

Charles Bazerman

REVIEWS AND ARTICLES PUBLISHED IN THE NATION

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Charles Bazerman

umph of socialism, he remarks, has not made men free. There is alienation in The power of sociologists of any persuasion to halt these changes is limited.

Critical Review Essays

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Toward the End, an Effete Snob

A PEN WARMED-UP IN HELL: Mark Twain in Protest. Edited by Frederick Anderson. Harper & Row. 183 pp. \$6.95.

CHARLES BAZERMAN

Mr. Bazerman is assistant professor of English at Baruch College, The City University of New York.

A Pen Warmed-Up in Hell is the newest package of familiar Mark Twain delights, short pieces of social and political criticism gathered from his novels, letters, magazine articles and manuscripts. They are the responses of a 70 per cent sane man to the 100 per cent bona fide follies of his age; 70 per cent is enough sanity to be fascinating. Some of his issues are now dried up—slavery and regular lynchings; most remain—anti-Chinese paranoia, cultural imperialism, economic exploitation and the too quick appeal to national loyalty to support policies of destruction and malice.

Despite the title this book does not suffer from the soul-breaking weight of moral rectitude. Mark Twain is still a self-admitted human being. His ironies are those of a man trying to make his way through this muddled life, his observations sound the depth of the water he has found himself in, and his complaints against humanity are directed to the difficulties he has found with himself. The volume closes with an excerpt from his autobiography:

Every man is in his own person the whole human race, with not a detail lacking. I am the whole human race without a detail lacking; I have studied the human race with diligence and strong interest; all these years in my own person; in myself I find in big or little proportion every quality and every defect that is findable in the mass of the race. . . . What a coward every man is! and how surely he will find it out if he will just let other people alone and sit down and examine himself. The human race is a race of cowards; and I am not only marching in that procession but carrying a banner.

Moral cowardice particularly attracts his attention. He sees moral cowardice as the inability to extricate oneself from publicly approved follies. Mark Twain talks of "The United States of Lyncherdom":

It has been supposed—and said—that the people at a lynching enjoy the spectacle and are glad of a chance to see it. It cannot be true; all experience is against it. The people in the South are made like the people in the North—the vast majority of whom are right hearted and compassionate, and would be cruelly pained by such a spectacle—and would attend it, and let on to be pleased with it, if the public approval seemed to require it. We are made like that, and we cannot help it. The other animals are not so, but we cannot help that, either. They lack the Moral Sense; we have no way of trading ours off, for a nickel or some other thing above its value. The Moral Sense teaches us what is right, and how to avoid it—when unpopular.

The more normal cowardice, the military kind, he looks on with favor as a wise human impulse. "A Campaign That Failed" is a backwoods rhapsody on the difficulty of cooperation when the project is to kill others or get yourself killed. At the beginning of the Civil War, Clemens joined the Confederate militia at Hannibal, Mo. His messmates were the likes of Peter D' Un Lap (formerly Dunlap) who gave all the encampments dandy names. By fortunate retreat and flanking maneuvers they avoided the enemy—only once did they meet a lone Union soldier. On order, Clemens fired a shot which he thought responsible for the death of this man with whom he had no quarrel. Five other men were sure that their bullet was the fatal one. The felt shame of the killing was deeper than any stigma of cowardice. This story was originally published in *Century Magazine* as part of a series on battles and heroes of the Civil War.

You have heard from a great many people who did something in the war;

is it not fair and right that you listen a little moment to one who started out to do something in it, but didn't? Thousands entered the war, got just a taste of it, and then stepped out again, permanently. These, by their very numbers, are respectable, and are therefore entitled to a sort of voice—not a loud one, but a modest one; not a boastful one, but an apologetic one. They ought not to be allowed much space among better people—people who did something—I grant that; but they ought at least to be allowed to state why they didn't do anything, and also to explain the process by which they didn't do anything.

In statements like this humor helps courage; no one can be sure that you are doing anything more than making a joke. The unorthodox opinion is always somewhat "funny" to the good-natured everyday man. You can say more to him if humor can suspend his beliefs and tickle his memory of actual situations.

In the selections from the 1870s and 1880s the humor depends on the difference between situation and expectation; in the pieces from after the turn of the century there is a more direct discourse of outrage. In his comments on the Philippine intervention Mark Twain is no longer a young man toying with being a soldier and learning the terrible consequences; he is aware from the beginning that he is witnessing an outrage. He no longer dallies with being respectable or patriotic. From the beginning he rails against military vainglory and the slaughter of a benign and helpless people. At the end he is not kind to those who retain some irrational loyalty to war as part of the historical process.

Harvey said he believed that the shock and shame of this episode would eat down deeper and deeper into the hearts of the nation and fester there and produce results. He believed it would destroy the Republican party and President Roosevelt. I cannot believe that the prediction will come true, for the reason that prophecies which promise valuable things, desirable things, good things, worthy things, never come true. Prophecies of this kind are like wars fought in a good cause—they are so rare that they don't count.

The same progress can be seen in other pieces. "The Great Revolution in Pitcairn," dated 1879, is an extended fantasy on what happens when an aggressive American gets into the middle of a stable, peace-loving island community. Humor touches all the bases of connivery, vainglory, ambition, impracticality and social disruption. The progress into uncivilized civilization is tempered by the quality of a Mark Twain tall tale. In a 1901 piece, "To the Person Sitting in

Darkness," Twain gives a straightforward critique of European and American imperialism in the Orient. He demonstrates how our cultural and religious proselytizing hide our business interests and lead to the degradation of long-established cultures. He turns to humor only at the end of the essay to suggest what we might say to the nations we exploit if we were honest about our intentions and actions.

There is nothing extraordinary about this progress of Mark Twain's discourse—many men have become more direct

and sharp with age. But in the case of Mark Twain we have been led by a traditional view of the man and his career to associate this development with increasing disillusionment and bitterness. And indeed it is understandable that we find the sentimental notions of *Huckleberry Finn* more attractive than an explicit critique of our national follies, but I think it a bit thick to take our pleasure to be the sign of an author's intellectual strength or weakness. Directness and clarity are achievements, whether or not we are pleased with our portraits. □

ting things done," and in which the political heroes are achievers in the old progressive style.

It is the same kind of perception that allows Peirce to state that Clark Kerr, former president of the University of California and always nonpareil in technocratic circles, "sought more independence for students and faculty" at Berkeley and "recognized the need for a greater student voice as having some currency." Now in fact, Kerr was a consistent opponent of a greater student voice; his "Kerr directives" to Berkeley's student government were denounced by the National Student Association a decade ago. If Kerr favored more independence, it was only in the sense of allowing a more affluent, individual, private liberty; participation played no role in his scheme of things and he was utterly indifferent to ideas of community.

A minor point? Possibly, except that it seems to reflect Peirce's own tendency to a kind of benevolent paternalism that can never quite grasp or take seriously the claims of the neglected. For example, his sense of the plight of working-class Americans is restricted to gross data like unemployment figures. He is fashionably anti-union. (His comment that "labor has done quite well" under Taft-Hartley—aside from being absurdly vague or simply absurd—has all the quality of a colonial officer celebrating imperial rule.) He can declare that New York City has a "sound economic base" while noting, a page later, that the city has lost thousands of lower- and middle-income jobs due to the departure of industry.

But economic problems are not the whole story. Peirce notes the obvious "lack of rapport, and often real hostility" between the Lindsay administration and "middle Americans." He treats it, however, almost as if it were only the mirror image of the Mayor's "humanitarian impulses" which have won him support—in Peirce's account—from "youth, intellectuals, blacks, Puerto Ricans, Jews and many women." (Jews? Has Peirce visited Brooklyn or Queens lately?) In part, it is. Yet it is also true that Lindsay and his staff—easily responsive to the upper-middle class, generously inclined toward the poor—show a clear reluctance to engage in political give and take. Opposition, or even a demand for a role in decisions, tends to be treated as the result of stupidity or evil intent. And so it must be where politics is regarded as a necessary nuisance intervening between good programs and their enactment.

In one sense, Peirce knows that political life is more than that. Certainly, he is free from the old fixation on "growth for growth's sake." (Though he refers to Pittsburgh as unfortunate in having lost population since 1960.) He is

Between Anger and Despair

THE MEGASTATES OF AMERICA: People, Politics, and Power in the Ten Great States. By Neal R. Peirce. W. W. Norton & Co. 745 pp. \$12.95.

WILSON C. McWILLIAMS

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A lot has happened to us in the quarter century since John Gunther wrote *Inside U.S.A.*, and Neal Peirce is right to try to bring the story up to date. We are, for one thing, even more sensitive to our need for the inside story, but while there is a Washington expert on every corner, politics in the states—where so much of political life really happens—is *terra incognita*, not much more familiar in one's own state than in others. State politics is the stepchild of the mass media, left neglected in the limbo between local human interest stories and the "big issues" of national politics. But there is a growing recognition that something is wrong in a political world which consists of issues without human interest and individual human stories which seem unimportant. Peirce, then, is dealing with an area which is close to the heart of our political crisis.

His decision to write several books in place of Gunther's single volume—this one and further books dealing with the other forty states—is defensible. It allows him much greater depth of analysis, and if the total number of pages required to "cover" America looks formidable, Peirce writes with professional grace and considerable charm. His discussions of the "megastates" are always intelligent; he knows and is sensitive to the issues of money and power as men in political life see them; he has generous sympathies and decent principles. Any reader of *The Megastates of America*

will find it entertaining, informative and generally worth while. In short, I recommend it.

I do not like it. My distaste does not affect my judgment of the book's value and it is not due, I hope, to minor annoyances like Peirce's fondness for journalistic clichés or to the tone of restrained boosterism which characterizes his treatment of problems. I find it defective because it seems to me that Peirce somehow misses the point of the years since *Inside U.S.A.*, especially of the years of visible crisis since 1960. The facts are there. The events are chronicled. Peirce approaches the job with evident good will. But the terms of his analysis remain, for the most part, what they were for Gunther in 1947 and, hence, the book is "outside" too much of contemporary America.

For example, Peirce seems to share the traditional liberal admiration for experts and large bureaucratic undertakings like Rockefeller's various building programs or Boston's downtown renewal. He knows that Rockefeller's "backdoor financing" was a bit shady; he calls attention to the "Prudential Law" by which Boston's then Mayor John Collins (now a prominent Democrat for Nixon) contrived to give a huge tax break to corporations that participated in renewal. Yet he slights or overlooks the connections between these facts and the serious problems that resulted: Boston's homeowners had to assume the burden of a fantastic tax rate which also helped produce a serious housing shortage; Rockefeller completed his highway program first and then took the state into mass transit, rather like building a smokestack and subsequently developing an interest in the control of air pollution. Peirce knows about these disturbing consequences. They do not, however, seem to change a view in which politics is "get-

eral Electric and Westinghouse for fixing the prices of electrical machinery, the case against U.S. Steel and the other major steel producers for price-fixing on steel sheets, and the case against General Motors and other auto makers for conspiring to withhold anti-pollution technology. By keeping these and similar cases from coming to trial, the Washington law firms have prevented the public from learning how these corporate giants actually conduct their business, deprived injured buyers and competitors of evidence needed for triple-damage suits, and denied the courts the opportunity of making the punishment more appropriately fit the crime.

But these are not the only consequences of the Washington lawyers' achievements. Even more serious is the debilitating effect on government itself. For a government attorney, the gathering of evidence, the development of a theory of the case, and the preparation for trial are demanding and emotionally exhausting labors. To have the rug pulled out from under him at the last moment by a quiet settlement negotiated secretly between his politically appointed superior and a prestigious Washington law firm can be a crushing experience. It does not take many such experiences to transform the young idealist into the middle-aged cynic and then into the senior has-been serving out his time until retirement.

Such experiences also tend to disenchant young lawyers with public service as a career, providing them with a handy rationale for departure to more lucrative sources of employment. And the Washington law firms are lucrative indeed. According to Goulden, "Of the fifty-five partners in Covington and Burling, almost half are in the six-figure bracket with the top handful near or above \$200,000. . . . A trifle more for partners at Arnold and Porter. A pitance less at Wilmer, Cutler and Pickering. . . . Government attorneys generally start at the GS-11 level, at slightly more than \$11,000 a year. The going rate in private practice is from \$14,000 to \$17,500, depending on the firm and the graduate's background." It is little wonder that the regulatory agencies have increasingly become mere training grounds for those who will later practice before it: "The SEC loses about 75 of its 380 attorneys each year to private practice; the FPC, 10 of 70; the FCC, 35 of 200; the CAB, 20 of 80. Most go into private practice in Washington."

The more successful the Washington lawyers, the less effective is government and the greater the disenchantment of the populace with government as an

institution. The problem will undoubtedly continue to worsen until there is an explicit rejection of the legal fictions on which the success of the Washington law firms is based. As this observer has noted elsewhere:

In most regulatory proceedings two assumptions are accepted implicitly: first, that a corporation, which may be of immense size, has the same rights as a natural person, and second, that answers to complex economic questions

can be arrived at through adversary proceedings. There is something manifestly absurd in the spectacle of a lawyer representing a multi-million-dollar utility claiming for his client rights similar to those properly accorded a defendant in a murder trial. There is also something manifestly absurd in the idea that through the process of argument and counter-argument by opposing lawyers, a third lawyer (or group thereof) can arrive at sound economic judgments. □

Art and the Accidents of Flesh

THE MASTER OF GO. By Yasunari Kawabata. Translated by Edward G. Seidensticker. Alfred A. Knopf. 188 pp. \$5.95.

CHARLES BAZERMAN

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Honnimbo Shusai was the last of the aristocratic masters of the game of go. In 1938 a Japanese newspaper sponsored his retirement match against a younger player. The match was to be played under rules of equality rather than deference. The match was to be extraordinarily long, eighty playing hours spread over three months, during which time the players were to be "sealed in a can," isolated from consultation with other players. Midway the Master fell seriously ill, and play was recessed for three months. Six months from the start of the match, the younger player won. A year later the Master died.

As a reporter assigned to the match, Yasunari Kawabata had originally prepared a series of dispatches for his newspaper. During the war and the decade following he reworked this material into a fictionalized portrait of the Master. The subject, a man of art whose powers are waning, guarantees that the narrative will be elegiac in tone, but the depth of the sentiment is dependent on the strength of the portrait, how close we come to the man. The facts of the story are revealed early; a reporter-narrator reviews the material, filling in background and details until the known becomes familiar. The familiar turns out to be a man playing his stones at the go board.

As the prime facts about the man emerge, the less central questions posed by curiosity tend to fade. During the three-month recess the reporter, needing

a story, has interviewed a highly ranked player. The reporter had hoped for some exciting discussion of the two contestants and the mood of their encounter. The player, admiring the tightness of the game, comments on technical matters only. The reporter's interest in style, mood and motive implies that there is a passion behind the obvious passion for the game, that there is more to be gained by watching the players than by watching the play. The early part of the novel is journalistic, taken up with personality and plot. But in the course of the story a less sensational appreciation of the art of play manifests itself.

We learn of the Master's appearance, his habits and his past, but these vanish with his absorption in the game. The moment of the game is alone important. His intensity distinguishes him as a master. The young challenger may be a superior player, but he is not a master—he cannot lose himself in the game. His quips, nervous cups of tea and repeated trips to the bathroom break the calm rhythm of absorption.

Calm absorption comes to be at once the material and the manner of the book. The narrator is impressed when he learns that the board is the constant mental companion of the go-player and that players dream about the positions and possible moves. The Master himself gets so lost in the current position that he has little sense of the time he has taken to make a move. As the portrait becomes merged with the game, the narrator spends more and more time on fewer and fewer details; each moment becomes a *present* moment rather than a complication or explanation or result of any other. The portrait of the man is congruent with the progress of his play. Every few pages there is a diagram of the current position; together, these are both the symbol and the subject of the book's absorption.

The novel is written retrospectively; a reporter reconstructs a time when

the FPC, 10 of 70; the FCC, 35 of 200; the CAB, 20 of 80. Most go into private practice in Washington."

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The novel is written retrospectively; a reporter reconstructs a time when

through contagion he came to appreciate the Master's art. After the passage of time has done its work of simplification, the reporter finds the surface logic of that art to be its most internal logic. The Master's weak last move before the recess is his illness. His irritation at a move of his opponent and his rash counterattack are the substance of the passing of his mastery. The acknowledgment of defeat is the death of the Master; the man's physical death a

year later is reviewed only so that the reporter may put flowers on the corpse.

This is a deeply Oriental novel, close to the tradition of the artist who paints the same flower for many years, close to the tradition of Zen arts. *The Master of Go* is easy to read; beneath its surface is a carefully articulated complex of perception and growth. The book achieves the quality it admires in the Master's play, a selfless clarity and perfection. □

Deeds appears to be the working out of patterns and themes present in the director's earlier work. The formula of the small-town innocent confronted by city slickers can be found in Capra's Harry Langdon films; his hostility toward the idle rich was already present in *Platinum Blonde* (and *Mr. Deeds* even repeats some gags from that earlier picture); his belief in the ultimate good sense of the common man had been expressed in *American Madness*. (Among contemporary reviewers only Alistair Cooke, who worried that Capra was "starting to make movies about themes instead of people," saw any new directions for the director in *Mr. Deeds*.)

In any case, Capra's higher purpose never came into conflict with his private aspirations. His first picture to embody the new message was also the first with the director's name "above the title." And when Capra repeated his formula in such entertaining films as *Lost Horizon*, *You Can't Take It With You*, *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, *Meet John Doe* and *It's a Wonderful Life*, Americans lined up at the box office. Even Capra's propaganda films, to which he brought much the same method and message, made money.

The popular reception of Capra's films has often been taken as a measure of

the director's mastery over the symbols and values of American life. Now, by revealing the degree to which those symbols and values had molded Capra's own aspirations, then found expression in his films, and finally determined the shape of his personal narrative; *The Name Above the Title* suggests that Capra was more the servant than the master of the American Dream. Frank Capra's career is indeed a monument to the power of our popular myths. Nevertheless, his inability to escape the mythology severely limited his development as a film maker. It is true that Capra's films are among the most skillfully made productions of the studio era, and that, despite their sentimentality, they retain their power to move today's more sophisticated audiences—as recent retrospectives in New York, Washington and Baltimore have demonstrated. But once his so-called "fantasies of good will" brought him both success and prestige, Capra simply repeated the formula until it had been exhausted, at which point he tried to begin the cycle anew by remaking earlier films. Capra abandoned his film career following the unhappy circumstances and artistic failures of his last productions. But in *The Name Above the Title* he has drawn on the old myths yet one more time. □

What They Felt in Place of Joy

FRAGMENTS FROM MY DIARY. By Maxim Gorki. Translated by Moura Budberg. Praeger Publishers. 265 pp. \$8.95.

THE LIFE OF A USELESS MAN. By Maxim Gorki. Translated by Moura Budberg. Doubleday/Anchor Books. 240 pp. Paper \$1.95.

CHARLES BAZERMAN

Mr. Bazerman is assistant professor of English at Baruch College, the City University of New York.

These two books—one a collection of character sketches and anecdotes, the other a novel—contain the strange music of obscure lives exposed. Both chronicle the society of Russia heading toward revolution. Gorki records the odd logic of lives in turmoil, scrambling for safety as the house burns down.

Fragments From My Diary begins with seven studies of men and fire. In each the fascination with fire overcomes all other considerations. A night watchman does not warn the village of the danger as he is held by the sight of a burning house. Another man nearly

kills himself trying to get a better look. Two arsonists pursue their love of flames more actively: one tries to spread a forest fire just a bit more; the other gives himself away at his trial when his craft is maligned. Until they are discovered acting out their obsessions, these men have lived alone with their fire thoughts—the more alone, the more deeply fire has burned into their minds. To a priest freed after years of solitary confinement with only a stove to light, fire is the last free thing in the world.

Zolnitzki's horror was great when he first saw an electric lamp, when the white, colourless light, imprisoned in the glass, flared up before him mysteriously. Having stared at it for some moments intently, the old man waved his hands in despair and began muttering plaintively: "What! the fire imprisoned too. . . . Oh-oh! . . . What for? The devil's not in it, is he? Oh-oh! What have they done it for?"

Harbored passions mark other idiosyncratic men. A bookseller's naive love of his town and the czar makes him play the fool in a politically complex time. Curiosity about his luck leads

November and America is nodding again

"If I troubled the nation's
sleep a little, I am satisfied."

— Adlai Stevenson

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will rouse you or plague
your dreams.

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a young man to a life of crime. The unspoken desire of a spinster journalist lies behind her claim that a local man is the reincarnation of Christ; she founds a cult on this inspiration. Gorki has a talent for isolating the moments when obsessions reveal themselves. In the early days of the revolution, when old resentments were coming to the surface, Gorki was visited by a man with a legislative proposal. The man wanted a law to imprison his landlord's wife because she talked "skoptically." The man refused Gorki's correction of "sceptically," claiming that the word came from "skoptzi," a Russian sect practicing castration. Gorki continued to sound him out.

Seeing that talking to him was no easy matter, I asked him what his profession was.

"Why, this!"

And he brandished the law in the air.

"And before you started this work of legislation, what did you do?"

He rose from his chair, buttoned up his coat and said:

"I just thought."

Sketches of more substantial men—Chekhov, Tolstoy and Alexander Blok—are less pointedly written and leave more opaque impressions. Complex men are not to be anatomized by single incidents or thoughts; such stories remain passing comments on interesting acquaintances. Gorki, however, succeeds in revealing Bugrov, the merchant-philanthropist, through an account of their friendship. When he knew Bugrov, Gorki was at his most revolutionary; Bugrov's acts of friendship and patronage for the writer were against the merchant's own interests. Bugrov both needs and regrets the world he lives in; his intimacy with a member of the "other side" marks his ambivalence. As the other half of the friendship, Gorki shares in the complexity of sentiment.

The Life of a Useless Man, written while Gorki was in exile after the abortive 1905 rebellion, demonstrates the author's complex attitude toward the struggle he was engaged in. The novel does not depend on parochial judgments of history, political loyalties or the virtues and vices of economic

classes. Yevsey Klimkov is a confused man whose distressing life leads him to be a czarist secret agent during the 1905 uprising. His story is told with the same attention to intimate detail that was evident in *Fragments From My Diary*, but since this is fiction the subject's private thoughts can be recorded as well.

Klimkov had had to face life's everyday cruelties and reverses as an orphan. His choices were pressed by the repeated question, "What do you do now?" He witnessed an instance of human cooperation only once, when a fire threatened to destroy the town. Withdrawn and cautious, he never showed desire or curiosity. When he finally fell into a good job, his desperate question became, "How can I keep my master happy?" One master was a government informer, and in his service Klimkov learned to spy on acquaintances. As an agent of the secret police he discovered security and comradeship.

Klimkov suspected that there must be another, better life. At first he associated this other life with a bookseller's mistress who turned out to be a murderess. In the course of his career as a police spy he met some revolutionaries; as the political events of 1905 developed these revolutionaries became the objects of Klimkov's fantasy of another life. When the bureaucratic comfort of the secret police is disturbed by outbreaks of violence, Klimkov's life is once more plunged into confusion. He wanders through his embattled city, taking neither side, until he decides to kill the chief of the secret police. The attempt fails when his gun jams. As a lost and useless man he kills himself.

We see the revolutionaries and their cause filtered through Klimkov's desperate romantic notions. Except for their common task and Klimkov's fantasies, they seem no better than any other characters in the book. Their comradeship arises from the same source as that of the villagers who joined forces in order to put out the fire and that of the secret police trying to keep their life as civil service functionaries comfortable as possible.

Klimkov's life has a haunting quality. In his early years he is a victim running for survival. As an apprentice he meets another boy who mimics all their acquaintances. This alternate view of people is hard for Klimkov to absorb. "He felt annoyed because the glazier's boy failed to portray man as something dangerous, but merely as something laughable." From this point on, Klimkov is lost; he becomes a man without conviction or convincing gestures. The confusion of the times demands choices, exposing the confusions of this obscure man, who in quieter days would have

been passed over by history. The security agent has no image of himself or of his occupation; he does not know what he is doing. His ideas of the old order and of the revolutionaries are vague and romantic. His struggle to make up his mind is terrifying—like a nightmare of powerlessness. His suicide is a fugue of fear, defiance, capitulation, escape and incompetence.

In these two books we see the Gorki who absented himself from Russia during the early years of the Soviet regime. When he returned he found his vocation in the preservation of national art treasures and the maintenance of a literary establishment of some integrity. His Socialist passion never distorted the reality of his nation on fire. He acted, watching and preserving, but was not inclined to spread the fire just a little bit more. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

In the September 27, 1971 issue of *The Nation* I wrote from London about Simon Gray's *Butley* and Maxim Gorky's *Enemies* because I had seen both in the same week. I did not compare them because they are, strictly speaking, not comparable. Nevertheless, I feel impelled to do so now, having seen them again within a period of nine days.

Butley is a comedy of dissolving will and moral impotence. Its mockery is self-vilifying. Its social implications are indirect, but its special virtue is that one may assume them. The state of mind it reflects is that of a community no longer secure in its action because it has lost faith in its goals. All that remains for it to do, in a "civilized" mode, is to grimace and grin. It can do this because it is still relatively safe and comfortable.

Gorky's *Enemies* (Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center) is rooted in an inchoate, cruelly enslaved, largely illiterate society: Russia in the early years of the 20th century. The play—not produced till 1933—was written in 1906. The author of *Butley* teaches in London University; Gorky had a brutal childhood, knew terrible poverty, was a tramp for a while, spent time both in jail and in exile, suffered from tuberculosis and attempted suicide. Yet *Enemies* is so virile, rich, unsentimentally compassionate that it inspires hope. The English play has little respect for its people and is addressed to an audience which barely respects itself: it yowls beneath its jokes.

The facts behind the front-page stories

Banned in Uruguay by a repressive government, this "crisply professional... vividly human" book provides the first complete picture of the Tupamaro guerrillas' National Liberation Movement. It features interviews with the people of Uruguay and the Tupamaros themselves—a group of young, articulate, highly educated Marxists whose daring revolutionary program has met with surprising success—not only in Uruguay but throughout the western hemisphere.

THE TUPAMARO GUERRILLAS

by Marla Esther Gillo

Introduction by Dr. Robert J. Alexander
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• Publishers Weekly

CRB

dollop of self-deprecatory humor, was exactly what was needed to fulfill the book's promise of a genuinely contemporary "Memoirs of a Catholic Boyhood." Instead, the omniscient tone takes over, which is enjoyable in its detailed demolition of Paul VI's encyclical on birth control, but more often is fussy and self-contradictory. Despite Wills's insistence that "the life of church machinery is death to any church's spirit," his rhetoric is chiefly directed at those preaching renewal and reform, as if the movements within Catholicism that coalesced at Vatican II were not a contemporary expression of the prophetic strain he himself invokes. There is an attractive piety in his concluding chapters, but the broad spiritual tradition he admires—that of Newman, von Hügel, Lacordaire, Erasmus, Campion—is employed in a highly idiosyncratic way. Although most of the book is best understood as a lively continuation of an old argument by an independent conservative against the "liberalism" of *Commonweal*, Wills ends by identifying himself with the "radical religion" of the Berrigans—and with a rather facile gesture of ecumenism, of William Stringfellow and Arthur Waskow (as radical Protestant and radical Jew).

Admiration for the Berrigans' defiance of the war machine is understandable, but the reader may be suspicious that Wills wants to endorse them as a sect far too exclusive and righteous to be considered either radical or Catholic. Wills can be forgiven his lack of interest in a wide range of contemporary Christian thought that might find the spiritual and intellectual foundations of his own religious position outmoded; more worrisome in the context of his endorsement of "prophetism" is his lofty indifference to politics and economics. Nor is it historically sound to praise the Berrigans without reference to the broader Catholic community (beginning with their own family), with all its ambiguities, from which they took their strength. If the Berrigans' protest is to be more than an idle gesture, those of us who claim to understand it as rooted in authentic Christianity, far from making it our personal icon, must learn to communicate its meaning to rank-and-file Catholics as mediocre as ourselves, but perhaps even more victimized by having grown up in the pre-council Church.

Readers interested in building "radical Catholicism" that might have positive political implications will find more satisfaction in David O'Brien's *The Renewal of American Catholicism*. Like *Bare Ruined Choirs*, the book can be seen as a collection of essays, but O'Brien's purpose and point of view are

consistent and undisguised. Although never dull, O'Brien writes with less verve than Wills, but his careful presentation of a variety of opinions soon makes one feel that sobriety is refreshing in a period of false dazzle. O'Brien's sympathies are openly with the best elements of the New Left; he quotes Wills favorably in several instances and is surely as staunch a supporter of the Berrigans. But his sympathetic presentation of the background history of American Catholicism gives the reader a broader understanding of the direction of contemporary movements. A trained historian, he provides shrewd insights on the human cost of the Americanization of 19th-century immigrants, the relation of Eugene McCarthy and Pierre Elliott Trudeau to the European Christian Democratic move-

ment, and the significance of Saul Alinsky. Unlike Wills, he sees the importance—and the political implications—of a number of elements in contemporary Christian theology. And though his sympathies are with the radicals, he retains a practical concern for building alliances, grounded in an instinctive sense of community. In terms of American Catholicism coming of age, O'Brien and Wills are in fundamental agreement, since both emphasize the limitations of the earlier tradition in which insecure Catholics were overly concerned with making the Church American. Happily, they both stand as witnesses of authentic faith, as men prepared to make a radical criticism of the dangerous concentration of power represented by the United States of America. □

A Wonderful Scheme for Criticism

GROUNDS FOR COMPARISON. By Harry Levin. Harvard University Press. 448 pp. \$13.50.

CHARLES BAZERMAN

Mr. Bazerman teaches English at Baruch College, the City University of New York. He is at present working on a study of Vladimir Nabokov.

Harry Levin entered Harvard as a freshman in 1929. He never left. In time he became the Irving Babbitt Professor of Comparative Literature. In this most recent collection of his critical writings he surveys all of literature and literary scholarship with a dizzying calm. His concerns are those of a senior scholar who has digested all of Houghton Library and half the visiting and resident professors of his Parnassus. Among the thirty-six essays are re-evaluations of familiar works, introductions to unfamiliar ones, tributes to colleagues, definitions of his work and field, and re-examinations of the old questions. The volume also contains an up-to-date bibliography of his extensive writings.

In many of the essays he shows concern for the problem of accurate reading. In "Why Literary Criticism Is Not an Exact Science," Professor Levin finds his starting point in I. A. Richards, whose besetting problem was how to read the text that was there. Richards found himself in muddy water when he discovered that what was there was not always verifiable by rhetorical analysis. In "An Introduction to Ben Jonson," Professor Levin sees his task as defining the proper way to read that much misread author. He defines the poet's excellences and inter-

ests, his stratagems and the purposes of those stratagems. At times the observations are precise and get us into the workings of the plays.

Between the abstract idea of the plot and the concrete detail of the language is a hiatus. Nothing is lacking, but the various components can be distinguished without much trouble. In Corvino's phrase, it is too manifest. After the large masses have been sketched out in baroque symmetry, decoration is applied to the surfaces. What is said, frequently, does not matter, so long as something is said, and then Jonson is at special pains to make what is said interesting for its own sake. Surly's school-book Spanish and Doll's memorized ravings are simply blocked in. But when Mosca reads the inventory, or when Subtle puts Face through the alchemists' catechism, they too are saying something where—in the dramatic economy—they mean nothing, and their speeches take on the aspect of incantation. It is a trick which reaches its logical limit in *Epicene*, where everything spoken has a high nuisance value and the words themselves become sheer filigree. Beyond that point, they have the force of Molière's comic refrains. Lady Wouldbe's uncontrollable flow of recipes, prescriptions, literary opinions, and philosophical speculations, at cross-purposes with Volpone, demonstrates how conveniently this talking-machine technique bears out Bergson's theory of laughter.

Levin reads with as much apparent sympathy so different a work as William Carlos Williams' first novel, *A Voyage to Pagany*, an autobiographical *Wanderjahr* work, "reflective and highly subjective, paying less heed to the impressions it gathers than to the impressionist

who blends them in with his thoughts—thoughts on art, in the main, and its interconnection with the two hemispheres." Stendhal, Laclos, Hawthorne, Bierce, Huxley, Dickens, Molière, Proust, Mann, Cummings, Moore and Nabokov also receive readings.

One of the striking things about this volume is the number of essays on recent literary scholars: Spitzer, Auerbach, Lovejoy, Parry, Baldensperger, Renato Poggioli, Perry Miller. Levin reads the work of his colleagues as seriously as any work of literature. He tries to find out the nature of their endeavor, what problems led them to raise what questions, and what answers led them to what further questions. For example, of Milman Parry, the Homeric scholar who went to the Balkans to study surviving epic singers, Levin says:

Had Parry been content to confine his researches to the classics, his views, however cogent, would have remained a hypothesis. But his broad training and his concern with method carried him beyond that stage, since he regarded himself as primarily an anthropologist of literature. By that he did not mean that he looked upon his subject as an amorphous mass of documents out of which the history of custom and ritual could be conveniently reconstructed. He considered literature itself the richest and most sensitive of human institutions—not a two-dimensional page in a book, but a rounded organism embracing the people by and for whom it was created. He foresaw the possibility of establishing a physiology of literature, of investigating the way it works, the necessities which call it into being, the circumstances under which it flourishes.

With such wide reading and interests Levin has many tools to deal with the ancient topics of conversation: Is the novel dead? What is realism and who's got it? What are the humanities? In "Thematics and Criticism" he directs at-

tention away from the clerical cataloging of recurring themes and the dogmatic systematization of the history of motifs. He proposes instead a closer study of the variation of themes within the context of individual works, authors and periods of time.

Themes, like symbols then, are polysemous: that is, they can be endowed with different meanings in the face of differing situations. This is what makes an inquiry into their permutations an adventure in the history of ideas (see Don Cameron Allen on Noah or George K. Anderson on the Wandering Jew). Our knowledge can be enriched by finding out why certain themes have been chosen at certain periods (the Wagnerian resurrection of the *Nibelungenlied*) or in certain localities (the Vergilian linkage of Rome with Troy) or by certain authors—why should the saintly figure of Joan of Arc have impressed such skeptics as Mark Twain, Bernard Shaw, and Anatole France, while failing to win the sympathy of Shakespeare? Themes, like biological entities, seem to have their cycles, phases of growth, of heyday, and of decline, as with Troilus and Cressida.

What is remarkable here is not the impatience with well-known vices of the profession, but the substitution of a method which requires the skills of a thematist, a new critic, a phenomenologist, a classical philologist, a historical scholar, a historian of ideas, a social scientist and a poet. A wonderful scheme, but the author only suggests it.

Harry Levin is very good at suggesting things that have the sound of an ideal eclecticism, and then moving on. In this volume it is often difficult to distinguish the complex elliptical argument from the random wanderings of academic Muzak. The passage from the essay on Ben Jonson quoted above has a muddy context. It appears under the subheading "Rhetoric," which begins with the workaday problems of masque production. This leads to an exposition of the masque-like elements in the plays, then a discussion of Jonson's problem with plots, and his solution—the use of the practical joke. So, tortuously, we come to the quoted passage on fool's patter. Separately his observations seem just, but the connecting logic is at best thin and at worst misleading because of its use of the smooth transition to suggest a harmony not demonstrated.

While these shifts merely weaken an introduction to an author's works, they are fatal to a more general argument. "Why Literary Criticism Is Not an Exact Science" soon gets off the rails. After mentioning Richards' final work on Coleridge, Levin drops the original ques-

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tion of scientific reading in favor of an assessment of Coleridge's philosophy. A comment by Coleridge is the excuse for a history of literary criticism from Plato to the present. Then a survey of modern historians of criticism slips in. The ramble proceeds according to the chances offered by stray remarks and the awkward machines of academic discourse. This and other essays in the volume are like the roll calls of great names that ring the walls of theatres, museums and halls of philosophy. Once one knows the persuasion of the institution there is a charm in seeing the logic of its gods, but little else.

At times in this collection the praise of local gods blinds judgment. If T. S. Eliot had the sense to leave "Ode of the Class of 1910" out of his *Collected Poems*, it is hardly seemly for Levin to resurrect it as a major text for the memorial, "T. S. Eliot and Harvard." Each man worships his own gods, but it helps our reading if we separate compliments and pieties from arguments. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Don Juan in Hell is a long extract from the third act of Shaw's 1901-03 comedy *Man and Superman*. Since 1932 when Charles Laughton, Charles Boyer, Cedric Hardwicke and Agnes Moorehead presented it with phenomenal success as a staged-reading it has come to be taken as a separate entity.

It might be termed a Shaw preface in dialogue, a discussion or a debate. And it is a long-accepted truism that people do not go to the theatre to listen to so much "talk"; they go to see plays: entertainment through action. How explain then that this piece still holds a delighted audience attentive for two hours? The answer is that Shaw's dialogue is action and his writing entertainment. Shaw was a born speaker, which is one reason why he was always effective in public address. Then, too, he had wit. In place of suspense, *Don Juan in Hell* has surprise and expectancy: we want to know the "verdict," how it will all come out. Even those who don't quite understand what Shaw is driving at enjoy the ride.

There are no characters: all the figures here are "masks": Don Juan, the Devil, the Commander and Dona Ana. But one cannot make a play without characters, wise men of the theatre have endlessly asserted. William Archer, Shaw's friend and critical colleague,

thought Pinero superior to Shaw, but it is Shaw not Pinero who still holds the boards everywhere. For the truth is that flesh-and-blood characters, as they are commonly referred to, are comparatively rare in the history of drama: Hamlet is such a character, so are Hedda Gabler, the *Three Sisters*, *Blanche du Bois*, et al, but Oedipus is not in the same sense a character. He is an animated idea set in a dramatic situation.

To speak of character in the modern theatre is to imply what is called "psychology." But as Virginia Woolf once pointed out, there is more psychology in a page of Proust than in all of Greek drama. The characters in the greater part of stage annals are what Ben Jonson called "humors," various human dispositions or types. This holds true not only for the *Commedia dell'arte*, for Molière, but to a large extent for Pirandello, Brecht, Beckett, Pinter. Though he greatly admired and thought himself a follower of Ibsen and Chekhov, Shaw was a dramatist in the older tradition. His best speeches are arias. He loved opera and preferred actors who were virtuosi in the grand manner.

Shaw's ideas in his time were revolutionary. But what is expressed in *Don Juan in Hell* even now has punch. The fact that his "life force" may be traced to Bergson's *élan vital* and the Superman to Nietzsche, does not mean that they signify the same things as in those writers. Shaw lent his own thought and feeling to these catchwords.

He desires man to transcend the "poor forked animal" he now is. "Life," he says is "driving at brains . . . an organ by which it can attain not only self-consciousness but self-understanding." The life force would act as "a mind's eye that shall see, not the physical world but the purpose of life, and thereby enable the individual to work for that purpose instead of thwarting and baffling it by setting up short-sighted personal aims." He clamors for the philosophic man: he who "seeks in contemplation to discover the inner will of the world, in invention to discover the means of fulfilling that will, and in action to do that will. . . ." "The life force bids him seek an incessant aspiration, wider, deeper into our self-consciousness and clearer self-understanding." To do this we must create a superman who will make the latent human beings we are into real persons. Shaw knew that such a person had not yet been evolved—and at times despaired of his ever coming into being—thus the last words spoken by the woman in the argument are a prayer: "A father! A father for the Superman!"

Shaw's essential spirit may be discovered when he has Don Juan say, ". . . as long as I can conceive of something better than myself I cannot be easy unless I am striving to bring it into existence, or clearing the way for it." Shaw is a puritan—a disturbing phenomenon in a world where the very word is in ill repute as representing something dour and repressive. But Shaw's puritanism is gay and lively. Though he lacks sensuality, he is not without passion. Though idealistic, he has common sense and an eye fixed on immediate realities and interim solutions. He is even a mystic, but rarely—and this is his limitation—a poet. He is all verve.

His prose, though prolix at times, is one of the best written in our age. It has breadth and drive; it scintillates and amuses; it is serious but never ponderous. It is at once crisp and rich in sound, sharp in aim and movement. Those who complain that Shaw's ideas are not novel are generally people who have none of their own and who celebrate plays from which ideas—new or old—are totally absent.

Of the evening's present reading at the Palace Theatre with Ricardo Montalban (his Latinity is not appropriate but he gets over), Paul Henreid (also foreign in accent but perfectly intelligible), Edward Mulhare (perhaps excessively British) and Agnes Moorehead one may say that while it isn't up to the level of the Laughton team, it still serves the event admirably.

One of the advantages of seeing the production of a classic Greek play is that it may lead us back to a literal translation of it. Most of the text in the Circle in the Square production of *Medea* is close to the Rex Warner translation which I have just reread, but it has been updated here and there in a way I find deplorable. One hears such lines as "Woman's place is in the home" and the word "sex" is used to signify desire. "Women's liberation" has been stressed, as has the misfortune of racism—*Medea* is Asiatic and Jason a Greek.

It is no simple matter to produce a Greek tragedy on the contemporary stage. The original key to the play's significance as well as the language are missing. There is no authentic Greek tradition for us. I am sure, however, that it is a mistake to attempt to bring these plays closer to us; we should reach out to them. Minos Volanakis, a Greek by birth and an able director, staged the present *Medea* because, the program informs us, "it is the best play about New York he has read." He means that the play deals with a woman betrayed by a horrid man, a brown lady who

earth it would be unbearable for the spectators, composed as it is of their blood, words and deeds. There is no plot, and there are no leading characters; what goes on is, for the most part, what Kraus saw and heard in Central Europe, and what was printed in the newspapers, punctuated by the comments of Kraus himself, written in the form of dialogues between two characters: the Optimist and the Grumbler, who walk through the drama like a chorus. It is a huge pageant of scenes, some of them short, one-line "blackouts" in cabaret style. Moments of cheerful chatter in coffeehouses are juxtaposed with scenes of death agonies at the front. A scene of the Pope asking for an end to the slaughter is juxtaposed with a scene of a newspaper-owner dictating a bellicose editorial. A father consoles his starving child with the news that the enemy is starving too. Sadistic, career-minded officers maltreat their troops, clergymen bless the cannon, poems of Goethe are transformed into war jingles, the literati write martial verse to order hyenas with human faces strip corpses of anything salable, the Kaiser clowns, and half-starved children are blown up by mines while searching for food.

As the situation deteriorates for the Central Powers, the chaotic tempo quickens, and the drama becomes more and more surrealistic; the last scenes include a dance on a volcano, choruses of male and female gas masks, of the children drowned on the *Lusitania*, of an unborn child begging not to be born,

all wiped out at last by a wall of flames over the horizon. Voices from above exclaim at the storm, and at the destruction of God's image and likeness. After a great silence, God speaks, and to him Kraus gives the words attributed to the old Austrian emperor: *Ich habe es nicht gewollt* (This was not my will).

In this work, Kraus's mastery of language places him in the front rank of literature. He reproduces perfectly every tone and inflection—the empty rhetoric of political speeches, bureaucratic gobbledygook, the street slang of Vienna, the speech of simple persons crushed by the war. Characters are stripped and revealed by their speech. This side of Kraus's work will probably remain inaccessible to Americans; it would require a great mastery of two languages to accomplish a translation. But aside from its linguistic and apocalyptic sweep, there are many sentences and passages from the work of astonishing foresight and power:

The world is going under, and no one will know it. Forgotten will be all that happened yesterday; what happens today will not be noticed; and no one will fear what is due tomorrow. It will be forgotten that the war was lost, it will be forgotten that the war was started, it will be forgotten that the war was conducted. For that reason, the war will never stop.

Only after the soldiers returned, he predicted, would the real struggle begin. The war, like no other war, had eaten into the fabric of society in such a way that it might never recover. □

lifted, toleration was encouraged, millennial hopes were openly proclaimed. The poor also thought that their time had come, and they started to say what was on their minds.

As was to be expected, what they had to say was mostly complaints. They said the system was stacked against them. After a number of years of free discussion, their complaints sometimes became radical critiques of their society. The first complaint was economic—that the means of life were in a few hands, kept there by the traditional forms of land tenure and the practice of enclosure. The Levellers were within the constitutional framework of the revolution; basically capitalist, they believed in private property. This book deals particularly with the case of the more communist True Levellers, as exemplified by the Diggers. Their commune on St. George's Hill became the center of influence for a much wider movement, speaking "for those whom the 'constitutional' Levellers would have disenfranchised—servants, labourers, paupers, the economically unfree." The writings of Gerrard Winstanley, the sect's leader and spokesman, examine the relationship between religions that emphasize the afterlife, sin, hierarchy and obedience, and an economically regressive system. Winstanley's critique led him to the heresy that paradise can be achieved here on earth.

The chapter "Sin and Hell" is at the core of the book. Here Hill traces the consequences of the notions of sin on 16th- and 17th-century England, and the manner in which the fall was mobilized for the sake of repressive causes. The most radical thinkers of the revolution, although operating within a clearly theological framework, were led to deny more, and more of the foundations of religious belief. Religious despair and suicide were common; the most daring abolished hell and even God.

Such liberating ideas encouraged many to act upon their desires. The Ranter rank and file equated the abolition of sin with drunkenness and debauchery. The rise and repression of this sect reads like a mob scene in a Shakespearean play; men of mixed motives, finding notions to their liking and making the most of them, quickly recant under the first pressure. Other sects acted with more conviction and suffered the consequences. And the Quakers, when the times grew more difficult, separated themselves from their more libertine wing and expunged part of their history.

A number of Hill's chapters discuss topics which ought to be of interest to proponents of modern causes. "John

Building the New Jerusalem

THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN: Radical Ideas During the English Revolution. By Christopher Hill. The Viking Press. 352 pp. \$10.95.

CHARLES BAZERMAN

Mr. Bazerman teaches English at Baruch College, the City University of New York. His specialty is the English Renaissance.

The Puritan Revolution was a complex time when men were moved by many impulses. In history the most visible features are usually the ones most studied; the domain of this book is the less visible poor who found their voice in radical sects. The ideas and utterances of these sects are usually regarded either as the rantings of the ignorant or the advance rumblings of modern Socialist revolutions. But Christopher Hill takes seriously the words of the Ranters, Seek-

ers and True Levellers as the articulated insights and desires of a previously mute and subservient class. This interesting study describes the conditions that allowed the poor to acquire a voice, how they used that voice, and what they had to say.

During the century preceding the revolution, cutbacks in the lordly households, the enclosure of common lands, and disafforestation, forced many of the poor to lead masterless lives; the paid army and the marginal employments offered by the expanding mercantile class allowed numbers of them to eke out a livelihood in or near the cities. They generally were discontented and disaffected from the social order. When the mercantile Puritans achieved their revolution, change was in the air and the world seemed to have been turned upside down. Censorship was temporarily

Warr and the Law" reveals that a radical critique of the law was formulated in 1649; "Base Impudent Kisses" has some early material on sexual revolution, the reformation of marriage and women's liberation; "Life Against Death" makes the 1650s case against the Protestant work ethic.

While eschewing major theoretical claims or astounding comparisons, the book is lucid and lively. Hill is thor-

oughly familiar with the period and all the primary sources, and he organizes and presents his materials well. We are left with the impression of a people confronting the conditions of their lives, seeking a more rational way of life. We see this laudable human impulse with its limitations, confusions and misapplications. When the world seems upside down, the oppressed find the chance to set their own affairs right side up. □

Brazil Since Joao Goulart

A GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED: The Awakening of the Brazilian Revolution. By Marcio Moreira Alves. Doubleday/Anchor Press. 200 pp. Paper \$1.95.

E. BRADFORD BURNS

Mr. Burns, professor of Latin American history at UCLA, has traveled extensively in Brazil during the past twelve years. He has written five books on that country, of which the most recent are *Nationalism in Brazil* (Praeger) and *A History of Brazil* (Columbia University Press).

Brazil plunged from democracy to dictatorship during the decade of the 1960s. Frightened by the democratic and Populist government of President Joao Goulart, which challenged their entrenched interests, the elites and middle class summoned the military to restore their control over the government. In the process, the military eradicated every trace of liberty and substituted the most brutal authoritarianism Brazil has ever endured. In this short and lively book, Marcio Moreira Alves, a former journalist and Congressman, provides a personal view of the tragedy which befell his country, the world's fifth largest and seventh most populous.

Like many other members of his privileged class, Alves welcomed the initial military intervention on March 31, 1964. But to the surprise of nearly everyone, the military did not return the government to civilians as it had many times in the past. Contrary to all precedent, it settled in to govern in its own name. As the military government became increasingly repressive, the beneficiaries of its rule diminished in number. This book traces Alves' growing disillusion with the regime of the generals. The brutality and short-sightedness of the government eventually radicalized Alves, and the process of his radicalization makes fascinating reading. Clearly he suffered problems common to many Latin American intellectuals: a disinclination to identify himself with his

own class and an inability to do so with the oppressed masses. The Cuban novelist Edmundo Desnoes brilliantly discusses that theme in his partially autobiographical novel, *Memories of Underdevelopment*.

Alves accuses the United States of intimate involvement with the military government. Indeed, the presence of the United States is overwhelming in Brazil. The author ironically notes that the U.S. Embassy staff at one point exceeded in numbers the civil service officialdom maintained by the British in all of India prior to that country's independence. Further, after 1964, the U.S. military maintained in Brazil its third largest mission abroad. (Vietnam was first.) Washington has generously supplied the dictatorship with aid exceeding \$1.6 billion. The United States funneled more military assistance into Brazil than into any other country in this hemisphere. Millions of U.S. dollars went into a "public safety" program to train the police in a country where there are at least 10,000 political prisoners.

Alves focuses considerable attention on the violence of the military regime, particularly its recourse to torture. The

documentation of the torture of political prisoners, collected by such reputable groups as the United States Catholic Conference, the National Conference of Brazilian Bishops, the Vatican, the World Federation of Trade Unions, etc., has become too copious, detailed and impressive for even the military government to ignore or repudiate. Significantly, the dictatorship refuses to admit into Brazil the Human Rights Commission of the Organization of American States to investigate the charges of torture.

Alves ridicules the dictatorship's claim that it wrought an "economic miracle." Rather, he discloses, the privileged have filled their coffers. Brazil, the most industrialized nation of Latin America, has the dubious distinction of having the lowest average industrial wages. Since 1964, wages consistently have fallen behind prices. The "economic miracle" mercilessly squeezes the poor. In the decade of the 1960s, the poorest 80 per cent of the population saw their share of the GNP slip from 35 to 27.5 per cent, while the richest 5 per cent increased their share from 44 to 50 per cent.

It is not just the local elites who are benefiting from military dictatorship. Foreign investors wax wealthy too. According to USAID, "during the sixties income remitted to the U.S. from Brazil exceeded capital outflow from the U.S. every year but three." In other words, Brazil exports capital to the United States.

According to the author, the interlocking interests of the Brazilian elites with those of international finance are one strong buttress of the Brazilian Government. He looks forward to a day when the Brazilian people will assert their independence, but for the moment his optimism seems valiant but unrealistic. His book certainly will give readers in this country a valuable perspective on the current situation in Latin America's most important nation. □

What to Do with the Old Folks

DEATH AS A FACT OF LIFE. By David Hendin. W. W. Norton & Co. 255 pp. \$7.50.

NOBODY EVER DIED OF OLD AGE. By Sharon R. Curtin. Atlantic-Little, Brown. 228 pp. \$6.95.

LEONARD C. LEWIN

Mr. Lewin is the author of *Report from Iron Mountain*, and *Triage*, a fiction about institutional killing (both Dial Press).

Old age, dying and death are coming

out of the closet. Even before Simone de Beauvoir's comprehensive *La Vieillesse* became a best-seller in France, articles began to appear in a surprising variety of publications, dealing with problems of the aged and of their survivors, with nursing-home inhumanity and racketeering, with euthanasia. Even television, the general opiate of our times, has opened the closet door on occasion, notably with Arthur Barron's moving 1968 documentary about a terminal cancer patient. In one recent week

given them to the proper officials. Such is the custom of the country.

Turner is full of advice for them. "Economic nationalism is an idea whose time seems to have come," he says in the first chapter. And in the last paragraph of his last chapter he says, "The increasing attractiveness of the expanding Third World economies have shifted the balance of power away from the multinationals." But that's true today only in underdeveloped countries that have reserves of oil. It will be true to-

morrow in those that have zinc, lead, copper, tin, silver or other scarcening commodities.

In the present world situation the multinationals that still have the power to offer fresh supplies of capital to Third World nations will not see that power diminish. True, there will be competing offers of capital; but the auspices are that the multinationals will still be able to put their money profitably into Third World resources. For their purpose is economic viability not politics. □

Serving the Larger Design

THE CRITICAL POINT: On Literature and Culture. By Irving Howe. Horizon Press. 232 pp. \$7.95.

CHARLES BAZERMAN

Reviewing a collection of critical essays almost necessarily involves some distortion of the author's meanings and intentions. Ordinarily, we seek out a book containing comments on works as diverse as Dostoevsky's notebooks and Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics* when we are particularly interested in one or another of the works discussed. Or if we admire the critic and enjoy random discoveries, we might leave the book for our random half-hours. In either case, of course, we read the essays individually and value them for the light they shed on the absent third party, the literary work under consideration. However, in reviewing such a collection, we read all the essays over a short period of time and focus more on the criticism than on the work discussed. Sometimes we are unfamiliar with the subject of an essay; often it is only a distant memory. Even if all the subjects are fresh in our memory, we gloss over the individual essay to consider the entire volume at one go. The temptation is strong to engage in critiography: we look for hidden unity, underlying themes and methodological innovations; we compare the critic's current attitudes to his earlier ones; we foment controversy by pitting a critic against his colleagues. In short, we ignore the purpose of the volume: to present some comments on issues of interest to the critic.

Most of Irving Howe's literary comments are provocative and well-

Charles Bazerman, who teaches English at Baruch College, City University of New York, has written on modern fiction and Renaissance literature. He is at work on a critical study of the contexts of poetry.

taken. After having read his book I found his opinions infiltrating my own conversation. For example, the preceding comments on reviewing are an extension of Howe's introduction.

Howe is at his best when exploring the ways to read and judge a book according to the standards implied by its special character. He makes accessible the unappreciated and deflates the passing fashionable. "Zola: The Poetry of Naturalism" discusses the energy which makes *Germinal* more than an essay on determinism. Howe defines the under-

lying myth of the novel as that of the dumb acquiring speech. "The rich and heavy impasto" of Zola's style seeks the right level of coarse strength to capture the spirit of the miners' resistance to oppression and speechlessness; and as the miners discover their voice, they enter an active and complex world that is more treacherous than the one they have left behind.

In "The Plath Celebration: A Partial Dissent," Howe takes a look at the role of confession in poetry. He makes a distinction between the admiration we have for courageous self-revelation and the satisfaction we get when "notation of incident or memory" is transformed by art into "a network of implication." Sylvia Plath's achievement is sorted out between the shocking and the poetic; her notable talent, though often used self-indulgently, showed its strength in a few final poems. Those poems reflect the limited vision of a woman in an extreme state—not the general illumination that her admirers claim for them.

Howe's understanding of genre redeems even those passages that are ensnared in criticism of criticism. By examining the nature of satire he demolishes a defense of Philip Roth's exaggerations:

To compose a satire is not at all to free oneself from the obligation to so-

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—Publishers Weekly

COURT AND CONSTITUTION IN THE 20th CENTURY The Modern Interpretation by William F. Swindler

The Nixon Court. Its interpretation of the Constitution will have far-reaching effects. To understand its impact, the author of two earlier works, *Court and Constitution in the Twentieth Century: Volume 1: The Old Legality, 1889-1932*, and *Volume 2: The New Legality, 1932-1968*, provides a comprehensive analysis of what the Constitution means today and of how that meaning has evolved.

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THE POOR

Unlike the rich
who have faces
they have bellies that bloat
and cats
with one beautiful eye—
only one: their balloons
are lost children
on the road.

Their mirrors
don't recognize them:
when there's no wind they appear
in the wake
of great liners
like flotsam: they may be seen
at mid-ocean
through wrong-way telescopes
for a dime.

Tom Jones

cial accuracy; it is only to order that accuracy in a particular way. If it can be shown that the targets of the satirist are imprecisely located or that he is shooting wild, the consequences may be more damaging than if the same were shown for the conventional realist. And if it can be shown that the satire is self-serving—poor Neil, poor Alex. . . —then it becomes—well, imagine how absurd *Gulliver's Travels* would seem if we became persuaded that the satiric barrage against mankind allows for one little exception, a young hero troubled by the burdens of being English and resembling Jonathan Swift.

Howe's literary insights always serve the larger design of the essay. Even in the rambling form of the literary appreciation he manages to circle in on the subject—in this case the poetry of E.A. Robinson. By the accumulation of fact, example and discussion, the reader is persuaded of the virtues of Robinson's magnificent plainness.

Unfortunately, when Howe leaves purely literary grounds for the realms of politics, history and psychology, partisanship mars his judgment. He overreacts and misses the point when Freud is blasphemed; he creates a baroque apology for socialism in American society; and he condemns Ezra Pound by tautology. His partisanship is honest and open—witness this title, "The Straight and the Crooked: Solzhenitsyn and Lukacs"—but he does not recognize its limitations. In that essay Howe believes he rejects Lukacs' distinction between the plebeian mind and Socialist consciousness.

The central criticism Lukacs makes of Solzhenitsyn is that the Russian novelist writes from the strong but limiting perspective of the plebeian mind, rather

than from a socialist consciousness. Lukacs grants that Solzhenitsyn's criticism of Soviet society is "rooted in a genuine hatred of social privilege"; it is tied by numerous filaments of attitude to the "plebeian social view" of such Tolstoyan characters as Platon Karataev in *War and Peace*; but it lacks, as it must, the historical perspective, the theoretical coherence that can alone be provided by the "socialist" outlook.

Howe's answer, which is really no answer, is that he prefers "empathy with the lowly and mute" to the machinery of the Socialist state. To prefer one part of a distinction is not the same as to annihilate that distinction. In this journal some months ago, a writer asserted that we have difficulty seeing Solzhenitsyn as a Russian writer with a complex relationship to his native land, because we want very much to enlist him in our anti-Communist cause. In this light the views of a Communist critic might prove salutary. One need not agree with Lukacs' politics to realize that his comments offer important clues about

CB
Solzhenitsyn's position as a Russian and as a Soviet citizen.

Howe's vituperations against Kate Millett express his anger at gratuitous insult and score sharply against her limited sympathies and deficient historical knowledge—but miss the point of her complaint. He grants that there are inequities on the basis of sex, but at every point where Millett examines how deeply rooted those inequities are in our habits, he comes back with a barrage of digressive arguments, from biological differentiation to sentimental stories. His refrain is that the world is complex and other forms of oppression exist. It may be true that oppression is invented wholesale, but it is eliminated only item by item as the oppressed learn to speak for themselves. When discussing a 19th-century French novel, Howe shows sympathetic understanding of the difficult process by which the downtrodden learn to speak. It seems odd that as the voices get nearer, he finds the story harder to comprehend. □

The Time of Joe McCarthy

WHEN EVEN ANGELS WEPT: The Senator Joseph McCarthy Affair—A Story Without A Hero. By Lately Thomas. William A. Morrow & Co. 654 pp. \$12.50.

THE AMERICAN INQUISITION: 1945-1960. By Cedric Belfrage. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 315 pp. \$8.95.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

To see and hear Sen. Joe McCarthy in the days of his prime some twenty years ago, roaring around Capitol Hill and sounding the alarm about Communists "taking over" our poor helpless little country, you might have been suitably impressed and would hardly have believed that his eclipse would follow so quickly and would be so complete and so dark. Even those commentators in the press who disapproved of him respected his prowess: Gilbert Seldes called him "a great demagogue"; Richard Rovere attributed to him something like "authentic genius." In less than five years there came the great man's downfall, as he suffered a kind of impeachment by a sweeping vote of censure at the hands of his fellow Senators; and people promptly forgot about him. Will

Matthew Josephson is the author of the now classic work, *The Robber Barons*, and a score of other books. He has contributed articles to this journal since 1930.

people be as quick to forget about Richard Nixon, a very different and more calculating personality, who was also long associated with anti-Communist crusading?

We have had demagogues aplenty in our history. The late Richard Hofstadter studied them, McCarthy included, in his discerning volume: *The Paranoid Style in American Politics*. Joe McCarthy, as patriot, tried to frighten the public about the safety of the nation, but he himself, as it seems now, had no paranoid fears about the puny Communist movement. Indeed, Lately Thomas' new biography shows us that, during long years in local Wisconsin politics and several years in the Senate, McCarthy admittedly "knew nothing" about communism and scented no danger from that direction to our capitalist system. Arriving in the Senate as a well-advertised war hero in 1946, he occupied himself with administering favors to diverse businessmen's lobbies in a moderately corrupt style. It was only in January 1950, when he was cudgeling his brain for some live issue to use in his approaching re-election contest, that he took up the question of Communist "subversion" in America, when it was proposed to him by Father Walsh of the Georgetown University faculty. At about the same time someone had leaked a three-year-old, somewhat discredited FBI report of alleged crypto-Communists

royal government, were defeated. Franklin had miscalculated the popular feeling in the colony. (Later as agent in England, he would fail for years to understand just how far down the road to revolution his countrymen were, and he would eventually have to change his own political direction and hurry to catch up with them in time to be a patriot and hero.) Upon his defeat in the election, Franklin was sent to England, ostensibly to work against the Stamp Act, but also to push for royal government in the event that English Quakers could reach no accommodation with Penn. When such efforts failed, Franklin, in spite of the sentiment in Pennsylvania, worked assiduously for the change. He grasped at every faint clue that came his way and forced himself into thinking it a sign that the King and ministers were going to buy the government from Penn; consequently, he deluded himself and his supporters until 1768, when Lord Hillsborough shattered all of Franklin's hopes regarding royal government. Thousands in Pennsylvania, including a great many Quakers, were relieved when Franklin pronounced the scheme dead. So great was his desire, however, that the increasing political, economic, social and cultural animosities between the two countries were not in themselves enough to shake his belief that all would be well under the King. But to his fellow Pennsylvanians, it was becoming clear that the external controls and the authoritarianism of the King and ministry were far more difficult to bear than that of the proprietor.

To Hutson the election of 1764 is a barometer of colonial sentiment toward English government, for Pennsylvania was a central and quite moderate colony. The underlying spirit of alienation, then, preceded the Revolution by twelve years. Hutson also goes on to explain what he takes to be the rise of the patriotic party in Pennsylvania. Since the Quaker politicians in the Assembly wanted either to keep alive the threat of royal government, or actually desired it, they did not permit the province to engage in activities that would injure it in the eyes of the King and ministry. The politics of the Assembly was that of ingratiation. Ironically, so too was that of the Proprietary Party. Having gone so far as to work against the campaign for royal government, these politicians could go no farther without risking the loss of their profitable positions in the colony. Thus, they also sought to ingratiate themselves with the King. The patriots, then, were left without a party until Presbyterian politicians took up the cause. Since, Hutson tells us, the party was dominated by their group, it was known

as the Presbyterian Party, and it went on to become the center of resistance and revolutionary zeal in Pennsylvania.

There is much here that is good; however there are difficulties with this book that should be mentioned. Hutson surely overstates the importance of the 1764 election with respect to the war. The campaign that year against Franklin was vicious. His enemies brought up the fact that his son William was illegitimate, and accused Franklin of mistreating the mother by practically starving her during her life and then burying her in an obscure, unmarked grave so that no one would ever know who she was. This was damaging to one who traded on his reputation as a moralist. Further, whereas Franklin normally carried the local German vote easily, his opponents reminded this group of an ugly remark he had once made about them. They therefore voted the Proprietary ticket in large numbers this time, and were more than the margin of his defeat. Then, too, his allies mishandled the election. At one point they insisted that the polls stay open later than they should have and then finally closed down too soon. Even with these factors, though, Franklin lost by only a hundred votes, and the next year he and his allies won handily. In fact, they retained their offices until the eye of the Revolution, and all this time Franklin was in England. He certainly did not cease working for royal government during the next few years after the 1764 election, and so one wonders just how important the campaign was in his defeat. Hutson's interpretation, it seems, also fails to give enough weight to other factors which turned many who were loyalists in 1764 into revolutionaries

later. Not only was the political situation worsening steadily but the stinging attacks on every aspect of American character and life that rolled off the British presses also infuriated the colonists. While they might tolerate criticism of their eating habits, they felt differently when their religion, their courage and their very sexual competence were questioned almost daily. Finally, to refer to the patriotic party as the Presbyterian Party is to distort the facts, and it is inaccurate to treat its development as an almost overnight phenomenon. Though the group was largely Presbyterian, it included a broad non-Presbyterian spectrum far more representative of life in Pennsylvania than Hutson shows.

Further, some of these men were formerly supporters of the Assembly, and others came from the Proprietary Party. In fact, it is fair to say that the strength of the Proprietary Party had long been Presbyterian. Its political leader was Chief Justice William Allen, one of the most eminent Presbyterians in the province, and he proudly reported to Penn that in the election of 1764 his denomination had turned out in large numbers and "to a man" voted against Franklin. Presbyterians who knew what was happening in provincial affairs considered him a religious enemy and, like the Quakers, they had reason to fear a government under the direct control of the King and the influence of the Church of England.

While it has been necessary to correct these matters, it is nevertheless true that Hutson's book is important and rewarding to anyone interested in early American life. Written with force and clarity, it is a work that can be enjoyed by general readers as well as specialists. □

Victories of Happy Madness

THE WORLD OF APPLES. By John Cheever. Alfred A. Knopf. 174 pp. \$5.95.

CHARLES BAZERMAN

Since the turn of the century, quiet desperation has been the stuff of our literary tragedies. However strong our conviction of success, we feel a nagging dread that our achievements are hollow. We fear that as much as Elizabethan Englishmen feared the vagaries of fortune and the falls of monarchs; now, as in those times, stories that exercise our fears are refreshing purgatives. The short

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stories of *The World of Apples* are all in the modern American tragic mode. John Cheever presents a collection of lives of failure, self-doubt and delusion.

In the title story, a famous poet is plagued by just such troubles. He is known for his pleasant creations; his last volume of verse was entitled *The World of Apples* (a good title bears repeating). But his equanimity is disturbed when he stumbles across a couple making love in the woods. He finds himself reduced to writing pornography, and as his imaginings become increasingly lewd and boorish, he wonders whether he and the world are forever consigned to filth. His sweetness of thought returns when he makes a pilgrimage to a regional shrine on the suggestion of his Italian

housemaid. The grace of ritual reconfirms his illusory world.

In "The Fourth Alarm," frail peace of mind is again restored by private illusion. A suburban husband, neglected by his liberated wife who copulates twice nightly on the New York stage, is distressed and confused by her public lewdness. He manages to get through a lonely day by recalling a "marvelously practical and obdurate part" of himself which did not allow him to abandon his wallet and keys to join an audience-participation love-pile at the end of his wife's performance. He finds a model for his old-fashioned ways in a memory of a childhood movie: at the last minute an almost abandoned horse-drawn fire engine is called to put out the fire the gas-propelled ones could not. His "marvelously practical and obdurate part" has rather romantic antecedents.

The semi-solitude of a writer's retreat or of an affluent suburb can keep a man satisfied in his delusions. But the depressed landscapes of other stories weigh more heavily. In "The Chimera" a hen-pecked husband waits on his back porch every night for his imaginary lover to appear and wonders if his neighbors on their back porches are doing the same. When his chimera comes, she produces as many problems as the rest of his life; he is unable to carry on a successful affair even with his own creation. One night, feeling quite guilty about abandoning his family, he keeps his chimera waiting. The chimera in turn finds another lover and goes on a week's binge. She returns hung-over and remorseful but is soon off again. Having had enough of those sordid suburban affairs, his fantasy packs up and heads for the West Coast.

The only victories Cheever allows are of a happy madness. In "The Geometry of Love" Charley Mallory faces his personal problems with his slide rule and the propositions of Euclid. The thought that life can be figured out precisely is appealing. Elsewhere a gluttonous stomach beats its master's diet. "When he ordered the *Zabaglione* I knew that I had won." And finally there is the housewife turned sniper who takes revenge on the superhighway that claimed the lives of her first and second husbands and all her children. She bags four interstate trucks before remarrying and quietly moving away.

The desire to fight back gets its most serious treatment in "Percy" where, despite strenuous efforts to build an artistic career for herself and her son, Aunt Percy's ambitions are always frustrated. Cast as a reminiscence, the story creates an elegiac counterpoint of nearly forgotten talent and the dispiriting weight of time and events. Hostile family gather-

ings are temporarily relieved by the son's music, and careers are dissipated by marriages. In this melancholy vanishing act the family is finally left to the weakest heir, a retarded second son, janitor at Logan Airport. Moment is added to moment and character to character in a novelistic fashion, and in the end we are left not with a single sad story or spot catastrophe but with a wide community of depression.

"The Jewels of the Cabots," the most impressive story in the collection, again in a novelistic manner, interweaves a family's decline with the leaden depression throughout the town. Here the characters and events are more eccentric, the catastrophes sharper. The motivating deception is wealth: the wife flaunts the jewels, the daughter steals them, the wife goes mad with their loss and kills her husband. The mistress from the poor side of the river, fearing her share in the will would be contested, never files a murder complaint, and the larcenous daughter grows fat living above a restaurant in Egypt.

The story covers the rich and the poor sides of the river to create a mosaic of lost people. Between the daughter's theft and the fight between husband and wife the next evening is a 6-page excursion through all the other catastrophes of town life: Doris, a male prostitute, haunts the working-class bar, serving a world of "spiritual nomadism" and accepted with "hapless indifference." Meanwhile genteel families suffer Sunday-dinner skirmishes lured on by the promise of roast beef. The arguments are ended by the mother's change of subject. "Feel that refreshing breeze." There was, of course, seldom a breeze. The narrator also has a penchant for false refreshing breezes. He ends the digression with his special project of creating a newspaper that prints only good news. But even his fictitious stories have a morose ring:

CONTROVERSIAL LEGISLATION REPEALED BY SENATE. The recently enacted bill, making it a felony to have wicked thoughts about the administration, was repealed this afternoon by a standup vote of forty-three to seven.

In the town of St. Botolphs the poor endure empty lives and the rich are brought together only by the myths of diamonds and the Sunday roast. When the story returns to the Cabots, it is only to record the final disintegration of the family.

These stories appeal to a morose part of our modern heart, the part that is convinced that we will soon end up fat, crazy or dead. It is one purpose of art to create well-turned public commiseration. It is odd, but very human, that we find delight in such things. □

Excreta, Inc.

CORPORATE COUNTRY: A State Shaped to Suit Technology. By William H. Rodgers, Jr. Rodale Press. 299 pp. \$7.95.

MARK J. GREEN

For those who believe problems of corporate responsibility are either esoteric or irrelevant, consider Duluth. Its citizens were recently told that the water they had been drinking for the past two decades contained excess asbestos filings because Reserve Mining, a big iron ore works, had been dumping 67,000 tons of industrial waste daily into Lake Superior, the city's water supply. The firm's reply: It's not dangerous; or, rephrased, "Let them eat asbestos." Which by way of example leads one to understand why corporate America's popularity has plummeted (seven years ago 55 per cent of those responding to a Harris poll had "great" confidence in business; today 27 per cent do) and why C.E. Lewis could write thirty years ago in *The Screwtape Letters*: "The greatest evil is not now done in those sordid 'dens of crime' that Dickens loved to paint. It is not done even in concentration camps and labor camps. . . . But it is conceived and ordered—moved, seconded, carried and minuted—in clean, carpeted, warmed and well-lighted offices, by quiet men with white collars and cut fingernails and smooth-shaven cheeks who do not need to raise their voices."

According to William H. Rodgers, Jr., such types are the denizens of the "Corporate Country," which is "a state shaped to suit technology." It is a place where corporations promote profitable technology by a variety of chicanery. First, there is the conscription of the scientific estate, which produces self-serving and phony studies for corporate use; since he who controls the information can often control the conclusion (or in computer parlance, garbage in/garbage out), scien-

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—Ramparts

The non-profit Popular Economics Press has just published a magazine-style book with 90 original illustrations which explains in question-and-answer format the recent impact of monopoly pricing and government "regulation" on the average American's budget. Send checks for 90¢ + 20¢ mailing to Popular Economics Press, 5a Putnam St., Somerville, Ma.

spirit . . . has perpetuated itself in Christian society. . . . There are other indications of Marx's anti-Semitism which McLellan largely ignores: his letters castigating his Socialist contemporary, Lassalle, as a "Jewish Jew"; and his insistence in his letter to Engels upon calling Lassalle "Itzig"—a derogatory name for all Jews used by upper and middle-class Germans of the 19th century. But despite these unpleasant manners it is inaccurate to speak of Marx as an anti-Semite. His distaste for Judaism was part of his overall distaste for religion, which he believed to be an alienating force in society. His anti-Jewish slurs against Lassalle merely reflected the state of the German mind at that period. And the letters were private, addressed to his good friend and supporter, Engels, with whom he felt he could be candidly vulgar.

In any case, Marx the man is much less significant than Marx the philosopher, and anti-Semitism is not reflected in his philosophy. The basic Marxian ideal is a Utopia in which man is no longer alienated from himself. Under the present system, and all past systems, man is alienated either because of a god—a fictional stranger whom man worships and credits with doing the things he has himself accomplished—or by an economic order which makes of him a mere commodity. This alienation has been aggravated in the capitalist system by the division of labor, which robs man of the joy of knowing the product of his own work. In a society without alienation, Marx expected that Jews would be freed from the bondage of their religion and of the commercial system in which their religion thrived. Instead of being slaves to religion and commerce, they would be free citizens in a socialist Utopia.

McLellan's book is probably the best extant biography of Marx. It avoids the hagiography of Mehring's classic, and eschews the animosity of Schwartzchild's book published during the cold war. It is a balanced exploration of Marx the man, and a knowledgeable analysis of Marx's ideas. Marx emerges as a man dedicated to using his great mental abilities to revolutionize the world. Marx's thought covered three distinct periods: in his late 20s and early 30s, during the 1840s and early 1850s, Marx was seeking an elusive, all encompassing truth which would explain completely man's condition and light the way to man's emancipation; during the period following the publication of the *Communist Manifesto* until the early 1860s, Marx was a revolutionary leader and polemicist; for the last two decades of his life—he died in 1883—Marx was the

elder statesman of the Socialist movement, analyzing the existing economic and political system, debating alternatives and warning against precipitate, and thus futile, revolutionary action. During the last period Marx made an effort to pull together the various strands of his thought. He never completed the task—although Engels attempted to do so in editing the last two volumes of *Kapital* after Marx's death—because it was impossible to achieve. The three distinct albeit occasionally overlapping periods in Marx's development reflect concerns and directions that are basically unrelated. McLellan's attempt to demonstrate that they are related is less than convincing.

His book is full of sympathy for Marx, but there is little hero-worship in it; the author is a Marxist, but he is not a sycophantic adulator. And McLellan is a good writer; his style is pleasant to read.

Just as McLellan's book offers an intriguing examination of Marx, so does Professor Bevan's book provide an interesting and provocative analysis. For Ms. Bevan, a professor of political science at New York's Yeshiva University, has found a similarity in the outlook of Karl Marx and Edmund Burke, two key antagonists in the struggle of ideas. She concedes that there are real

and major differences between Burke and Marx but argues that these should not obscure the many "outlooks and orientations" they shared. "Their similarities have been obscured," Professor Bevan says, ". . . but these similarities suggest that there is some . . . possibility of dialogue" between the socialist followers of Marx and the conservative followers of Burke. There is considerable merit to the argument, for, as she points out, both men agreed that the activity of the world was sequential or logical and not chaotic; both believed in an independent and material world, and both emphasized the empirical approach. "Man through his sense perception and mental reflection can 'experience' and come to know the world about him," they believed. Thus Burke and Marx agreed that man was "both responsive to . . . reality and responsible in his understanding of it." Moreover both saw the order and activity of society as the basis for all historical social change. Burke and Marx agreed on the need for social change based upon an accurate apprehension of social reality. Both opposed irrational revolution or change. Where they differed was in their vision of the results of such social change—a significant point of disagreement. But, as Professor Bevan argues effectively, their basic approach is the same. □

Danger, Fear and Self-Revulsion

I WOULD HAVE SAVED THEM IF I COULD. By Leonard Michaels. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 188 pp. \$7.95.

CHARLES BAZERMAN

Leonard Michaels's commitment to truth-in-fiction has sharpened his stories to make this, his second collection, surpass his earlier *Going Places*. The Michaels of the first collection let philosophy and theatrics obscure his fictional impulse. The stories moved quickly from problems of the soul to sexual adventure, mugging and suicide. The troubled but smug attitudinizing never moved far from the quasi-problems and quasi-solutions of fashionable psychotherapies. But the new collection, *I Would Have Saved Them If I Could*, reveals the confused and scarred self behind the mask of fashionable attitudes. Persistently reaching for the feeling life of characters, Michaels no longer needs to rely on the

bizarre to gain startling effects; life's intricacies are sufficiently eye-opening. What remains of the bizarre is subordinated to the weightier emotional freight of the stories.

On first reading, the opening story, "Murderers," could be mistaken for a comic routine overwhelmed by a pretentious metaphoric death. The scene in which four boys look on from a neighboring roof while a young rabbi and his wife begin to make love to the strains of Choo-Choo Lopez's rendition of *The Miami Beach Rhumba* is in the spirit of Lenny Bruce, but when Arnold Bloom in his excitement slips off the roof to his death, we wince at what looks like strained symbolism. But there is more to the story than that. Danger, fear and self-revulsion accompany the boys' discovery of the world. Arnold Bloom isn't a sacrifice to the parental gods; he is just one who doesn't survive the growing up. Those who do pay the price of scars and involution. The other boys are shipped off to a camp where the

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SAY SUMMER—FOR MY MOTHER

*I could give it back to you, perhaps in a season,
say summer. I could give you leaf back, green
grass, sky full of rain, root
that won't dig deeper, the names called out
just before sundown: Linda back, Susy back,
Carolyn. I could give you back supper
on the porch or the room without a breath
of fresh air, back the little tears in the heat,
the hot sleep on the kitchen floor,
back the talk in the great dark,
the voices low on the lawn
so the children can't hear,
say summer, say father, say mother:
Ruth and Mary and Esther, names in a book,
names I remember—I could give you back this name,
and back the breath to say it with—
we all know we'll die of our children—
back the tree bent over the water,
back the sun burning down,
back the witness back each morning.*

Stanley Plumly

discipline of the world is enforced by those who carry around life's lessons in their bodies.

We hiked and played volleyball. One day, apropos of nothing, Melvin came to me and said little Arnold had been made of gold, and he, Melvin, of shit. I appreciated the sentiment, but to my mind they were both made of shit. Harold Cohen never again spoke to either of us. The counselors in the camp were World War II veterans, introspective men. Some carried shrapnel in their bodies. One had a metal plate in his head. Whatever you said to them they seemed to be thinking of something else, even when they answered. But step out of line and a plastic lanyard whistled burning notice across your ass.

In "Storytellers, Liars, and Bores" the economic dilemma of the beginning writer is defined by the two poles of Uncle Zev and Tony Icona:

My Uncle Zev told me about his years in a concentration camp. "Write it," he said. "You'll make a million bucks." My friend Tony Icona gave me lessons in breaking and entering. Uncle Zev's stories I couldn't use. Tony's lessons were as good as gold. Criminal life was intermittent and quick. It left me time to work at stories and learn about tearing them up.

It takes 6 pages for the writer to fall through all the degradations that art demands. Having shed all his friends—including the last and most boring memory—he is ready to meet Kafka in a dream. And Kafka, the master of the sublime, after shaking hands with the writer, wipes his fingers on his tie: the muse

takes a lot out of you. The shifting tones of the narrative voice carry much of the meaning of the story, and suggest the attitudes of the writer toward himself and his art.

In *Going Places* the reader very rarely was given any indication of how lines were to be read, but in the present book the inflections are made clear. When Joyce Wolf's fiancé, Mandell, speaks, we know why he is to be despised. His repetitions that have no incremental effect, the adolescent use of "like" as an ineffective modifier, the self-important airs about ordinary lust, his casting of himself as the celebrant of love—all these are manifest in his speeches.

Mandell asked if she had ever been celebrated.

"Celebrated?"

"I mean your body, has your body ever been celebrated?" Then, as if to refine the question: "I mean, like, has your body, like, been celebrated?"

The involutions of judgment and feeling that we find in these stories arise from the author's facing of himself and his life. Such a process rarely makes an attractive picture. The writer who wants to get at the truth of his own experience must admit how he has acted. And it won't do to work the self-glorifying vein of the picaresque novels of the 1960s nor the sentimentalizing vein of the more recent psychiatric sob and salvation stories. Nor does the confessional mode get at the truth of experience if it simply exploits a self-berating sensibility. Michaels's method is a good deal more serious than these. It tries to describe

how people actually behave, how they respond to themselves and others and what their real limitations are.

The first-person stories of the collection, most of which appear to be narrated by a stand-in for the author, seem to me to be the better ones because they give Michaels's painful character analyses a center and a sympathy lacking in the third-person stories—like "The Captain," which is unrelievedly cruel, and "Trotsky's Garden," which is unrelievedly grandiose. In the first-person stories, Michaels shows his narrator coming to understand that the physical and spiritual deaths he sees happening to others are his own. Here is a short piece from a composite story, "Eating Out," made of two dozen such pieces:

The Hand

I smacked my little boy. My anger was powerful. Like justice. Then I discovered no feeling in the hand. I said, "Listen, I want to explain the complexities to you." I spoke with seriousness and care, particularly of fathers. He asked, when I finished, if I wanted him to forgive me. I said yes, He said no. Like trumps.

Michaels's stories aim for the multi-layered intensity of Kafka's parables. That is shooting very high, but

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often enough he is right on target. Sometimes, as in the title story, "I Would Have Saved Them If I Could," which is made up of meditative paragraphs, the philosophy outweighs the fiction. The central issue, suffering preserved as a presence through fiction, comes alive only enough for us to want to read the story in some future version.

The issues Michaels writes about are difficult to capture. His writing is much denser than it seems to be at first. And his world is not attractive. So when he fails, we dislike what strike us as his pretensions. However, he succeeds often enough to make us take him seriously. He is in the process of becoming as good a writer as he thinks he is. □

also the influence of Burckhardt's history of the Renaissance, the reality of intellectual growth and rebirth—an aspect of European history that was inseparable from Jung's view, at once vitalist and historicist, of human nature. Laurens van der Post, in this connection, makes much of Jung's youthful personality even in old age, especially his natural capacity for laughter. Van der Post makes a point of the psychological relation between these characteristics and Jung's "accusal" or mystical view of experience. Thus there is a certain propriety in his name—Jung—and in a sense his study of the Renaissance, the revival of learning, provided the model for all "archetypes" when he came to apply that term to those primordial, ideas, therapeutically evoked, to which he imputed human health and development.

Besides abysmal poverty, Jung's childhood was marked by extreme introversion. Indeed, he probably invented the distinction between introvert and extrovert in self-defense. Unpopular in school and falsely accused of plagiarism by one of his teachers when he had written a particularly impressive essay, he was attentive to his dreams and showed an amazing memory for them in maturity; he also had waking fantasies or visions of peculiar intensity. All this helps explain his interest in schizophrenia. It also suggests that the notion of "symbol" became so vital to his thinking precisely because it expressed the manner in which he himself adapted his inner nature or functional need to the external world; for, in subsequent years, he appears very much an extrovert. Thus his life illustrates the personal "individuation" of which he wrote, but as a process of *extroversion*. Van der Post notes, for instance, that Jung had a genius for "propinquity . . . a born, great and inspired neighbor to all sorts and conditions of men and women."

At the age of 12 he had a waking vision in which he saw the Cathedral of Basel shattered by divine excrement dropped from a golden throne high in a bright blue sky. This vision expressed for him the mortal split in the Western European spirit, outwardly manifest in the increasing conflict between science and religion, the devaluation of meaning and purpose to which modern man had been led by scientific empiricism. Van der Post, who knew Jung well during the final sixteen years of his life and produced a remarkable film on him, implies that Jung considered himself to be in conflict with the dominant intellectual tendencies of his time.

The Germanic strain of philo-

The Mystical View of Experience

JUNG AND THE STORY OF OUR TIME. By Laurens van der Post. Pantheon Books. 198 pp. \$12.95.

MARTIN LEBOWITZ

The current and fashionable belief that insanity is a breakthrough to a deeper level of experience probably originates with Jung. This fact encourages the view that a true division of labor may exist between Freud and Jung in regard to the former's profound interest in neurosis and the latter's preoccupation with psychosis. Van der Post portrays Jung as above all a religious mystic who believed in the curative power of love, the "feminine principle" in both man and woman. He described God in terms derived from German romanticism, as an all-inclusive *Tremendum*, incorporating conflict, contradiction and in particular the Mephistophelian and Faustian principle of evil which is essential for redemption to be operative. The fall of man (neurosis or psychosis) necessarily precedes his salvation or "cure," Jung seems to say—the solicited yet spontaneous and unpredictable gift of

grace leading to a higher form of human existence.

The pioneering idea that psychotic symptoms are meaningful and in an obscure yet intelligible sense "functional," is also clearly Jungian. But what separates Jung from earlier and later attitudes than his own is the contention that paranoid beliefs have a sort of objective justification. His work is in part a metaphysical "defense" of insanity, in the sense that he insisted, in accordance with his religious upbringing and philosophical education, both on the "objectivity" of the psyche and on the purposive and even providential nature of human experience. There is an obvious analogy between Jung's opinion on this matter and Toynbee's concept of cultural breakdown and the birth of higher religions.

The modern mind, which in the case of Freud adopted mechanical and materialist assumptions, took a compensatory turn in the life and work of Jung. Nietzsche was of course a living influence at the University of Basel when Jung was a student there. But Nietzsche's suggestive antithesis between the Dionysian and Apollonian spirit, and his celebration of the Faustian doctrine of sin or error as the precondition of growth, virtue and love, were not without intellectual competition at Basel. There was

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