theory at least—a member of it until a new subcommittee was elected in November 1816. By that time the "national theatre" enterprise, under this form of management, had been utterly discredited. In October a newspaper decided that the members selected so far had been

> ". . . so far elevated from the ordinary occupations of life, as to deprive them of the correct means of judging concerning the necessary qualifications for it. Poetic genius or senatorial eloquence are but ill-fitted to enforce the discipline of a stage or a green-room, and are in these places as far removed from their appropriate sphere of action, as the manager of a Theatre would be at a loss in the cabinet."

Byron, the journalist continued, "never once seems to have troubled himself about the matter, but has pursued and is still pursuing his studies and his amusements on the Continent".[19]

[19] Newspaper clipping, provenance unknown, in A Collection of Memoranda, Documents, Playbills, Newspaper Cuttings, etc. Relating to Drury Lane Theatre . . . arranged by James Winston. Box for 1815-16. British Library.

This is a rather harsh judgment. Byron had used his best efforts to obtain plays for the Theatre, and carried out as well as he could the thankless task of reading and, if need be, rejecting such plays. Equally, he appears to have handled enquiries and complaints sent to him personally with sympathy and tact. Nor did he put Drury Lane out of mind on finally leaving England on 26 April 1816. He enquired about the Theatre's progress repeatedly from Switzerland and from Venice; and in time, when he came to write his own dramas, memories of Drury Lane were very much with him. "I have had no view to the stage", he wrote, disingenuously, in his preface to *Marino Faliero* (1820), ". . . in its present state it is, perhaps, not a very exalted object of ambition; besides I have been too much behind the scenes to have thought it so at any time."

This, the modern literary historian might decide, amounts to the Regency stage exerting a negative influence over Byron's plays. A negative influence, however, is not the same as no influence at all, and a series of experiences as apparently bizarre and inconsequential as those I have described may well have contributed to that austere and uncompromising notion of the theatre that we find at work in Byron's unjustly neglected historical plays.

Two Historians

Arnold Toynbee & Lewis Namier—By MAX BELOFF

IT WAS IN 1920 that Lewis Namier lent Spengler's *Der Untergang des Abendlandes* to Arnold Toynbee, and thus helped to crystallise in Toynbee's mind the theme of what was to become his life's work, *The Study of History*, of which he sketched the first outlines in 1921. And it is to the tracing of such influences upon Toynbee's intellectual development as well as the ramifications of Toynbee's fraught private and domestic life (explaining his constant hunger for praise and money) that the eminent American historian W. H. McNeill has devoted his utterly absorbing biography.[1]

Toynbee and Namier had been colleagues in the British delegation to the Paris Peace Conference when Toynbee—not yet convinced (as he was to become) of the irrelevance of Judaism, and not having yet developed the strong anti-Zionism of his subsequent years (culminating as we now learn in the sending of good wishes to a Syrian general at the time of the Yom Kippur war)—could join with Namier in advocating the cause of the Jewish National Home. The divergence in their subsequent paths does not seem to have given Toynbee any feeling of antipathy towards Namier—a common allegiance to Balliol College, Oxford, may have overcome the latent anti-Semitism into which Toynbee's anti-Zionism, as with other anti-Zionists, seems sometimes to have overflowed.

Indeed, Toynbee was to publish a rather affectionate tribute—"Sir Lewis Namier", in *Acquaintances* (1967)—emphasising his indebtedness to the young Namier for being made aware of Eastern Europe. Toynbee also gives an account of the transfer of Namier's allegiance, from strong support of Poland's claims, to Zionism and a strongly anti-Polish stance during the 1919 Peace Conference,[2] and reveals that Namier broke off all relations with him over the treatment of Palestine in the *Chatham House Survey* in the 1929-32 period, but was then reconciled.

At the same time as Professor McNeill's book there also appears a new study of Lewis Namier by Professor Linda Colley, once of Cambridge and now of Yale.[3] Published in Weidenfeld's "Historians on Historians" series, the book has no pretensions to being a full biography, but is mainly and

[1] *Arnold J. Toynbee*. By W. H. McNEILL. Oxford University Press, £24.95.

[2] This is further documented in Sir James Headlam-Morley, *A Memoir of the Paris Peace Conference of 1919*, edited by Agnes Headlam-Morley (Methuen, 1972).

[3] *Lewis Namier*. By LINDA COLLEY. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £14.95, paper £5.95.

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rightly concerned with Namier's historical works. Indeed, while McNeill came to his material with a free hand, Professor Colley has to deal with an existing, if unsatisfactory biography of Namier by his widow, and with a splendid brief study of Namier's long engagement with Zionism by Professor Norman Rose of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem—which contains by far the best appraisal of Namier's complicated personality.[4]

THERE IS A temptation to consider together two historians who were near contemporaries—Toynbee born in West London in 1889, a year after Namier, born Ludwik Bernsztain Niemirowski in Wola Okrzejska in Russian Poland, but brought up on his family estate in Austrian Galicia. And for someone like myself, born a quarter of a century later and knowing them both as my seniors in the historical profession, the temptation is irresistible. I was a member of the history department of Manchester University when Namier was the Modern History Professor—though throughout the War and in the immediate post-War period his appearances in that capacity were very limited, as the War in its various facets absorbed almost all his energies. Toynbee I saw much less of, although I wrote three volumes for Chatham House while he was Director of Studies there. He was (as Professor McNeill makes clear) not much interested in other people's work, only in his own.

But apart from these personal considerations, there is the fact—well brought out in both books—that we have here two historians of a very different kind. Namier was and remained the professional's professional, believed by many (but not by any means all) historians to have introduced a new method into the study of political history, particularly in his work on the English 18th century. Toynbee, on the other hand, repelled many professional historians by what they thought of as absurd pretentiousness in thinking himself qualified to deal with history as a whole, and ready to rely on other writers for the "facts" which he included in his sweeping assessments of different civilisations. (I remember the eminent medievalist Bruce McFarlane of Magdalen College, Oxford, telling me that he could not bear having *The Study of History* on his shelves.)

Among Professor McNeill's most extraordinary anecdotes is one that reveals that while on an academic visit to Peking, Toynbee made a passionate declaration of love to Eileen Power—the most beautiful of female historians, it must be admitted. She got rid of her would-be lover by pretending that she was already engaged. Many years afterwards, she did indeed marry Michael Postan, probably a more original historian than either Namier or Toynbee. Postan once told me that he could find nothing in Namier on George III that he did not already know from E. and A. G. Porritt's *The Unreformed House of Commons,* published in 1903.

Namier was not a "guru" except to the extent that his reputation was sometimes echoed by people whom one suspects had not read his principal works. Toynbee became a guru, first in the United States, where he was taken up by Henry Luce under the mistaken impression that his views could be taken as endorsing the American century to come; and then in the last and rather sad section of his life among some Japanese for whom the mystical pacifism of his later writings seemed to have an overwhelming appeal.

Linda Colley must be classed among Namier's admirers as far as his 18th-century writings are concerned, though she gives a fair picture of where there has been dissent. She is less happy in dealing with Namier when he brought his powerful intellect to forward his own views of the contemporary scene under the impression that he was simply revealing the lessons of history. She shows herself as rather unfamiliar with this aspect of Namier's later writings. For instance, she says that Professor Donald Cameron Watt was the first writer—in 1954—to challenge the way in which Namier conceived of pre-1939 diplomacy. I yield to no one in my admiration of Professor Watt,[5] but in fact I myself, as early as 1948 when Namier's *Diplomatic Prelude* first appeared, questioned in *The Economist* the validity of his method, and followed it up with an article on his *Europe in Decay* in *The Fortnightly* (April 1950):

> "It is indeed as the Fouquier-Tinville of recent historiography that Professor Namier clearly sees himself—a prosecutor grimly determined that no dereliction of duty on his part shall save a single head from the guillotine-basket."

Namier, who did not take kindly to being challenged, informed all and sundry that my *Economist* review (anonymous, of course, in those days) was the work of "an hysterical woman". When he found out that I was the reviewer, he was so indignant that he refused ever to speak to me again, and maintained the boycott till the end. (I was kept in touch with Namier's denunciations by A. J. P. Taylor, our mutual friend.)

MORE IMPORTANT is that Professor Colley has failed to grasp how Namier's attacks on British and French statesmen and diplomats in the pre-War period were connected with his efforts to change the course of British policy later on. The bitterness of these writings owes a lot, no doubt, to Namier's (correct) conviction that the Western Powers could have done more to save European Jewry. But the underlying argument constantly overrates the possibility of coming to an agreement with Stalin for joint resistance to Hitler and ignores the evidence of the length of time during which Stalin had been seeking an agreement with the Germans. It was intended to fortify the plea which he had made during the War for British policy to take co-operation with the Soviet Union as its central objective.[6]

[4] Julia Namier, *Lewis Namier: A Biography* (Oxford University Press, 1971); Norman Rose, *Lewis Namier and the Zionists* (Clarendon Press, 1980).

[5] See, e.g. the study of the diplomacy of the period 1938-39 in Watt's *How War Came* (Heinemann, 1989).

[6] When I received, in circumstances now forgotten, a copy of the Molotov-Rippentrop pact in circulation at the Nuremberg trial and printed it in the *Manchester Guardian,* Namier expressed doubts about its genuineness. So, of course, did the Soviet Union until 1989.

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For the exposition of these views, Namier used his association with E. H. Carr—paradoxically the intellectual apologist for pre-War appeasement—who was then a leading figure on *The Times*. Namier in an anonymous special article and Carr in an unsigned leader both made this case in the issue of 10 March 1943, in what the paper's historian[7] called something like a manifesto. Professor Colley does not mention Namier's connection with *The Times*, except to point out a mild anti-Semitic dig in the paper's obituary. And although she dwells much on Namier's disappointment in failing to achieve an Oxford chair, she does not mention the fact that Barrington-Ward, the editor of *The Times* during the period of Namier's connection with it, wrote to the Master of Balliol recommending Namier (his "old college friend") and Carr, in that order, for the Chair of International Relations. Balliol again.[8]

If Professor Colley's faults are those of omission, no such charge can be levied against Professor McNeill: all that is relevant to Toynbee's career is fully discussed and illuminated. It is here that his own breadth as an historian comes into play. On only one issue can he be faulted. His account of the Suez Crisis of 1956 is so perfunctory and biased as to make it impossible to understand why Toynbee's father-in-law (and at times father-figure) Gilbert Murray should, unlike Toynbee himself, have sided with Anthony Eden.

Gilbert Murray had been the great apostle of the League and later of the United Nations but by the mid-1950s he was disenchanted with the latter. Its new members were "nearly all of them uncivilized Asiatic, Arabic or South American nations with a violent anti-West prejudice or anti-civilization majority". Colonel Nasser he saw as leader of a revolt against the West. He had already criticised Toynbee's celebrated Reith Lectures for having ignored the fact "that our western or Christian civilization is better than that of Asia or Africa".[9] Nothing could be further from Toynbee in that phase.

Professor McNeill's text is commendably free of minor mistakes, though not of printer's errors. Harold Nicolson appears as Harold Nicholson and the "Terell" referred to must be Sir William (later Baron) Tyrrell. Most puzzling is that Professor McNeill consistently refers to the late Margaret Cleeve (who played an anchor role at Chatham House)

[7] Iverach McDonald, *The History of the Times*, vol. V (1984), pp. 106-7.

[8] Curiously enough, in his biography of Barrington-Ward (*In the Chair*, 1971), Donald McLachlan while giving full attention to Carr's role does not mention Namier except in relation to the recommendation for the chair. The chair actually went to Sir Lewellyn Woodward, who was in turn succeeded by Agnes Headlam-Morley, daughter of Namier's old chief in the Political Intelligence Department in World War I. . . . Small world.

[9] Duncan Wilson, *Gilbert Murray* (Oxford University Press, 1987), pp. 391-94. My own sympathies at the time were with Murray. See my essay, "The Crisis and its Consequences for the British Conservative Party", William Roger Louis and Roger Owen, eds., *Suez, 1956: The Crisis and its Consequences* (Clarendon Press, 1989).

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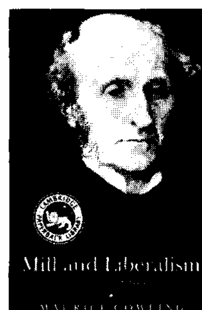

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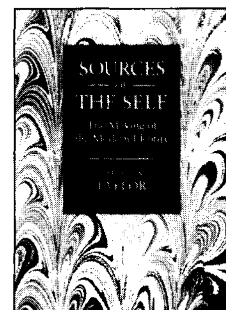

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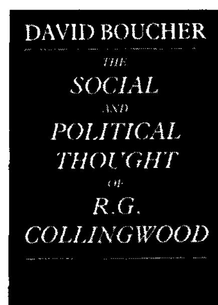

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as "Anne" Cleeve. It is the more curious in that, although he is too modest to say so, Professor McNeill wrote an important volume—*America, Britain and Russia: Their Cooperation and Conflict* (1953)—in the *Chatham House Survey* series, and must have had many contacts with Miss Cleeve. One can only assume that he has now become absorbed in Tudor history, and has Anne of Cleves somewhere floating in his mind. (This would be a Freudian slip of a kind to delight Namier, who for all his apparent pragmatism was much influenced by Freud as well as by Marx and by the "science" of graphology. Since Namier suffered from writer's cramp and rarely wrote anything by hand, he could not easily be targeted himself.)

HOWEVER, I know of no other life of an historian which has so intimately and successfully explored the connection between the life and the achievement. Indeed, some may be shocked at the revelations about both Toynbee and his family, and about his extraordinary relationship with his first wife, Rosalind Murray. Taught at Winchester and Balliol to expect success, and conscious of the lack of financial means with which to pursue what he thought was his due, Toynbee was deprived through his father's madness of a stable family background, and finding it temporarily in the Murray family meant for him accepting a degree of financial dependence upon the dreadful Lady Carlisle, Rosalind's grandmother. If ever the work ethic triumphed over adversity, this was such a triumph. The mere bulk of Toynbee's output is unique. But the achievement was at a price.

What helped Toynbee to carry it off was a degree of self-centredness which surpasses even that of Namier. Toynbee early acquired the conviction that he must always be right. What other occupant of a chair of Greek history financed by Greek donors would have felt free in the bitter years 1920-22 to espouse the cause of the Turks? Where some vestige of doubt arose—as in Toynbee's failure (unlike Namier) to enlist in the forces in the Great War and his manipulation of his medical record to avoid conscription—he managed to convince himself that it had all been different, that it was fortune that had intervened.

The other posts that he held during his long career were seen as instruments for fulfilling his own purposes. Thus he did not actively exercise his functions as Director of Studies at Chatham House, subordinating them to the writing of *The Study of History;* still less did he attach any importance to the duties of the London University chair to which the post was then linked. And when after the War he accepted periods as a Visiting Professor on American campuses, he took off whenever the opportunity arose to give lucrative lectures elsewhere.

He did not, perhaps through his conviction that he could do no wrong, seriously examine the reasons which made him a figure of importance in the United States after the War in a way in which he never had been in Britain. Accustomed to being the manipulator, he did not perceive manipulation in others.

Nor did the status of guru worry him over-much—and the reputation extended beyond the United States into continental Europe and even further afield. Travel and a physical acquaintance with the scenes upon which history had worked itself out were a feature of Toynbee's historical method from the time of his first travels in Greece before the Great War. Now he could see the wider world about which he had hitherto only learned from books—and travel not as an undergraduate counting his pennies, but as a world-famous sage, the intimate of statesmen, before whom all roads were smoothed and all restrictions disappeared. But then other figures flourished, other celebrities decorated the front cover of *Time*; and Toynbee was gradually reduced to his worshipping Japanese. One cannot do more than say that, in telling this story, Professor McNeill shows himself a writer as well as a psychologist of unique distinction.

I came away from Professor McNeill's book confirmed in the view that I held before reading it: namely, that for all its extravagances and occasional sillinesses, Toynbee's work has been somewhat underrated. It has not been difficult to puncture through well-directed research the particular configuration that he imposed upon the known past, and his changes of mind over the years (1934-61) between which the early and the last volumes appeared made this easier. But he did make a difference to some of the questions asked; he did expose the weaknesses in a Eurocentric as well as a purely national viewpoint; and, above all, he enabled his readers to discount the tendency to think that the remote past has no lessons for modern Western man.[10] Professor McNeill enables one to understand both Toynbee's sources of strength and his undoubted weaknesses.

NAMIER seems to me a more tragic figure in that he insisted (for reasons which it would take a biographer of Professor McNeill's depth of perception to explain) on dealing in his most sustained work—the George III books and the planned *History of Parliament*, now at last appearing—with a society and a polity that he could no doubt teach himself about but which remained remote and alien. For the sake of his exploration of the archives of noblemen he abandoned that area of history of which he again and again showed he had a distinctive understanding—the contested borderlands of Central and Eastern Europe which now, after 40 years of oblivion, are again filling our daily papers. Because of the struggles within his own soul between the different components of his heritage, he was uniquely qualified to write about nationalism and its impact upon the European scene. Time spent in proving (vainly) that the American Revolution was not a contest of ideas could have been devoted to examining the impact of ideas upon the 19th century, as he did in his lecture on "1848: The Revolution of the Intellectuals"—his best work. But it is not given to everyone to know where their unique gifts may lie.

[10] For an expression of my own sense of indebtedness, see my lecture "The View from St James's Square", given on the 50th anniversary of my membership of Chatham House and printed in *The National Interest*, Summer 1988.

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A Talent Unfulfilled?

Attitudes to Ackerley—By J. G. Links

J. R. Ackerley's *Hindoo Holiday* was first published in 1932. I read it soon after that, but *Brazilian Adventure* had by then appeared and we none of us had time for any books about abroad except Peter Fleming's kind. In 1952 I read the new edition of *Hindoo Holiday*, and was quite bowled over by its charm. It is an enchanting book about a toy kingdom, the native state of Chhatarpur, to which Ackerley went in the service of its Maharajah who wanted someone to love him. This, at any rate, was Ackerley's explanation in his opening sentence, and love is indeed one of the three themes of the book. Class was another, exemplified in an early incident (although it need hardly be said that class-consciousness was not confined to the British in India). A Mrs Montgomery tells of having been warned by her servant of a venomous snake in her path but nevertheless walking on. Then, she continues:

> ". . . the servant did a thing absolutely without precedent in India—he touched me!—he put his hand on my shoulder and pulled me back. My shoe came off and I stopped. Of course if he hadn't done that I should undoubtedly have been killed; but I didn't like it all the same, and got rid of him soon after."

Superstition was another theme, and His Highness was governed entirely by its complex rules which therefore applied also to the State. Love remains the central theme, and for this Ackerley knew of no rules at all. Taxed by the Maharajah with a complaint that had reached him, Ackerley defends himself:

> "'I asked for a kiss and he refused. That's all that happened. I didn't lay a finger on him.'
>
> 'But you must not do such things, Mr Ackerley,' remarked His Highness, without the smallest change of tone.
>
> 'But good Lord!' I exclaimed, 'I must kiss *somebody*.'
>
> His small body began to shake, and he hid his face in his sleeve."

Nothing very sensational once you accept that love and gender were unrelated in Chhokrapur (as Chhatarpur had become in *Hindoo Holiday*), but I did not remember the passage. It must have been one of those omitted, according to the preface, and restored for the second edition. This, we now learn from Peter Parker's *Ackerley*,[1] also ran into trouble when a book by an Indian civil servant threatened to "blow" all the identities which had been concealed, and new cuts had to be made. The present publishers refer to even the 1932 edition as "scurrilous", but it is hard to understand how the word can be applied to what Ackerley much more aptly called "a mischievous, scandalous romp" (he had agreed to delete a suggestion that His Highness had sent his barber into his wife's bed in order to produce an heir).

I may have been attracted to Ackerley by his name, for he had been registered as Joe (a worse lapse of taste than that of my own parents who at least put Joseph on my birth certificate—the last occasion it was used). In some walks of life the mateyness of the name was an asset, but Ackerley did not see it that way. Nor was he content to drop the "e" and live with the rest. He somehow acquired the middle name of Randolph and became J. R. Ackerley. This was a momentous decision for it led to his first job which led to his first book and much else. It transpired that the name made His Highness think of a stream of water running over little stones (which it does rather, whereas Jao in Chhokrapur means "go away").

By 1952 Ackerley was fifty-six and was half-way through what he later described as the happiest fifteen years of his life. A second momentous decision had made him the owner of an Alsatian bitch called Queenie. This was to be the subject of a second book—in the event, the only other subject he was ever to publish a book about. He decided to try out a section on Stephen Spender, then co-editor of Encounter. "Queenie" was apparently not considered a suitable name for an Encounter dog, so she became "Tulip" and as such she was introduced to the world in the March 1954 issue as "My Dog, Tulip". The title was unaltered, except for omission of the comma, when the book was published in 1956, but the observant reader may have wondered then why Ackerley's publishers had changed from Chatto & Windus to Secker & Warburg. We now learn that the chapter on Tulip's bowels, called "Liquids and Solids", was too much for Chatto & Windus, who in those days had to consider the Boots and other circulating-library public.

No one who has read *My Dog Tulip* is likely to have forgotten it, or to remember it with unmixed emotions. Julia Strachey spoke for many of us when, in a letter to Frances Partridge quoted by Peter Parker, she called it "a veritable marvel of brilliancy and shockingness. I don't know when I read anything so indecent, disgusting, touching, beautiful and stylish." Ackerley, we are told, was disappointed that few people realised how funny the book was. I provide a harsh testing ground for dog jokes (others, too), but had to

[1] *Ackerley: A Life of J. R. Ackerley*. By Peter Parker. Constable, £16.95.

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