

was a third position: The Soviet ruler was so psychotic that he could not be treated rationally in the foreign-policy arena. To Taubman's credit he refuses to use this easy way out and largely dismisses this third view. Neither does he, however, deal with the tough, fundamental questions raised by the Kennan-Lippman exchange.

The second reason for hedging and confusion in Cold War writings is even more basic than ideology. It involves a failure to tell both sides of an issue, or it mixes up chronology so that the relation between cause and effect appears to be different from what it was. We are told, for example, of how in 1944 Stalin tried to gain a sphere of influence in Iran along that country's long common border with Russia, and how he insisted on keeping his troops in Iran during early 1946 until Truman faced him down in the first public superpower confrontation of the Cold War. We are not told, however, that it was the U.S. concessionaires who opened the race for Iranian oil in 1943-1944; the race continued until, when the Russians wanted to enter, the State Department suddenly stopped it. We are not told that Roosevelt signaled a willingness to allow Stalin increased Russian presence in Iran (after all, the shah's family had shown a distressing tendency to cooperate with the Nazis) until the State Department convinced the president to disavow the signals. We are not told that in 1946 Stalin withdrew the troops after the Iranian government promised to negotiate seriously about oil rights

cember 1943 Tehran conference of the Big Three, not the more famous Yalta meeting fourteen months later, that sealed the fate of Poland and several other Eastern European countries. We are not told, however, how the Tehran talks were shaped by the military situation, especially the massive Red Army summer offensive that single-handedly turned the tide of the European war in 1943. Nor are we told enough about Churchill's weird deal with Stalin in October 1944 that assigned most of Eastern Europe to the Soviet sphere of influence in return for Stalin's giving the prime minister a free hand to put down the left-wing revolution in Greece. When we do finally learn something of the 1944 deal in *Stalin's American Policy*, it is long after a description of how the Russians in 1945 took control in Rumania and Hungary. Anything the chronology might reveal about the relationship between the Churchill-Stalin deal and Soviet actions in Eastern Europe six months later is, consequently, lost.

Taubman ends the volume with a provocative chapter that notes the links between Stalin's and Brezhnev's foreign policies. This is an important kind of exercise; Seweryn Bialer has performed it most profitably in several recent books. Bialer, however, understands the importance of investigating ideological complexities, keeping the chronology straight, and—at appropriate points—being a one-handed historian.

We have long known that Acheson and his boss took a tough approach to

Caveman Right have learned nothing from the mistakes of the 1940s and early 1950s, the rest of us had better get the story straight. This is no time for Achesonian Creationists in foreign policy. □

OUT OF THE PAST, by Alexandra Tolstoy. Edited by Katharine Strelsky and Catherine Wolkonsky. Columbia University Press, 448 pp., \$19.95.

Unwelcome witness

LEONARD SCHAPIRO

ALEXANDRA TOLSTOY WAS the youngest daughter of Leo Tolstoy. She died in New York State in 1979 at the age of ninety-five. Her works on her father are, of course, widely known, and have been translated into many languages. She also played a considerable part as cocreator of many of the ninety volumes of the definitive edition of her father's works published in the Soviet Union between 1929 and 1938. She acquired wide fame first in Japan and then in the United States by her lectures on her father and his work. Her most lasting achievement was the creation in 1939 of the Tolstoy Foundation, which has been a source of generous help and support for Russian and other refugees.

It is only posthumously that this warm-hearted and remarkable woman (and Russia is the breeding ground of remarkable women) has at last spoken for herself. These memoirs were written over many years, in Russian, and it is due to the persistence and dedication of Professor Wolkonsky (Alexandra Tolstoy's secretary and companion) that such a splendid book has at last emerged. Leo Tolstoy and the foundation are only incidental in this book; it is about the daughter who was content to live in her father's shadow.

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and Russian border concerns, only to break the promise after Stalin withdrew the troops.

We are told in detail how, in the author's view, the Soviet ruler took advantage of Roosevelt's naive policies to protect self-determination in Eastern Europe, and how Stalin manipulated differences between Churchill and FDR to expand Russian political power. Taubman, moreover, is on the mark in claiming that it was the De-

the Russians. Truman expressed it clearly when he announced he would get "85 percent" of everything he wanted from the Soviets. He did not even come close, despite overwhelming U.S. economic power and a monopoly of the atomic bomb. Instead he got a Cold War. As Taubman argues, we must understand this earlier era, including the forces that drove Stalin to dominate Eastern Europe. Since Reaganites and others in the

ow, but whose life was full and important in its own right. The experiences described fall into four periods: World War I, when she worked as a nurse at the front; after the victory of the Bolsheviks, in Soviet Russia until 1929; two years in Japan; and the first years after her arrival in the United States in 1931.

Her service as a nurse at the front was under the All-Russian Zemstvo Medical Service—a vast assembly of voluntarily equipped and manned field hospitals, together with doctors, orderlies, and drivers, which played a vital part (in addition to the Red Cross) in trying to deal with the terrible casualties of the war, often beyond the capacities of the regular army medical service. She served, it would seem, with distinction on both the Turkish and North Western fronts, suffering great hardship, and witnessing untold suffering, wild carnage, and, above all, the horror of gas attacks. She is not the first to ask the obvious question, What does mankind achieve by all this slaughter? And she recalls how her father in 1910 changed his mind at the last minute about attending a peace conference in Stockholm, appalled by the prospect of discussions about peace without the acceptance as a fundamental law of the commandment “Thou shalt not kill.”

There is a vivid account of the effect of the revolution of 1917 at the front—the chaotic mixture of idealism, anarchy, indecision, and inconsistency that defies the historian, and is scarcely more credible in an eyewitness account. By the time Alexandra Tolstoy arrived in Moscow, the Bolsheviks had achieved power. She moved to her father’s estate, Yasnaya Polyana, now a sad relic of former days. The next few years were to bring repeated arrests, imprisonment, and clashes with the crude authorities of the new revolutionary regime. As a member of the nobility Alexandra was suspect, but as Tolstoy’s daughter (and, be it said, on account of her courage and commanding personality) she could, usually escape the more serious hazards of life in those tempestuous and unpredictable days in Russia. Eventually, she succeeded in persuading the authorities to let her start a school at Yasnaya Polyana, now under the ministrations of the local communists as a Tolstoy center—the communists saw nothing inconsistent in propagating atheism at a Tolstoy

center. Appalled and outraged, Alexandra managed to escape from the country by talking the communists into letting her go on a lecture tour in Japan. She left, not intending to return, just as forced collectivization was getting into its stride.

The chapters on life in Japan are among the most delightful in the book. This was prewar Japan, and Japan not yet overwhelmed by the war, by defeat, and by the onslaught of industrial energy with which it has striven to compensate for defeat by beating the victors at their own materialist game. Although my acquaintance with Japan (after the war) is slight, I suspect from Alexandra Tolstoy’s account that much more of the charm of traditional Japanese life survived in

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1929–31 than was to be discerned thirty years later. She earned a pittance by giving Russian lessons and by lecturing about her father, whose philosophy had what seems to have been a large following in Japan. She was, however, appalled to discover that her accounts of Soviet reality as she had seen it were treated with incredulity and hostility, by “progressive” young Japanese who had been well indoctrinated by Soviet propaganda. She was astonished to be harangued by them on the subject of the greater freedom and justice that prevailed in the Soviet Union, in spite of “temporary difficulties.” It was a foretaste of what was to come when she reached the United States in 1931.

The early years in America were hard for her—earning a living was difficult, and life in the cities, especially New York, did not suit her. However, there was the compensation of an apparently surprise reunion with a brother whom she had not seen for many years. He died soon after of cancer. His sister was with him to the end; her support of him in his last hours and her acceptance of his death are among the most moving things described in the book. But it is, after all, small wonder that the daughter of the

man who wrote *The Death of Ivan Ilyich* should reveal such understanding of the meaning and significance of death in our short time on earth.

For a number of years, until generous benefactors made the Tolstoy Foundation possible (and the foundation afterwards absorbed all her energies), Alexandra lived by a combination of modest egg-farming in Connecticut and by lecturing. President Roosevelt was elected in 1932, and recognition of the USSR soon followed. An appalling number of American intellectuals were persuaded that Soviet society was the perfect model for the future Utopia; it was the age of the pilgrims to the Soviet Union only too ready to be duped by what they were shown, so well analyzed by Professor Paul Hollander in his *Political Pilgrims*, recently published by Oxford. Alexandra found it hard going to persuade her audiences that all was not as they, for the most part, believed it to be. (Occasionally, her wit came to her rescue. “Madame speaker,” asked one member of a particularly turbulent audience, “kindly explain why we do not hear of gangsters, kidnappers, and all the other kinds of crooks in Soviet Russia, when there are so many here?” “Why, it’s very simple, Comrade,” she answered. “In America they put criminals in jail, but in Soviet Russia they run the country.”) But it was not only the “comrades,” who were presumably organized to break up her meetings, with whom she had to contend. When she met Eleanor Roosevelt at the house of friends in Richmond, Virginia, she tried hard to raise the question of Soviet Russia with her, but Mrs. Roosevelt “was either talking with someone else, or changed the subject.” When she found herself alone with the president’s wife in the garden, the First Lady ignored her attempts to raise the subject of Russia, and talked about the view.

I presume Alexandra was regarded as an embittered and prejudiced aristocrat. The rise of national socialism in Germany, no doubt, had the effect in the United States, as elsewhere, of inclining people to take the best view of what was then regarded as Hitler’s main enemy. Even so, the evidence of the nature of Soviet society was already available. Recognition of the truth by our Western societies may not, in the end, have made much practical difference. It might have saved our reputations as defenders of liberty and guardians of democracy. □

MAKING LOVE, directed by Arthur Hiller.

PERSONAL BEST, directed by Robert Towne.

Gay dogs

STEPHEN HARVEY

THE MATING OF SELF-CONSCIOUSLY progressive themes with emotionally primitive moviemaking is a Hollywood tradition that dates back at least two generations. Thirty-five years ago, the movies intrepidly proclaimed that bigotry against blacks and Jews was positively beastly, especially when the Negro in question was Jeanne Crain, and the Israelite Gregory Peck, who wasn't really one anyway but only pretending. Two decades later, moviegoers were ravished by the revelation that interracial marriage could be a boon, provided that the bride was Katharine Hepburn's real-life niece and fictional daughter and the groom was Sidney Poitier and a research scientist with the United Nations. These days, of course, we're all incredibly sophisticated, despite that brimstone spewed weekly from electronic pulpits in Texas and Virginia. So I guess we can take it, now that Twentieth Century-Fox has boldly and forthrightly murmured that being gay can bring fulfillment, so long as you end up settling down with a nice, stable mate who's a lawyer with blond hair and an apartment with a glassed-in terrace overlooking Central Park.

I know we broad-minded types should feel an obligation to applaud any movie righteous and daring enough to broadcast this startling news, considering the undeniable present undercurrent of bigotry, but somehow my heart just isn't in it. Not that *Making Love* should have much to

worry about in the fainting-in-the-aisles or boycotting-at-the-box-office department in any case. Those who, in their lack of worldliness, find even the merest allusion to homosexuality repulsive would scarcely have patronized it, bigotry or no; they didn't exactly flock to *Cruising*, the Inferno to this movie's Purgatorio. The mass of folks who, in the manner of Phil Donahue's daily communicants, consider the whole business intriguing if faintly repellent should feel right at home: *Making Love* is another pass/fail elective course in the My-Problem-And-How-I-Solved-It school of TV-movie dramaturgy. Gays who care merely that their situation be presented benignly could scarcely quibble with *Making Love's* blandly earnest pitch. In fact, the only people likely to be affronted by this film are the artistically fastidious, and Heaven knows there's no pleasing them.

To its dubious credit, *Making Love* makes a play for the approval of that audience too, with the toniest collection of cultural referents contained in any maudlin thesis-movie within memory. The Fox logo has barely faded from view before we're plunged into Ingmar Bergmanland—intercut confessional closeups of the spurned wife (Kate Jackson) and capricious lover (Harry Hamlin) against blank white backdrops, alternately expressing the joy and torment wrought by Michael Ontkean, the shared man in their lives. It's soon revealed that although Ontkean and Jackson vented those ordinary human feelings shared by us all, before their rupture they weren't just your average L.A. upscale couple. They read Rupert Brooke, crooned Gilbert and Sullivan duets, and broke bread with no less than Dame Wendy Hiller, their downstairs neighbor. Such discernment and sensitivity extended to their professional spheres as well—he as a doctor in private practice providing his patients with succor as well as skill, and she in the role of a rising network executive who rails against her superiors for pandering to the public's abject taste rather than stretching its intelligence. (That such words are uttered by the actress who formerly graced “The

Rookies” and “Charlie's Angels” is one of this film's lesser felicities.) This being a movie with a palpable instinct for fair play, Hamlin is not exactly a bimbo either, even if he does spend an inordinate amount of his spare time lounging in bars and pumping iron. No, he's a prominent young novelist, whose most recent tome is entitled *Good Intentions*, in a typically deft stroke of characterization by screenwriter Barry Sandler.

Yet the real source of sustenance for this classy trio turns out, in more ways than one, to be the movies of the fifties. Ontkean/Jackson can recite every sodden line from that Cary Grant/Deborah Kerr weeper *An Affair to Remember*, while Hamlin's second favorite indoor pastime is watching Elizabeth Taylor in *Raintree County* and *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* on his Betamax. Sandler's own allegiance, seconded by director Arthur Hiller, is to a rather schlockier set of Grauman's Chinese role models. As her voice clots into a winsome rasp, Jackson evolves into a brave and bonny June Allyson helpmate. In counterpoint to his Neanderthal facial structure and Victor Mature physique, Hamlin plays the litterateur in a manner reminiscent of Joan Crawford's Bohemian artist in *Daisy Kenyon*—right eyebrow permanently cocked, tremolo deepened to a buttery simmer. And we've certainly seen Ontkean's somber square with an ulcerated secret dilemma before; he's *The Man in the Grey Flannel Jockstrap*.

So it's hardly surprising if *Making Love's* tone apes the formula-ridden stuffiness of all those fifties melodramas so bent on decrying the price conformity exacts from the free soul trapped in its thrall. Sandler and Hiller scrupulously eschew the images of sad, mad faggotry that were emblazoned on the screen throughout the sixties and seventies; in fact, the only putatively “gay” attribute of anyone in sight is Hamlin's pride in his pectorals and penchant for lumberjack shirts. Stripped of stereotypes, everyone simply resorts to lots of movie-movie attitudinizing. After his apprenticeship in the likes of *Willie and Phil* and *Voices*, Michael Ontkean can spring into furry-gazed ardor quicker than you can say “Print it!” His character may be in the throes of a bad case of divided affections, but the actor is nothing if not focused—his job is to project boyish loveliness. Hamlin's specialty here is aloof hubba-hubba, but his hold on Ontkean remains

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