

Palinurus the Helmsman: Connolly as Editor

Any discussion of *Horizon* is also, by necessity, a study of its editor, Cyril Connolly. The recollections of the magazine offered by his colleagues and contemporaries are all characterised by descriptions of *Horizon* as a product of Connolly's unique personality, masterful literary ability and idiosyncratic editing style. They provide invaluable correlating firsthand accounts of literary life in wartime London. All later critical treatments of the magazine dwell on Connolly's personal traits as well. Whether they honour the magazine and its editor, as Michael Shelden's celebratory blend of literary history and biography *Friends of Promise: Cyril Connolly and the World of Horizon* does at length, or denigrate it as high-brow 'snobbery' that 'did little' for new writers, as does Linda Shires in *British Poetry of the Second World War*, there is always agreement of Connolly as the guiding light of the magazine¹. Until Shelden's book appeared, Connolly's role as editor of *Horizon* had only been mentioned in passing in memoirs of contemporaries and critical treatments of literature of the period. Shelden's own study is extensive in its way, but it is predominantly biographical. He focuses principally on Connolly, but he gives ample space to the life stories of all the people involved with *Horizon*, and can only mention individual editorial and contributed articles in passing. These biographical accounts of Connolly as editor are an important part of understanding his editorial sensibilities, but the most instructive sources for illustrating Connolly's editorial identity are his own 'Comments.' He imbued all of his writing with autobiography, and was generous in sharing his thoughts, feelings, hopes and fears, as his editorial contributions amply demonstrate. Importantly, they also show that, rather than being static and set for the duration, Connolly's vision for the magazine changed, and was much more affected by wartime conditions than is generally acknowledged.

Connolly's 'Comment,' for all of these reasons, offers a month-by-month window into Connolly's personality, concerns, and editorship. This chapter begins by examining contemporary and subsequent biographical accounts of Connolly as editor, in order to demonstrate the general recognition of Connolly's strong editorial control of *Horizon*, before discussing examples of his 'Comments,' which, as well as being an integral component of the magazine, provide insight into his editorship. They also show his changing wartime vision. Analysis of the 'Comments' of the first three issues of the magazine serve to outline Connolly's original editorial stance and emphasis on aestheticism, and selections from later in *Horizon*'s wartime run demonstrate that, while aestheticism remained important, *Horizon* was always fully engaged with the world around it.

Horizon was, from its inception until the day it closed shop, directly identified by Connolly's contemporaries with his personality and editorial character. Stephen Spender, who co-edited for the first two years, and Peter Watson, the magazine's financial backer and art editor, were both well aware of this from the very beginning, and quickly realised that giving Connolly the lion's share of editorial control was the best way to ensure that the magazine succeeded. In his autobiographical accounts, when Spender discusses *Horizon*, he concentrates on Connolly's unique attributes as integral to the character and success of the magazine. According to Spender, Connolly himself thought of the magazine as his own literary expression, noting that 'he took a vicarious pleasure in the work of his best authors, as though they were his editorial creation'². Spender also admits that the magazine was Connolly's own creative product, observing that *Horizon*'s appeal was due to Connolly's editing, including his ability to select contributions as well as share his own views:

As an editor he was like a cook, producing with each new number a new dish with a new flavour. Sometimes the readers objected, finding it too light, too sweet, too

lumpy, or too stodgy, but he had somehow created in them a need to taste more. Or, to change the metaphor, he carried on a kind of editorial flirtation with his readers, so that they were all in some peculiar way admitted to his moods, his tastes, his whims, his fantasies, his generous giving of himself, combined with his temperamental coyness.³

Spender's description of Connolly's ability to entice is an acknowledgement of Connolly's awareness of his readership. Peter Watson also utilised the idea of a flirtatious relationship in his explanation of Connolly's editing as the reason for *Horizon's* appeal, observing that 'Cyril's a brilliant editor because he's like a brothel keeper, offering his writers to the public as though they were the girls, and himself carrying on a flirtation with them'.⁴ Thus, Connolly's ability to entice attracted writers as well as readers, which was immensely helpful to a magazine that could only offer minimal contributors' fees. Connolly's editorial flair did not simply enrich the magazine: it was its soul, according to Spender: 'The strength of *Horizon* lay not in its having any defined cultural or political policy, but in the vitality and idiosyncrasy of the editor'.⁵

At times, Spender wished otherwise. Despite his role, until late 1941, as co-editor, he sometimes found it difficult to defer to Connolly's vision for the magazine. He recognised that Connolly's domination was what gave the magazine its unique flavour, but it would have undoubtedly been difficult for such a respected writer to face dismissal of his own editorial opinions. He recalls that 'there were days when, if I showed him a poem by some poet whom I thought should be encouraged, he handed it back saying: "Are you certain that anyone will want to read it in twenty years' time?"'.⁶ Spender also admits, though, that Connolly would, at other times, often 'show a more relaxed standard'.⁷ According to Connolly's biographer Jeremy Lewis, Spender took more affront from these disagreements than he himself admits,

and that ‘whenever Connolly rejected a poem which his colleague particularly admired, Spender would leap on his bike and work off his anger by pedalling furiously round the block’.⁸ As well as the encouragement of new poetic voices, Spender, true to the sensibilities of his generation, believed that a literary magazine needed political purpose. He managed to convince Connolly that some essays on war aims should be published, but in general, Connolly held Spender’s political aspirations for *Horizon* at bay. As Spender concedes, ‘I, who started out with concern for planning post-war Britain, defending democracy, encouraging young writers, and so forth, was disconcerted to find myself with an editor who showed little sense of responsibility about these things’.⁹ Spender, at least in his autobiographical accounts, bears no ill will towards Connolly, and readily admits that ‘the point’ of all these observations is ‘that *Horizon* was always his [Connolly’s] own,’ and that it would not have been the same magazine otherwise.¹⁰

One often repeated anecdote, changeable in the retelling, concerning Connolly’s editorial choosiness serves as an example of Connolly’s perfectionism. As Spender remembers the tale, something similar occurred on at least two occasions:

We began *Horizon* by inviting some of the best known living writers to send in contributions. One with a world-wide reputation responded with a lengthy work by no means unworthy of him. When it had been set up in proof, Connolly, on reading it in print, rejected it. Once I was with him in a restaurant when a writer introduced himself with the words: ‘Mr. Connolly, why didn’t you publish an article by me which you accepted six months ago?’ Connolly snapped: ‘Because it was good enough to print but not good enough to publish’.¹¹

Julian Maclaren-Ross offers a similar tale, claims he witnessed it, and identifies the famous personage. During one of his first meetings with Connolly at the Café Royal, the editor asks the young author to scan an article on detective stories submitted by Somerset Maugham and give his opinion. ‘Well?’ Connolly asks, ‘D’you think it’s a good article?’ ‘Of course,’ Maclaren-Ross responds, ‘Don’t you?’ Connolly does not agree. Maclaren Ross continues: “I have the greatest respect for Maugham as a novelist,” Connolly said in his bland voice, “and I don’t say this is a bad article. It’s good enough to be accepted for *Horizon* but not quite good enough for me to publish”¹² Variations of the story were infamous at the time, and doubts about if, where, when, or in whose presence it happened are less important than its popularity, which in itself provides a useful illustration of Connolly’s editing standards.

Connolly’s perfectionism was accompanied by a notorious ability to procrastinate. As Michael Shelden states, ‘Editing was a social act for Connolly’ because ‘he liked talking to writers about their work, or promoting the magazine on social occasions,’ but he was not fond of many of the other duties editing entails:

He did not have much patience for the labour of sorting through submissions and preparing copy for the printers. More often than not, he put off choosing contributions until the very last moment; and he was apt to delay writing ‘Comment’ until the final deadline. It is easy to say that he was lazy, and leave it at that, but he was also a perfectionist and often put off doing work because his expectations for it were so high. The finished product was never as good as his imagination had anticipated. He would arrange and rearrange material, hoping to create just the right mix, and inevitably it would fall short of his hopes. Dreaming of what he might accomplish, or talking about it with others, was always more enjoyable than doing the work itself.¹³

Nevertheless, the magazine still appeared regularly, and Connolly's delaying tactics did not keep it from featuring quality writing, new writers, and innovative work. Sheldon's favourite example is George Orwell's first contribution: 'Connolly's decision to publish "Boy's Weeklies" demonstrated that *Horizon* was not going to be a simple caretaker for literature during wartime[...]it would take risks and do the unpredictable, without much regard for what was happening in the war'.¹⁴ Although *Horizon* has often been seen by commentators such as Shires, Sinclair, and Angus Calder as less effective than its contemporaries, especially John Lehman's *New Writing* or J. M. Tambimuttu's *Poetry (London)*, in publishing new writers and particularly poets, the magazine did serve admirably in this capacity as well.¹⁵ Spender remembers the magazine making significant finds even in the first issues, despite his admission that Connolly occasionally rejected the new poets he recommended: 'In *Horizon*, Connolly's policy was to publish what he liked,' Spender states, and 'this included, in the early numbers particularly, the work of several new young poets: among them, Laurie Lee, W. R. Rodgers, Adam Drinan, Francis Scarfe, and several others, some of whom became well known afterwards'.¹⁶ Finding new talent and publishing innovative work is, indeed, important for all literary magazines, and *Horizon* did satisfactorily perform this role. But, as Spender states, what made *Horizon* so different and brilliant in and of itself, as well as the ideal cultural representative of the wartime period, was chiefly a result of the magazine always reflecting its editor's personality:

To prefer the young to the old, or to support a movement, or follow a party, was not *Horizon's* function. Although Connolly was inconsistent, being energetic, enthusiastic, indolent, interested and bored by turns, he held his own views passionately and, on the whole, with judgement; and he faced adverse criticism

with an equanimity which astonished me, as I knew him (in personal relationships, at any rate) to care greatly whether he was or wasn't liked.¹⁷

The public reception of *Horizon* validated Connolly's ability. The original printing of the first issue was 2500 copies, all of which sold out in a matter of days, necessitating a 1000 copy reprint. These, too, were quickly snatched up, while the second issue doubled this number, Clive Fisher records, with 7000 copies being sold.¹⁸ *Horizon* did receive its share of contemporary criticism, as Spender notes in the passage above, but Connolly bore up admirably, and was not afraid to respond to the magazine's detractors, as will be seen from his 'Comment' in the second issue. However, before such a response was warranted, it was necessary for Connolly to set forth his initial vision for the magazine. His 'Comment' for the first issue, in conjunction with the appearance of his essay 'The Ant-Lion,' provided this vision.

Connolly's editorial ability is observable in the eclecticism of the contributions he chose to publish, but it is most apparent in his own editorial 'Comments' that began most issues. As Spender recounts, 'His editorial Comments were brilliant, wayward, inconsistent, sometimes petulant. But he wrote in a style which was at times like a voice speaking Latin words of honey'.¹⁹ Even in Connolly's very first 'Comment,' in the January 1940 issue, the traits Spender describes are clearly evident. In it, Connolly explains the role he believes *Horizon*, as a literary magazine, should play in wartime. In doing so, he advocates a retreat from the politically charged literary approaches of the previous decade, and the adoption of more aestheticism. What Connolly is attempting is a compromise, as he hopes the lessons of both the high modernist period and the realism of the previous decade can be combined to create a new, informed but artistically meritorious approach to literature. Part of his appeal for an increase in aestheticism, however, 'Our standards are aesthetic, and our politics are in

abeyance,' has been over quoted, only partially correctly, as the controlling credo of the magazine²⁰. Aestheticism is an integral part of the magazine, but it is by no means the only part, and taking it out of context misses Connolly's other, equally important ideas concerning *Horizon's* purpose.

Connolly makes it clear from the opening sentence in this first 'Comment' that a purely aesthetic approach would be equally out of touch as would a political bias: 'A magazine should be the reflection of its time, and one that ceases to reflect this should come to an end'.²¹ He readily acknowledges the importance of political content: he immediately follows his claim that 'our standards are aesthetic, and our politics are in abeyance' with the admission that 'this will not always be the case, because as events take shape the policy of artists and intellectuals will become clearer, the policy which leads them to economic security, to the atmosphere in which they can create, and to the audience by whom they will be appreciated'.²² Thus Connolly admits the necessity of including political contributions, but with the stipulation that, in such unsure times, the wisest course for the magazine is to provide a medium for debate without sponsoring a party line of its own. In the essay's second paragraph, he develops this role further, admitting that the infusion of politics in literary culture in recent years was not completely misguided, and that it did, in fact, provide important lessons:

The original *Life and Letters* which flourished ten years ago had no political aspect. But the change that has come over literature in the last decade is an increased consciousness of its political and economic basis. This is the only Marxist lesson that writers have soundly learnt, and so *Horizon* will have political articles, though it will never imitate those journals, in which, like pantomime donkeys, the political front legs kick and entangle the literary hind ones. *Horizon*

is concerned with the general issues of peace and war and will consider the origins, ethics, conduct, and conclusion of them in an enquiry open to the most diverse points of view.²³

Life and Letters had a definite influence on Connolly, and by extension *Horizon*, as Jeremy Lewis notes, but Connolly's magazine was by no means a mere emulation of its forebear.²⁴ Rather, it would incorporate political contributions, and encourage intelligent dialogue concerning the war. These aspects, however, would be tempered with the aesthetic ideal Connolly also wished to encourage, so that *Horizon* could never become a mere mouthpiece for political opinion. Contributions concerned with politics, or indeed anything else, were only to appear if they demonstrated literary quality. The publishing of good writing was the magazine's principle purpose, to which all others were secondary. Connolly makes this clear while at the same time taking a pre-emptive stance against would-be critics:

To those whose lives are tormented by the notion of talent in others a magazine with well-known names appears middlebrow, and without them cliquey. Such critics are implacable, so we address *Horizon* to those who generously enjoy quality in writing, and ask them to help make us known.²⁵

Many of the names in the initial issue were well known, but this did not detract from the apparent value of the magazine. Connolly's own contribution, 'The Ant-Lion,' is possibly the best of those appearing in the issue, and if the magazine's principle of aestheticism is explicitly set forth in his 'Comment,' it is the essay's implicit theme. 'The Ant-Lion' thus provides further explication of Connolly's personal artistic ideals and his vision for *Horizon*. The essay begins with a description of the coast of Provence, at the foot of the Maures, and it

easily conveys the idyllic beauty of the scene. But on the beach, amongst this highly attractive natural setting, are the dens of ant-lions, predators who build and constantly maintain a 'conical depression' in the sand, 'in disobedience to natural law,' for the purpose of entrapping and devouring other insects.²⁶ When pulled from its lair, the ant-lion is described as an 'embodiment of evil': it is 'a creature whose clippers are joined to a muscle-bound thorax and a vile yellow armour-plated body, squat and powerful, with a beetle set of legs to manoeuvre this engine of destruction'.²⁷ Yet it is also a product of nature.

The coexistence of life and death, good and evil, beauty and repulsiveness is mirrored in the world of art. The setting shifts to Albi, another place of wondrous natural beauty as well as the home of the Musée Toulouse-Lautrec. A tour of the interior begins with the artist's 'Early Work,' which are 'pastoral scenes and sentimental evocations of Millet' and obviously the favourites of the museum's concierge, because 'they are what the Count was doing before he left his home and was corrupted by the Capital'.²⁸ The drawings follow, and in them 'emerges the fine savage line of the mature artist, that bold, but not (as in some of the paintings) vulgar stroke, which hits off the brutality of his subjects, or the beauty of those young girls doomed to such an inevitable end'.²⁹ Next are the famous paintings of Paris nightlife, and in these the 'nocturnal, gas-lit, racy, depraved and vicious' milieu that the 'hunchback count' so sensually recreated is finally, fully apparent.³⁰ At the end of this last large room, 'a morgue of End of Century vice,' is a door, behind which 'the landscape of the Albigeois' unfolds, 'a lovely and healthy prospect'.³¹ The beautiful natural scene that is observable from the terrace at the end of the gallery is made to seem even more virtuous by its high contrast with the world depicted in the paintings behind it. This sunlit view of the surrounding countryside would seem, at first, easily to be more appealing than the grim spectacle provided by Toulouse-Lautrec inside. But this is not so:

Deep in his lair the Ant-Lion is at work; the hunchback Count recalls us; the world of poverty, greed, bad air, consumption, and of those who never go to bed awaits, but there awaits also an artist's integration of it, a world in which all trace of sentiment or decadence is excluded by the realism of the painter, and the vitality of his line. In the sunlight on the terrace we are given the choice between the world of Nature and the world of Art. Nature seems to win, but at the moment of victory there is something lacking, and it is that lack which only the unnatural world inside can supply.³²

The paintings, despite their subject matter, provide something that nature alone cannot. One example offered in the essay is 'progress,' because 'the view from the Palace has not altered, except slightly to deteriorate, for several hundred years,' while the art is 'modern, and can only be appreciated by those who combine a certain kind of aristocratic satisfaction at human beings acting in character, and in gross character, with the love of fine drawing and colour'.³³ To enjoy the view outside 'requires no more perception than had Erasmus,' but Toulouse-Lautrec's art, despite not being 'great,' displays 'arrangement,' 'force,' and 'intelligence'.³⁴

As the ant-lion is as naturally a part of its beach, '[a]n advanced gadget in the scheme which includes the peaceful hills,' so too is Toulouse-Lautrec at home in the natural scenery of Albi, 'A highly specialised painter, one of nature's very latest experiments'.³⁵ The Count's physical deformity is 'the irritant' in 'the oyster' of Albi that created 'the pearl' of the artist.³⁶ All of these things are natural, but the artist, even if he was possessed of an 'unoriginal mind' like Toulouse-Lautrec, still creates things of a beauty that the rest of nature cannot provide, the beauty born of human intelligence and artistry. That the world portrayed in the paintings and drawings is morbid and grotesque is inconsequential, because they demonstrate an ability unique in nature, that of a man to recreate his surroundings and imbue

this representation with personality, intelligence and humanity. By creating this parallel, and arguing that art provides something that all other things cannot, Connolly forcefully complements the aesthetic appeals of this issue's 'Comment'. In so doing, and particularly in his use of Toulouse-Lautrec as a model, he reinforces his hope that *Horizon* will serve as a clearinghouse for quality artistic endeavours, and his belief that quality in art is not governed by subject matter. Taken together, Connolly's 'Comment' and essay in the first issue of *Horizon* serve as important explications of the intended approach of the magazine.

His 'Comment' for the February 1940 issue of *Horizon* is at least as integral as the first issue's editorial in any attempt to define Connolly's vision for the magazine, because in it he responds to the initial criticism of the magazine. The second 'Comment,' in part because it is a response, provides a much more extensive picture of Connolly's literary and cultural views, and offers further definition of his intentions for the magazine. He begins his counterattack by employing sarcasm, stating that despite the inaugural issue selling 'out in a week' and becoming an almost instant 'collector's rarity,' detractors, whom he labels 'our friends,' have nevertheless responded by saying that 'nobody likes it'.³⁷ Connolly recounts the various criticisms levelled at the magazine, saying that the 'most prevalent' type, which is 'carried on in detail,' include such observations as 'the cover is old-fashioned and Georgian, as are many of the contents,' and that 'a similar magazine in the last war was the first to print Eliot, Joyce, etc.' while '*Horizon* can only discover Bates and Priestley'.³⁸ 'The editorial is escapist and cagey,' he continues, and 'the poetry is out of date (except Auden which is obscure) [...] there are too many political articles,' an ironic attack given the assessment that the journal eschewed politics. Continuing his summary of criticism, Connolly adds that 'while full of dull things, the magazine is also much too short'.³⁹ Others 'concede that the first number is interesting,' but they temper this with an admonition against being so

‘middlebrow and “smarty”,’ while a third group ‘abandon the contents to their own merit,’ instead taking aim at ‘the policy’ of the magazine, or, more specifically, the lack thereof.⁴⁰

The third type of criticism interests Connolly most, because these critics ask, ‘*Horizon* is full of lovely things...but...should a magazine be just full of lovely things? Shouldn’t it stand for something? Be animated by a serious purpose? Be getting somewhere?’⁴¹ Connolly’s rephrasing of this line of criticism, in comparison with the other types, is less sarcastic, demonstrating his belief that the indictment of *Horizon* that it should not forgo a clearly defined political purpose in the interests of aestheticism actually warrants consideration. In order to phrase his answer to the charge of having no defined policy, Connolly selects a particular editorial, from the periodical *Reynolds*. In this editorial, Connolly notes, it is claimed that ‘the editors of *Horizon* are identified with the émigré writers Huxley, Heard and Isherwood, who have gone to California to “contemplate their navels”’.⁴² By citing this editorial, Connolly is able to comment on the controversy surrounding Auden and Isherwood’s decision to decamp to the US a year prior, which in itself provides a ‘valuable’ insight ‘on the chief literary problems of to-day’.⁴³ In pointing these problems out, Connolly explains the reasoning behind *Horizon*’s lack of specific political policy as a response to serious concurrent defects in literary culture. *Reynolds* is ‘quite right to link up *Horizon* with a sneer at the English emigrés,’ Connolly claims, ‘for the departure of Auden and Isherwood to America a year ago is the most important literary event since the Spanish Civil War’.⁴⁴ Connolly’s comparison might seem, ostensibly, to indicate that he believes the appearance of *Horizon* to be equally as important, but this is not his intended point. He believes, rather, that the magazine’s call for a retreat from the more radical aspects of literary activism towards a more aesthetic approach to art is a similar reaction to the that which led to the emigration of the two writers. That Auden and Isherwood’s departures were closely followed by the outbreak of war with Germany is an

‘extremely unfortunate’ coincidence, according to Connolly, because their real objective, he claims, was to ‘abandon what they consider to be the sinking ship of European democracy, and by implication the aesthetic doctrine of social realism that has been prevailing here’.⁴⁵ What Connolly calls ‘social realism’ is the highly politicised art of the previous decade, and while both writers, particularly Auden, were instigators and maintainers of the idea that art should have a cultural and political purpose during this earlier period, their decision to leave demonstrates the untenable nature of this single-minded artistic approach. Connolly considers this ‘a symptom of the failure of social realism as an aesthetic doctrine’.⁴⁶

He believed that the poet and novelist, in their flight to America for the sake of their writing, were demonstrating the same judgement as *Horizon*:

We believe that a reaction away from social realism is as necessary and salutary as was, a generation ago, the reaction from the Ivory Tower. Georgian Poetry was a rustic movement, a kind of Jack Cade’s rebellion against the aestheticism of the nineties; its roots in the country were not sufficiently deep, and it failed to flower. The Marxist attack on the Ivory Tower dwellers, on Proust, Joyce, Virginia Woolf etc. was far more vigorous, and set fire to a lot of rotten timber. But the fire grew out of hand, and, now that it is burning itself out, we can see that many green young saplings have been damaged.⁴⁷

In recounting the trends of the previous forty years, Connolly also notes that all of the constituent periods have valuable principles to offer the current artist, and that refusing to see this in favour of following one trend alone is the mistake that has been made previously. His belief that ‘social realism’ has failed as an artistic doctrine does not mean that he thinks politics have no place in art, only that a compromise is necessary, and that the division

between the Ivory Tower and the Marxist approach to art is a false, and dangerous, dichotomy.

Connolly states that ‘this is the moment at which *Horizon* enters,’ at a time when ‘reconstruction is necessary’ before ‘we can go forward with a progressive policy’.⁴⁸ He believes that before a more durable alloy of political topicality and literature can be forged, part of the ‘art for art’s sake’ mentality must be recovered and put into the mix. This necessitates the recognition that ‘writing is an art, [...] an end in itself as well as a means to an end, and that good writing, like all art, is capable of producing a deep and satisfying emotion in the reader whether it is about Mozart, the fate of Austria, or the habits of bees’.⁴⁹ He sees it as *Horizon*’s duty ‘to reeducate the peppery palates of our detractors to an appreciation of delicate poetry and fine prose,’ and to inculcate the understanding that artistic value can be found without regard for subject or agenda.⁵⁰ Propagating this view of the nature of quality in art is what Connolly believes to be the purpose of *Horizon*:

If literature is an art, then a literary magazine should encourage the artists, whether they are Left or Right, known or unknown, old or young, and *Horizon* therefore makes no more apology for Priestley’s admirable essay, or Sir Hugh Walpole’s revealing glimpse of Henry James, than it does for Orwell’s analysis of Boy’s papers or Auden’s Elegy on Freud which will appear in the next number. Names mean nothing. *Horizon* is not to be judged by its names but by the quality of its contents and we hope eventually that the presence of the most detested best-seller or the most obscure poet on the cover of *Horizon* will be enough to indicate that they have written something remarkably good.⁵¹

Connolly's rejection of judgements conditional on subject matter carries with it a healthy disregard for labels and names, whether they refer to trends, coteries, or individuals. This move away from faith in categorisation also implies that *Horizon's* approach to art will be as democratic as it is catholic. Whether or not *Horizon* ever fully achieved these aims is debatable, and in some sense is beside the point. What is important is that Connolly ardently believed that a new way of appraising writing and art in general was necessary, and that *Horizon* should set itself apart by demonstrating his point that good writing is good in and of itself, that qualifications based on message, form or subject are irrelevant.

Connolly ends the 'Comment' in a more light-hearted tone, responding to two other criticisms. As for the revealing of new, groundbreaking talent, and 'discovering a Joyce or an Eliot in one number,' Connolly explaining that 'all we can do is to bait the trap, to provide a medium where the future Rimbaud will find payment, good company and a sympathetic public'.⁵² 'And the Cover,' he states,

The Cover is intentional. It is not old-fashioned, but out of fashion, out of fashion because the editors believe that the fashionable cover, a functional applied-abstract design which incorporates photography and heavy sans-serif, is as out of date as a rubber topped chromium table in a neon lit cafeteria. A kindly critic said that Piper's cover was "like the dowdy outside of an old-fashioned restaurant where you knew you would eat well—and in the case of *Horizon* where you know you would read well." For good writing, bespoke, customs-built writing, is out of fashion also, and this is perhaps the most damaging criticism of the age we live in, and the reason why *Horizon* should be particularly grateful to the many readers, and the thousand subscribers who have come forward to support it.⁵³

Connolly fluidly links the idea of a cover utilising ‘applied-abstract design’ with the cafe full of chrome and neon: both belong to the previous decade, and it is implied that they represent a mistaken hope for the future and a false sense of progress in the same way that the politicised writing of the era was a dead-end. The simile extends to *Horizon*, which, like the ‘old-fashioned restaurant’ the simple cover evokes, offers, ironically, a fresh start, a return to a point where the wrong choices had yet to be made, and a place where all are welcome, not merely the sleek and reputable. Even the cover of the magazine serves as an instrument of instruction, as well as a mild insurrection.

In the third issue of *Horizon*, dated March 1940, Connolly becomes more specific about what constitutes good writing, and the way in which *Horizon* was formulated so as to be conducive to contributions with a variety of subject matter, but with a uniform level of quality. In particular, Connolly wished to stress the ways in which *Horizon* would provide a haven for writers otherwise doomed to journalistic endeavours. He begins by illustrating why he believes journalism cannot provide good writing, due to its limiting parameters:

In the last number *Horizon* discussed how it could entertain the reader. About its relationship with the author little has been said since the original advertisement set out ‘to help to free writers from journalism by welcoming unpopular forms and by encouraging those contributions which can be reprinted.’ Beneath its superficial tolerance journalism is one of the most rigid and exacting of occupations, and those authors who decide ‘to make a little extra money that way’ are unable ultimately to get it by any other. Journalism has certain very unpleasant defects. It condemns a writer to perpetual brightness, uniformity, brevity, and overproduction, to work which will not stand up to the board covers of a book while destroying the leisure and stamina necessary to write one. The author’s

curve, instead of mounting to its climax in a free parabola, is flattened out by the weight of the Press and often tailspins to a nervous breakdown.⁵⁴

Horizon would shun journalistic writing, but it would encourage submissions, whatever the format, that were not afflicted with ‘brightness’ and ‘brevity.’ Beyond this passage’s description of *Horizon* policy, it provides an interesting illustration of Connolly’s deeply held belief that journalism was detrimental to literary endeavour.

Connolly felt he knew the perils of journalism from experience. As Lewis and Sheldon indicate, he believed his own periods of earning money from reviews had crippled him creatively and made it much harder to produce what he believed to be worthwhile creative works: *Horizon* was to provide a haven for Connolly as much as it did for other writers⁵⁵. His resentment of journalistic style was undoubtedly a key component of his wish to bring out a ‘little magazine’ in the first place, and the creation of a space where writers need not sacrifice their creativity in order to be published was an integral component of *Horizon*’s literary policy throughout its run. As Connolly goes on to state: ‘These evils a monthly review can do something to alleviate by encouraging authors to write on the subjects about which their feelings are deepest, by asking for thought and imagination instead of the overwhelming brightness by which so many of us are dazzled, and by affording them as much space as possible’.⁵⁶ In order to keep the magazine free of journalistic writing, and, more importantly, ‘to encourage creative work,’ Connolly declares that *Horizon* omits ‘chronicles of the cinema and the theatre, and the delights of a correspondence column’ in order to ‘publish work which can find a market nowhere else and which, since it can be reprinted in book form, both draws the reader’s attention to such books, and helps the author to compile material for them’.⁵⁷ By creating an environment free from the usual demands of journalism, according to Connolly, magazines like *Horizon* can transcend other periodical

mediums and offer a haven for creativity and a proving ground for new ideas, serving as a forum for established artists and a stage for new talents as well. Connolly is explicit about the type of submissions he has in mind, stating that ‘the three most neglected forms to-day are the long poem, the critical essay, and the long short story’.⁵⁸ The long critical essay, in particular, was the ‘specialty of *Horizon* alone,’ Connolly later claims in his ‘Comment’ for the December 1941 issue in a defence of omitting shorter reviews for lack of available space.⁵⁹ Even after two years, many of the magazine’s aesthetic principles held fast.

In those two years, many things changed as well, particularly in *Horizon*’s attitude towards and critical engagement of the war. Connolly’s statement in the May 1940 issue that ‘the war is the enemy of creative activity, and writers and painters are wise and right to ignore it,’ caused considerable controversy despite his acknowledgement in the same essay of the need for the cultural elite to accept the necessity of the conflict.⁶⁰ It drew a stinging rebuke, in the form of a letter, from journalist-turned-soldier Goronwy Rees, which Connolly boldly published at the front of the July 1940 issue, with his own rebuttal in ‘Comment’ taking an uncustomary place in the final pages. In the ‘Comment,’ Connolly admitted that ‘this much must be conceded to Goronwy Rees; that *Horizon* has [...] failed to take the war sufficiently seriously,’ but he felt that Rees’ central argument, that Connolly encouraged artists to ignore the very soldiers who shielded their freedom to create with life and limb, missed his earlier point, that while the war was necessary to protect the type of culture that led to the creation of quality art, it would not create this art in and of itself. As an example, he states that ‘it is certain that Eliot is better employed writing *East Coker* than as a brother officer of Goronwy Rees’.⁶¹ The utmost concern of *Horizon* was, and would remain, quality writing, and while the war was certainly up for discussion in the magazine’s pages, commentary on the conflict could never constitute the sole subject of a true literary magazine if the culture it shielded was to carry on. While the war certainly was not absent from

Horizon's pages during the early months of 1940, Connolly's recognition that the magazine had not treated the war with the soberness it warranted is important, because it demonstrates a shift in his initial policy for the magazine. *Horizon* would still seek unbiased ground, he hoped, and publish any perspective as long as it was conveyed in quality writing, but the war, rather than being just another perspective amongst many, was now recognised as the world outside, the context in which most other discussions of the present were situated. Connolly's change of tack coincides with the end of the Phony War, a fitting linkage, because, with the beginning of sustained aerial bombardment, keeping the war at bay would have proved much more difficult.

The 'Comment' in the January 1941 issue of *Horizon* exemplifies the extent to which discussion of the war had infiltrated even Connolly's musings on culture. It is also an example of Connolly's criticism of contemporary cultural trends, which comprised his 'Comments' more often than reflections on the nature of his magazine. As was stated in the introduction, the idea that the Second World War was a silent war, as well as colouring much post-war criticism, was also a commonly held attitude during the war itself. Even the popular press commented on the lack of poetic responses to the war, and their appeal forms the starting point for Connolly to comment on the nature of poetry, and culture in general, in wartime:

About this time of year articles appear called 'Where are our war poets?' The answer (not usually given) is 'under your nose.' For war poets are not a new kind of being, they are only peace poets who have assimilated the material of war. As the war lasts, the poetry which is written becomes war poetry, just as inevitably as the lungs of Londoners grow black with soot.⁶²

The expectations of those asking ‘where are our war poets’ were varied, depending on the source, ranging from a desire for glorification of the homeland and her cause, epitomized in some of Rupert Brooke’s First World War poetry, to the realistic, bleak portrayals of the front, and the rejection of modern conflict they represented, presented by such poets as Siegfried Sassoon and Wilfred Owen during the same conflict. But this poetry had already been written, the lessons had already been learned, and to expect the same poetic response to the Second World War was folly. In addition, what was transpiring was an entirely different type of conflict, characterised by its high mobility and lack of static fronts. Direct engagements were generally limited and involved only a small proportion of the military. But the result was that hostilities were not localised, as they were in the previous war, and violent destruction was as much a part of civilian life as it was military. The current war warranted a different sort of poetry, and its expansive nature insured that its poetry would not be so limited.

The type of poetry sought by the popular press, in their appeal for war poetry, was, as Connolly explains, actually a call for an attitude of heroic fatalism, a nostalgic wish that the current war could be celebrated in the same way the Great War was felt to have been:

It is unfortunate from the military point of view that war poetry is not necessarily patriotic. When the articles ask ‘Where are the war poets?’ they generally mention Rupert Brooke, because he wrote some stirring sonnets and was killed in action, though his poems were generally nostalgic or amorous. They want real war poets and a roll of honour. In this number we print Dylan Thomas’s fine first war poem, and one by Alun Lewis, which seems to suggest army life as it really is, and bring out something of the sad monotony which is

distilled from the routine movements of vast masses of men. That we lack patriotic poetry at the moment is a healthy sign, for if it were possible to offer any evidence that civilization has progressed in the last twenty years, it would be that which illustrated the decline of the aggressive instinct.⁶³

The sentimental poetry of Rupert Brooke and simplistic, naive patriotism had been exhausted in the previous conflict, Connolly suggests, and certainly had no place in the current war. Nevertheless, the popular press, and those whose interests they represented, were calling out for exactly this type of 'war poetry.' As Connolly suggests, however, war poetry was actually being written on a large scale, and despite the poetry of the early war years not fitting easily into either of these patterns, it was no less pertinent to or revealing about the Second World War and the conditions that accompanied it. In order to demonstrate that the war poets were 'under your nose,' Connolly mentions Alun Lewis, whose poem 'All Day it Has Rained' appears later in the issue, as responding to the current military experience as it actually is, instead of with some adolescent belief in what it should be. However, as Connolly demonstrates in the claim that 'war poets are not a new kind of being' but rather 'peace poets who have assimilated the material of war,' poetry in the Second World War had only to deal with present conditions in any sphere of concurrent experience to become 'war poetry,' and not merely deal in the horrors of the trenches or epitomise what Owen derides as the *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori* spirit, as demonstrated by Brooke's war sonnets, to be utterly relevant. The deprivations and violence of the Great War were mainly experienced by the military, but the Second World War touched every facet of British life, through everything from shortages to the horrors of the Blitz. Thus, as Connolly states, 'As the war lasts, the poetry which is written becomes war poetry, just as inevitably the lungs of Londoners grow black with soot'.⁶⁴

Connolly's own ideas about the differences in the current war and its predecessor centre on what he calls 'the decline of the aggressive instinct,' a 'healthy sign [...] [that] civilization has progressed in the last twenty years'.⁶⁵ Accordingly, current conditions serve as an example:

I write this in a lull in the air war, a lull in which I have several times heard people allude to the future activity of the Germans in such words as 'they must be planning something pretty big, trust them', in tones which are without hate, though hardly without admiration [...] Luckily, increased mechanization largely does away with the need of hate. Modern weapons make less demand on the bloodlust. This absence of aggressiveness, a danger in the war, is the healthiest of all symptoms for the peace, and makes possible the hope that, once we have sufficient victories to remove self-confidence from our enemy, the awareness of the whole idiotic archaic process of war, with its boredom, its slaughter, its privations, and its general clumsy uselessness may sweep over the world and induce people to give it up.⁶⁶

The manner in which much of the Second World War was fought agrees with the initial image Connolly offers; the vast majority of military personnel, even during the African and European campaigns, were removed from the actual fighting, serving in support and supply roles. There were very few trenches, and a large proportion of the war's death and destruction arrived in the form of bombs dropped from miles above. But this impersonality did not limit the war's scope or destructive power; the British and other allies bombed civilian targets at least as frequently as, and with more destructive outcomes than, the Germans, who later employed that most impersonal of weapons, the ballistic missile.

Because of this ‘absence of personal bloodlust’ war became, if anything, easier to perform. As a parallel to the new impersonality of war driving out the old ‘bloodlust,’ Connolly juxtaposes what he sees as a beneficial current literary and cultural trend:

There is another aspect of the war and culture which it is refreshing to notice. Although there is very little new being written, there is a vast amount of old that is being forgotten. Blake told us to drive our harrow over the bones of the dead, and such a silent revolution is happening. The vast topheavy accumulation of learning, criticism, scholarship, expertise, the Alexandrian library of nineteenth-century Liberal capitalism, is falling to decay. Human beings have a tendency to over-civilization, they cannot tear up old letters, they collect and catalogue up to the edge of insanity. A burning of the books becomes at times a necessity; it was necessary to think Milton, or Pope, or Tennyson or Proust, or James, bad writers, if writing was to go on.⁶⁷

Much like Connolly’s claims that a Marxist response to the Ivory Tower of high modernism was a necessary clearing away of certain unhelpful literary conceits, his statement here that the war forced a reevaluation of previous art, and a further burning of dead wood, is part of a belief that the war would be the catalyst for new literary trends. Considering Connolly’s years as a critic and reviewer, and his belief in the great burden inherent in these activities, his argument that, although the current conditions are harsh and unwanted, the overturning of old rules and traditions provide an opportunity for innovation is prescient when one considers the changes in literature, criticism, and culture in general after the war ended. Connolly extends the idea of this clearing away of unnecessary artistic traditions:

Before the war the stream of creative writing was choked with the leaves of exegesis, writers were bowed down with their intellectual possessions, with their names and dates, their sense of the past, their collection of unspoilt villages, their knowledge of cheese, beer, wine, sex, first editions, liturgy, detective stories, Marx, and so on. It was a Footler's Paradise, a world in which, like a long sea voyage, those came to the top who could best kill time. Culbertson, Torquemada, Wodehouse, Dorothy Sayers, Duke Ellington; the hobby dominated the art, the artists were artists in spite of themselves, or worked in second-rate and inartistic material. In the realm of criticism the sense of the past dominated, the aunts and uncles of the great were exhumed, the load of material bore down on its inheritors, making them carping and irritable, while the ignorant but talented were forced to suffer for their ignorance, or waste their talent in catching up.⁶⁸

Connolly believes that artists can only innovate if the expectations of the past fall away. He considers pedestrian the media in which Sayers, Ellington and the others chose to work (a debatable position), but his point is that the strictures on art enforced by blind adherence to outdated principles keep new forms from arising, and that art suffers as a result. By linking this with the deprivations of wartime and the levelling of the playing field—never perfected by communist ideologies and the nations that subscribed to them politically, but quickly accomplished, in Connolly's view, by the war in Britain—he demonstrates that many of the pre-war literary and cultural traditions were disadvantageous, or at least unnecessary. The war and its accompanying hardships, felt most acutely by the civilian population due to the continuing bombardment, was a new experience, and most lessons and methodologies from the past, including those literary and academic, did not apply; new ways of considering,

innovative thinking and writing included, seemed necessary to Connolly to analyse and hopefully end the current 'Dark Ages.' Connolly ends the first 'Comment' of 1941 with one last image to illustrate 'patience, talent and leisure' in the context of the war:

In the streets round this office, where the exposed green of fourth floor bathrooms shines against the blue winter sky, an enormous Rolls Royce often passes. Each time one sees this mammoth of luxury, one wonders to whom it belongs; some Fatcat of Bloomsbury? A ground landlord? A members of the Corps Diplomatique? But as it glides past it becomes transparent, and reveals on well-oiled bearings its only passenger, a neat wooden coffin. The limousine belongs to the last people who can afford it: the luxurious dead.⁶⁹

The foundations for decent literary output, at least in the method of pre-war periods, is over, according to Connolly. The luxury of time to study, accumulate and incorporate vast amounts of the past into the writing of the present, and to continue in the same safe voices and channels has been erased by the war, and new ways of expressing must be utilized as a result. To 'declare a cultural moratorium,' as Connolly states, is the answer, for culture, at least in its pre-war state, is dead, and bringing a valid culture back into being necessitates new approaches to art.

Horizon included a reader 'Questionnaire' in the December 1940 issue, and Connolly, in the April 1941 'Comment,' uses some of its length to answer the 'dislikes' that came in response. The criticisms he counters all involve the magazine's format and contents. In his validation of his editing choices a clear sense is conveyed of Connolly's vision for the magazine, as it stood more than a year after its beginning. 'The charge' of 'indecision, inconsistency,' and 'waveringness of Comments' is the first he answers, and is readily

‘admitted’.⁷⁰ ‘Comment makes no pretence to be decided or consistent,’ says Connolly, rather ‘it is the reflection of a monthly mood’ and its fluctuation ‘tests the attraction of opposites’ in a search for truth, because Connolly, and by extension *Horizon*, is unable to ‘express the bluff certainties of the fighting man’ or ‘see the war as vigorously as Churchill or Bevin.’ Nor can it accept ‘the irresponsible assurances of those who are convinced the war is not worth fighting’ and ‘take refuge, as do so many intellectuals, in putting their certainties into the future, when the war is over’.⁷¹ ‘Since *Horizon* can neither believe that the only good Jerry is a dead Jerry,’ he continues, ‘nor that the British Empire is fundamentally wicked,’ it must, in attempting to find its place somewhere in the middle, necessarily ‘waver’.⁷² This defence of meandering ‘Comments’ is, by extension, a justification of Connolly’s own mutable opinions regarding the war, but the interesting aspect of this response is that he readily admits that his editorials deal, to a large extent, with the war, and literature’s role in it. This demonstrates how far away Connolly, and the magazine, had moved from regarding the war as a mere nuisance, best ignored, as was the case almost a year previously. Of course the war had become much more personal for everyone in Britain in the intervening months. But, as he makes clear here, a preoccupation with war does not automatically entail a firm policy regarding it. In fact, at least in his and *Horizon*’s case, quite the opposite is true, for the conflict causes doubt more than any other reaction. Doubt is a valid response, in Connolly’s opinion, and this claim indicates that while *Horizon* had moved away from its original position of keeping its opinions of the war to itself, it was still a forum for debate and an unpolarised haven in comparison to many other contemporary periodicals.

Despite the encroachment of war into the magazine, the intent to showcase quality writing was not diminished. Connolly’s defence of the other forms that usually fill *Horizon*’s pages is by no means rapturous about the quality of all contributions, but it still abundantly

clear that good writing, or at least the best available, is the primary reason for the magazine's existence. He answers the charge of 'obscurity and inequality of poetry' by claiming that 'the relationship is unclassified between the poet and modern society' and that tastes differ, 'because those who like Dylan Thomas or W. R. Rodgers may not like Andrew Young, and vice versa'.⁷³ His tone is mildly cynical, as is evidenced in phrases such as 'this is not the fault of *Horizon*' and 'when *Horizon* can find simple poems it prints them' which indicate his own mounting dissatisfaction with contributions, as is his statement, while defending the inclusion of short stories, that they serve 'as comic relief' and 'are not intended to be masterpieces' because 'the day of the great short story is over' and 'there are too few authors who are capable of reducing life' to the necessary scale.⁷⁴ Critical essays, specifically the inclusion of those that have previously featured in books, have also been the subject of complaint, and Connolly replies that 'it is very hard to get good critical essays' while 'those which are written specially for *Horizon* appear in book form later, so there seems no objection to reversing the process'.⁷⁵ As long as 'the extract is complete in itself,' Connolly continues, 'the practice will be continued,' and the previous inclusion of 'Boy's Weeklies' is cited as justification for this.⁷⁶ Connolly's tone when discussing the poems and stories appearing in *Horizon* seems somewhat apologetic, but the ambivalence about the quality of such contributions that his phrasing conveys is actually as an indictment of the current wartime context, not the mere critical griping of an editor who has yet to find his hoped for Rimbaud. And the ambivalence is also connected to the doubt that colours his 'Comments' and causes him to waver in his own views. They are both a symptom of the age, Connolly's tone suggests, and it is implied that readers should be thankful there is any decent writing at all for *Horizon* to provide, considering the conditions he and other authors were forced to write under. This atmosphere of doubt has its advantages, however, as Connolly claims in his defence against the charge of 'topicality' and 'catholicity:' 'The advantages of this doubting

phase of our policy is that the magazine is open to many points of view'.⁷⁷ A year into its run, *Horizon* had undergone many changes, in particular an increased willingness to deal with the war, and to advocate a political stance based on what best served artists, as well as the magazine itself. But it still held true to its commitment to publish all perspectives, conditional on the quality of the writing. As Connolly states here, a policy of doubt only further strengthens this stance, whatever the original reasoning.

The 'Comment' for the January 1943 edition of *Horizon* is a good example of Connolly's continuing editorial engagement with the war, and, more importantly, of the political stance he had set for the magazine after three years at war. The discussion of post-war policy was an important component of *Horizon* from the first issue, and Connolly was not shy about joining in the debate in his editorials. In this case, the beginning of the fourth year of the war seems to Connolly as an ideal place to take stock of what should transpire after the guns finally fell silent, and, as it was the beginning of the period when winning began to seem probable once again, prognostication might prove easier than it had in previous attempts: 'As the war goes on intimations of the kind of world that will come into being after the war become clearer'.⁷⁸ Connolly, like many other *Horizon* contributors, believed 1943 was an opportune time to revisit the war aims debate, which entailed the need to analyse the probable post-war situation and offer suggestions for its structure. The world after the war, he states,

will be a world in which the part played by the British will be of supreme importance. In fact one might say that the whole of British history, tradition and character will be judged in the future by how they rise to the occasion of the post-war years. England will find itself in the position of one of those fairy-tale princes who drift into a tournament, defeat a dragon or a wicked

knight and then are obliged to marry the king's daughter and take on the cares of a confused, impoverished, and reactionary kingdom. That kingdom is Europe, the new dark continent which must perish if it cannot attain peace and unity and which is yet in a constant eruption of war, economic rivalry, and race-hatred.⁷⁹

Connolly's employment of the fairytale metaphor for Britain's responsibilities in the post-war era is not meant to diminish the role the other allies will play, at least politically. He does suggest, though, that Britain alone can provide the templates for 'peace and unity' and the absence of racism that he deems necessary to the return of freedom and its sustainment. But as far as the return of artistic culture, according to Connolly, England, as the only western European power that remained unoccupied, would carry the burden of re-educating liberated Europe. The idea of Britain's singular role becomes clearer, and more accurate in hindsight, when placed in relation to the second paragraph:

Britain is the weakest of the three great post-war powers: unless it has behind it a strong, united Europe it must be overwhelmed by America, either involuntarily or in a tug-of-war with a communist Europe and Russia. If England fails to unite Western Europe it fails as a world power, if it succeeds and can hold a balance between American capitalism and Soviet communism, defending Western Europe from the reactionary imperialism of one and the oppressive bureaucracy of the other, it will prove itself the greatest and wisest middleman in History. To achieve this, England must resurrect that political wisdom for which it was once famous and produce a scheme for Europe which will incorporate the socialist idealism of Russia with the humanist

individualism of America and which will make towards the gradual atrophy of European race-hatreds and nationalist pretensions. The onus is on England because it cannot count on American help if the Republicans win the next election, and choose to consider Europe as a market to be kept in order, nor can it survive except by making use of its dual position as being both in Europe and outside it.⁸⁰

Connolly offers two supposed alternatives: become Europe's negotiator between the two superpowers and their ideological rift, avoiding the 'reactionary imperialism' of one and the 'oppressive bureaucracy' of the other while embracing the best of both economic and political philosophies, or be absorbed into the American struggle against Soviet communism. Britain played both parts in the post-war years. It, like the rest of Western Europe, followed America at times, particularly during the height of the cold war, as the American instigated formation of NATO proved. It also helped create the effort for economic and political unification of all those European nations not drawn into the Soviet orbit, and demonstrated the viability of the liberal welfare state based on the combination of 'socialist idealism' and 'humanist individualism' he admired in the two more polar systems. As for Connolly's fear of a Republican victory in the US, Roosevelt was re-elected for an unprecedented fourth term, with Truman succeeding him, so the American investment in rebuilding Western Europe was more, if anything, than Connolly could have expected. As for 'being in Europe and outside it,' arguments can be made, for good or ill, that this is the one position Britain has held throughout the post-war era. Taking all this into consideration does not make Connolly's conjecture less remarkable for its prescience, however; this mixture of the two roles he describes are precisely the reaction of the wise 'middleman' he deems necessary for the peaceful survival of Western Europe. As for the 'race-hatreds' and nationalistic

pretensions, they have been partially subjugated in much of united Europe, but they continue to cause division and rancour.

One of the most important aspects of England's stewardship of Europe in the post-war era, Connolly insists, will be cultural leadership, which he deems at least as important as politics and other concerns. This harks back to earlier 'Comments' and Connolly's continued belief in the positive power of cultural freedom. In the third paragraph of the January 1943 'Comment,' Connolly explains this emphasis on culture:

To achieve and deserve this leadership will require courage and wisdom, with an appreciation of the complexity of European affairs and a sense of trusteeship for the European spirit which we are still far from possessing. But Europe is more than a political concept, it is still the chief breeding-ground of ideas, the laboratory, the studio and the reference library of the world's art, science, and imagination. If England is to lead Europe, it must assume the cultural as well as the moral and political leadership of Europe, it must restore liberty of expression, economic security and mental audacity to the world of art and ideas.⁸¹

The paragraph may sound rather Euro-centric, even for the period, but Connolly's love of European, particularly French and Spanish, culture is a commonplace in his 'Comments,' and was shared by many of his peers, literary or otherwise. In addition, the idea of England as a place 'both in Europe and outside it' was not merely where Connolly thought the country should end up, but was the way many Britons saw themselves, as had generations before them.

The cultural differences between England and Western Europe, as Connolly saw them, are the very differences that make England at once a part of and separate from the mainland, which, here and in many other circumstances, he sums up as France. He goes on to describe these differences in the fourth paragraph:

This is a most difficult task, because England—the only country in Europe where a man may still paint or write very much what he likes, and find a market for it—is nevertheless a philistine country. Worse still, the philistinism is an essential factor in the national genius, and forms part of the stolid, practical, tolerant, pleasure-loving responsibility-taking British character. There is no other civilization in the world so old, so mellow, so wise and so polite which can yet get along so happily without respect for learning, love of art or intellectual curiosity. The French are saturated in these things; the Americans worship culture even though they are inclined to do so for the wrong reasons.⁸²

If the paragraphs preceding the one above seem overtly patriotic and praising of Britain's abilities, place and power, Connolly's description of his fellow Englishmen and their indifference to culture, which seems almost unforgivable in his account, dispels the illusion. As stated before, Connolly frequently depicts the French as exemplary in cultural awareness and treatment of its perpetrators, including writers; as for the Americans and their worship, one wonders what the wrong reasons are, and what makes them so. It may be that the pursuit of culture for any other reason than its inherent benefits strikes Connolly as another kind of 'philistinism' which could be connected to the 'reactionary imperialism' of America, quite different from the philistine genius of Britain and a state to be avoided at all costs.

The ‘philistinism’ that Connolly claims plays a crucial role in British culture and its ‘national genius,’ as he describes it, cannot be ascribed merely to the landscape:

A visit to the French Exhibition at the National Gallery (the best picture show since the war started) brings the problem closer. Why is not English painting better? Why do we raise Sargent instead of Renoir, Munnings instead of Degas, pre-Raphaelites instead of Impressionists? The climate of the Ile de France is hardly different from that of Southern England: many of the scenes chosen by the Impressionists are not in themselves beautiful; their gardens are inferior to English gardens; their tall, red-roofed villas almost as ugly as ours; their magical light is not peculiar to the Seine valley. What have they got that we lack?⁸³

Connolly goes on to propose an answer:

Can the question be answered sociologically [sic]? The art of the Impressionists and their followers is the supreme flowering of bourgeois society. Most of the Impressionist painters were well-to-do people; they were not only secure in their patrons, they were secure in their investments; all through their lives (except Van Gogh) they never had to worry about money. This is not all-important, but it is a great addition to a sense of vocation.⁸⁴

The liberal movements before and after the war included a desire for state endorsement and funding of the arts. During the war years Connolly and others who subscribed to this ideal to one extent or another simply requested time and/or leave allowances for writers on active

duty, but the idea of government subsidies for artists and their endeavours was always viewed as a necessity for post-war changes. Connolly claims that self-sufficiency 'is not all-important,' perhaps as his own travails with money made him aware, but he did continually view himself as a literary failure, and the critical work and reviews he did as potboiling efforts that were detrimental. Despite his claim that money is not the most important difference, the proposal that French superiority in the arts is at least partially based on the freedom from economic strain that French artists enjoyed seems to argue in favour of government funding for the arts, and this would be in line with his political philosophy and belief in cultural importance.

As the paragraph continues, Connolly continues to describe the differences between French and British culture and methods of cultural pursuit. Along with financial independence, he also ascribes their supposed superiority to a different, more confident aesthetic appreciation:

They were also secure in their aesthetic philosophy. They believed in devoting a long life to the worship of beauty and the observance of nature. Politics, society, family were not represented. But they were not the important things. There was a certain Chinese humanism about them, they loved their friends and painted them admirably in their favourite surroundings, they enjoyed, in moderation, the good and simple things of life, they were not ashamed of man's place in nature, nor of urban civilization with its alcoves and café-tables, nor of old age with its arm-chairs and bookshelves. If the highest expression of their art is such a landscape as the Renoir of Argenteuil, a vision of watery paradise, or the Seurat of a wood or the Pissarro of La Roche-Guiyon, there are two smaller pictures which perhaps betray more of

their secret [...] One sees immediately that the English could not paint like that because Kipling or Meredith or Henry James would not rock about so irreverently—because the English imperialist bourgeoisie, though just as stable as the French, had that extra moral and mercenary conscience, had too much money, too much sense of duty, and so could never give off such a light and heavenly distillation as Impressionism. Whistler and Sickert succeeded because they were not English and at the price of a Harlequin defence-mechanism which never left them.⁸⁵

Thus, according to Connolly, the British were too caught up in worldly affairs, a possible consequence of empire, to enjoy the freedom of thought available to the French. At least in painting and literature, Connolly seems to see this lack of attachment to family, politics, money, and sense of duty as utterly preferable. In addition, he sees the ability of the French as a result of confidence, both in their perspective and in their civilization. He compares their situation, subject matter and methods to those of Ancient Chinese poets. If the French are confident, then it would seem that Connolly believes, although he does not put this explicitly, that British artists lack confidence.

In the final paragraph of the January 1943 'Comment,' Connolly returns to the idea of British stewardship of Europe in the post-war period, with the possibilities for cultural and artistic reconstruction:

When we restore the arts then to Europe, we can do one of two things: we can attempt to restore to bourgeois civilization sufficient order and stability to enable the cream of art to come to the top, or we can develop a civilization which will permit a new art to arise. If we adopt the second course instead of

trying to put back the nineteenth-century Humpty-Dumpty on the wall, then we must first change radically our attitude to art here: we must give art a place in our conception of the meaning of life and the artist a place in our conception of the meaning of the state which they have never known before. Never again must our artists be warped by opposition, stunted by neglect or etiolated by official conformity.⁸⁶

Connolly's closing remarks again allude to the need for more understanding, and possibly subsidy, from a post-war government for artists. They also reiterate what he believes is the purpose of magazines and other outlets for new art like *Horizon*. As the 'Humpty-Dumpty' metaphor suggests, Connolly obviously supports the latter option over the former. This jibes with his consistent advocacy of new art and the nurturing of new voices. His preference for a recalibration of artistic perspective, when juxtaposed with his comments in the previous paragraph, seem to diminish the lustre that Connolly seems to have lavished on the Impressionists and French culture in general when compared to the English; the notion of the nineteenth century as a shattered ideal applies to both cultures equally well. While this 'Comment' does lend weight to the argument for better treatment of artists by the government and the populace, including monetary support, it denigrates the bourgeois 'order and stability' that Connolly listed as a component of the French cultural formula. Perhaps the bourgeois situation is valuable only for the economic viability it entails. It is not connected to the other important ingredients, regard for art and culture as an integral part of life, and public support for artists.

The end of the European war was a cause for celebration, but for those concerned with politics, it was also a time to examine the future of Britain, and of Europe. Such milestones often provoked a taking of stock in Connolly's editorials, and he does so at the

beginning of the May 1945 'Comment': '*Horizon* is a war-baby,' Connolly states, adding that 'this is our first number to be produced in a Europe at peace.' 'For sixty-six months we have been waiting for this moment,' he adds, before reminding his readers that

Horizon has always hated war; but it is not pacifist, for it has hated fascism more, and therefore recognized the value of that patriotism which derives from the healthy human desire to protect our liberties and to fight for our country against an invader. This patriotism is a biological instinct. But when such patriotism becomes an aggressive nationalism and threatened becomes the threatener, the enslaved the enslaver, it must be combated with all the weapons of emotions and reason, and this nationalism is now the universal danger.⁸⁷

Connolly often expressed in his wartime 'Comments,' as he does in the January 1943 editorial described earlier, his desire for a politically unified Europe, characterised by a set of values that took the best aspects of the individualist US and the communal USSR, but at the end of hostilities on the continent, the outlook was bleak. Areas of influence based on secret treaties and zones of occupation were being drawn even before Germany fell, and as the extent of this division of Europe became obvious:

How different from the peace we have all longed for and dreamt of during these six years of hate and boredom, of fear and suffering! [...] What do we see? In place of that United States of Europe of which we dreamed we watch a new Great Wall of China being erected across its centre. In place of those liberal or socialist democracies in which we put our faith, we see kings and generals disputing tottering thrones on one side of the wall, iron totalitarian régimes coming into being on the other. Where Europe ceases and Islam begins the Great Powers

squat angrily on Arabs and oil-fields, the Indian gaols are full, and beyond them the Chinese fight and starve, while the Japanese pay the deserved and terrible penalty for the use they have made of the industrialism which once was forced upon them.⁸⁸

For Connolly, as it undoubtedly was for much of the leftward-leaning British literati, the carefully planned and thought out plans for the post-war world were quickly collapsing. Instead of realised dreams, the spectacle of a Europe divided marks the onset of post-war disillusionment, which would colour the rest of the decade. Connolly does not blame the Soviets alone, but notes that both imperialists and dictators, capitalists and communists are equal in their land-grabbing greed. This greed exceeds the bounds of Europe, as Connolly notes that political instability, a symptom of economic occupation, has spread throughout western Asia as well.

However, according to Connolly, all is not lost: ‘At the same time in one or two countries men struggle towards peace and begin to recover a sanity which we hope is infectious’.⁸⁹ With the end of the war, the parliamentary alliance is broken, and the parties have returned to their respective corners. That a national election will quickly take place is inevitable, and this offers the hope of changing things for the better at home, if nowhere else: ‘For the first time in ten years we have a vote; we are free in the next few days to decide on what kind of chains we shall wear’.⁹⁰ Connolly’s move away from keeping *Horizon* politically neutral was relatively gradual, but in comparison with the ‘politics in abeyance’ outline described in his opening ‘Comment’ over six years prior, the difference is striking. Connolly, by way of explaining his choice, recommends to *Horizon*’s readers that the obvious option, if this emerging sanity is to be safeguarded and sustained, is a vote for Labour:

I hold a proxy for a friend in Italy and am going to use it for Labour. If I really thought that the situation were desperate, and that—carried on by the general gadarene impetus of nationalism, suspicion, greed and new explosives—we would be at war again in a few years I should vote Conservative, for they can best protect us, and if there is one man to whom I owe it that I am not in a concentration camp, his name is Winston Churchill. But is the situation so desperate? Can those of us in England, America, France, Russia, China and the rest of Europe who believe in love, life and freedom communicate our sanity, our happiness and our liberty to the incredulous, to the under privileged [sic] of head and heart?⁹¹

Connolly's support of Churchill was another element of his political developments of the magazine, and in this case a relatively early one, when Connolly began to extol Churchill's ability to keep up morale during the Blitz. Nevertheless, Connolly illustrates here a common attitude, that the government suited for war was not suited for peace, and that if there was to be a realisation any of the war aims so often discussed in *Horizon's* pages, Labour was the only sensible choice. Connolly expresses his belief that further hostilities are remote, but this is not in agreement with the bleak, divided Europe he describes earlier in the essay, with its inherent recognition of fault lines and stress points. At this point, the Pacific conflict was not yet finished, but its outcome was unmistakably clear. So, although Connolly describes all five Allies as believers in 'love, life and freedom,' it is clear that he realises that some are more cynical in their belief than others, but it would have not been wise to voice such doubts, and risk insulting an ally, in a magazine dependant on the good graces of the Ministry of Information for its paper ration.

Unvoiced or not, Connolly's doubts are not so pressing as to keep his vote on a war footing. He states that

Now is the time for those of us who are natural pacifists, yet compelled by our hatred of tyranny and by biological necessity to support the war once again to proclaim our principles—that human life is sacred, that killing is no remedy for killing nor hatred for hatred, that happiness is indivisible and consists in the liberty to grow [...] We are all privileged to enjoy the amenities of the spherical reading room which is our world. Life is sweet and may we never forget it!⁹²

Thus, despite the possibility of further hostilities, Connolly feels confident enough to call others of a liberal persuasion to join him in resuming their pre-war principled stance, set aside for the duration but necessary once again to insure national support of humanistic ideals. The call to arms is not merely one of ideals. Connolly quickly reminds his audience of the practical application of their returned principles:

It is because I believe this that I shall give my proxy to Labour. I think many Tories believe it too. Yet to make England a happy country, there must be a levelling up which socialism alone will provide; we cannot continue to maintain two utterly different standards of living. Then to make us really free there must be governments who don't like secret police or 'glasshouses' or uniforms or telephone-tapping or dossier-making—as at the anarchist's trial—from visitors' identity cards; we must be administered by people who will root out, like lumps of dry rot, the foci of fascism by which in our struggle against it we have become infected. I do not agree with the Prime Minister that socialism leads to the

Gestapo. It was a conservative government which condoned Hitler, Franco and Mussolini and their horrible methods.⁹³

Connolly's support for a political party is remarkably clear, and, as *Horizon* was an extension of his voice, it is obvious that the magazine has moved well away from the attempt at political neutrality of its first issues. Connolly, obviously, was not alone in his support, he was joined not only by the majority of the left-leaning literati, but the masses as well, for Labour easily won the vote. And, as Connolly implies throughout the 'Comment,' the general belief was that a vote for labour reflected not a lack of confidence in the Prime Minister, whose primary concern had been winning the war, but a decision to support, with the onset of peace, the party that had already begun publicly planning for it.⁹⁴

Like many of his peers, Connolly held out hope, despite the condition of the continent, that their dreams could still be realised through the election of Labour, because they 'are more likely to create the kind of Europe in which I believe, a Europe without passports, tariffs, cops and armies, without kings and dictators, without barracks full of Senegalese and dungeons full of artists'.⁹⁵ There was, of course, in 1945 no way of knowing when, or if, such freedom of movement and trade could be achieved. Connolly's willingness to maintain such hopes for a unified Europe in the face of a Continent divided like spoils of war could be argued as evidence of either his foresight or his naiveté. The free flow of culture, Connolly believed, could only follow on the heels of political unification. However, he always had more personal, selfish reasons for desiring the easing of wartime restrictions, and his willingness to reveal as much is a surprising characteristic of this late wartime 'Comment': Half the privilege of begin English [is] to have access to other men's weather, to the civilization of France, Greece, or Italy, the mountains of Switzerland and Austria, and not least—and this is where Labour can help me—to the sunshine of Spain'.⁹⁶

Adequate State funding for the arts, including literature, was another of Connolly's favourite causes. During the early years of the Conservative government, when the war aims debated in *Horizon* often included art funding as a key principal, the obvious choice seemed to be the party on the left. But the end-of-war 'Comment' provides one more stark contrast with *Horizon* in earlier years. Those 'who love the human spirit' have one more question to 'ask themselves,' according to Connolly, and this is 'Who will do most for the arts in England?'⁹⁷ Connolly provides no straight answer, but he admits that

I find for example that nearly all of our subscribers who are Members of Parliament are Conservatives, and important ones; they swallow our pink pills with stoic grace! Labour's record of assistance to the artist is lamentable. It seems to regard Art as a complicated secret weapon of the rich.⁹⁸

Connolly would increasingly lament the philistinism of the Labour government in the post-war period, the beginnings of which lie here and in his December 1945 'Comment,' where he states that one of *Horizon*'s New Year's resolutions is 'to continue to try to make the new Government for which we have voted do more to encourage culture'.⁹⁹

When compared to the earliest issues, the January 1943 and May 1945 *Horizon* 'Comments' demonstrate a marked increase in the magazine's political interests. The magazine's politics were most certainly not 'in abeyance.' As Connolly stated in the first issue, this policy was not set, but was subject to the clarification of wartime principles that only time would bring. This clarification arrived fairly quickly, in fact, helped along undoubtedly by Spender's co-editing during the first two years of the war, but Connolly had always proffered 'pink pills' in his writing, and the change that *Horizon* underwent eventually suited his worldview. Connolly's 'Comments' unquestionably became more

political in tone, but they were always situated in the safe, soft Left. More importantly, Connolly's pledge to incorporate only good writing into *Horizon* remained a steadfast principle, and, after Spender's departure, the appearance of bias in the contributions accepted diminished, even as Connolly's willingness to clearly endorse politically charged principles in his 'Comments' grew. The war did become more clear, and as it did, Connolly obviously felt safe on his political turf: the far Right and the far Left had been stripped of their appeal by the politically charged atmosphere at the outset of the war, and the subsequent bitter disappointments for all hardliners.

As stated at the outset of the chapter, Connolly's initial claim that 'our politics are in abeyance' has far too often been quoted, out of context, in order to prove, through one argument or another, that the magazine was out of touch with its time period. Other aspects of this argument are examined in later chapters, but it is clear, even in this brief selection, that Connolly's vision for the magazine was ever evolving to cope with the highly mutable wartime world. Connolly held a magazine together in the face of paper rations that doomed other literary magazines, and was able to solicit contributions from well known authors for negligible fees and still attract the avant-garde. His 'Comments' consistently offered piercing insight into the British wartime experience. *Horizon*, through Connolly's vision, became one of the most relevant periodicals of the war years, and its reputation, despite some critical abuse, remains intact today.

¹ Linda M. Shires, *British Poetry of the Second World War* (London: Macmillan, 1985) 17. Shires does admit, however, that 'We must grant that *Horizon* [...] fulfilled noble aims' by 'its existence at all' and that 'it helped keep literature before the public eye in magazine format' despite what she views as a policy of neglecting new poets in particular (17).

² Stephen Spender, *The Thirties and After: Poetry, Politics and People 1933-1975* (New York: Random House, 1978) 66.

³ Stephen Spender, *World Within World: The Autobiography of Stephen Spender* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1951) 295.

⁴ Peter Watson quoted in Stephen Spender, *The Thirties and After* (New York: Random House, 1978) 66.

⁵ Stephen Spender, *World Within World* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1951) 293.

⁶ *Ibid.* 295.

⁷ *Ibid.* 295.

⁸ Jeremy Lewis, *Cyril Connolly: A Life* (London: Pimlico, 1998) 340.

⁹ Stephen Spender, *World Within World* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1951) 293.

¹⁰ *Ibid.* 295.

¹¹ *Ibid.* 295.

¹² Julian Maclaren-Ross, *Memoirs of the Forties* (London: Alan Ross Ltd, 1965) 77-78. Jeremy Lewis also quotes Maclaren-Ross's story on page 353 in *Cyril Connolly: A Life* (London: Pimlico, 1998), and in the corresponding footnote he recounts Connolly response, written on the fly-leaf of a friend's copy of *Memoirs of the Forties*, to Maclaren-Ross's version of events:

I can remember almost nothing about these incidents. I am sure I did not have a bulging satchel, as I invented one for the imaginary self-portrait in *The Unquiet Grave*. I did once accept an article and tell the author that it was good enough to accept but not good enough to publish—but not Somerset Maugham, who sent me the detective story article for nothing and which I returned, saying I did not think it would add to his reputation (too frivolous for wartime). Maclaren-Ross was kept out of our offices as much as possible on account of his grand passion for Sonia, who was embarrassed by it.

As Lewis says in the same footnote, 'Like many of the best stories, this has been embellished by time and authorial licence.' *Horizon's* reputation would have been quite different if Connolly had applied the same 'too frivolous in wartime' criteria to other articles on popular culture, in particular Orwell's submissions of 'Boy's Weeklies,' 'The Art of Donald McGill,' and 'Raffles and Miss Blandish,' that he did to Somerset Maugham's article, so it is easily assumed that the essay was, indeed, not all that good. Incidentally, the Sonia who Maclaren-Ross pursued so passionately in *Horizon's* offices later became Orwell's wife.

¹³ Michael Shelden, *Friends of Promise: Cyril Connolly and the World of Horizon* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1989) 50.

¹⁴ *Ibid.* 47.

¹⁵ For examples of such criticism, see Shires's *British Poetry of the Second World War* pp. 16-17, Andrew Sinclair's *War Like a Wasp: The Lost Decade of the 'Forties* pg. 100, and Angus Calder's *The People's War: Britain 1939-45*, pg. 515.

¹⁶ Stephen Spender, *World Within World* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1951) 295.

¹⁷ *Ibid.* 295.

¹⁸ Clive Fisher, *Cyril Connolly: A Nostalgic Life* (London: Papermac, 1996) 192. Fisher also states that the magazine reached an 'apogee' in 1947 of 10000 copies, and was still at a print run of 9000 when it closed shop in late 1949. Throughout its life, the magazine's prints were limited by paper rationing, otherwise many more copies could have been sold. The effects of this limitation were keenly felt by Connolly, as he describes in his 'Comment' for the October 1942 issue:

I wonder how many readers of *Horizon* can understand what it is like to know that however good a magazine one edits were to be, not a single extra copy could be sold, and that, however bad, not a single extra copy would be wasted. Such is the demand of the reading public for anything it can lay its hands on that, were we to print large sections of pre-war Bradshaw upside down, we could still dispose of *Horizon*, and yet were we to offer the first presentation of *In Memoriam* or *Une Saison en enfer* we would be lucky to get one review. (224)

This was not always the case. Particularly during the first year of the magazine's run, Connolly would often exhort the magazine's readership to spread the word, help increase subscription levels, and make the magazine solvent (which, like most privately produced periodicals, it never became, as Connolly states in his introduction to *Ideas and Places* in 1953 [ix]). The 'Comment' for December 1940 is the most extensive example, and is also the issue where *Horizon's* Begging Bowl, encouraging patronage in the form of tips for contributors, was introduced.

¹⁹ Stephen Spender, *World Within World* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1951) 293.

²⁰ Cyril Connolly, 'Comment,' *Horizon*, 1, No. 1 (January 1940) 5.

²¹ *Ibid.* 5.

²² *Ibid.* 5.

²³ *Ibid.* 5-6.

²⁴ Jeremy Lewis, *Cyril Connolly: A Life* (Pimlico 1998) 222. Lewis notes that, while critically derided by Connolly during its run, *Life and Letters*, nevertheless, 'in format and contributors seems so evidently a precursor of his own *Horizon*,' and shared a similar 'eclecticism' (222).

²⁵ Cyril Connolly, 'Comment,' *Horizon*, 1, No. 1 (January 1940) 6.

²⁶ Cyril Connolly, 'The Ant-Lion,' *Horizon*, 1, No. 1 (January 1940) 25-26.

²⁷ *Ibid.* 26.

²⁸ *Ibid.* 27.

²⁹ *Ibid.* 27-28.

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- ³⁰ Ibid. 28.
³¹ Ibid. 28.
³² Ibid. 28-29.
³³ Ibid. 29.
³⁴ Ibid. 29.
³⁵ Ibid. 29-30.
³⁶ Ibid. 29-30.
³⁷ Cyril Connolly, 'Comment,' *Horizon*, 1, No. 2 (February 1940) 68.
³⁸ Ibid. 68.
³⁹ Ibid. 68.
⁴⁰ Ibid. 68.
⁴¹ Ibid. 68.
⁴² Ibid. 68.
⁴³ Ibid. 68.
⁴⁴ Ibid. 68.
⁴⁵ Ibid. 69.
⁴⁶ Ibid. 70.
⁴⁷ Ibid. 70.
⁴⁸ Ibid. 70.
⁴⁹ Ibid. 70.
⁵⁰ Ibid. 70.
⁵¹ Ibid. 70-71.
⁵² Ibid. 71.
⁵³ Ibid. 71.

⁵⁴ Cyril Connolly, 'Comment,' *Horizon*, 1, No. 3 (March 1940) 149.

⁵⁵ Jeremy Lewis (*Cyril Connolly: A Life*, pp 277-78) and Michael Shelden (*Friends of Promise*, pp 22-23) both provide examples of Connolly's derision for journalism, and reviewing in particular, as does Connolly's introduction to his 1945 collection *The Condemned Playground: Essays 1927-1944*, where he states

Like most critics I drifted into the profession through a lack of moral stamina: I wanted to be a poet, and to revive the epic; I wanted to write a novel about archaic Greece—by my epic and my novel fell so short of the standards which my reading had set me that I despaired of them and, despairing, slipped out into the interim habit of writing short-term articles about books. (vi)

Connolly later came to feel similarly about editing, which was part of the reason he lost interest in *Horizon* after the war. As he states in the introduction to his 1953 collection *Ideas and Places*,

Of course, the 'cultural melancholia' of which I have been accused was somehow connected with editing; for the profession, though delightful, is in the long run unwholesome for an author. An editor, even one who writes, is not an artist; however numerous his friends, he feeds an enemy within. (ix-x)

As with many aspects of his life, Connolly sought whatever scapegoats he could find to justify what he felt was his failure to produce a masterpiece.

- ⁵⁶ Cyril Connolly, 'Comment,' *Horizon*, 1, No. 3 (March 1940) 149.
⁵⁷ Ibid. 149.
⁵⁸ Ibid. 149.
⁵⁹ Cyril Connolly, 'Comment,' *Horizon*, 4, No. 24 (December 1941) 375.
⁶⁰ Cyril Connolly, 'Comment,' *Horizon*, 1, No. 5 (May 1940) 314.
⁶¹ Cyril Connolly, 'Comment,' *Horizon*, 1, No. 7 (July 1940) 533.
⁶² Cyril Connolly, 'Comment,' *Horizon*, 3, No. 13 (January 1941) 5.
⁶³ Ibid. 5.
⁶⁴ Ibid. 5.
⁶⁵ Ibid. 5.
⁶⁶ Ibid. 5-6.
⁶⁷ Ibid. 6.
⁶⁸ Ibid. 6.
⁶⁹ Ibid. 7.
⁷⁰ Cyril Connolly, 'Comment,' *Horizon*, 3, No. 16 (April 1941) 234.
⁷¹ Ibid. 234.
⁷² Ibid. 234.

⁷³ Ibid. 235.

⁷⁴ Ibid. 235.

⁷⁵ Ibid. 235.

⁷⁶ Ibid. 235. 'Boy's Weeklies' was part of Orwell's collection *Inside the Whale*, which was indeed completed prior to the essay's appearance in the March 1940 issue of *Horizon*. However, as Michael Sheldon suggests in *Friends of Promise*, part of the reason Orwell asked Connolly if it was suitable for the magazine was because he had yet to find a publisher, and was not sure if he would ever find one (45).

⁷⁷ Ibid. 236.

⁷⁸ Cyril Connolly, 'Comment,' *Horizon*, 8, No. 37 (January 1943) 4

⁷⁹ Ibid. 4.

⁸⁰ Ibid. 4.

⁸¹ Ibid. 4-5.

⁸² Ibid. 5.

⁸³ Ibid. 5.

⁸⁴ Ibid. 5.

⁸⁵ Ibid. 6.

⁸⁶ Ibid. 6.

⁸⁷ Cyril Connolly, 'Comment,' *Horizon*, 11, No. 66 (May 1945) 367.

⁸⁸ Ibid. 367.

⁸⁹ Ibid. 367.

⁹⁰ Ibid. 367.

⁹¹ Ibid. 367-68

⁹² Ibid. 368.

⁹³ Ibid. 368.

⁹⁴ John Gooch, 'Churchill as War Leader,' *The Oxford Companion to World War II*, edited by I.C.B. Dear (New York: Oxford UP, 1995) 188.

⁹⁵ Cyril Connolly, 'Comment,' *Horizon*, 11, No. 66 (May 1945) 367.

⁹⁶ Ibid. 367-68.

⁹⁷ Ibid. 368.

⁹⁸ Ibid. 368.

⁹⁹ Cyril Connolly, 'Comment,' *Horizon*, 12, No. 72 (December 1945) 366.