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Looking Back on Koestler's Spanish War

Of the extraordinary amount of literature that came out of the Spanish Civil War, Arthur Koestler's work is considered among the best, usually ranked with the personal narratives of Orwell and Bernanos and the fiction of Hemingway. In 1954, in his most specific comment on his Spanish War writings, Koestler explained:

In all foreign editions, including the American, *Dialogue with Death* appeared as a self-contained book. In the original English edition, however (Gollancz and Left Book Club, 1937), it formed the second part of *Spanish Testament*, the first part of which consisted of the earlier propaganda book on Spain that I had written for Muenzenberg (*L'Espagne ensanglantée*). *Spanish Testament* is (and shall remain) out of print; *Dialogue with Death* has been reissued in England under that title, in the form in which it was originally written.¹

Most of Koestler's textual information is incorrect. He does not tell us that he has made crucial changes from text to text: the first half of *Spanish Testament* "consisted of" more — over a hundred pages more — than "the earlier propaganda book," *L'Espagne*, and the "Dialogue" section of *Spanish Testament* was significantly altered for *Dialogue with Death* — there are hundreds of major and minor deletions and additions. The revisions, in fact, point to important changes in Koestler's politics, personality, purposes, and literary skills.²

In their author's eyes, *L'Espagne* and *Spanish Testament* belong to an earlier period of his life: they were written while he was still in the Communist Party and before he had felt the full effect of his Spanish War experience. In shedding his past, he also obscures some of its artifacts. His motives, however, seem less malicious (he need not have mentioned the texts) and more the result of psychological suppression. Koestler's Spanish Civil War experience was so difficult — his visits to Spain under Comintern auspices, his capture by Franco's troops, the

Spanish prison cells, his discovery of self, his subsequent break from the Communist Party, as well as his writings about Spain — that in his later statement, he prefers to see the whole writer who emerged at the end, rather than the man, often in chaos, who lived through it. Instead of regarding *L'Espagne* and *Spanish Testament* as his doors of perception and the record of his journey, he finds the recollection of them so painful that he is glad to report, they are “(and shall remain) out of print.”

In fact, all of Koestler's versions of his Spanish Civil War experience are worth the light of print and together they form a unique microcosm of a period — the most important literary period — of his life. In *L'Espagne*, essentially a Comintern propaganda book, replete with atrocity stories and horrifying photographs, he reveals his ambivalent and doomed infatuation with the Communist Party as well as his dependence upon Willy Muenzenberg, the Comintern's “Red Eminence” (Koestler's phrase). In the first half of *Spanish Testament*, on his own in England, he falls into various didactic styles: sometimes he is the echo of Comintern propaganda, often he quiets to passages of liberal reason, and frequently he turns Marxist analysis into apocalyptic vision. But in the second or “Dialogue with Death” half of the book, he allows his individualism to emerge. Then, in the separate *Dialogue with Death* edition of 1942, he drops the chapters of historical and political analysis, over 180 pages, and concentrates on his private adventures in Spain, especially in the prisons of Malaga and Seville. The three different but complementary texts form a kind of modern *Bildungsroman*: the hero's character emerges from the trials and temptations of politics to discover spiritual meaning and to be born anew. By disregarding the author's textual misinformation, therefore, and working through all of his Spanish War writings, we can read and evaluate them in a different, certainly a more accurate way.

L'Espagne ensanglantée (Editions du Carrefour, Paris, 1937) is written in a hectic, scattered, at times almost bloodthirsty style. Koestler worked under the direction of Willy Muenzenberg, head of the Comintern's Paris propaganda office, and his writing reflects Muenzenberg's literary injunction: “ ‘Hit them! Hit them hard! . . . Make the world gasp with horror. Hammer it into their heads. Make them *wake up* . . . ! ’ ” (*Invisible Writing*, 407). To establish Koestler's credibility, an editorial note describes him as an “*Envoye special du News Chronicle, journal liberal de Londres*” (*L'Espagne*, 9). (Muenzenberg arranged this cover and throughout his trips to Spain, Koestler did send a number

of dispatches to the *News Chronicle*.) In the opening chapters of *L'Espagne*, he tells of his journey into Rebel territory in August, 1936. He reports on Fascist atrocities in Seville (most of these accounts were dropped for *Spanish Testament* and therefore were probably untrue), he visits the headquarters of the mad Rebel general Quiépo de Llano and quotes from the latter's famous radio broadcasts, e.g., "*Ces femmes communistes et anarchistes, par leur doctrine de l'amour libre, se sont elles-mêmes déclarés prêtes à appartenir au premier venu*" (*L'Espagne*, 23). He then leaves Spain.

His personal adventures are muted, and he focuses the narrative on the Nationalist campaign. He retails, at length, atrocity stories, and he participates fully in the propaganda war of the time. Years later, he portrayed himself as almost innocent in the writing of *L'Espagne*, as if he were mainly Muenzenberg's amanuensis, but considering Koestler's talent for vivid prose, he was probably more than a passive copyist when the atrocity stories were ladled into the book.

Koestler never states his personal feelings in *L'Espagne*, but he suggests his confusion and pessimism. He fears lying — and according to his later memoirs, he felt that his life in the Communist Party was mainly a lie — and he says of propagandists: "*Un agitateur qui connaît son métier peut répandre dans le monde, en dix minutes, plus des mensonges que l'on en pourra réfuter au course d'une année*" (*L'Espagne*, 45). He is referring to Hitler and, indirectly, Goebbels and Franco, but since he and Muenzenberg were engaged in Comintern propaganda, he implies a self description as well.

After finishing *L'Espagne*, possibly to break out of his psychological and, at times, financial, political, and literary dependence upon and frequent rejection by Willy Muenzenberg (Koestler had been with him on and off for four years), he embarked upon other missions to Spain. That his psychic situation was becoming intolerable and that he felt compelled to cut through it by an extreme and dangerous act is one explanation of why, on February 9, 1937, after rejecting numerous opportunities to leave the doomed city of Malaga, Koestler allowed himself to be captured by Rebel troops.

It was the London *News Chronicle*, ironically, after a vigorous campaign protesting the arrest and imprisonment of an "English liberal journalist", who helped most to secure his release from Nationalist Spain. He spent ninety days in prison, first in Malaga and then in Seville, under sentence of death and with no idea of what was occurring

on the outside. Suddenly he was released, taken to Gibraltar and then to England, where he found himself front-page news.

Immediately, for the *News Chronicle*, he wrote a factual, journalistic account of his adventure. In the five articles (May 23 to May 28, 1937), he described his arrest and imprisonment, including drawings of his cell, but he hardly mentioned his psychological experiences. The very last line of the final article indicates his feelings at this time: "It is still like a dream . . ." (his ellipsis).

Koestler's situation in England in Late May, 1937 was complicated: if he revealed that he was a Communist, he would embarrass the people who had helped to secure his release and justify "Franco's propaganda which took the line that all democratic opponents of his regime were disguised Reds" (*Invisible Writing*, 448). He felt that he has to maintain "the fiction of the *bona fide* Liberal journalist" and "A deception, once started has a compelling momentum of its own." (*Ibid.*)³ But possibly the role of liberal journalist was less troubling than continuing membership in the Communist Party. England, with its tradition of individualism, allowed Koestler's individualism to flower. During his political career on the Continent from 1931 to 1936, he had never squared his individualism with the demands of Party discipline. It was this struggle that shaped his off-again-on-again participation in the Party; but once in England, he could free himself of the major deception of his life — his self-deception concerning CP membership. In England, he could be rewarded financially, socially, and psychologically for working out in print what he termed his "voyage of discovery" (*Spanish Testament*, 301), and although under the restraint of having to pose as a liberal journalist, he found that less confining than Willy Muenzenberg's Comintern tutelage.

After completing his series for the *News Chronicle*, Koestler was asked by Gollancz to do a book on his Spanish adventures. When he wrote *Spanish Testament* in the summer and fall of 1937, his sense of self was very much in transition and the book reflects the transition.⁴ In the first half of *Spanish Testament*, he unsuccessfully combines elements of the propagandist's contempt for his audience with the liberal journalist's sympathy for a like-minded, individualist reader. Only when he defines the line between himself and "English journalists in particular, with their traditional feelings for level-headedness and decency . . . But a civil war is in itself a somewhat indecent affair" (*Sp. T.* 164), does he move toward his own voice (and his eventual role as exile and prophet within

English life and letters). So much for the public side of liberal journalism; Koestler is after the private element, subjective truth, and when he seeks it in the second half of *Spanish Testament*, "Dialogue with Death", the propagandist gives way to the psychological pilgrim and the author produces a coherent narrative.

Unlike *L'Espagne ensanglantée*, Koestler begins *Spanish Testament* with a first-person narrator, and he tells the story of his initial visit to and escape from Rebel Spain (a Nazi journalist in Seville recognized him and he had to flee). He saturates the narrative with atrocity stories and luridly describes his adventures: during his interview with Quiapo de Llano, "Spittle oozed from the corners of the General's mouth, and there was (a) flickering glow in his eyes . . ." (*Sp. T.* 34). After the opening narrative, he launches a "Historic Retrospect" section, five chapters, one hundred and eighty pages in all, much of it cribbed from *L'Espagne*. But the changes are significant: the argument has been smoothed out, charts put into words, and English references added. The entire first half of *Spanish Testament* suggests that Koestler had not resolved his confusion and ambivalence about Willy and the Party — he did not resign for another six months — but at the same time, he sought a way out of the tension that his past created.

One of his solutions, mainly unconscious, was to fasten upon the apocalyptic element in Marxism. In passages that could have roared from the author of *The Eighteenth Brumaire*, Koestler shows how he had internalized Marx's apocalyptic style. Frequently he calls for total break from the past — "once and for all sweeping away the economic foundations of feudalism in Spain"; and he sees no easy or reformist way to "the new era" — history requires revolution and apocalypse, and "The receipt for (Republican) tolerance was handed . . . by General Franco on July 18th, on the point of a bayonet." (*Sp. T.* 65).

He goes beyond Marxism, however, in his fascination for and portrayal of the apocalyptic. For the political role of the Catholic Church, he invokes the rich Medieval apocalyptic tradition: "Infuriated crowds made attacks on churches and monasteries; they had not forgotten that . . . the machine-guns of antichrist had been trained on them from the fortress-like sacred building of Spain" (*Sp. T.* 67). The Nationalist Rebellion becomes "that curious blend of poison gas and incense which is characteristic of Francisco Franco's modern crusade" (*Sp. T.* 60). And the Moorish troops are the agents of apocalypse, demonic hordes embarked on "the barbarians" crusade" (*Sp. T.* 71).

That the Spanish Civil War prompted these apocalyptic descriptions was as much a result of the actual historical situation as Koestler's personal need and desire to focus on this aspect of it. He was hardly alone in seeing the war as apocalyptic, but because he saw his life at this time as a series of catastrophes, he was attracted to the most catastrophic element in the Spanish War.

The apocalyptic mode, however, allowed him a way out of his personal dilemma. Too often in the first half of *Spanish Testament*, he loses control because he cannot construct a framework within which to resolve his political, psychological, and literary tensions. Instead he erects a centrifugal machine, throwing its elements from the centre. Only when he connects his private fears to world destruction fantasies, describing personal experiences in apocalyptic terms, does he locate his authentic voice.

This occurs in the second half of the book, "Dialogue with Death". A key passage, identical in the 1937 and 1942 texts, describes his thoughts on the eve of the fall of Malaga, with an Italian Army outside the defenseless city.⁵ He begins with a solemn incantation of the date, this important day in the life of Malaga (and of Arthur Koestler because of his arrest): "On this Sunday night, the seventh of February, nineteen hundred and thirty-seven, a new St. Bartholomew's Night is being openly prepared" (*Sp. T.* 210/*Dial.* 32). His biblical cadence and imagery turns "An army of foreign invaders . . . encamped beyond the hills, recouping its strength" into a demonic horde, and he builds on this when he announces that "to-morrow", they "will invade these streets and drench them in the blood of the people." He plays on the phrase "the blood of the lamb", because the people are childlike and innocent and the invaders, characterized by the repeated "they", senselessly cruel: "whose (the people's) language they do not understand, with whom they have no quarrel, and of whose very existence they were yesterday as unaware as to-morrow they will be indifferent to their deaths" (*Ibid.*).

There is no indication of this passage in the *News Chronicle* series. Later in "Dialogue", Koestler describes the Nationalist take-over of Malaga — since the town was almost deserted, it proceeded smoothly, with hardly a shot fired — and thus he acknowledges that his "St. Bartholomew's Night" did not occur. But six months after the fall of Malaga, he wrote this passage for "Dialogue" and four years later he kept it in *Dialogue*. The apocalyptic mode must have seemed absolutely

true to him, representative of his feelings at the time, and as with most writers who invoke the apocalypse, he transmutes the political and psychological experience that sparked his feelings into annunciatory terrors. The final line of the passage — “There is still perhaps time to get away” — shows the connection between his demonic horde on the other side of the hills and his own person. Koestler, in fact, did not try to get away.

In “Dialogue”/*Dialogue*. Koestler tells the story of his imprisonment and his discovery of self. He later said that this was part of “the most important period in my life, its spiritual crisis and turning point” but “the transformation . . . took some time (to) seep through and alter my conscious outlook” (*Inv. Wr.* 411-412). The before-and-after Koestler exists particularly in the textual differences between “Dialogue” (1937) and *Dialogue* (1942).

In the Foreword to “Dialogue”, Koestler refers to himself as “a writer” and “a journalist”, but for the 1942 Foreword, he mentions “the first person singular” and his string of “I’s” leads into the first-person narrative of the text (throughout *Spanish Testament*, he had moved fitfully from third to first person and back again).

The successive Forewords point to Koestler’s emerging individualism, and every change in the text underlines his new sense of self, as author, subject, political man, and psychological phenomenon. In the first half of *Spanish Testament*, the liberal journalist alternated with the leftist ideologue; in the “Dialogue with Death” half, when he concentrates on his personal experiences, he begins to work out the authorial synthesis that he completes in *Dialogue*: the lone individual within an apocalyptic world. In his life, especially after he left the CP in 1938, he moved to increasing isolation, in his writing, to prophecy. (During these five years, he finished *The Gladiators*, and wrote *Darkness at Noon* and *The Scum of the Earth*, three of his most powerful and prophetic books.)

The major differences between “Dialogue” and *Dialogue* are personal and literary. Again and again, he reworks a passage or changes a word or two to emphasize his authorial character and/or to produce a greater literary effect. No doubt he rewrote partly because of his increasing familiarity with the English language and his dissatisfaction with the original text, but in so doing he also indicates his growing sense of himself as a writer, even a literary artist.

He takes turgid “Dialogue” passages of hundreds of words and by eliminating the verbiage, and often the sloppy sentiments, turns them

into vivid, concise paragraphs. When he adds to the text, he gives it greater rhetorical force. His narrative character is more carefully drawn, and he is more honest about his emotions. As part of his description of his breakdown in Malaga on the eve of surrender, he adds to the paragraph: "Nothing doing without alcohol. The pressure of outward events has to be balanced by a certain inward pressure; the brain remains lucid but stark reality is agreeably blunted. And one no longer minds" (*Dial.* 21).

On the formal literary level, the deletion or addition of words, Koestler seems quite conscious; but on the political and psychological levels, the meanings and implications of these changes, he appears much less aware. He can present some of his private feelings, as in the passage on alcohol, but he is still unable and/or unwilling to tell the whole story of his Spanish War experiences. *Dialogue* has a more polished surface than the earlier version, but Koestler's unconscious projections still break through, usually in odd, code-like ways. In a passage added for *Dialogue*, he describes a zealous political commissar:

He is twenty-five and has been a member of the Socialist Youth from the age of eighteen. He knows all about the situation, and he knows that I know all about it, and that to-morrow the entire world will know all about it even if I don't cable a word. But his grey matter, soaked with propaganda, is proof against all realization of the truth. (*Dial.* 27)

The biographical detail that the fellow has been in leftist party politics for seven years (the years 1930-1937) appears gratuitous until connected to Koestler's own years in the Party: "I served the Communist Party for seven years (1931-1938)."⁶ He seems both to identify with the young Spanish politico and be repulsed by him. Since he added this to his text after he had ended his CP years, the "he", the politico, can be translated as the old, CP Koestler, and the "I" as the newly isolated and aware author writing about the "soaked with propaganda" politico.

Usually the *Dialogue* revisions are more in control than in this passage. Sometimes the changes are subtle and reflect an impulse to try to reenter and recreate feelings, especially those of his prison experience, and by implication to reject the earlier version as incomplete or inaccurate. In 1937, in his conclusion to "Dialogue", he cannot articulate what has happened to him and as the "St. Bartholemew Night's" passage showed, he found it easier to project apocalyptic feelings upon Malaga, even Spain itself, than to focus on the momentous changes in his own life:

Still more often I dream that I must return to No. 41 (his Seville prison cell) because I have left something behind there. Something or other, I don't know what.

What was it, what have I forgotten? I must go back once again and take a last look round before the steel door falls to: this time not before, but behind, me. (*Sp. T.* 369)

When he comes to rewrite this passage for *Dialogue*, he has a better sense of what has occurred:

Still more often I dream that I must return to No. 41 because I have left something behind there. I think I know what this something is, but it would be too complicated to explain. (*Dial.* 202)

"Dialogue"/*Dialogue* ends with Koestler flying out of Nationalist Spain in a small, open plane. The movement of the plane and the spectacular sensation of clouds, earth, and sky are reminiscent of the final flight in Malraux's *Temps de Mépris* (there, too, the political prisoner is flown to his freedom amidst much overt symbolism). For *Dialogue*, Koestler adds the Epilogue statement:

Those who survived are now pursuing their dialogues with death in the midst of the European Apocalypse, to which Spain had been the prelude. (*Dial.* 215)

Koestler later chose to bury the first half of *Spanish Testament* and to deny the nature of the "Dialogue" half. Unfortunately for *Dialogue with Death*, the first half of *Spanish Testament* supplies a rhetorical element necessary for the whole *Dialogue* experience. Although the historical background is often inaccurate and overstated, in *Spanish Testament*, unlike *Dialogue*, the main participant, Arthur Koestler, is placed within history. Even when he tries objectively to present the background, he is subjectively involved. He is a partisan, and he convinces us, rightly, that there is no shame in being on the side of the Spanish Republic.

Spanish Testament is also crucial to *Dialogue* because within the first half of the book, Koestler captures the apocalyptic climate of the Spanish Civil War. He portrays and participates in the level of feeling that can lead men to kill "Reds" or "Fascists", "Workers" or "Priests", simply because they can pin those labels on their victims. By conveying this passion in the first half of *Spanish Testament*, he helps explain how and why the Seville prison and its executions can operate in

Dialogue. Without the passion of the first half of *Spanish Testament*, reading *Dialogue* is somewhat like coming in for the last act of a drama: the level of emotion seems inappropriate to what is happening on stage.

An example of this discrepancy occurs when he is arrested in Malaga:

While we are crossing the forecourt an officer of the Falanx (Falange) prodded me on the chest. 'Ruso, Ruso — a Russian, a Russian!' he exclaimed in the excited voice of a child which, when taken to the zoo for the first time, shouts: 'A crocodile, a crocodile!' I said that I was not a Russian, but he wouldn't listen to me.

'Tonight you'll be flying off to your Moscow Hell,' he said with a grin. (Sp. T. 227/Dial. 52-53)

Within the context of *Spanish Testament*, after the long discussions of propaganda, especially the virulence and power of Franco's anti-Communist campaign, the Falangist's reaction makes sense. Without the context, as in *Dialogue*, his actions seem at once comic and gratuitously sadistic.

When, in the truncated version, Koestler begins his *Dialogue with Death*, he sees it personally, with few political implications. By leaving out the first half of *Spanish Testament* and rewriting the "Dialogue" half, his perceptions about death often become small, ironic jests. With a coherent *Spanish Testament*, all parts of *Dialogue* would assume a larger dimension: the relationship of politics to a man's life and death. *Dialogue* is merely that — a dialogue between a single man and the peculiar forces of his possible death (a sudden, almost unexplained potentiality). *Spanish Testament* might have been that — a testament to a wider experience.⁷

Koestler has told the story of his Spanish War experiences one other time. In *Invisible Writing*, 1954, he attempted to analyse his motives and actions during his visits to Spain and describe his mystical experiences in cell No. 41. In five chapters, sixty-two pages in all, with great intensity, he tries to reenter and relive his Spanish War experience. The result is a form of therapeutic catharsis, one to complete as well as articulate what had occurred during the original experience. At one point in *Invisible Writing*, after connecting a troubling and recurring dream to a prison incident, he says, "the feeling of guilt on this particular count began to dissolve, and I began to take a more detached view of the incident" (439). The psychic relief that comes from telling his most private version of the experience also allows Koestler to

see his writings on the war in a new way; but to the end, he confuses the "Dialogue" half of *Spanish Testament* with the *Dialogue* revision:

Dialogue with Death is an autobiographical sketch written at the age of thirty-two; the present chapter is an 'explanation' of the same events, written at the age of forty-seven. I wonder what shape and colour they would take if I were to re-write them after another fifteen years have elapsed. Yet in intent each of these versions represents the truth, based on first-hand knowledge of the events and intimate acquaintance with the hero. (*Inv. Wr.* 442)

He reveals his dialectical sense here; rather than try to arrest time as he so frequently did in the earlier versions, he acknowledges its flux and even seems content to flow with it.

Because of such moments, as well as the intensity that drives him through his self-examination, Koestler's Spanish War writings form a series of remarkable documents. When the 1954 memoir was published, some critics compared it to Rousseau's *Confessions*. Koestler's work is far too flawed to achieve Rousseau's rank, but his Spanish War writings are important and when considered together they form a unique record of a man's personal, political, and literary odyssey.

Writing was so integral to the experience that the works map the journey: from Communist Party propagandist and Willy Muenzenberg's agent in *L'Espagne ensanglantée*, through the *News Chronicle* and *Spanish Testament* contradiction of liberal journalist and leftist ideologue, to Arthur Koestler, individual hero and prophetic figure in "Dialogue with Death" and especially its revision, *Dialogue with Death*, and finally, the self-analyst and mystic of *The Invisible Writing*. In their contradictions, unevenness and brilliance, Koestler's Spanish War writings reaffirm Isaac Rosenfeld's judgement that "it is precisely his imitations, by which he reflects his age, that give his utterances their authenticity for the age."⁸

NOTES

1. *The Invisible Writing: The Second Volume of an Autobiography: 1932-1940*. Hutchinson and Co., London, 1969, p. 441.
2. The critics are no help in unravelling Koestler's Spanish writings. Surprisingly, no critic seems to have found and read *L'Espagne ensanglantée* or Koestler's series of articles in the *London News Chronicle*, May 23 to May 28, 1937 (another important source for *Spanish Testament*). The critics who discuss *Dialogue with Death* assume that there is only one text and that it was written in 1937 during the Spanish Civil War — whereas the text they usually quote from is the greatly revised 1942 edition.

Koestler continues the confusion in the "Preface to the Danube Edition" of *Dialogue with Death* (The Danube Edition, published by Hutchinson and Co., London, is the supposedly definitive edition of his works): "*Dialogue with Death* is an account of that (Spanish War) experience written immediately after my release, in July-August, 1937, and published at the end of the same year as part of a larger book under the title *Spanish Testament*" (London, 1966, p. 5). The text, however, is identical to the 1942 version (first published by Macmillan and Co., New York) and very different from the 1937 Left Book Club and Gollancz edition of *Spanish Testament*.

3. In fact, the liberal British press and public were using Koestler as much as he claims to have used them. The press campaign sought to embarrass Franco and more directly, the non-interventionist Chamberlain government. The *News Chronicle* ran such headlines as, "Fears for Koestler: Tied to Plank in Cell," (an untrue rumor) April 7, 1937, and "Koestler: Union Jack Was No Protection," (he was an Hungarian citizen) April 15, 1937.
4. Part of the transition was his increasing use of the English language in his writing. Stanley Weintraub in *The Last Great Cause*. Weybright and Talley, New York, 1968, states that "more than half of *Spanish Testament* (including *Dialogue with Death*) was originally written in English," and he offers as his source, "Koestler to S(tanley) W(eintraub), June 7, 1965" (p. 321).
5. For the reader's convenience, all *Dialogue with Death* references are to the in-print Macmillan paperback edition (it is identical to the 1942 Macmillan edition).
6. *The God That Failed*, ed. Richard Grossman, Bantam Books, New York, 1965, p. 59.
7. *Spanish Testament* is most often compared to Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia*. The main difference between the books is that in Koestler's work the chapters of historical and political background, especially the "Historic Retrospect" part, are a huge dollop of mixed essay material with little connection to the surrounding sections of personal narrative; however, Orwell's chapter of political exposition totally connect to, inform and shape the narrator's adventures in *Homage to Catalonia*. Probably because at this time Orwell's personal and political vision was much more coherent than Koestler's, Orwell was able to devise a more successful rhetorical structure for his book on Spain.
8. Isaac Rosenfeld, review of *Thieves in the Night* by Arthur Koestler, *The New Republic*, November 4, 1946, p. 592.