



Crescut intr-o familie de laburisti pur-sange, cu acces direct in elita fabianista (sotia sa era nepoata lui Beatrice Webb), jurnalist la The Guardian si corespondent la Moscova in vremurile teribile ale stalinismului, cu greu poate fi gasit un cunoscator din interior la fel de lucid al socialismului, precum Malcolm Muggeridge.

Autobiografia sa, [“Chronicles of wasted years”](#), descrie nu doar episoadele unei vieti tumultoase (profesor in India, agent britanic secret in Mozambic, “descoperitor” al Maicii Tereza, intalniri cu Graham Greene, Albert Camus, Coco Chanel, Evelyn Waugh, Lord Rothschild, Churchill si multi altii), ci si un parcurs spiritual autentic.

In pofida unui destin marcat de actiune continua si de multe ori bezmetica, Muggeridge a reprezentat un spirit reflexiv prin excelenta, ale carui analize biciuiesc (vezi si titlul cartii), in cea mai buna traditie clasica, propriul sine, cu iluziile, caderile si ratarile sale constante. Dupa tentativa de sinucidere, explicata de autor prin propria decadere morala, plus futilitatea si

absurdul specific vremurilor, Muggeridge scria: "In some mysterious ways it became clear to me that there was no darkness, only the possibility of losing sight of a light which shone eternally; that our clumsy appetites are no more than the blind reaching of a newly born child after the teat through which to suck the milk of life; that our sufferings, our affliction, are part of a drama – an essential, even an ecstatic, part – endlessly revolving round the two great propositions of good and evil, of light and darkness."

Este dificil de facut dreptate, intr-o simpla cronica, unei carti in care se intretes atatea povesti uimitoare, scrise admirabil din perspectiva conservatoare ca omul este guvernat nu de legi, procese de productie sau relatii sociale, ci de valorile sale: "The essential quality of our lives, as I now understand, was a factor, not so much of how we lived, but of why we live". Si totusi, cateva momente ti se lipesc indelebil de minte si arunca lumini surprinzatoare asupra unor personaje si evenimente cheie ale secolului XX.

De pilda, reactia lui Beatrice Webb, o socialista pe cat de infocata pe atat de bogata (si frumoasa), la aflarea vestii ca nepoata sa se va marita intr-o familie cu mijloace financiare reduse, "(I know his father –n.a.) as a Fabian and a very worthy person, though of modest means", pare o replica desprinsa din Forsyte Saga si arata sentimentele de casta si ipocrizia specifice socialismului britanic sau de aiurea. Comentariul lui Muggeridge este pe masura: "there is no snobishness like that of proffesing equalitarians".

Andres Gide nu iese nici el foarte bine din paginile cartii. Deceptionat, la randul sau, de comunism, scriitorul francez marturisea ca ii lipseste Rusia si parea ca regreta "Intoarcerea din URSS", cartea prin care se dezicea de regimul sovietic. "His disillusionment, in any case, seems to have resulted rather from a change attitude to pederasty in the USSR, making its practice a penal office, as it had been before the Revolution, than from any outraged sense of the injustice, inequity and cruelty Soviet rule involved for its ostensible beneficiaries". Mai mult, Muggeridge vede in Gide, o incarnare a ereziei gnostice, manifest asumata astazi de multi intelectuali in voga, de la Harold Bloom la Tyler Cowen: "Yet what I saw in Gide was the terrible desolation of evil, the total alienation from the principle of goodness in all creation; he seemed to be imprisoned in darkness, like someone walking in a strange room, and looking in vain for a switch or a door or a window".

Gandurile lapidare ale lui Muggeridge, lansate pe alocuri in carte, despre puterea si coruptia inerenta a mass-media, au o forta explicativa infinit mai mare decat orice tratat doct despre "societatea informationala" si altele asemenea. Ca ziarist, realizator de programe BBC si specialist al serviciului secret britanic, MI6, Muggeridge era constient ca aceste indeletniciri modifica radical in rau comportamentul uman, in primul rand al celui care le practica, si apoi al

Memoriile unui socialist pocait

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celorlalti, de unde si problemele personale din Africa. "The worst feature of propaganda, advertising, or any form of organized lying, is that try as one will, one comes to believe it; as press lords come to believe what they read in their own newspapers, and television producers what they see on the screens". In pofida caracterului popular al formelor de comunicare moderna, in opinia lui Muggeridge, nu exista un divort mai complet de realitate decat in aceste practici: "(...) public relations experts, whose divorcement from the world around them is vastly greater than anything of the kind achieved by the most resolute hermits; a St Simon Stylites lives in close contact with his fellows compared with the Maddison Avenue men"

In fine, nu as putea incheia acest sumar fara a aminti despre reflectiile sale privind "eliberarea" Europei de sub fascism si disparitia, in consecinta evenimentelor, a oricarei forme de justitie relevanta. Aflat la Paris in anul 1945, Muggeridge asista neputincios, dar cu gandul mereu atintit spre Teroare, la executiile sumare ale "colaboratorilor", la expropriari arbitrare, la forme de degradare umane incredibile, toate in numele victoriei asupra totalitarismului. In acelasi timp, in inima Europei, un oras intreg, Berlinul, era ras de pe fata pamantului de aceiasi invingatori, prilejuindu-i scriitorului meditatie sumbre asupra istoriei: "Had Berlin, in being reduced to rubble, become a citadel of democracy? Did it represent the triumph of good over evil? In Paris, the shavers of heads chastised for their sins? Or were there, as before, just victors and vanquished, with some uncertainty as to which was which, and justice once more a fugitive? I inclined to the latter view..."

PS: Musai de citit si [comentariul lui Russell Kirk](#) {jcomments on}