

Study of Some Reliability Models in Normal and Abnormal Conditions

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Abstract – Because of this pervasive dread and acknowledgement of the hardships in publishing and elsewhere that seemed inevitable in the coming days, many of the ‘little magazines,’ the invaluable literary periodicals that for most of the century preceding had provided access to new writers and their work, as well as the best from established literary figures and some of the finest literary criticism, fell under the axe in the last months of 1939. These included Fact, Eliot’s Criterion, London Mercury, New Stories, New Verse, Twentieth-Century Verse, Seven, Purpose, Wales, Fact, Welsh Review, The Voice of Scotland, and Cornhill Magazine.6 According to Philip Ziegler in London at War, authors blamed publishers, who in turn blamed authors, for the seeming loss of literary nerve that led to the end of circulation of these periodicals, as well as a slowing of publishing in general; Ziegler states that ‘few new books were commissioned [and] many under contract were cancelled or postponed,’ and as for the authors, ‘the quantity and quality of new typescripts declined’ and the question ‘How can I write with the world in this state?’ was posed to publisher Geoffrey Faber by authors several times during the first months of the war.

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INTRODUCTION

In a January 1940 article, E. M. Forster wrote, ‘1939 was not a year in which to start a literary career’.¹ He was referring, of course, to the beginning of the Second World War for Britain, which officially began on September 3, 1939.² The first bomb had yet to fall on British soil when this article was published; nor had the fall of Norway to the Nazis, which occurred in April of 1940 and led to much more severe paper rationing and attendant decreases in publication.³ Undoubtedly these and other wartime assaults and deprivations would colour British literature in the following years, as well as the attitudes of writers, reviewers, and critics.

But the seeds of the idea that literature, and culture in general, were already in real trouble were sown earlier, during the widespread disillusionment that spread through the thirties, by such events as the rapid rise to power of Hitler and the victory of Franco’s fascist forces in the Spanish Civil War. The high Modernist ideals of the post-Edwardian era and the concerns of the so-called ‘pink decade’ from 1931-38 were further undermined by the uncertainty and fear produced by Nazi aggression in Eastern Europe, the cynical Molotov-Ribbentrop pact signed by Germany and the Soviet Union, and the appeasement policies of the Chamberlain administration. War seemed inevitable to all, not only

literary figures, in the months prior to September of 1939.

Only 21 years had passed since the end of the First World War, then still deemed ‘the war to end all wars’ and the bloodiest and most nightmarish Europe had yet experienced. The spectre of a new, more far-reaching war began to loom. The ideas that civilisation was failing, that a new dark age might well be beginning, and that the death of culture was a potentially real threat, became widespread in the literary world well before war was declared. The ideological oppression represented by both Hitler and Stalin and the dawning realisation of what totalitarian states do to literature and culture in general figured prominently in writing, late in 1939. This fear is the theme of many works completed during that year: Virginia Woolf’s novel *Between the Acts*, T. S. Eliot’s treatise *The Idea of a Christian Society*, H. G. Wells’ book *The Fate of Homo Sapiens*. These and many other texts explored the idea that the prologue to the war marked the end days of western civilization and culture.

Because of this pervasive dread and acknowledgement of the hardships in publishing and elsewhere that seemed inevitable in the coming days, many of the ‘little magazines,’ the invaluable literary periodicals that for most of the century preceding had provided access to new

writers and their work, as well as the best from established literary figures and some of the finest literary criticism, fell under the axe in the last months of 1939. These included *Fact*, *Eliot's Criterion*, *London Mercury*, *New Stories*, *New Verse*, *Twentieth-Century Verse*, *Seven*, *Purpose*, *Wales*, *Fact*, *Welsh Review*, *the Voice of Scotland*, and *Cornhill Magazine*. According to Philip Ziegler in *London at War*, authors blamed publishers, who in turn blamed authors, for the seeming loss of literary nerve that led to the end of circulation of these periodicals, as well as a slowing of publishing in general; Ziegler states that 'few new books were commissioned [and] many under contract were cancelled or postponed,' and as for the authors, 'the quantity and quality of new typescripts declined' and the question 'How can I write with the world in this state?' was posed to publisher Geoffrey Faber by authors several times during the first months of the war.

Despite the pressures on publishing, public demand for reading material rapidly increased during the war. Book sales increased 50 per cent from 1938-44, despite the paper shortage, first with classic, 'serious reading' such as Nineteenth Century novels, Milton, and religious poetry of the past in demand, and then with contemporary works.⁸ Fear of air raids and invasion made escapist literature popular, especially those works from the past that described a less volatile time. The blackout, with its corresponding closures of theatres, cinemas, sporting venues, and other public entertainment facilities, contributed to this increase in demand as well.⁹ The advent of the Blitz further encouraged the demand for new, contemporary literary responses that could provide a sense of shared experience and allow for attempts at communal understanding of the nightly destruction. The loss of some public libraries to the bombing paradoxically made new works even more sought after.¹⁰ Yet, despite this sharp increase in demand, and the answering rise in new works published, the Second World War has often been critically interpreted as a war without adequate literary expression, a silent war. This reputation began during the war itself, was a mainstay of literary analyses of the period for most of the later Twentieth Century, and endures in some quarters even to the present.

In an article entitled 'The Ivory Shelter' in the October 1939 edition of the *New Statesman*, Cyril Connolly, a popular critic and reviewer, made his own observations on the current state of literary affairs in relation to current events:

There can be little doubt that somewhere between the Munich sell-out of last September and the defeat of the Spanish Republicans early this year, a significant change began to develop in the attitude of the literary and artistic 'left'. There are signs, not merely of a bitter disillusionment about the real power and meaning of democracy in England, but

also a bitter revulsion from all political platforms. Many young writers and artists seem to be feeling now that they put too much trust in parties and catchwords, and that a withdrawal is necessary in self defense [...] [they are released from] the burden of anti-Fascist activities, [and] the subtler burden of pro-Communist opinion... The fight against Fascism is in the hands of the General Staff, and there is no further use for the minor prophet [...] nostalgia will return as one of the soundest creative emotions, whether it is for the sun, or the snow, of the freedom which the democracies have had temporarily to discontinue.

In 'The Ivory Shelter,' Connolly lamented the difficulties arising due to the severe cuts publishers were currently making in available titles and to the sense of doom and melancholy that seemed to pervade British life. Rather than merely make apocalyptic forecasts, however, as so many other writers were, Connolly put forward the idea that the war, despite the dangers it posed to writing and culture, was not necessarily a death knell. Writing could occur in wartime, and though at first Connolly believed ignoring the war to be the best possible course for artists, he modified his stance. The writing that did appear was completely different to that embodied by the patriotic, romantic, popular poetry of Rupert Brooke during the First World War, but it was also different from the horror and disillusionment of Siegfried Sassoon and Wilfred Owen's poetry of protest. None of this could be known in 1939. The future, bleak as it was, could still be shaped, understood, and debated in aesthetic as well as political terms. 'The Ivory Shelter' served as a manifesto of sorts, laying out the initial reasoning behind the realisation of what Sheldon describes as Connolly's long held dream to publish a 'little magazine' of his own: *Horizon*.

Horizon, specifically its output during the Second World War, constitutes the focus of this thesis. Connolly's manifesto became a reality, and *Horizon* would prove one of the most durable, high quality periodicals of the war years and beyond. This thesis aims to critically analyse *Horizon* during the years of the war, 1939-1945, documenting and assessing its output in order to provide the first substantial account of one of the war's most significant publications. The concentration on the magazine's wartime run is intentional, both to emphasise the immense variety and quality of material published in *Horizon* during this period and because dealing with the post-war years as well would sacrifice detailed analysis for superficial comprehension. Such an historical focus also sharpens the argument against those who judge the war years as deficient in quality writing: *Horizon's* pages provide persuasive evidence to the contrary.

The idea that, as far as literature is concerned, the Second World War was a silent war has endured in

most critical analyses of the literature of the conflict, and it began in the commentary of wartime writers. Connolly himself is guilty of helping to establish this critical tradition. He was one of the many wartime literary figures guilty of disparaging wartime culture. In his editorial 'Comment' for the December 1944 issue of *Horizon*, he claimed that the magazine's 'first five years have witnessed a decline in all the arts,' and that

Books are becoming as bad as they are ugly; newspapers continue to be as dull with four pages as they were once with forty; reviewing has sunk to polite blurb-quoting; nothing original is produced: Journalists grow sloppier, vainer, more ignorantly omniscient than ever; the B.B.C. pumps religion and patriotism into all its programmes; mediocrity triumphs.

In later chapters it will be demonstrated that Connolly did not always hold this opinion, particularly during the early years of the war. Particularly during the last five years of *Horizon*'s run, from 1945-1949, he grew ever more disillusioned with the literary culture of the decade and this opinion stayed with him for the rest of his life.

Connolly always believed, as he established in his semibiographical 1938 book *Enemies of Promise*, that the only truly worthy thing a writer of talent could accomplish was to write a great novel. He considered criticism and editing, while satisfying, to be distractions from this higher purpose.¹⁶ Connolly never wrote a great novel, and because he could not consider his other literary pursuits as worthy, he believed himself a literary failure. Andrew Sinclair states that as 'the chief editor' of the wartime London literary scene, Connolly 'undervalued' his contributors, even 'put his own failure as a writer of masterpieces on to his whole generation [...] this allowed the culture of the war decade to be trashed as neo-Romantic and of no importance'. Sinclair's indictment is true, but unfair in that it lays so much of the blame on Connolly. Connolly was not alone, amongst his contemporaries, in dismissing wartime literature and art. Many other literary luminaries who were contributors to *Horizon* were often guilty of denigrating the wartime period themselves, in a way becoming their own worst enemies by influencing subsequent critical reaction for decades.

Auden's poem '1st September 1939,' which critic Robert Hewison calls 'an honest expression of defeat and retreat' from the literary concerns of Auden's 'low dishonest decade,' introduced the idea that the previous decade's writers could not adequately respond to the conflict permeated meditations on the war at its outset.¹⁸ Auden's departure, along with Christopher Isherwood, to the United States shortly before the war began, served, for many wartime writers, as ultimate proof of this shortcoming. Two years later, Randall Swingler, in the May edition of the periodical *Our Time*, described the end of the Auden era in relation to the war:

The war has put an end to that literary generation. All their fantasies have been outdone by the reality. Auden's conspiracies, legendary plots, amazing assaults upon social life, look silly and childish now before the blatant conspiracies and villainies of real politics. Nothing is left of their imaginings but the twilight, peopled by the ghosts of literary values long defunct.

A popular theme in the British press during the early war years was expressed in the question, 'Where are the war poets?' Comparisons were often made with the Great War, along with the judgment, fair or not, that the literature of the present conflict was somehow inferior. This opinion was not only held by Fleet Street: 'The Times and other papers asked why this war produced no poets. The poets wrote essays on why they couldn't write poetry'.²⁰ Tom Harrison, founder of Mass-Observation, the famed and innovative sociological, word-on-the-street survey organization whose reports often found their way into *Horizon*'s pages, was also afflicted by despair regarding writing in wartime, or at least with what had been published in the first two years of the war.²¹ His essay 'War Books' appears in the December 1941 issue of *Horizon*, and it characterizes this despair:

For two years, urged on by the editor of *Horizon*, I have read literally every book which has anything to do with the war, reportage, fiction or fantasy. Every month I have tried to sum up my curious learning into a report for *Horizon*. Month after month I have let the editor down. For I have become totally, immeasurably bogged, engrossed in bad reading. Ninety-five per cent of it is stuff I would never have read, or even imagined could be written, before.

OBJECTIVE OF STUDY

The prime objective of this study is to examine the factors affecting for Text, Articles, Poems, Short Stories and Essay on the Context in the Second World War implementation success in organizations. Following are the concise objectives of the study: This research proposal also argues that *Horizon*, as a periodical, should be considered as a creative entity in and of itself, and is worthy of being studied in this light.

METHODOLOGY

Research Design The study was explorative cum descriptive in nature. Online Survey book articles text and poems will be the predominant research methodology used in this work. To proceed on right track and to do justice with the study, the primary sources of information are browse. Various aspects of the present study will be organized into five chapters. The following research work based on primary and secondary data source on *Palinurus the Helmsman: Connolly as Editor*,

Without a Backward Glance: Short Stories, War Aims, Peace Hopes, Art and the Masses etc, gives the outline base of these research work.

SCOPE AND DELIMITATIONS OF THE STUDY

This thesis examines the literary journal *Horizon*, its editor Cyril Connolly, and a selection of its editorial articles, poems, short stories and essays in the context of the Second World War, from 1939-45. Analyses of these works, their representation of wartime experience, and their artistic merit, serve as evidence of a shared and sustained literary engagement with the war. Collectively, they demonstrate *Horizon's* role as one of the primary outlets for British literature and cultural discourse during the conflict. Previous assessments of the magazine as an apolitical organ with purely aesthetic concerns have led to enduring critical neglect and misappraisal. This thesis shows that, contrary to the commonly held view, *Horizon* consistently offered space for political debate, innovative criticism, and war-relevant content. It argues that *Horizon's* wartime writing is indicative of the many varied types of literary response to a war that was all but incomprehensible for those who experienced it. These poems, stories and essays offer a distinctive and illuminating insight into the war and are proof that a viable literary culture thrived during the war years.

CONCLUSION

One aspect of Cyril Connolly's vision for his magazine that remained intact throughout its wartime run was its function as a cultural ark; for Connolly, preserving culture was the same as preserving civilization. In order to perform this role, he insisted on accepting only the best writing available. His ideal of the 'Ivory Shelter' was a part of this principle, but it was not meant to keep the outside world at bay. Instead, it opened up the magazine to a range of forms and subjects that would have been difficult to include in a magazine that did not consciously adopt an inclusive aesthetic agenda. As a result, *Horizon* demonstrated a remarkable degree of variety. Despite the intellectually oppressive British experience of the Second World War, *Horizon's* wartime pages were characterized by innovative discourse, new critical trends and literary experimentation that might not otherwise have been published. The war itself was a constant theme in the magazine, and many writers trying to render creatively their varied experiences of the conflict found in *Horizon* an outlet that reached discerning readers. Thanks to Connolly's firm editorial hand and distinctive aesthetic sensibility, subscribers had access to writing about the war and many other topics, work of exemplary depth and impressive breadth written by many of the best writers of the period. Little magazines are deemed successful not if

they earn a profit, but if they bring attentive readers to imaginative writers, and vice versa. *Horizon* did this, and in the years considered in this thesis managed to do so in the face of constant criticism, paper rations, aerial bombardment, and watchful censors.

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