

‘This day in Paris/this day everywhere’: Jack Lindsay and France

Gavin Bowd

Abstract

The writer Jack Lindsay is well-known for his attempts to acclimatise communism to English conditions, beginning with his poem ‘Who are the English?’, published in 1936. However, this article aims to show the importance of France as a reference-point in Lindsay’s life and work. From the Popular Front onwards, France inspires through its potential for resistance and revolution. At the same time, it is a place of betrayal and sectarianism. We explore this rich relationship through study of Lindsay’s literary and non-fiction texts, memoirs and private correspondence. We argue that, throughout Lindsay’s immense oeuvre, France has a key place in his constant struggle against alienation and for ‘the fullness of life’.

Key words: France literature communism alienation

The Australian-born polymath and communist Jack Lindsay (1900-1990) is best known for his novels set in ancient Rome and his translations of Latin poets. However, France has a significant place in his immense oeuvre and offers insights into the political and aesthetic evolution of one of the most prominent figures in the Writers and Historians Groups of the Communist Party of Great Britain (CPGB). After Lindsay’s conversion to Marxism in 1936, French communism and artists associated with it provided inspiration and eventually friendship. Through study of his poetry, prose, essays, memoirs and correspondence, we argue that Lindsay’s relationship with France illustrates what a leading Australian Lindsay specialist, Anne Cranny-Francis, has identified as the ‘fundamental interrelationship of mind and body’ that sets his work apart. For Lindsay, writes Cranny-Francis, ‘we are embodied individuals, not disembodied minds; (...) art must appeal to the whole person, not solely to either intellect or sensation; and (...) politics is a lived experience, not a set of ideological principles’¹. In a typically Freudian drama, Lindsay’s arch-enemy, abstraction, is represented firstly by his estranged father, the renowned artist Norman Lindsay:

Turn for a moment I say
turn from your obdurate place
in that clarity of stone,

that terrible folly of light,
turn for a moment this way
your abstracted face.²

This battle against abstraction, alienation and its causes, commodification and the cash-nexus, and the concomitant quest to be both in one place and everywhere, come to be central to Jack Lindsay's outlook and aesthetic. In this article, we aim to show how they also condition his affinities with French culture and politics. During a long political engagement, which lasts until after the fall of the Berlin Wall, we can see in them some of the high-points and the crises of communism on both sides of the Channel.

France and the Popular Front

Jack Lindsay's first contact with France took place in the late twenties, soon after his arrival in Britain, when he regularly visited P. R. Stephensen, a fellow Australian and writer, in Brittany. But, unlike so many of his contemporaries, Lindsay did not immerse himself in Parisian intellectual life. Indeed, he was away from all literary centres: he spent the years 1930-41 wholly away from London and its intellectual world, writing furiously and engaged in a fraught relationship with the poet Elza de Loche. A key moment in Lindsay's life and work came in January 1936, when he discarded the abstraction of existentialism for Marxism. In *Fanfrolico and After*, he remembered: 'I needed Marxism to move from existence to history without losing the concrete texture of the moment'.³ Lindsay's desperate need to find a coincidence of theory and practice, his quest for *Aufhebung* (dialectical sublation or overcoming) in the here and now, extended to the most intimate parts of his being:

The problem was to achieve love, work and joy in a time space that was their ceaseless negation, the death-isolation incarnated in Elza. All the while the existentialist conflict was deepening into the Marxist conflict, converting thereness into my own life and thus making a dynamic unity of being-there, being-myself, and being-in-itself. (...) At the crucial point, reached round the New Year of 1936, the new balance triumphantly asserted itself as a definitely organized system, and I found it was Marxism: not simply the particular system labelled Marxism at that moment, but Marxism the vital stream of thought-feeling which is that system broadening into the future and implying an ever greater unity of consciousness, unity of man and nature unity of man and man.⁴

In 1936, Lindsay embraced the political turn of the Popular Front, which he expressed in the poem 'Who are the English?', which was published in *Left Review* then performed by the Unity Theatre. This poem, which asserted a radical English tradition suppressed by Establishment ideology, was an example of the 'acclimatisation' of communism to national traditions called for by George Dimitrov at the Comintern's Seventh Congress in July 1935.⁵ It also echoed attempts across the Channel to reconcile French bourgeois and Russian Bolshevik revolutions, the tricolour and the red flag, *L'Internationale* and *La Marseillaise*.

Lindsay's awakened interest in England's radical past is expressed in *1649. A Novel of a Year*, published in 1938. Beginning with the execution of Charles I, the novel recounts the failure of the proto-communist Diggers and Levellers, and the triumph of the junta led by Cromwell, which launches a genocidal war in Ireland. But belief in progress is not extinguished, and France figures as a source of inspiration. In December 1649, the defeated – and lovelorn – radical apprentice Roger Cotton finds the Digger Richard Overton lodging over a printer's establishment in London. They like one another at once and begin talking of books: 'Overton found that Roger had never read Montaigne or Rabelais. "I'll get them for you," he said. "And you must read Bacon and Giordano Bruno. And Descartes, too." Roger had never felt so happy in his life'.⁶ They and other radicals, John Lilburne, leader of the Levellers, and Gerard Winstanley, leader of the Diggers, vow to continue their campaign for liberty and against the kingly principle. Tramping through the night streets of England's capital, Cotton senses a new unity:

He forgave himself; and the laughter of love flowed in on him in huge steady waves. The scar remained, but his body was healed. The night seemed to break in showering petals, in melting flakes of flowers, murmurous with soft voices. Not with the yearning despair of pity, the languor of wounded desire. He was wholly himself, merging with the cast night of London, swinging towards the dawn. I will study hard, he thought. 'I have bought a French dictionary,' he told Overton.⁷

France takes centre stage in another of Lindsay's Popular Front era historical novels, *To Arms! A Story of Ancient Gaul*. In this work, a Belgian merchant has Verica and several other Britons kidnapped then sold into slavery. However, they are rescued by Ardorix, whom they thought was left behind in Britain. Together they join a Gaullish insurrection against the Romans and their German allies. In the context of the Spanish Civil War, it would be

impossible to miss the contemporary resonance of these words spoken by ‘a burly Gaul’ to a representative of Caesar: ‘Nobody asked you to come here and rob us. You robbed us as long as you had soldiers to hold us down. We don’t want Romans or Germans or any other foreigners ruling our country. You’ve killed thousands of us. But it’s our turn now. Death to the Romans! Listen to that cry. It’s rising sky-high this day’.⁸ However, the novel is another tale of defeat, with Caesar’s victory at Alesia: “‘Brothers,” said Vercingetorix, with a calm, toneless voice, “this is the end””⁹. And yet, for the vanquished, it could mark a new beginning. In the concluding pages, Verica tells his comrades that it was clear that the Romans would attack Britain sooner or later. He therefore chooses to stay on in occupied Gaul to gain knowledge of the enemy’s military and industrial techniques, then return home to prepare defences:

Ardorix nodded. ‘I see. You feel that the Romans have won only because they knew more things like that than we do.’

‘Yes,’ said Verica. ‘We must go back with the knowledge that the two most important things in the world are Brotherhood and the Arts of Peace. That’s what I have learned from this war.’

Ardorix said, ‘I’m with you.’

And Lerrys said, ‘Don’t forget me.’¹⁰

However, the possibility of Franco-British resistance to a foreign threat seemed dashed by the break-up of the Popular Front in France, the fall of the Spanish Republic, the Nazi-Soviet Pact and the outbreak of the Second World War. During the Phoney War, Lindsay was posted to the Signal Corps, the ‘Brain of the Army’. This did not stem the extraordinary flow of Lindsay’s writing. Instead, it added a new urgency, inspiring *Men of Forty-Eight*, which covers the revolutionary events in Paris then Munich in 1848, interspersed with the failure of revolutionary hopes the main character Richard Boon places in the Chartists. Lindsay explained thus the driving force behind this novel:

War had been declared and I felt that I might well have only a short while to live. I did my utmost to pack both my revolutionary fervour and my sense of tragic contradictions into the novel, especially the character Boon, who goes through both the February and June uprising in Paris, takes part in Chartist works, and dies in Munich. All the inner conflicts that had brought me to a revolutionary position, and

all those which felt continuing despite my efforts to find a point of central balance in the idea and act of revolution: all the conflicts between the impulse of self-sacrifice and the intensified joy-in-life that was one of its results; the descent into the depths of oneself which was also the harrowings of the social hell; the desperate struggle to understand the personal compulsions which had driven me to my positions, so that I might maintain those positions without personal distortions – maintain them by a pure act of the whole self; the perpetual struggle between justice and pity, between the pitiless need to judge the world and the need to reject all limited judgments in a total acceptance; the Dostoievskian conflict between the desire for a pure goodness which affects life solely by its radiating wholeness, and the perverse wish to explore the unlocked gates of all that has been forbidden – the old sectarian paradox that all things are permitted to the saved; the tragic sense of time in which the goal seems both just ahead and irretrievably behind. All this and more poured out in anxious days and nights. A testimony for whom? I hardly knew, but I felt I must make this statement before the war broke and I was probably silenced. Comrade, remember me.¹¹

Richard Boon, an Old Etonian at odds with his landowning father and entangled in various unhappy relationships with women, including his mother, seems to find in the streets of Paris a higher unity and purpose: ‘A city. A city of men and women. The complex stream of life, the entangled responsive nerves, the taughtening sinews, all drawn together, acting a centralised part. He went on the way that the others were going. (...) He was part of the crowd before he realised that there was any crowd’.¹² Indeed, the revolutionary crowd seems to offer the *Aufhebung* that Lindsay sought: ‘On this morning it was the most natural of acts to walk along the street beating on one’s breast and crying a hymn to the smothered lightnings of man. Burst forth from the cloud-womb, child of the tempest. O delivered image of a new life. He shouted fragments of verse, and it was all part of the morning. He was merged with the immensity, a wave of oceanic man’.¹³ Lying with a (typically anonymous) laundry-girl, Boon seems on the point of overcoming separation between self and world, class and class, man and woman: ‘The girl lay close to Boon, with her head on his arm. He could feel her breasts rising and falling. He felt that exaltation of joyous gratitude coming back upon him, and had to fight it down. He didn’t want to start trembling again’.¹⁴

The exaltation found in revolutionary action is contrasted with the legalistic cowardice of the Liberal Opposition in Paris and, when Boon returns to London, the betrayal

of the English working class by Chartist leader Feargus O'Connor. Europe's *printemps des peuples* soon draws Boon back across the Channel. In Paris, he participates in the doomed proletarian uprising of June 1848, put down by lumpen elements recruited into the *gardes mobiles*. He then takes back to Britain the French translation of a pamphlet which has just been published: *The Communist Manifesto*. Still at odds with the world, he leaves for Munich, where he will be executed by imperial troops. The concluding chapter of the novel describes Christmas time in a smug and conservative Britain interested only in carols, plum pudding and buying things. Thus Lindsay seems to cast an envious eye across the Channel to more evident revolutionary potential, albeit repressed for the time being.

Men of Forty-Eight is therefore very similar to Sylvia Townsend Warner's *Summer Will Show*, which recounts the lesbian awakening, *déclassement* and conversion to communism of Sophia Willoughby, a well-heeled Englishwoman, during 1848 in Paris. That said, despite being touched by tragedy – Sophia's lover Minna is killed by an illegitimate relative in the *gardes mobiles* – Warner's novel, written at the time of the Popular Front's victory in 1936, has a more positive conclusion – the opening of *The Communist Manifesto* – than Lindsay's novel, not to mention both texts' cynical ancestor, Gustave Flaubert's *L'Education sentimentale*. Elinor Taylor remarks: '*Men of Forty-Eight* depicts the hardening of the bourgeois state in a manner that contrasts with the earlier [Lindsay] novels' explorations of the efficacy of popular resistance within the state apparatuses'.¹⁵ However, Methuen, Lindsay's publisher, delayed publication of *Men of Forty-Eight* until the centenary of that revolutionary year.

In other historical novels written during this period, Lindsay also addressed indirectly the threat, both internal and external, that fascism posed to France. The possibility of betrayal is the theme of *Hannibal Takes a Hand*, which deals with the situation at Carthage when the defeated Hannibal turns on his class, the nobles, and attempts to build a city-democracy on the remnants of the old clan-elements. The nobles call in the enemy Rome against their own disarmed city. Lindsay writes:

From one aspect [...] the book was an allegory of what was happening in France as I wrote. The French ruling-classes could not seriously consider war against Hitler, being too obsessed with destroying the popular forces in their own country; and a section of them, via Petain, was to come to terms with Hitler. In the preface, I pointed out that Flaubert had written *Salammbô* as an allegory of the Second Empire [...]

Carthage was chosen for the setting because it lay in the area in which his bourgeoisie, after defeating democracy in 1848, had been rapidly expanding.¹⁶

Hannibal Takes a Hand was, in Lindsay's view, 'an anti-*Salammbô* [...] it showed the persisting democratic elements among the commonfolk which provided quite different potentialities than Flaubert's account allowed for in the culture'.¹⁷ This prophetic work was finished and in the publisher's hands in early May 1940, just before the collapse of France.

The Fall of France and the Traitor Class

On both sides of the Channel, communists, faithful to the new Comintern line, denounced an 'inter-imperialist war' and explained the fall of France by the actions of what Ivor Montagu called, in a pamphlet, *The Traitor Class*. Lindsay developed this theme of 'fifth column' betrayal in his novel *We Shall Return*, which portrays British troops in north-east France during the Phoney War then their evacuation from Dunkirk. Here, their contact with the French is mainly in bars and brothels. The Hamletian hero of the novel, Hugh Evans, observes with disdain the natives who, after panic is spread by a false alarm, return to their nonchalant ways:

The panic had subsided as quickly as it started, but it left an odd sensation behind it. Were these country folk mere ignoramuses, or were they typical at all of their fellow-French? Was this exhibition of terror a revelation of what lay behind the confidence in the boosted Maginot line, the stirring speeches on the way that national unity had been established by the suppression of the dissidents, the heavy-handed Press censorship?... Down the street came a young girl wearing a blue dress under a coat that reached only to her hips; she walked with jaunty hips, and her big insolent mouth was clumsily scarlet; in her high-heeled shoes she picked her way carefully over the muddied cobbles. The sunlight seemed to release white birds from her hands. Clearly, he thought, she had been too busy making herself up to be aware of the panic.¹⁸

The French townsfolk seem lost in a cosy petit-bourgeois existence: 'The neat grey houses, the small dull shops, the housewife dusting her window-sill and the shopkeeper leaning with folded arms on the well-rubbed counter, all seemed equally oblivious that a war was being waged'.¹⁹ What's more, there appear to be strong fascist affinities among them. The

proprietress of a bar intervenes in a political conversation about the ongoing 'Winter War' between the Soviet Union and Finland:

'What's she saying, Hugh?' George asked anxiously.

'She says that her sister is in Canada, and she wants to know why we persecute nuns in England.'

'Tell her we don't,' begged George. 'Please, Hugh, I wouldn't like her to think things like that.'

'She says the Jews are behind it.'

'Are they?' asked George, round-eyed.

'She says England's ruled by the Jews.'²⁰

Tired of the moribund inertia he sees around him, Hugh greets with joy news of the invasion of Denmark and Norway:

Either there would be a sudden access of new strength, new strength welling out of the masses, or there would be collapse. And looking around on the smug French town, where every brick seemed to be built, not of fired clay, but out of the vices and virtues of the French petty bourgeoisie, he felt sure that those walls were going to tumble down and reveal the astonished craven little family inside. And he could not deny that there burned in him again a dual emotion – a fierce pleasure at what was going to be broken down, exposed; a desire to see it shattered, even under the blows of mad fascist forces – and a passionate need at last to fight, to destroy the fascist forces which were only the last stage in disintegration of the thing that he wanted to see trampled down – a disintegration which had all the terrific power of madness, a final concentration of doomed energies.²¹

Nine days spent on leave in Cherbourg do not improve the image of the French: 'The townsfolk seemed more or less indifferent to the troops, took their money without hostility, but without interest. "What we want is the Latin bloc." Hugh heard a paunchy linen draper saying to a friend at the door; and once they found swastikas chalked all along a street'.²² A brief interlude is a high-spirited football match then snowball fight with French troops on Christmas Day. But the invasion of May 1940, and the resultant mass exodus of civilians, seem to confirm fears of betrayal: 'The conviction grew that this uprooting of the civil

population was not merely the work of blind panic but of panic deliberately fostered and intensified by fifth columnists and fascist agents. Later they heard stories of the unknown cyclists who preceded the German advance, dashing into villages with terrifying tales and the call to flee'.²³ 'Betrayed by the Belgian king and his staff; bewildered over the collapse of a France where fascist corruption had undermined all the high seats of power' the British Expeditionary Force, 'with undefeated hearts', asked only for 'the chance to stand and fight back'.²⁴ Betrayal even seems to extend to the Dunkirk evacuation: 'Damn those Frenchies, piling their transport up ahead, our line of fire's restricted'.²⁵

Towards a Second Front

However, the very title of the novel was compatible with a spirit of resistance. The novel appeared in 1942, after the Soviet Union had been invaded and communists rediscovered their anti-fascist fighting spirit. The call was now for the opening of a Second Front, and, in his memoirs, Lindsay proudly recalled a soldier later saying that 'on the ship taking him over to Normandy for the Second Front the captain was reading a copy of *We Shall Return*'.²⁶

Also in the Orderly Room of his regiment, Lindsay researched and wrote a long poem, *Into Action*, saluting the doomed heroism of Canadian commandos and their Free French allies in the disastrous raid on Dieppe, in August 1942. At first, the sleeping inhabitants of the port seem as indifferent as those in *We Shall Return*: 'Where's the French burghers snoring awake now?/Where's all the Jerries we scrunched out of sleep?/Dieppe still slumbers, the Jerries are sunk'.²⁷ But they will be roused from their slumber by the raiders:

Dieppe
the tall plain houses rear
beyond the smoke-smear a neat stylised décor,
while the tanks rumble on and flash their way
through ring on opening ring of resistance, blast
a passage through the ambushes of stone,
become the advance-guard of the forces pledged
to break all barriers that evil sets
against the chance and law of growth – Fascism,
decay organised as terror.²⁸

The United Nations Signalman Lindsay links two fronts against fascism: ‘This battle-noise of ours swarms over Europe (...)/Dieppe and Stalingrad are the one battle/against the lords of greed and maddening power’.²⁹ This time, French courage is saluted: ‘A small French boy/nimbly skips about through reeking ruins,/puts his blue beret on a stick at corners/to test the street for snipers’.³⁰ The Free French take their place in the struggle to liberate their homeland:

Skirling step the pipers,
lead the Cameronians through the bridgehead,
the sheafing fire, the slackening volleys, inland,
up the Scie valley, ho, The Hundred Pipers!
Free-Frenchmen straddle a window-ledge,
sniping the snipers. The lace-curtain blows
in coy loops round them. They wear pompon-caps
(begged and swore till excused the steel-helmets)
wanting the Germans to see them. They wear flashes
proclaiming who they are, and wouldn’t shear them.³¹

One Free Frenchman tells another:

I thought as I landed: Look at that seagull there,
it’s a French seagull, and my spirit soared,
with a wild cry, and I cried it, yes, I cried it,
what only music has the speech to spell.
and you? I’ve got a ten-franc piece from Dunkirk,
I’ve carried it all these months in my pocket, look,
I thought I’d spend it in Dieppe,
but somehow it seems I won’t quite find the time,
and yet I’ll send it, yes, I’ll spend it, certainly.³²

What is left of the decimated raiders withdraw from Dieppe, but defiantly declare: ‘We shall return./ We are rooted in this conflict,/those cliffs are ours. The folk of Europe stand/upon that watershed of hope and fear,/waiting our shout’.³³

Lindsay contributed poems celebrating the French Resistance, for example to an anthology, *Poems for France*, collected by Nancy Cunard and published by La France Libre in 1944. In 'France 1936-1943', he describes progressive France's advance, from Popular Front to defeat and occupation, to a popular movement against the Nazis and their collaborators :

The heart, hardened or overburdened, a moment
sees fate in the fall, acclaims the exposure,
mere annotation of verifying fact
in the betrayal, the goosetstep past the Eiffel,
the valetudinarian fascism of Vichy,
O deaf to the wail of the roadside children bleeding
and the workers slave-clamped to machines. (...)
What matters
is the in-closing movement, the pattern of hands
at lathe or lever, plough or pickaxe, achieving
this new coherence and beyond the murdernight
a different touch. This is the People.³⁴

The celebration of French resistance continues in 'Men of the Maquis', declaimed with music by the Unity Theatre. After the opening of the Second Front, Lindsay added this final section:

The years of rage and fear and furious waiting,
they are ended now, and all their tangled angers,
suddenly desperate fists of sabotage,
all is repaid now. The Allies' battle-armour
clangs on the coasts of France, and overnight
[...]
We are part of a conquering army, the advance-guard,
the scouts and skirmishers deep in the enemy-country,
but link with the main attack. And when we strike
at train or bridge, convoy or aerodrome,
we strike with the confidence of gathering union,
and hear through every shout and battle-blast

tramping of men and thud of the heavy pulse.
the beat of the triumph-song, the united voice
of Frenchmen.
we hear the scaring larksong, the triumph-song,
we hear it swinging clear at last, the song
of France united in the oath of freedom.³⁵

At the end of this declamation, the *Marseillaise* bursts out.

Paris, city of the Resistance poets

Throughout the conflict, French Resistance poetry had become very popular across the Channel and, to an extent, compensated for the lack of British war poetry.³⁶ In September 1944, *Our Time* included translations by Jack Lindsay of poets who had featured in Paul Eluard's clandestine anthology, *L'Honneur des poètes*. In early 1945, Louis Aragon was invited to the Institut français in London to give a lecture on the literature of the French Resistance. This was Lindsay's first encounter with the man considered by many, including General de Gaulle, to be the premier poet of the French Resistance. Lindsay recalled:

The lecture, in which he talked about his poetry of the war-years, deeply moved me; and a day or so later he gave a talk on French writers and the resistance to a couple of dozen party-intellectuals. His remarkable charm worked strongly on us all. He was still young enough to wear his daredevil debonair aura as a sort of pertly-tilted halo; and with his reputation as a poet-fighter he exercised an irresistible spell. Boyish, gasconading, gaily sincere, he talked easily (in English) and told his tale as clearly and forcibly as if he were addressing a maquis-group and priming them with the information necessary for an operation to be carried out within the hour (...) He gave us the feeling of an enormous moral and poetic liberation, which raised the whole concept of nation to a new level, purging it of all its associations of guilt and division, and opening up new roads to a secure brotherhood.³⁷

The audience was so enraptured by *le Paysan de Paris* that many of them, including Lindsay, followed him onto a London omnibus, oblivious to its destination.

After the end of the war, Lindsay, with his new partner Ann, an actor of the Unity Theatre, finally made the acquaintance of Resistance writers, often through Nancy Cunard,

‘that indefatigable and ardent worker in all lost causes’³⁸. For example, in May 1947, Cunard wrote to him: ‘I’d like to take you to LA MAISON DE LA PENSEE FRANCAISE, most grand and palatial. [...] I told Aragon you are coming, and Marcenac and Seghers and René Bloch and several more, all of whom you should meet’. She mentions exciting new books by the communists Elsa Triolet, Tristan Tzara, Georges Sadoul and Pierre Courtade, but, given the severe material difficulties of the immediate post-war years, she adds: ‘You will be wise to bring cigarettes [...] sugar, butter, jam, tea, coffee, cocoa – all of which supplement the generally disgusting “breakfast” you get’.³⁹

Such difficulties were richly compensated by this new Parisian company. For Lindsay, he was with men who ‘seemed to me to live in a richer and fuller dimension of space and time than anyone I knew in England – to have gone through trials and tests that penetrated deeper into the spirit, and to have known triumphs, exalted or serene, that made them, more simply, happily, and maturely, human beings in the vast scope of that term’.⁴⁰ Lindsay saw concentrated in Aragon ‘the whole new force of defiant love and poetic transformation: poetry with the last barrier between it and the world of action broken down’, although he also saw in him ‘an explicit politician’.⁴¹ Pierre Seghers was ‘young, keen, capable, volatile, absorbed in the problem of finding ways and means of keeping the Resistance spirit alive among the poets and of providing them with vehicles of publication’.⁴² Jean Marcenac was ‘smallish but full of fire, dark and brilliant-eyed’, Léon Moussinac ‘tall and thin, meagre as if burnt out with a fierce suffering which he denied’.⁴³ In verse, Lindsay described the Breton communist poet Guillevic as ‘round as ball of granite rolling/along the Paris street/a block requiring spectacles/otherwise complete’.⁴⁴ Vercors, author of *Le Silence de la mer*, was ‘neat and glowingly handsome’, while Jean Cassou impressed with ‘a quick glancing mind and solid body, who in prison had composed sonnets which he lacked material to write down. So he memorised them all’.⁴⁵ The ‘quivering tendril-responsiveness’ of Paul Eluard’s hands ‘corresponded to the way in which his poetry dissolved and recombined the world around him in terms of dynamic process’.⁴⁶ The love expressed in Eluard’s poetry, dynamically centred on the love of man and woman, was also ‘the love of all men – a universal love saved from all abstraction or emptiness by its origin and endless renewal of the senses’.⁴⁷

Finally, Lindsay developed a close relationship with Tristan Tzara, the Franco-Romanian co-founder of Dada. Eluard and Tzara formed a pair who ‘worked by diametrically opposed methods for the same end, the freedom and fullness of life’.⁴⁸ After reading Tzara’s poetry and talking with him, Lindsay felt ‘an intolerable and yet exalting sense of this

potential poetry in our world. The self totally unguarded and vulnerable, crushed under the burden of ubiquitous alienation; and yet for this very reason lying open to all the shattering impacts of the new. [...] Motorcar headlights snared in a shop-window and high heels tapping behind me, the grain of a street-tree's sooted bark and the rotted fringe of the shield around a pissoir. All fused in a single pattern of pure chance and terrible significance'.⁴⁹ In 'Paris Midnight', Lindsay celebrates Tzara as enemy of alienation:

Tristan you first discovered
under bibles, advertisement-boards, and metaphysics
that chaos is not a primordial condition
but an involuntary invention
of bourgeois cuttlefish
exuding darkness to confuse the issue
and find themselves at home⁵⁰

Anne Cranny-Francis offers a fine interpretation of these lines: 'this is "thought-thinking" not "thought-thought" with Tzara's experience represented by these concrete references to the everyday, while the meanings they signify are revealed as critical to his poetic and political practice'.⁵¹

The Struggle for Peace

Lindsay and his new French friends soon had to face the challenges of the Cold War, whose outbreak led to the expulsion of the French Communist Party (PCF) from government in May 1947. Lindsay translated a considerable number of their poems, but could not find a publisher in London: 'The first reactions of the Cold War had set in, and the firms I approached told me in lowered confidential voices that the resistance had now been found out to have a large number of brigands in its ranks and that I wasn't aware of what I was trying to glorify'.⁵² Nevertheless, Lindsay was committed to continuing the spirit of cultural resistance:

I had already worked out my notions of a revolutionary people's culture based on the antifascist stirrings of the final war years, but I discovered the same outlook and a more politically mature form in the thought of Aragon, which deeply encouraged me. He had a far more solid basis for this hopes of a new sort of national democratic revival moving organically step by step from the resistance-bases to a new sort of

socialism; but he too undervalued the strengths and resources of reaction with US backing in those years.⁵³

Together, Lindsay and intellectuals in or close to the communist movement campaigned in solidarity with the insurgents in Greece and took part in the Cominform-sponsored campaign for 'world peace'. In August 1948, in Wrocław, Poland, Lindsay met up again with Paul Eluard, Pablo Picasso and Roger Vaillant at the World Congress of Intellectuals for the Defence of Peace. In April 1949, he was also at the Buffalo Stadium, Paris, for a huge peace rally, which he recalled thus:

Amid the noises I look for my friends the poets. Aragon with his boyish elasticity of tread (I remember him walking home late at night, leaning back and back as he felt more tired, walking skyward) and happier, with milder eyes. Tzara, threading the crowd, small and heavy-browed with his round glasses, an image of obscure and tremendous power threading the everyday confusion and drawing it together with an unseen gesture. Eluard with his trembling fingers and large calm face, asymmetrically Apollonian, Marcenac with his romantic head running away from his body, Guillevic rolling like a big pebble in a lyrical sea. Pierre Seghers with tough jaw. Vercors looking older and younger. Claude Morgan, neat with eyes of darkening warmth. The love of men is clear and clean in them: there is an earth under their feet.⁵⁴

This event is evoked in 'Buffalo Stadium, Paris, 1948 [sic]', dedicated to Eluard, which describes a dynamic movement towards unity: 'this day in Paris/this day everywhere/All that man is and all than man has been/meet gaily with the man who is yet to be/and march to the tune of the song in which I join'.⁵⁵ In 1950, appeared *Peace is our answer*, containing linocuts by Noel Counihan with poems by Jack Lindsay, a forward by prominent science journalist J. G. Crowther, and prefatory poems by Eluard, Aragon and Pablo Neruda.

In 1952, *Europe*, a literary review close to the PCF, published a short story by Lindsay, 'It even happens in England', which recounts the sudden conversion of Dutton, a junior civil servant, to the cause of Peace. Dutton discovers with horror that his daughter is being courted by Dick, an American airman from the nearby aerodrome. After having read an article by pacifist philosopher Bertrand Russell, Dutton decides to kick out of the house this drunken and racist Yank. Before leaving 'with a swagger', Dick gives this parting shot to his girlfriend's father: 'We're here to stay. And reds like you will get what's coming, like those

Korean bastards'. After this incident, Dutton resolves to sign the Stockholm peace petition. At that very moment, 'a jet plane whistled above the house, and Dutton waved his fist at the sky, while his wife and daughter looked on, astonished and pensive'.⁵⁶

The struggle for peace was accompanied by 'resistance' to the cultural 'cocacolonisation' manifesting itself in cartoons, Be Bop, Hollywood and the novels of Ernest Hemingway. In 1950, Lindsay wrote for *Europe*: 'The land of Shakespeare and Milton is now devoid of literary reviews [...] It is a sad situation which shows what happens to a great country which sells its right of primogeniture to Wall Street'.⁵⁷ In his letter from London the following year, Lindsay asserted that 'the books pushed by commerce and the newspapers are more and more reactionary [...] a lot of escapist books are also sold [...] we are dying from exhaustion'.⁵⁸ The only hope, Lindsay concluded, seemed to lie in middle class pacifists disappointed by five years of Labour Party rule.

But if Lindsay was firmly in the 'democratic' camp and opposed to the other 'imperialist' one, he was ill at ease with the cultural hard line laid down by Andrei Zhdanov, Stalin's ideological chief, from 1946 onwards: 'The trouble began with the Zhdanov speeches in the USSR. They puzzled and upset me, marking a sharp turn from the more tolerant attitudes that had prevailed during the war'.⁵⁹ Indeed, in 1949, in the Editorial Note of the first issue of his review *Arena*, Lindsay wrote: '*Arena* neither seeks to label our culture as 'decadent' nor to acclaim it as securely progressive'.⁶⁰ This issue showed an eclecticism at variance with the dominant Zhdanovist discourse: a version of Eluard's 'From the Horizon of one man to the Horizon of all', an essay by Tzara on the 'Dialectics of Poetry', but also contributions by Edith Sitwell and Malcolm Lowry, plus an extract from Albert Camus's recently-published *The Plague*. Lindsay's Editorial Note was attacked by Emile Burns in the *Daily Worker*, but he pursued his dissident line:

These positions had led me continually into the role of oddman-out. Thus, at a conference called by Emile on the theme of combatting bourgeois trends in culture in resisting the Zhdanov-type positions which were set out, I made a defense of Sartre as a man with many ambiguous points of view but with a strong core of creative insights which we should have been welcoming. For which I was much trounced.⁶¹

Despite his relative editorial daring, 'at the end of the first year, *Arena* was in dire difficulty. The reviewers, the intellectual world, the booktrade, totally ignored it'⁶². To promote this

review, Lindsay cultivated his exchanges with French communist intellectuals. In May 1950, Pierre Abraham, director of *Europe*, wrote to him:

I am very interested by your plan to send us, for *Europe*, a chronicle (or a letter), on cultural events in Great Britain. And I will welcome it with all the more pleasure because I greatly admire your work. Unfortunately, I have not been able to speak with Aragon and Claude Morgan about the – reciprocal – problem concerning your review *Arena*. But I have no doubt it will be possible for one of us to send you, three times a year, the chronicle you speak of. Thus we would weld together the cultural efforts we are making on both sides of the Channel.⁶³

These chronicles from Paris would not see the light of day. Britain simply did not have the substantial counter-cultural ghetto sustained by the PCF, which remained France's largest political party. The CPGB simply could not support the equivalent of widely-read reviews like *La Pensée* or *Europe*. The last issue of *Arena*, published in 1951, was devoted to the American threat to British culture.

The late forties also saw disappointment and failure for Lindsay's literary work in France. Things had begun well. In April 1945, Pierre Seghers wrote to his publisher Andrew Dakers, requesting a copy of *Hullo Stranger*, a novel about the experience of women munition workers during the war: 'I feel it useful to inform you that I am the publisher of the main poets of the Resistance, Aragon, Moussinac etc and of the review *Poésie 45*, which is already very well known in the literary milieu of England'.⁶⁴ On behalf of the author, Ann Lindsay replied: 'I congratulate you on the work you have done in publishing the works of the resistance poets and in addition to the particular proposition for the translator of Mr Lindsay's novel, would like to keep in touch with you regarding general developments in the literary field in France'.⁶⁵ In July 1945, an agreement was signed for the translation of *L'Etranger de retour*. However, at the end of August, Seghers informed the Lindsays that, due to the acute shortage of paper in post-war France, cuts would have to be made in some of the novel's dialogue. That said, Seghers also mentioned that *Hullo Stranger* had received a very positive review in a recent issue of the main cultural journal to emerge from the Resistance, *Les Lettres françaises*.⁶⁶ With regard to the proposed cuts in *Hullo Stranger*, Lindsay instructed his partner to agree to this on condition that Seghers sent them a copy for perusal at the earliest possible opportunity: 'The position regarding paper must be extremely difficult in France and I have confidence in your assurance that the cut will in no way damage

the general theme of the novel. I would be grateful if you could send me a copy of the issue of *Les Lettres françaises* dated August 25th. I do not buy the paper regularly and have failed to obtain a copy in London as they are all sold out'.⁶⁷

Lindsay recalled that the translation of *Hullo Stranger* enabled him money to put down for a Picasso lithograph. But Lindsay naturally harboured ambitions of literary success in France. In November 1946, Georges Duthuit, of Editions des Deux-Rives, proposed to publish in translation his novel *The Barriers Are Down*, which is set during the Hun invasions. However, in January 1947, Duthuit informed Lindsay: 'A terrible misfortune has just struck us: the translator who had just started translating *The Barriers are Down* has died suddenly from an embolism. It is a great loss, for he was a man of great culture. He was only 35 years old'.⁶⁸ Nevertheless, in April 1947, Duthuit requested copies of *Men of Forty-Eight* and Lindsay's novel on existentialism, *The Subtle Knot*. But, now true to form, in June 1947, the publisher wrote: 'I have read your books with interest but unfortunately we cannot envisage their publication in French for various material reasons'.⁶⁹ That said, in September 1947, he informed Lindsay: 'We found an excellent translator for *The Barriers are Down* and more than half the book is already in our hands'.⁷⁰

However, *The Barriers are Down* never appeared in France. In *Meetings with Poets*, Lindsay remembered bitterly this experience with French publishing. Duthuit, referred to as 'Q', was 'unreliable, posing as a millionaire on somebody's blackmarket gains [...] Q kept on postponing completion of translation, and then of publication; nor was I successful in getting the 20,000 francs named in the contract as due on its signature'.⁷¹ Aragon tried to get *Men of Forty-Eight* published by Hier et Aujourd'hui but 'after the book was accepted, it fell a victim to economising cuts and various chess-moves with different interests in the firm'.⁷² France's most powerful communist intellectual then 'pushed the firm into agreeing to *Betrayed Spring* in 1955; a contract was signed; I had a considerable correspondence with the translator – and nothing happened'.⁷³ Failure was reciprocal: Lindsay tried to get Aragon's *Les Communistes* translated by CPGB publishing house Lawrence and Wishart, but 'it was decided to publish instead the much inferior and more politically orthodox trilogy of André Stil (of which however only the first volume appeared in English)'.⁷⁴ To add insult to injury, *Marxist Quarterly* had ostensibly planned to publish an essay comparing André Stil's first novel of the trilogy (*Le Premier choc*, on a dockers' strike) with Lindsay's *Rising Tide*. Lindsay was completely ignored in the published version. He later reflected: 'In my thirty-five odd years in close connection with the party not one single essay large or small has been written on my work, though in the USSR many studies of my novels have been published'.⁷⁵

Another aborted French-related project was his essay, *The Starfish Road. The Poet as Revolutionary*, which Lindsay summarised thus in his unpublished memoirs:

Beginning with the romantic revolt, I sketched its aesthetic and social bases, dealt at some length with Keats to show the cohering of a dialectical viewpoint, then dealt with Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Rimbaud, with lesser sections on Lautréamont and Laforgue, and concluded with a section on Apollinaire, Eluard, Tzara, Aragon, Mayakovsky. I attested to show how the deepening movement of poetic dissidence sought to find a structure of imagery-system which opposed bourgeois sensibility with new forms of integration, expressing new dialectical unities of mind and sense as a counterpart of its social revolt.⁷⁶

However, the biggest loss in this period was the death of his friend Paul Eluard. Eluard had invited Lindsay to spend the summer holidays with him in 1952. However, the British writer had accepted an invitation to communist Romania, which, on his return, he would describe with uncritical lyricism in *Rumanian Summer*. He never saw again Eluard, who died in November 1952: ‘at once I felt what an irreparable error I had made. Now I feel it a thousandfold more’.⁷⁷ In ‘The Courage of Love’, Lindsay remembered an encounter with his late friend near the Café de Flore, Paris. The concluding lines emphasise the utopian humanism that, for Lindsay, ran throughout Eluard’s poetry:

It is with us that all will come alive
beasts my true flags of gold
heaths my good adventures
useful verdure sensible towns
on to your head will come
men from below the sweats the blows the tears
but who are going to harvest all their dreams
I see true men sensible good and useful
throw off a burden punier than death
and sleep for joy amid the sound of sunlight⁷⁸

Break and Renewal

In February 1956 came Khrushchev's secret speech to the Twentieth Congress of the CPSU. Lindsay recalled that 'the shock was shattering and the intellectual groupings which the British CP had been building up were largely destroyed'.⁷⁹ The next shock wave came in November of that year, when Soviet tanks crushed the Hungarian uprising. Historians and writers joined the exodus from the CPGB (a quarter of the membership would be lost). Lindsay and other leading party intellectuals, such as Eric Hobsbawm, remained but publicly criticised the leadership's assessment of events. In a letter to Neville Carey, intercepted by British intelligence, Lindsay wrote:

I find it sad that a majority can be found for a policy of no self-criticism, falsification and condoning a crime. It doesn't augur well for a renewal of our party. I myself think the Hungarian workers could have dealt with any fascists after a brief period of confusion, and I have read nothing that contradicts this. The essential thing is the attitude to the Hungarian Communist party and the terrorist tactics that drew Russia in and started the whole trouble. In France, friends tell me, the intellectuals are leaving the party in droves. The leadership is so Stalinist that is even launching attacks on Poland. When are we going to tell the truth about the 'colonial' exploitations of the people's democracies that underlie all these troubles?⁸⁰

If Aragon expressed the trauma of 1956 obliquely in *Le Roman inachevé*, Tristan Tzara broke ranks and openly criticised the Soviet intervention in Hungary. Lindsay met Tzara for the last time in Paris in 1959. Lindsay was working on *Death of the Hero*, which dealt mainly with the painter Jacques-Louis David, but also with Antoine-Jean Gros, Théodore Géricault and the young Eugène Delacroix. Here, Lindsay analysed the conflict inside History Painting, which, in France, he argued, 'where an open struggle for state-power was maturing, was claimed by both royalist and revolutionary, each seeking to use the form for his own purposes'.⁸¹ Tzara, Lindsay recalled, 'seemed weary and I felt that he was no longer found it at all easy to hold his own way that satisfied him. He thought the political situation stagnant and depressing'.⁸² Lindsay had heard rumours that Tzara had left the PCF, although Aragon later told him that, if he had not retaken his party card in 1960, he had continued to vote for the party. Tzara died in 1965, soon after his last letter to Lindsay.

In the course of the sixties, Lindsay cut a lonely figure, observing with distaste the reckless consumerism now rampant in the West. In 1966, he wrote to Aragon:

I am nowadays a complete rustic (...) I am of course in the party, in fact (apart from Hugh MacDiarmid with his small Scottish kingdom) I am the only creative writer left in it. Politically things are pretty grim here – I mean in the sense of passivity and depoliticisation; not as bad as in the USA but daily moving on the American road, under the capable leadership of that horrible Methodist Harold Wilson. It's hard to write anything but satire in such a situation, and yet a phony sort of satire-for-satire's sake has long been the mode, which by general pointless debunking ends by making any true satirical emphasis all but impossible. (...) The weakness of the party here of course makes it easy for the reactionaries to isolate the few of us who are identified with it; but I can't complain. I get my work published and manage to live on it.⁸³

On the other hand, at the moment when he wrote *The Fullness of Life*, in the early seventies, Lindsay expressed satisfaction with the renewal of communism in Britain and France. For him, John Gollan, general secretary of the CPGB, and James Klugmann, editor of *Marxism Today*, had gone a long way to liquidating sectarianism. A similar process could be seen across the Channel:

With changes that have been going on in France and the French party (1970-1), there [...] emerges at last the chance of effective common action being built up by the western parties on a genuinely democratic basis for the achievement of socialism in Western Europe – as a counter-move to the plans of the Monopolies for an anti-socialist union most nakedly expressed in the Common Market.⁸⁴

There was, however, a development in French Marxism which was anathema to Jack Lindsay: the theoretical work of Louis Althusser. Concepts such as the 'ideological state apparatus', the 'anti-humanist' 'structural totality', and the 'theory of theoretical production' attracted a considerable number of young French intellectuals dissatisfied by the less sectarian 'humanism' propounded by leading PCF intellectuals Roger Garaudy and Aragon, among others. Althusser also began to develop an appeal across the Channel, with his work discussed at the Communist University of London and in *Marxism Today*, although never rivalling the attraction exerted by the thought of Antonio Gramsci.⁸⁵ A debate on Althusser in *Artery*, a cultural review close to the *Straight Left* grouping, provoked an angry response from Lindsay:

[Althusserian positions] seem to me to reveal, under much abstract play with terms, an elaborate intellectual rationalisation by means of which Marxism is reduced to the alienating process which it sets out to combat. They seek to eliminate all the elements by which we can understand and fight against that process. I see them as essentially linked with bourgeois structuralism in its many forms, which is the last effective protest or defence against Marxist dialectics. In structuralism there are often brilliant and even useful expositions, as with Althusser, but in the last resort the links with the living process are cut and an intellectual construction is put in place of that process. Althusserianism, then, appears to me as the final attempt of bourgeois mechanistic thinking to pervert Marxism.

Althusserianism, he concluded, was ‘a hard pseudo-revolutionary sectarianism with an acceptance of the alienating pressures and their disintegration of Marx’s concept of wholeness, which in fact constituted the driving force of his work and thought’.⁸⁶ In one of his last works, *The Crisis in Marxism*, published in 1981, Lindsay directed his harshest criticisms at Althusser’s anti-humanism.

France and the Fullness of Life

It is precisely this hostility to abstraction and alienation which Lindsay expresses in his biographies of French artists during the penultimate decade of his life. In the introduction to *Cézanne. His Life and Art*, Lindsay wrote:

The legends and misinterpretations built up around Cézanne in his last years have not only been unfortunate for the unravelling of his life and its events. They decisively oriented the approach to his work along lines of which he would have passionately disapproved [...] As a result the impact of his work on artists in the earlier decades of the century was in terms of abstracted aspects of his works, not in terms of the struggle for the full integration which was the core of his creativity.

To admire Cézanne’s drama as ‘a sort of abstracted spectacle of creative pangs’ was to ‘deny the whole meaning of Cézanne’s life and work; it is indeed the final and worst insult of all the many insults he had to endure’.⁸⁷ The struggle for life in its fullness is also affirmed at the beginning of Lindsay’s study of Gustave Courbet, where he explains the function of an artist’s biography: ‘though it may make lengthy analyses of certain pictures imported in his

development, its value will lie in the central conception of the man, which shows how his art-aims have links in varying degrees with all his actions and how his total personality, his total experience, shapes his art'.⁸⁸

This struggle is also evoked in the last work Lindsay devotes to France, *The Troubadours and their World of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries*, published in 1976. For Lindsay, the Troubadours of southern France represented the first great outburst of vernacular poetry in European culture. Its theorisation of Courtly Love, expressed in new poetic forms, marked a break with the authority of both feudalism and the Church, and was inevitably associated with heretical movements like the Cathars. Lindsay writes:

The love-relation is explicitly substituted for the power-relation, the property-relation. Feudalism is mocked at. The continual claim of the lover for acceptance and for possession implies equality between him and the lady, and the breaking-down of feudal hierarchy. In the working-out of the relationship there is a ceaseless dialectic between submission and freedom, power and equality.⁸⁹

However, the Albigensian Crusade and the Inquisition killed off the Troubadours and the Cathars. That said, there remained the dialectical inspiration to be found in the poetry of this period: 'A new concept of inner life is present. Outer and inner, body and spirit, are realised in a new dynamic interrelation; and this interrelation, involving conflict and resolution of conflict, in turn involves a realisation of life as something in ceaseless movement and change'.⁹⁰

To conclude, *The Troubadours* was the culmination of nearly forty years of study and translation of the Provençal poets' work. It also exemplified how France had become, from the Popular Front onwards, a source of inspiration, as well as frustration, for Jack Lindsay. If the question, 'Who are the English?', guided Lindsay's first steps as an acclaimed communist intellectual, cultural and political developments across the Channel, both past and present, became a key reference-point, from Gaullish resistance to the Parisian barricades of 1848 and 1944, as well as the baleful influence of Stalinism and sectarianism. Throughout French history and culture could be found defeat and disappointment, but also the possibility of resistance and revolution, the universal dialectical struggle for the 'fullness of life' that is at the heart of Lindsay's work.

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- ¹ Anne Cranny-Francis, “... and the moon smelt of oranges”: the poetics and politics of embodiment in Jack Lindsay’s poetry’, in *Jack Lindsay, Who are the English? Selected Poems 1935-1981* (Middlesbrough, 2014), p. 13.
- ² Cranny-Francis, p. 127.
- ³ Jack Lindsay, *Fanfrolico and After* (London, 1962), p. 261.
- ⁴ *Fanfrolico and After*, pp. 262-263.
- ⁵ See Ben Harker, “‘Communism is English’: Edgell Rickword, Jack Lindsay, and the Cultural Politics of the Popular Front’, *Literature and History*, Third Series, 20, 2 (2011), pp. 16-34.
- ⁶ Lindsay, *1649. A Novel of a Year* (London, 1938), p. 553.
- ⁷ *1649*, p. 560.
- ⁸ Lindsay, *To Arms! A Story of Ancient Gaul* (London, 1938), p. 31.
- ⁹ *To Arms!*, pp. 282-283.
- ¹⁰ *To Arms!*, p. 287.
- ¹¹ Jack Lindsay Papers, National Library of Australia, Canberra: Lindsay, *The Fullness of Life* (unpublished memoir edited by Anne Cranny-Francis), chapter 4, p. 34.
- ¹² Lindsay, *Men of Forty-Eight* (London, 1948), p. 22.
- ¹³ *Men of Forty-Eight*, p. 24.
- ¹⁴ *Men of Forty-Eight*, p. 34.
- ¹⁵ Elinor Taylor, *The Popular Front Novel in Britain, 1934-1940* (Boston/Leiden, 2017), p. 131.
- ¹⁶ *The Fullness of Life*, chapter 5, p. 35.
- ¹⁷ *The Fullness of Life*, chapter 5, p. 36.
- ¹⁸ Lindsay, *We Shall Return. A Novel of Dunkirk and the French Campaign* (London, 1942), pp. 28-29.
- ¹⁹ *We Shall Return*, p. 61.
- ²⁰ *We Shall Return*, p. 69.
- ²¹ *We Shall Return*, p. 105
- ²² *We Shall Return* p. 135.
- ²³ *We Shall Return*, p. 285.
- ²⁴ *We Shall Return*, p. 298.
- ²⁵ *We Shall Return*, p. 302.
- ²⁶ *The Fullness of Life*, chapter 5, p. 5.
- ²⁷ Lindsay, *Into Action. The Battle of Dieppe* (London, 1942), p. 31.
- ²⁸ *Into Action*, pp. 48-49.
- ²⁹ *Into Action*, p. 49.
- ³⁰ *Into Action*, p. 52.
- ³¹ *Into Action*, p. 55.
- ³² *Into Action*, p. 55.
- ³³ *Into Action*, p. 59.
- ³⁴ Nancy Cunard (ed.), *Poems for France* (London, 1944), pp. 78-79
- ³⁵ Lindsay, *Collected Poems* (Lake Forest, Illinois, 1981), pp. 416-7.
- ³⁶ See John Bennett, *Aragon, Londres et la France Libre* (Paris, 1998).
- ³⁷ Lindsay, *Meetings with Poets* (New York, 1969), p. 167.
- ³⁸ *Meetings with Poets*, p. 168.
- ³⁹ Lindsay Papers: MS 7168, Box 35, file 200.
- ⁴⁰ *Meetings with Poets*, p. 200.
- ⁴¹ *Meetings with Poets*, pp. 182-3.
- ⁴² *Meetings with Poets*, p. 190.
- ⁴³ *Meetings with Poets*, p. 192.
- ⁴⁴ *Meetings with Poets*, p. 196.
- ⁴⁵ *Meetings with Poets*, p. 197.
- ⁴⁶ *Meetings with Poets*, p. 203.
- ⁴⁷ *Meetings with Poets*, p. 205.
- ⁴⁸ *Meetings with Poets*, p. 216.
- ⁴⁹ *Meetings with Poets*, p. 220.
- ⁵⁰ *Who are the English?*, p. 108.
- ⁵¹ *Who are the English?*, p. 16.
- ⁵² *The Fullness of Life*, chapter 6, p. 17.
- ⁵³ *The Fullness of Life*, chapter 6, pp. 17-18.
- ⁵⁴ *The Fullness of Life*, chapter 7, p. 30.
- ⁵⁵ *Who are the English?*, p. 83.

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- ⁵⁶ *Europe*, July-August 1952, pp. 170-1.
- ⁵⁷ *Europe*, September 1950, p. 82.
- ⁵⁸ *Europe*, June 1951, p. 102.
- ⁵⁹ *Meetings with Poets*, p. 180.
- ⁶⁰ *Arena*, volume 1, (1949-1950), p. 3.
- ⁶¹ *The Fullness of Life*, chapter 7, pp. 33-34.
- ⁶² *The Fullness of Life*, chapter 8, p. 2.
- ⁶³ Lindsay Papers: MS 7168, Box 31, file 174.
- ⁶⁴ Lindsay Papers: MS 7168, Box 31, file 174.
- ⁶⁵ Lindsay Papers: MS 7168, Box 31, file 174.
- ⁶⁶ Lindsay Papers: MS 7168, Box 31, file 174.
- ⁶⁷ Lindsay Papers: MS 7168, Box 31, file 174.
- ⁶⁸ Lindsay Papers: MS 7168, Box 31, file 174.
- ⁶⁹ Lindsay Papers: MS 7168, Box 31, file 174.
- ⁷⁰ Lindsay Papers: MS 7168, Box 31, file 174.
- ⁷¹ *Meetings with Poets*, p. 187.
- ⁷² *Meetings with Poets*, p. 188.
- ⁷³ *Meetings with Poets*, p. 188.
- ⁷⁴ *Meetings with Poets*, p. 186.
- ⁷⁵ *The Fullness of Life*, chapter 10, p. 24.
- ⁷⁶ *The Fullness of Life*, chapter 8, p. 6.
- ⁷⁷ *Meetings with Poets*, p. 210.
- ⁷⁸ *Collected Poems*, p. 539.
- ⁷⁹ *The Fullness of Life*, chapter 9, p. 1.
- ⁸⁰ National Archives, Kew: KV2/3256.
- ⁸¹ *The Fullness of Life*, chapter 9, p. 12.
- ⁸² *Meetings with Poets*, p. 225.
- ⁸³ Lindsay Papers: MS 7168, Box 31, file 174.
- ⁸⁴ *The Fullness of Life*, chapter 10, p. 23.
- ⁸⁵ See Geoff Andrews, *Endgames and New Times. The Final Years of British Communism 1964-1991* (London, 2004).
- ⁸⁶ Lindsay, 'Althusser and art', *Artery*, issue 7 (Summer 1974), p. 32.
- ⁸⁷ Lindsay, *Cézanne. His Life and Art* (London, 1969), p. viii.
- ⁸⁸ Lindsay, *Gustave Courbet. His Life and Art* (Bath, 1973), p. ix.
- ⁸⁹ Lindsay, *The Troubadours and their World of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries* (London, 1976), p. 213.
- ⁹⁰ *The Troubadours*, p. 274.