nizet, 1968.

Castelot, André. Napoleon. New York: Harper and Row, 1968.

Des Pres, Terrence. The Survivor. An Anatomy of Life and Death Camps. New York: Oxford University Press, 1976.

Dorenlot, Françoise. Malraux; ou L'unité de pensée. Paris: Gallimard, 1970.

Dostoievsky, Feodor. The Brothers Karamazov. New York: Modern Library, 1950.

Doubrovsky, Serge. Corneille et la dialectique du héros. Paris: Gallimard, 1963.

Dumazeau, Henri. Malraux, La condition humaine. Paris: Hatier, 1970.

Esprit. "Interrogation à Malraux," October 1948, Paris. (A series of articles dealing mostly with the political aspects of André Malraux's work.)

Finch, Brian T. Les deux univers d'André Malraux. Paris: Archives des Lettres Modernes, 1964.

Flanner, Janet. Men and Monuments. New York: Harper and Row, 1957. (Chapter on Malraux is on pp. 19-87.)

Frohock, W. H. Malraux and the Tragic Imagination. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1952.

Fromm, Eric. ed. Socialist Humanism. New York: Doubleday Anchor Books, 1966.

Gaillard, Pol. Les critiques de notre temps et Malraux. Paris: Garnier, 1970. (A large collection of critical essays on Malraux.)

________________. Malraux, La condition humaine. Paris: Hatier, 1970.

________________. Malraux, L'espoir. Paris: Hatier, 1970.

Galante, Pierre. Malraux. Translated by H. Chevalier (New York: Cowles Book Co., 1971).

Gaulupeau, Serge. André Malraux et la mort. Paris: Lettres modernes, 1969.

Goldmann, Lucien. Pour une sociologie du roman. Paris: Gallimard, 1964.

Grana, Caesar. French Society and French Men of Letters in the XIX-th Century: Modernity and Its Discontent. New York: Harper and Row, 1967.

Greenlee, James W. Malraux's Heroes and History. Dekalb, Ill.: Northern Illinois University Press, 1972.

Haac, Oscar A. Les principes inspirateurs de Michelet. New Haven, Paris: Yale University Press, Presses Universitaires Françaises, 1951. Première partie: "La justice et la révolution," pp. 23-73.

Harris, G. T. André Malraux: L'éthique comme fonction de l'esthétique. Paris: Editions Minard, 1972.

Hoffer, Eric. The True Believer. New York: Harper and Row Publishers, 1951.

Hoffmann, Joseph. L'humanisme de Malraux. Paris: Klincksieck, 1963.

Kauffman, Walter. Existentialism. Cleveland: Meridian Books, 1962.

Lacouture, Jean. André Malraux. Translated by A. Sheridan. New York: Pantheon Books, 1975.

Langlois, Walter. André Malraux: L'aventure indochinoise. Paris: Mercure de France, 1967.

________________. Influences et affinités, 3. Textes réunis. (Paris: Revue des lettres modernes, 1975).

Lavrin, Janko. Nietzsche. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1971.

Lefebvre, Georges. The French Revolution. I. New York: Columbia University Press, 1965.

Lewis, R. W. Malraux. Collection of Critical Essays. New Jersey: Prentice Hall, 1964.

Lenin, Vladimir I. State and Revolution. New York: International Publishers, 1932.

Lukacs, Georges. La théorie du roman. Paris: Edition Gonthier, 1963.

Malraux, Clara. Memoirs. Translated by P. O'Brian. New York: Farrar, Strauss and Giroux, 1967.

Marx, K. and Engels, F. The Communist Manifesto. London: International Publishers, 1948.

Mauriac, Claude. Malraux; ou le mal du hêros (Paris: Grasset, 1946).

Mornet, Daniel. French Thought in the Eighteenth Century. Translated by M. Levine. New Jersey: Prentice Hall, 1929.

________________. Les origines intellectuelles de la révolution française. Paris: A. Colin, 1938.

Mossuz, Janine. André Malraux et le Gaullisme. Paris: A. Colin, 1970.

Pascal, Blaise. Pensées et Opuscules. Edition Brunschwig. Paris: Classiques Larousse, 1934.

Payne, Robert. A Portrait of André Malraux. New York: Prentice Hall, 1970.

Peyre, Henri. Historical and Critical Essays. Lincoln: Nebraska University Press, 1968.

Picon, Gaëton. Malraux par lui-même. Paris: Edition de Seuil, 1956. (It contains valuable marginal notes and comments by André Malraux.)

Postgate, Robert W. Revolution from 1789 to 1906, Documents. New York: Harper and Row, 1962.

Ruhle, Jurgen. Literature and Revolution. A Critical Study of the Writer and Communism in the Twentieth Century. Translated from German by Jean Steinberg. New York: F. A. Praeger, 1969.

Schaffer, J. et al., eds. Problems in Western Civilization. New York: Charles Scribners Sons, 1969.

Schmulhausen, S. D. ed. Revolution through Recovery. New York: Covice-Frieden, 1933.

Simon, Pierre-Henri. L'homme en procès: Malraux, Sartre, Camus, Saint-Exupéry. Paris: Payot, 1950.

Spencer, Jonathan. To Change China, Western Advisers in China, (1620-1960). Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1969.

Spengler, Oswald. The Decline of the West. New York: Harper and Row, 1926.

Stéphane, Roger. Le portrait d'un aventurier. "Préface" by J. P. Sartre. Paris: Editions Sagittaire, 1950.

______________. Fin d'une jeunesse. Paris: La table ronde, 1954. (Entretien with Malraux on pp. 40-69.)

Thomas, Hugh. The Spanish Civil War. New York: Harper and Row, 1961.

Tieghem, Philippe V. Le Romantisme français. Paris: Presses Universitaires Françaises, 1968.

Trotsky, Leon. The Permanent Revolution. London: New Hyde Park Publications, 1962.

Vandegans, André. La jeunesse littéraire d'André Malraux. Paris: Editions Pauvert, 1964.

Wilkinson, David. Malraux: Essay in Political Criticism. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1967.

Woodward, Thomas, ed. Sophocles. New Jersey: Prentice Hall, 1966.

Yale French Studies 18 (1957). (Collection of interesting essays on André Malraux.)

Articles

Arnold, A. James. "'La Condition Humaine' as Nietzschean Tragedy," Malraux Miscellany, 6 (Spring 1974), pp. 15-23.

Batchelor, R. "Malraux and the Concept of Revolt," Modern Language Review, October 1972, pp. 799-809.

Bates, Ralph. "Malraux's Best Novel," The New Republic, 144 (March 1937), 49-50.

Blanchet, André. "La religion d'André Malraux," Etudes, juin 1949, pp. 289-306, and juillet-août-septembre 1949, pp. 45-65.

Borkenau, F. "State and Revolution in the Paris Commune, the Russian Revolution and the Spanish Civil War," The Sociological Review, 29-30 (1937-1938), pp. 41-75.

Bradley, J.E.C. "France," French Quarterly, V (1928), p. 128.

Brée, Germaine. "The Antimémoires of André Malraux," Contemporary literature, 11 (1970), pp. 269-82.

Cardumer, Jean R. "Les Antimpmoires dans l'oeuvre de Malraux," Kentucky Romance Quarterly, 16 (1969), pp. 3-21.

Chaphan, J. A. "Lord Acton on The French Revolution," The Cambridge Mind, 1970, p. 70.

Davies, James C. "Toward a Theory of Revolution," American Sociological Review, 27 (1962), pp. 5-19.

Delmas, Claude, "L'aventure d'André Malraux," Synthèses, 57, février-1951, pp. 330-346.

_______________. "André Malraux et le communisme," L'âge nouveau, Paris, 1953, pp. 51-62.

Falconi, Carlo. "Il messaggio della disperazione e dell' eroismo," Humanitas, IV (1949), pp. 19-33.

France-Amérique, "André Malraux," New York, 25 novembre 1976, p. 4.

Fuentes, Carlos. "Meetings with Malraux," The New York Times, Book Review, 12 December 1976, pp. 25-29.

Gabory, G. "André Malraux," Malraux Miscellany, 2:1 (Spring 1970), p. 14.

Gide, André. "Dada," La Nouvelle Revue Française, 79 (1920), pp. 477-478.

Girard, René. "L'homme et le cosmos dans L'espoir et Les noyers d'Altenburg," Publications of the Modern Language Association, 68 (1953), pp. 49-55.

Groethuysen, Bernard. "Lettre d'Allemagne," La Nouvelle Revue Française, 1919, pp. 790-795.

Hatto, A. "'Revolution': An Inquiry into the Usefulness of an Historical Term," Mind, 58 (1949), pp. 495-517.

Langlois, Walter G. "Malraux, 1941-1942: Under the Nazi Shadow in Southern France," Columbia Library Columns, 20 (1970), pp. 24-31.

Langlois, Walter G. "Aux sources de L'espoir: Malraux et le début de la guerre d'Espagne," Revue des Lettres Modernes, 355-359 (1973), pp. 93-133.

Leefmans, Bert. "Malraux and Tragedy--The Structure of 'La condition humaine,'" Romanic Review, 1953, pp. 208-214.

Matthewson, Rufus W. "Dostoevskij and Malraux," American Contributions to the Fourth International Congress of Slavicists, Moscow, September, 1958. Gravenhage: Mouton & Co., 1958, pp. 211-223.

Peyre, Henri. "Malraux le romantique," Revue des Lettres Modernes, 355-359 (1973), pp. 70-92.

Picon, Gaëton. "André Malraux, écrivain révolutionnaire," Confluences, 36 (1944), pp. 190-212.

Reck, Rima Dell. "The Antimémoires: Malraux"s ultimate form," Kentucky Romance Quarterly, 16 (1949), pp. 155-162.

Roussault, Jean. "Le sens du stalinisme," L'âge nouveau, 79 (février, 1953), pp. 15-22.

Tanner, H. "Malraux explains some changes in his opinions," The New York Times, 22 October 1968, p. 49.

Trevelyan, C. M. "The Legacy of Napoleon," The Cambridge Mind, 1970, pp. 88-91.

Trotsky, Leon. "La révolution étranglée," La Nouvelle Revue Française, 211 (avril 1931), pp. 488-500. ("Réponse à Trotsky" by Malraux is found in that same issue.)

Valéry, Paul. "La crise de l'esprit," Variétés, 1 (1934), pp. 13-21.

Winegarten, Renée. "Malraux's Fate," Commentary, 52 (1970), pp. 69-74.

Sami I. Repishti
318 Washington Street
Hempstead, New York,

le 27 mars 1968

Son Excellence

André Malraux
Ministre d'Etat
chargé des Affaires Culturelles
Palais Royal
3,rue de Valois
Paris 1-er, France

Monsieur le ministre :

Je me permets de vous écrire parce que je suis en train de travailler à une thèse dont le titre sera :André Malraux et la dialectique de l'ordre et du moi profond de l'homme. Cette thèse sera présentée à l'Université de la ville de New York.

Depuis mon arrivée aux Etats-Unis (ou j'enseigne le français dans une école secondaire,) j'ai repris mes études depuis longtemps interrompues, et je relis votre oeuvre avec l'attention d'un jeune homme pour son aîné. Le paradoxe est que j'ai trouvé dans les romans où les héros luttaient pour un idéal communiste, une source d'inspiration pour un homme qui, comme moi, a dû affirmer sa dignité d'homme dans la lutte contre le communisme.

J'ai vécu toute ma jeunesse dans mon pays natal, l'Albanie, où j'ai vu tous les excès de l'horreur fasciste de la Seconde Guerre mondiale. Jeune homme de la Résistance, je me suis trouvé, en 1945, en face d'une idéologie totalitaire et d'un gouvernement qu'on appelle "le pouvoir du peuple." La réalité vécue a brisé tous mes espoirs, et dans mon désir de rester fidèle à moi-même, je me suis opposé au nouvel ordre établi. On m'a appelé "un rebelle". J'ai accepté ce titre et les conséquences qui en dérivèrent : dix ans de torture, de prisonie, de camp de concentration et de travaux forcés. En 1959, j'ai traversé, à main armée, la frontière.

Dès les premières lectures de vos romans, j'ai compris que j'avais rencontré une vie. En les lisant, j'ai vécu plusieurs moments de mon expérience pénible, et plus d'une fois humiliante, de torturé, de prisonnier, de bagnard, aussi bien que l'exaltation du combattant. C'est à cause de cette rencontre, riche et puissante, aveu plutôt d'une affinité toute particulière et toute personnelle, que j'ai décidé de changer mon programme d'études de sciences économiques, pour l'étude de la littérature. J'ai senti que"le petit voyage que j'avais à faire," commencé le jour que j'ai prononcé un non, honorable et fatal, contre l'ordre communiste, ne pouvait continuer que si je retournais dans un monde dont l'atmosphère nourrirait le désir profond d'une solidarité et d'une fraternité.

L'avilissement organisé dans les camps concentrationnaires communistes d'Albanie, a discrédité pas mal de prisonniers; plusieurs autres se sont tués, suicidés par les procédés les plus affreux. Humilié jour et nuit, moi-même je me suis demandé plus d'une fois si ceux qui se sauvent sont des immoraux. Le suicide est un acte. Est-ce que survivre dans un camp de concentration est une lâcheté ? Ne pas s'abandonner est-ce un acte indigne d'un homme ? Vivre dans un camp concentrationnaire c'est l'enfer. Affronter la torture, celle du présent et celle du demain, du jour suivant, du dix ans sans interruption, c'est une agonie plus profonde encore que celle de la mort. On n'apprend jamais à mourir, bien que se tuer soit toujours un acte de libération. D'accord! Mais résister à cette tentation est, à mon avis, encore plus difficile.

Un jour, après avoir servi cinq ans de mon terme qui devait durer dix, on m'a conduit dans le bureau de la Sûreté d'Etat. Les "salamalecs" faits, on m'a proposé de signer une déclaration de repentance, par laquelle je devais confesser mon "péché" d'avoir "opposé l'évolution historique de la création de la société albanaise libre et sans classes." A ma réponse immédiate et négative l'officier a réagi en me posant simplement une question: "cela veut dire que tu es prêt à servir l'autre moitié ?" J'ai répondu: oui. Ce qui arriva plus tard. Je suis sûr qu'à ce moment-là je n'avais pas pleine conscience de ce qui se passait dans cette pièce. Mais j'étais tellement conditionné par mes cinq ans de détention que tout mot, tout acte venant de l'autre côté de la barricade devait être rejeté à priori. Cela semble idiot, mais l'idée de ne pas pactiser avec "la peste" était née dans la haine, et se nourrissait par le dégoût. Elle était devenue cette évidence particulière, absolue, inattaquable qui ordonnait ma vie, et qui me permettait de penser et d'agir. Sans doute, à ce moment-là on ne pense plus; on agit promptement et énergiquement jusqu'à l'exaltation. Mais ce jour-là -- je me souviens très bien, -- j'ai touché les profondeurs de ma joie d'avoir agi en homme libre. Jamais auparavant je n'avais pas choisi avec une telle détermination, les conditions de ma propre destruction. Pour un instant, j'ai senti que j'étais maître de mon destin. Et puis, de nouveau la prison....

Comment ne pas se nourrir de dégoût. Dans un monde dément, où la dégradation et la destruction de l'homme sont élaborées avec un soin scientifique, j'ai vu les fous fouettés, les vieux étranglés, l'inanition des femmes. On brisait des membres, les pieds surtout, aux condamnés à mort qui attendaient l'exécution, par "mesures de précaution." J'ai vu des paysans grillés sur du charbon ardent comme une tranche de viande, des femmes illétrées clouées au plancher comme sur une croix, des jeunes gens châtrés, mutilés, estropiés. J'ai vu les montagnards, superbes et naïfs, forcés à se promener nus dans la cour, deux mille hommes et femmes privés de leur droit d'aller à la salle de bains, l'unique pompe à eau qui prend plusieurs jours à être réparée, les criminels encouragés à battre et à avilir "les politiques", les intellectuels surtout;

un ancien soldat, la tête écrasée avec une grosse pierre de cinquante kilos par un officier après avoir été fatalement blessé par les guards rouges pour avoir tenté la fuite, ... et la cruauté réservée à ceux qui essayaient de s'entr'aider.

Je l'ai souffert moi-même un jour quand, avec l'assistance de deux lycéens, j'ai jeté dans le cachot d'un condamné à mort ma ration de pain journalière. On m'a pris flagrant. Chaque fois que j'étais ramené dans la géôle après être torturé dans le bureau de l'officier en charge " de la rehabilitation", et que je reprenais conscienee, j'entendais mon camarade condamné implorer en pleurant les autorités de lui faire payer, à lui, les conséquences du "crime." Cette voix, --je l'entends si clairement aujourd'hui,-- me venait comme la voix du Rédempteur. Elle était l'incomparable aveu de l'existence de l'amour fraternel et éternel, et je l'ai reconnue toute fois que la bassesse de "la peste" prenait des proportions affreuses. Elle devint, pour moi, la source d'une nouvelle affection pour l'homme.

Cette affection a été, je pense, le point de départ de ma rentrée dans la vie, " la réconciliation avec le genre humain." Ma vieille mère avait passé deux ans dans un camp de concentration, isolée et désoleé. Je l'avais vue maltraitée par les gardes rouges chaque fois qu'elle s'approchait pour me voir à travers les barres de fer. Elle avait été, pour ansi dire, avec moi tout le temps. Le jour où je quittais le camp j'ai rencontré la mère d'un ami prisonnier devant la porte. Elle s'est approchée, et pour la première fois après dix ans, j'ai éprouvé la douceur d'une main caressant les miennes; mais je ne savais pas quoi dire à la pauvre vieille. Elle me regardait, confuse et avec compassion. Plus tard, un chauffeur de camion s'offrit à me conduire jusqu'à la ville voisine. Nous ne sommes pas parlés; il me regardait, et moi, je m'efforçais de sourire. Enfin, je l'ai remercié. Alors, j'ai commencé à comprendre comment tout le reste du monde m'était étranger.

Saûf ma mère. Je l'ai pressée fort dans mes bras. Elle a pleuré . Nous ne sommes pas dit un mot; mais, je la sentais toute proche de moi. Depuis le moment que j'avais quitté mes camarades, elle avait été la première personne dont la presence me touchait; ce n'est pas parce qu'elle était ma mère; mes frères, mes soeurs étaient là : tout était différent avec eux, avec elles. Mais elle, ma mère, avait été prisonnière avec moi, une habitante du monde qui seule rendait possible la communication; elle n'était pas comme les autres, une étrangere. Il y avait quelque chose comme une auréole d'innocence chez cette vieille créature, une innocence qui elle seule aurait suffi à justifier ma révolte, et à la rendre défendable, juste, et certainement humaine. J'aimais la vieille, comme j'aimais la justification de mon acte. C'est avec elle, à travers elle, que j'ai commencé "la réconciliation" sans arriver à la compléter.

Deux ans plus tard, j'ai déçu la surveillance communiste de la ville où j'étais confiné, j'ai abandonné ma mère, et j'ai forcé la frontière. Je n'ai pas voulu me soumettre à une situation qui demandait ma destruction pour vivre; j'ai préférer mourir sans me détruire. J'ai voulu aussi, essayer " la réconciliation" dans un monde différent, où je n'avais pas à voir les figures haïssables des bourreaux. Il est terriblement pénible de lire les journaux et d'écouter les conférences obligatoires et journalières d'une propagande qui se réclame le monopole du traîtement humain, après avoir vécu le contraire pour plus de douze ans. Les survivants des camps nazis ont eu la satisfaction qui porte la certitude de ne plus revoir les bourreaux, une satisfaction dont ni moi, ni mes camarades, ne pouvions espérer.

Ce qui me reste , ce sont eux, mes camarades. Quand je pense à eux, il m'arrive à croire,avec Kassner, que " les compagnons de Chine enterrés vivants, les amis de Russie aux yeux arrachés, les amis d'Allemagne autour de moi avec leurs cordes, " les frères d' Albanie avec leurs pieds cassés avant l'exécution soient les seuls habitants d'un monde qui n'est pas dément, et que leurs voix soient les seules dignes d'être écoutées, les seules qui témoignent de la grandeur et de l'honneur d'être un homme.

Monsieur le ministre :

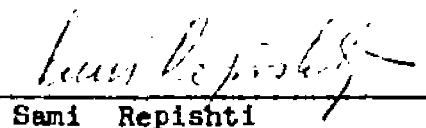
Il y a deux questions surtout, étroitement liées à votre oeuvre qui m'intéressent beaucoup :

1. Le marxisme, était-il pour vous à l'époque de La condition humaine l'unique forme de protestation et d'aventure, périmée de nos jours, mais symboliquement valable à cette époque ?

2. De nos jours, quand toute doctrine politique paraît être périmée, en fonction de quoi pourrait-on agir ou exprimer symboliquement la protestation contre la condition humaine ? Sous quelle forme pourrions-nous recréer l'homme ?

Je serais très heureux, si vous auriez, monsieur, l'amabilité de m'éclairer sur ces deux points. Vous pouvez bien imaginer ma joie si je venais de recevoir une réponse de vous.

Veuillez agréer, monsieur le ministre, les assurances de ma plus haute considération.



Sami Repishti

Le Ministre d'Etat
chargé des Affaires Culturelles

3, rue de Valois, Paris 1er

17 Avril 1968

Monsieur Sami REPISHTI
318 Washington Street
Hempstead, NEW YORK
U.S.A.)

Cher Monsieur,

Votre lettre m'a ému. C'est la première lettre d'Albanie, ce n'est pas la première du malheur . Mais vous comprendrez que répondre de façon sommaire à votre seconde question n'aurait aucun sérieux . Il y faudrait une longue conversation, et beaucoup plus de connaissances que je n'en ai, de votre destin.

Pour la première question: oui, à l'époque, la volonté révolutionnaire (pas uniquement le marxisme) permettait seule la mobilisation intérieure dont il s'agit .

Sincèrement à vous .

André Malraux

André MALRAUX