

Leonard Woolf and Imperialism

GILLIAN WORKMAN

FOR historians, it is an accepted fact that "Little-Englanders" existed, in varying strengths at different periods, throughout the nineteenth century. The rest of us, who are more familiar with twentieth-century anti-imperialist agitation than with nineteenth-century argument, should however beware of misinterpreting this fact. The Little-Englanders were not, as we might immediately suppose, interested in airing their views in relation to territories occupied largely by an alien people. The Indian Mutiny of 1857 did not, for instance, lead them to express the desire that England should withdraw from India. Instead, they joined with the country as a whole in wishing, simply, to improve England's existing rule. Indeed, as late as 1911, Frederic Harrison (who had persistently spoken out in opposition to wars "of conquest and aggression"¹ and who advocated a union of friendship, not of constitution, between England and her settled colonies) wrote: "We have our Indian Empire — let us keep it, but not venture a step beyond."² It was the "settled" colonies — Canada, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa — which the Little-Englanders wished to be self-governing.

The Little-Englanders expressed concern at the overburdening of England by the administrative, political, financial and defence loads of countries which they felt to be quite capable of conducting these affairs for themselves. Neither they nor any other vocal section of the public questioned the morality of Empire in general. Any criticism of the morality of the British rule of territories other than the settled colonies — of Britain's rule over alien peoples — was restricted, not to the existence of such rule, but to the means by which it came into exist-

ence and was maintained. It was only later that it was felt that these means could never be other than objectionable when seen in the light of desirable attitudes in and between human beings. Once this opinion became prevalent, however, the will to rule of the British public declined.

Henry Kingsley, from the year he went out to Australia — 1853 — to his death in 1876, struggled in his own mind with the implications of England's contact with other races; a question which his five years experience of Australia and the settler-aborigines problem forced him to face. The fact that the attitudes of his sheltered public bore no relation to his own experience subjected him to severe emotional and mental strain. At that time, therefore, there were not enough people like him to create a climate of opinion favourable to the views which later came into prominence.

Joseph Conrad reacted in a similar way to his brief experience of the Belgian Congo. His *Heart of Darkness*, published in 1899, marks a transitional stage in the way writers read the public's mood in relation to the rule of other races. Conrad, unlike Henry Kingsley, did not feel it essential that he suppress criticism of the deplorable human relationships brought about by the existing and growing intercourse between "civilized" and "non-civilized" men. He did, however, make it possible for British readers to see the story as an attack on Belgian imperialism alone. The fact that the public paid this aspect of his work little attention might suggest that the public was not yet ready to revise its attitudes. Conrad's own treatment of the subject does, however, show the way the wind was blowing. For *Heart of Darkness* anticipates virtually all the views later expressed, hostile to the dealings of Western nations with alien peoples.

Leonard Woolf's career is an illustration, first of the unfamiliarity of the British public — even the educated public — at the turn of the century, with the view that the

rule of one race by another produces effects in human relations which their own standards would condemn; second, of the completeness of the acceptance of this view, once grasped; thirdly, of a counter-reaction produced by the witnessing of the results of the general acceptance of this view.

Leonard Woolf was closely interested in Imperial affairs during a large portion of his life. He was in the Ceylon Civil Service from 1904 until 1911. For two years, he helped the Sinhalese delegates who had come to London to try to secure a revision of the sentences given at the Court Martial following the 1915 rioting in Ceylon. He made a return visit to Ceylon in 1960. He served as Secretary to the Labour Party Advisory Committee on Imperial Affairs for nearly thirty years. He wrote what he believed to be "one of the earliest studies of the operations of imperialism in Africa"³ — *Empire and Commerce in Africa* (1920); and two other studies of imperialism — *Economic Imperialism* (1920) and *Imperialism and Civilization* (1928). He drew explicitly on his Sinhalese experience in a sad and bitter essay, with a rather heavily ironic title, "The Gentleness of Nature" (1927);⁴ in his novel *The Village in the Jungle* (1913); and in the *Stories of the East* (1921). Throughout his five volumes of autobiography (1960-1970) — *Growing, Sowing, Beginning Again, Downhill All the Way* and *The Journey not the Arrival Matters* — he is continually interested in explaining his contradictory roles of Imperial administrator and would-be empire-destroyer; and in describing the difference in public attitudes towards the Imperialist system which had taken place during his life.

Often, in Woolf's autobiography, we find passages where his view is fashionably anti-imperialist. This is a representative example:

Today, in the year 1966, imperialism and colonialism are among the dirtiest of all dirty political words. That was not the case 47 years ago at the end of the 1914 war. The British and French Empires were still going strong

and still adding to their territories, either unashamedly or, rather shamefacedly and dishonestly, by the newly invented Mandate system, which some people recognized as a euphemism for imperialism. The vast majority of Frenchmen and Britons were extremely proud of their empires and considered that it was self-evident that it was for the benefit of the world as well as in their own interests that they ruled directly or dominated indirectly the greater part of Asia and Africa. It was still widely accepted that God had so ordered the world that both individuals and states benefited everyone, including their victims, by making the maximum profit for themselves in every way, everywhere and everywhen. (*Downhill all the Way*, pp. 221-22)

It is clear that such views must indicate a vast change in the thinking of a man who had held office as an imperial administrator in the field.

Elsewhere in his autobiography, Woolf claims that, as a young man at Cambridge, he, like his contemporaries, had no interest in Imperial affairs, and little in politics in general. Although he and they did feel that they "were living in an era of incipient revolt" and that they themselves were "mortally involved in this revolt against a social system and code of conduct and morality which, for convenience sake may be referred to as bourgeois Victorianism,"⁵ politics played little part in this revolt. It was because of this, Woolf claims, that his qualms on leaving Cambridge, to go out to join the administration in Ceylon, were personal and not political.

That Woolf's unawareness of the moral problems of Empire was not a result of any lack of acuteness or of sensitivity on his part is more than suggested by his account of his reactions to his Sinhalese experience:

My seven years in the Ceylon Civil Service turned me from an aesthetic into a political animal. The social and economic squalor in which thousands of Sinhalese and Tamil villagers lived horrified me; I saw close at hand the evils of imperialism and foresaw some of the difficulties and dangers which its inevitable liquidation would involve. When I returned to England after this seven-year interval, I was intensely interested in the political and social system; I could observe it with the fresh eye of a stranger, and also to some extent with the eye of an expert, for as Assistant Government Agent of a District, as a judge, and as a magistrate, I had learned

a good deal about the art of government and administration.⁶

He clearly became both receptive and responsive to views other than the accepted "imperial line."

One wonders, however, whether the Woolf who left England — the aesthete who took ninety volumes of Voltaire out with him to Ceylon — would ever have become interested in imperialism and politics had he not had his experience of Ceylon. He seems not to have known J. A. Hobson's *Imperialism: A Study* (1902) before he left England. He seems never to have read Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. It seems astonishing that a man who came to have such a deep interest in the Imperial system should have been able to say of the artist who had written this most brilliant of all pictures of the question: "Conrad had been welcomed by all of us in our youth as a writer of great prose . . . but he . . . had no contact with or message for our generation."⁷

However that may be, interest and concern once established by experience (and confirmed, as Woolf claims, by the 1914-18 war and his work on the books *International Government* and *Empire and Commerce in Africa*),⁸ his views were anything but clear-cut. It is true that a large part of the work of his maturity was based on the assumption that Imperialism must end; and that this work was continued in spite of exasperation and frustration.

During the 1920's there were two problems of primary importance: first, to work out with the inhabitants of territories like India, Burma, and Ceylon the methods by which they could pass immediately from subordinate status to independence; secondly, to prepare those territories, mainly African, not ripe for immediate independence, by education and economic development so that they could pass, as rapidly as possible, through stages of self-government to political independence. When we put this before the Labour leaders and bigwigs and worked out in some detail the process by which the policy could be implemented, our proposals, as I have said, were accepted and put out as the official policy of the Party. When the time came for Labour Ministers and Governments to put their policy into practice, they always failed to do so. (*Journey*, pp. 164-65)

Woolf's earlier and later views are, however, markedly ambivalent. What he says about his career in Ceylon indicates that he was accepted by the other English, while retaining his integrity as "an intellectual"; esteemed by his superiors, and confident in his own superior ability and efficiency. And, although at one point in his autobiography he claims that he knew, after two or three years, that it was highly improbable that he would wish to live permanently in Ceylon,⁹ this is clearly an over-simplification. Elsewhere, he admits that he felt the temptation of power; but, this is again contradicted by his claiming that he had no desire to become a Governor — which he clearly felt to be a real possibility — and that he disliked Imperialism (*Growing*, p. 224).

Woolf's account of his feelings towards the Sinhalese is as contradictory as his account of his attitude towards his own position. He claims that "the three things which make up the education of most of the children in Hambantota are obscenity, ill manners and the torturing of animals."¹⁰ He forestalls accusations of sentimentality by his assertion that: "I am not one of Rousseau's latter-day disciples who believe in the nobility of the noble savage and in the wisdom of peasants, children, and imbeciles" (*Sowing*, p. 19). Yet he admits that: "To understand the people and the way they lived in the villages of West Giruwa Pattu and the jungles of Magampattu became a passion with me" (*Growing*, p. 180). He also claims that he did consider — without reference to any girl in particular — marrying a Sinhalese and remaining an administrator in a District like Hambantota in the event of Virginia Stephen's refusing to marry him (*Growing*, p. 247).

A comparison of what Woolf says about *The Village in the Jungle* with the book itself also indicates his — possibly not at all strange — inability to reconcile disparate attitudes and reactions. He says it was "a novel in which I tried somehow or other vicariously to live their lives. It

was also, in some curious way, the symbol of the anti-imperialism which had been growing upon me more and more in my last years in Ceylon" (*Beginning Again*, p. 47). Elsewhere he says that the theme of the book is, "in a sense," the cruelty and ugliness of the jungle (*Growing*, p. 212). The reader undoubtedly does feel the cruelty and ugliness of the jungle. Yet the fact that Woolf seems to have succeeded (in as far as it is possible) in vicariously living the lives of the village people when writing the book, and has enabled us to react with pity rather than irritation to the stupidity which causes the suffering of the central character, tends to reinforce our views of both the necessity and the virtue of the British administration. It is the white official who is understanding in his attitude towards a villager who is a self-confessed murderer, rather than the Sinhalese one.¹¹ And there is no attempt to suggest — as there is in *A Passage to India* — that the lack of sympathy of native for native is a *result* of the imperial situation. In what way was the book symbolic of Woolf's "anti-imperialism"? He offers us no clues.

It seems that the absence of any general feeling during the nineteenth century, that the rule by one race of another could not help but produce deplorable results in terms of human relations had the result that, when this view did begin to prevail, all views in favour of existing circumstances became, in their turn, unthinkable. It seems to have been simply the *zeitgeist* which, together with the knowledge provided by his experience of Ceylon and his relationship with Virginia Stephen, played the largest part in Woolf's decision to resign from the Ceylon Civil Service. For, as his difficulty in accounting for his attitudes without ambivalence shows, he himself wanted both to stay and to leave, both to enjoy power and to reject it. He did not like the permanent demonstration of the fact that, in Camus' division of the world's inhabitants into victims and executioners, he was one of the executioners. And yet he was realist enough to feel that he was

a just executioner, and therefore preferable to others. It was these factors — the *zeitgeist* and Virginia Stephen — which helped him to form a decision; although not to resolve a permanent ambivalence.

That Woolf's account in his autobiography, written years later, of his hesitation in 1911, has not been coloured by his later disappointment with the results of the end of the old imperial system, can be confirmed by a reading of the *Stories of the East*.

The third of the *Stories*, "The Two Brahmans," is, like *The Village In the Jungle*, told entirely from within the consciousness of the local people. There is no intrusive authorial presence. It is true that the reader assumes that irony exists in the writer's mind; but this finds no expression in the style. The facts are ironic; but the writer appears to refuse to admit this. The style is ineffable. There is some gentle amusement, but it is impossible to deduce Woolf's attitude towards what he describes.

The first, "A Tale Told by Moonlight," reads very much like something by Maugham — its publication did in fact coincide with Maugham's first group of Eastern stories, *The Trembling of a Leaf*, also published in 1921 — but it lacks Maugham's certainty of attitude. The narrator's uncertainty is not, however, artistically significant in the way, that it is, say, in another of Maugham's works, *The Moon and Sixpence*, where the genre of biography is ironically satirised; for in "A Tale Told by Moonlight" there is no doubt, as there is in *The Moon and Sixpence*, of the facts. Nor does the narrator's uncertainty resemble that uncertainty about human motives which gives Conrad's narrators their credibility; for the narrator describes the protagonists' feelings without diffidence. Rather, it is uncertainty about the situation in which he has placed the protagonists. (In this case, the narrator — equally with the writer — has chosen the situation; because he both introduced the lovers, and was the cause of their separa-

tion.) From a literary viewpoint, the narrator is over-obtrusive and irritating (certainly not from any design of the author): but, as a further indication of Woolf's ambivalence towards his colonial experience, his attitude is interesting. For the situation, the existence of which the narrator can neither entirely accept nor entirely reject, is in fact the colonial situation, which both makes possible such relationships between a white man and a woman of another race, and also creates the doubts about the value of the relationship which lead to separation and tragedy.

The second story, "Pearls and Swine," also shows Woolf's inability to hold a consistent line in relation to the empire. Possibly, indeed, it conveys the moral that no one attitude towards empire is the correct one. It begins with a discussion about Empire between people with different attitudes, none of which are based on first-hand experience of the subject. It is interrupted by the indignant mutter of the one silent hearer — other than the narrator — who also happens to be the only one — again, other than the narrator — with such experience. And it continues with his attempt to force his hearers to appreciate the real situation by giving an account of some of the experiences which he had found most significant. However, having done all he can to destroy the first speakers' complacency, he casts doubt on his own attitude. One of his listeners asks: "'Don't you think you've chosen rather exceptional circumstances, out of the ordinary case?' The Commissioner was looking into the few red coals that were all that was left of the fire. 'There's another Tamil proverb', he said: 'When the cat puts his head into a pot, he thinks all is darkness'."¹²

Once Woolf had decided to resign, however, he seems to have thrust his ambivalence on one side, and to have allowed himself to be carried by the new mood of the times; devoting a considerable amount of time to attacking imperialism. And yet, the virtual end of the imperialism he had contested having appeared by the time he was writing

his autobiography, he reports himself utterly disillusioned: "to see, what one had hoped for, the break-up of imperialism and colonialism, and then to find in the place of empires the chaotic crudities and hydrogen bombs of Mao in China, the senseless hostility of Pakistan and India, the unending war of Arabs and Israelis, the primitive brutality of apartheid in South Africa and Rhodesia; the ebb and flow of chaos and bloodshed and bleak authoritarianism in the new independent African states — when I look round at these facts in the world today, I feel acute pain, compounded, I think, of disappointment and horror and discomfort and disgust" (*Journey*, p. 169).

His return to Ceylon in 1960 brought to the surface that side of his personality and thinking which had always been interested in the rule of alien peoples. The changed English attitudes towards this had led him to expect a similar (or greater) hostility to his career, as a British administrator, in Ceylon. But "Their attitude was the exact opposite of what I had feared it might be Every Government Agent whom I met, except one, went out of his way to impress upon me the fact that things were better in our time than they are today. This was the kind of thing which they said to me everywhere: 'In your time when you administered a district or a province things were really much better than they are for us today. You had no local axes to grind, nor had the central government in Colombo'" (*Journey*, p. 194).

Even making allowances for the fact that "The Sinhalese seem to be naturally courteous and honey-tongued" (*Journey*, p. 195), and that part of the friendliness of his reception might have been the result of the favourable reputation he enjoyed in Ceylon as the author of *The Village in the Jungle*, there was still enough substance in their views to make him reconsider his own attitude towards Empire:

There was much to be said against the imperialism of the British Empire in the years from 1904 to 1911 . . . but there were also some very good things in it . . . in

1900 the population of Ceylon was almost entirely agricultural, peasants and cultivators living in villages. In these vilages the standards of living, education, and culture were low. Given these conditions, our provincial administration had some very good points; it was honest and, though patriarchal and paternal, i.e., no doubt 'feudal', the civil servant at the top, as ruler, was concerned solely with what he thought to be the good of the people and of the Province. There is evidence of this in the fact that in 1960 many years after we had left Ceylon to govern itself this local provincial administration was exactly the same as it had been fifty years before when I left the island in the heyday of imperialism. (*Journey*, pp. 195-96)

Woolf does not say this in so many words, but the reader feels that Woolf is now more convinced than he was, as an ambivalent young man in the sway of the *zeitgeist*, of the value inherent in the British presence. During his return visit to Ceylon, he had been presented with a copy of his official diaries. When these were published, he appended an "Introduction," in which he described the principles which had been the basis of government in Ceylon as having been "derived . . . largely from a mixture between the liberal humanitarian and utilitarian ideals of Britain of the early nineteenth century modified by the actual facts of what had to be done in the East" (p. xiv). His return visit to Ceylon had forced him to reaffirm the value of these principles, and — by implication — the validity of the British mandate. Subsequent to this visit, a further attempt to account for his resignation from Ceylon in 1911 — significantly — makes no mention of any anti-imperialist ideology, and is purely personal: "I was not prepared to spend my life doing justice to people who thought that my justice was injustice" (*Journey*, p. 208).

It has already been suggested that the reader does not perceive the jungle in *The Village in the Jungle* as symbolic of the "evils of imperialism." Elsewhere in his work, Woolf uses the jungle and savage life as a means of describing phenomena in the civilized world. School and university were both "jungles" (*Sowing*, pp. 96, 97). He

compares the "jungle society of tigers and jackals" with that of the Nazis and Fascists.¹³ He sees a similarity between the sympathetic magic and tribal customs of the jungle, and the atmosphere of fear and quackery created in the twentieth century.¹⁴ He uses comparisons with savage life as a means of illustrating his view of the inadequate mental equipment of twentieth-century politicians: "If you can imagine Mr. Herbert Morrison trying to administer the affairs of the London County Council in 1940 with the organization and ideas of a tribe of Pacific head-hunting savages, you will have a fairly accurate picture of the Kaiser, the Tsar, Sir Edward Grey and M. Delcassé managing the affairs of Europe between 1900 and 1914."¹⁵ He uses a home-made Aesop's fable to describe his opposition to pacificism. He tells how he had once witnessed a leopard using its effortless method of killing monkeys, by standing beneath a tree and hypnotising them by clicking its teeth. Eventually, one of the monkeys, through taking part in the frenzied dancing thereby induced, fell down at the leopard's feet. Since the only method of protecting the monkey was by using force against force, Woolf used his gun to shoot the leopard. Later he wished he had not done so.¹⁶

"Fear and Politics" (1925), a somewhat confused satirical sketch, describes human beings both by its portrayal of the animals of the Zoo as representative of different types of humans, and by the debate in which the animals discuss the nature of man and his political behaviour. It is most striking in the pessimism of the elephant's view of the human situation:

"Those happy animals among us who have never known what it was to be free, whose tickets upon their cages bear the fortunate inscription BORN IN CAPTIVITY, may not understand what I am going to say. I was born in the jungle . . . it was sometimes very pleasant to be free in the jungle. But only for a moment, because the jungle was a place of perpetual fear. We were all, like these human animals, perpetually afraid of one another. It was a continual struggle, a continual killing of one by the other . . . Fear ruled us and the beginning

and the end of jungle wisdom was fear It is clear from our discussion to-night that men are still living in the jungle" (*Essays*, pp. 23-24)

In his autobiography, Woolf takes the comparison even further. "When in Ceylon I for the first time saw in the jungle what nature was really like in the crude relation of beast to beast, I was shocked and at first even disgusted at the cold savagery, the pitiless cruelty. But when I contemplate the jungle of human relations, I feel that here are savageries and hatreds . . . which make the tiger and the viper seem gentle, charitable, tender-hearted" (*Sowing*, p. 80).

In *The Village in the Jungle*, as in these works, the jungle is a symbol, not of "the evils of imperialism," but of an oppression inherent in the nature of things, of hopelessness, helplessness, joylessness, limited mental development, limited grasp of the internal and external worlds in which man lives, beast preying on beast, man on man.

There is, however, the significant difference that Woolf's later use of the symbol reveals an impatience, a lack of control, above all the lack of perspective of an *idée fixe*, which is not evident in *The Village in the Jungle*. Woolf is not angry with the villagers in his village in the jungle, as he is with the inhabitants of the world-jungle. The reason for this difference is self-evident. In his view the Sinhalese villagers were not responsible for the Jungle in which they lived. The inhabitants of the civilized world were responsible. They were also responsible for, and fully able to destroy — would they only make the attempt — the jungle in which they themselves lived.

Agitate as he might, Woolf was a moral imperialist at heart. He objected to the conception of the African as "savage," because of the adverse effects this had on the European's behaviour towards him.¹⁷ But his own view of African society was essentially that of the Victorians: "Imperialism and Western civilization have had their chance in Africa; they could do exactly what they liked there; there were no ancient civilizations offering ob-

struction and resistance both in the minds and the institutions of men. The African, physically and mentally, was absolutely unable to resist the European; and in Africa, therefore, the European had clear ground, a virgin field, to show the world what the blessings of his civilization and the teachings of his religion — Christianity — could accomplish."¹⁸ What Woolf wanted for Africa was the paternalist Mandate System.

The pressure of domestic politics and European events forced Woolf to realise the essential similarity of so-called savage and so-called civilized man. Nevertheless, all his work for world-peace, world-government — his decades of work as Secretary of the Labour Party Advisory Committee on International Affairs; the study, *International Government* (1916) (which, he claims, "was used extensively by the government committee which produced the British proposals for a League of Nations laid before the Peace Conference, and also by the British delegation to the Versailles Conference");¹⁹ the books, *After the Deluge*, *Quack, Quack!*, *Barbarians at the Gate*, *The War for Peace*, *The Way of Peace*; his editing of *The Intelligent Man's Way to Prevent War* — all this effort and conscientiousness were based on the assumption that civilized man, unlike savage man, could control the jungle.

Woolf's ambivalence was not just an ambivalence about the value of imperialism, but an ambivalence as to the value of effort in the direction of "progress and civilisation."²⁰ He did genuinely share the pessimism of the elephant at the Zoo: "human beings are the savagest race of carnivora known in the jungle, and they will never be happy and civilized, and the world will never be safe for democracy or for any other animal, until each human animal is confined in a separate cage" ("Fear and Politics," *Essays*, p. 24). In spite of this, however, he directed his career towards achieving an end to human savagery without that sacrifice of freedom which the elephant sees as the only condition for the existence of civilization.

Woolf's ambivalence is illuminated by the dialogue between the old Buddhist and the hunter Silindu in *The Village in the Jungle*. The Buddhist conceives of the animals in the jungle as part of a sanctified pattern, and feels compassion for the sadness of the elephant, which he attributes to contrition for "the sins of the previous birth." But Silindu rejects this viewpoint with impatience: "You do not know the jungle, father . . . It is of food and killing and hunting that the beasts talk to me. They know nothing of your path, nor do I" (pp. 262-63).

Woolf's Sinhalese experience had taught him that the jungle is the world, and the world is the jungle. He had direct experience of the ineluctable division of humanity into victims and executioners. As a member of an Imperial administration, he felt himself one of the executioners, not because he did not administer with sympathy and humanity, but because he was not one of the "victims." It was for this reason that he worked for the ending of Empire. It was for this reason he had felt the jungle to be symbolic of the "evils of imperialism."

The Imperialist system was, however, as he himself fully realised, only one example of this division into hunters and hunted. The end of that system would end one form of this division, but not all. Hence, co-existent with his work against Imperialism, his work to establish a world in which all would feel themselves equal citizens, not of any individual country, but of the world; a world in which fear, and therefore war, would be abolished.

The failure of his work for world-peace, together with the failure of the end of the Imperialist system to bring about a reduction in the number of the victims, forced Woolf, in his autobiography, to accept (what he had really known at the back of his mind all along) that his life's work — and indeed human work in general — was useless. Its only value was in the attitudes which created it: "though all that I tried to do politically was completely futile and ineffective and unimportant, for me personally

it was right and important that I should do it, even though at the back of my mind I was well aware that it was ineffective and unimportant" (*Journey*, p. 172).

But although Woolf had known, all along, at the back of his mind, that his efforts had been doomed to failure, it had been essential to his emotional survival to believe or to attempt to believe that they were not so doomed. George Orwell had perhaps been more honest when he attempted to join the victims. (This seems to have been the logic of the few years of his life which he spent as tramp and restaurant washer-upper. It was not, as some have claimed, an attempt to expiate the guilt which he felt he had incurred by taking part in administering the Empire, but a conscious seeking to act in keeping with the lesson which he (like Woolf) had learnt from his Imperial career; the lesson that the world is divided into victims and executioners. He decided he would not remain among the executioners). Woolf was himself aware of the possibility of this solution, as he shows in the mad old Buddhist's statement of his philosophy: "Surely . . . it is better to wander on and on from village to village, always, begging a little rice and avoiding sin" (*The Village in the Jungle*, p. 265). But he rejects this stand through the mouths of the villagers, as he was later to reject pacificism; and as Orwell was later also to reject it, at least in his first, extreme implementation of it. Of course, the lesser end for which Woolf had worked has been achieved. Those old-fashioned manifestations of the Imperial Spirit which he attacked have virtually come to an end. Ironically, the facts of the world and the impact of his return visit to Ceylon in 1960 suggested to Woolf that the destruction of the old Imperialist system might have increased the evils which it had been his ultimate end to see destroyed. The implications of this lesson were, however, too painful for him — as they would be perhaps for any sensitive man — to accept.

NOTES

- ¹Frederic Harrison, "Empire and Humanity" (1880, rpt. *National and Social Problems*, London: Macmillan, 1908), p. 257.
- ²Frederic Harrison, *Autobiographic Memoirs* (London: Macmillan, 1911), I, 182.
- ³Leonard Woolf, *Downhill all the Way* (1967; rpt. London: Hogarth Press, 1970), p. 83.
- ⁴In Leonard Woolf, *Essays on Literature, History, Politics, etc.* (London: Hogarth Press, 1927), pp. 250-56. Henceforth referred to as *Essays*.
- ⁵Leonard Woolf, *Sowing* (1960; rpt. London: Hogarth Press, 1970), pp. 151-52.
- ⁶Leonard Woolf, *The Journey and not the Arrival Matters* (1969; rpt. London: Hogarth Press, 1970), p. 153. Henceforth referred to as *Journey*.
- ⁷Leonard Woolf, *Beginning Again* (1964; rpt. London: Hogarth Press, 1972), p. 123.
- ⁸*Downhill all the Way*, p. 222.
- ⁹Leonard Woolf, *Growing* (1961; rpt. London: Hogarth Press, 1970), p. 180.
- ¹⁰Leonard Woolf, *Diaries in Ceylon 1908-1911* (London: Hogarth Press, 1963), p. 182.
- ¹¹See Leonard Woolf, *The Village in the Jungle* (1913; rpt. London: Hogarth Press, 1971) pp. 234-48.
- ¹²Leonard Woolf, "Stories From the East," in *Diaries in Ceylon*, pp. 253-86, p. 279. I have corrected two obvious misprints. The BM catalogue gives the title of the 1921 edition as "Stories of the East."
- ¹³Leonard Woolf, *Barbarians at the Gate* (London: Victor Gollancz, 1939), pp. 137-38.
- ¹⁴Leonard Woolf, *Quack, Quack!* (1936; rpt. London: Hogarth Press, 1937), *passim*.
- ¹⁵Leonard Woolf, *The War for Peace* (London: Routledge, 1940), p. 73.
- ¹⁶*Ibid.*, pp. 217-20.
- ¹⁷Leonard Woolf, *Empire and Commerce in Africa* (1920; rpt. London: Allen and Unwin, 1968), p. 165.
- ¹⁸Leonard Woolf, *Imperialism and Civilization* (London: Hogarth Press, 1928), p. 71.
- ¹⁹*Journey*, p. 160.
- ²⁰Leonard Woolf, *International Government* (London: Fabian Society, 1916), p. 9.

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