

tries to explain the present state of affairs. Few French, he suggests, really believe in a policy of complete exclusion. They know that while a Europe without American produce and technology would be "independent," it would also be backward and impotent. Readjustment, not destruction, of the present American-European relationship is the goal of policy. Gaullist France has wanted to achieve it through a series of bilateral, sometimes multilateral, agreements whereby Western Europe as a whole will be able to compete either with the United States or the USSR but also whereby individual states, especially France, will retain their sovereignty. Critics of Gaullism complain that genuine scientific planning and coordination on a continental scale presuppose a common political program that will be incompatible with national sovereignty. Gaullists, on the other hand, are more than content that the Common Market Treaty of 1957 did not create a dominant supranational organization, but they have come to regret the treaty's primary concern with the rearrangement of tariff barriers. They would like to see a common policy not only here but also in regard to the control of American investment and technological penetration in Western Europe.

Gaullist policy is hostile to any idea that Western Europe, and particularly France, should try to solve the larger problem of the technology gap simply by using American licenses and patents or by concentrating on certain modest, not so spectacular, areas of research and development. The Japanese have tried the first method fairly successfully, and the Swedes the second. Some leading French scientists and intellectuals, fearful that excessive ambition in technology would drain off funds needed for the nation's socio-economic improvement, recommend similarly limited solutions. But the dominant Gaullist judgment is that these solutions have only a short-run attractiveness and, if applied over an extended period, will lead to the incurable impotence of the

nation. Thus France must have its own independent research and development effort aimed at space programs and nuclear weapons. Aside from a very stimulating "spillover" effect in other areas of the economy, this effort, while arousing the French people with a new sense of importance and prestige, will have a decisive psychological-moral impact which no man can measure in advance. Gilpin, certainly, does not claim to be able to measure it. On this and other points in the controversy he is not concerned with carrying a brief for one side or the other, but rather with explaining what the controversy is all about. In these terms his book has fulfilled its purpose excellently.

Reviewed by BRENTON H. SMITH

Return of the Squares

An American Melodrama: The Presidential Campaign of 1968, by Lewis Chester, Godfrey Hodgson, and Bruce Page. New York: The Viking Press, 1969. 814 pp. \$10.00

THE REVEREND SYDNEY Smith once asked: "Who reads an American book?" But now there is a kind of universal American political journalism like this survey, *a la* Theodore H. White, by three able young Englishmen—who like the Englishman of legend miss the real point of the story. British readers especially should take note of this.

Let it be said quickly that the story itself is told with exactitude and almost smothering detail—besides the triumviral authorship there was a research squad of seven members. There are, as noted above, 814 pages, twenty-one of which are devoted to a closepacked index, which consists almost wholly of people's names. Do you want to identify the young Mexican-American who

liberated Robert F. Kennedy's shoes in the roaring triumphal motorcade through ghetto Los Angeles a week before the Oregon Primary? He was Joe Murillo. What did Joe do with the shoes? Wore them to school next day. How big were the shoes? Size nine. Any special features? Built-in high arches to give extra height. Do you care to know how the chief of press relations for Eugene McCarthy in the New York primary was dressed when inspected by one, two, three, or all ten of the collaborators? She—it was not surprisingly a girl—wore a pink leather miniskirt with suitable accessories.

Not merely the frivolous details, though, are here in super-abundance. To take one of hundreds of episodes handled with like panavision, there is that same New York primary. The story is told from hour to hour, with insight, unflinching grasp of the drama, sharply pictured *personae*, and often directly quoted pronouncements, formal and informal, public and private. The authors advance with plausibility a theme for which nothing more will ever be available: contrary to consensus at the time, Senator Robert Kennedy could not have counted on the support of his own (adopted) State of New York for the Democratic nomination. The account of Kennedy's assassination, from the crack of the pistol shot to the funeral progress down the great metropolitan corridor of the Kennedy-type heartland, is a memorable one. Moreover, the authors understand clearly enough that the central issue of the 1968 campaign was how far and how fast Kennedyland, the liberal redoubt of Northeast Atlantic America which for thirty six years had ruled the country so firmly—and in the end so fecklessly—would now subside. Already, its capital city, New York, showed advanced stages of a physical dilapidation merely reflecting the spiritual and intellectual blight about to intensify in its symbolic universities. The inner meaning of 1968 was how far the doctrines and designs of 1933 could, after a generation, resist the resurgence of national groups always loyal but increasingly

restive since that pivotal year. In the end the authors miss the point of the story because they were committed to the 1933 plerophory, almost in its pristine form.

But they are not unaware of some of the graver connotations of their position. They seem to sense that a government which comforts all must in time and in increasing degree control all. Apparently they appreciate that when constitutional limits are withdrawn, the state must become what it was before kings were tamed and contained. At any rate, they draw on late medieval parallels for some of their strongest points. The Oxford medievalist K. B. McFarlane, for instance, has spoken of the "bastard feudalism" which succeeded the original innocence and almost sanctity of the bond between lord and vassal. "It was [now] the ambition of every thrusting young gentleman . . . to attach himself for as long as suited him to such as were in a position to further his interests . . ." Just so, say Chester, Hodgson, and Page,

the old automatic allegiances of American politics, based on geography and on ethnic identification, have been largely replaced by a new kind of loyalty very much like "bastard feudalism" . . . [For instance] the Kennedy brothers have their men not only in the great universities and foundations, but also in industry, on Wall Street, in the television networks, and in the press, so that a long-distance phone call would be enough to find a job to reward a friend, to divert an embarrassing project for a magazine article or television documentary, or to raise millions for a political campaign. Harper & Row was in this sense the Kennedy publishing house, and there are Kennedy hostesses, and even Kennedy football players—like Roosevelt Grier—so that the hero worship of black adolescents is not wasted, but harnessed to add its little candle to the refulgence of the princely house. The duties which a "bastard feudatory" may be called on to perform are almost infinite in scope. . . .

The authors, discussion of the Rockefellers suggests a like apparatus.

Now unvarnished as this exposition is, it would be misleading to suggest that the context is one of outright disapproval. The authors are not Kennedy men; one gathers—more interlinearly than otherwise—that if they preferred anybody it was the senior senator from Minnesota. Still, their preferred politics is the politics of the new mediaevalists, and those who oppose it get few kind words. It is true, and it is fitting, that Nixon's 1952 "Checkers" speech and the \$18,000 political fund involved receive fair treatment from these expositors of the new million-dollar "bastard feudalism"; but they exhibit little enthusiasm for the "Puritan spirit" which they detect in Richard Nixon. He was elected because "he talked about every issue except the ones that mattered to the country." Worse, "he owes his election to the votes of the middle class, old stock, Protestants of the West, the Middle West, and the Southern border, and in general to the business class and its allies. He won these votes because he bade for them." And his inaugural address "scaled the heights of bombast. . . . 'We have endured a long night of the American spirit'"

All of this distresses our three English friends, and they rally their own and kindred hearts with the hope of Democratic revival powered by young people like those who followed Senator McCarthy in Connecticut—the Rev. Joseph Duffey, to take a single example. Mr. Duffey had told them: "I guess you could call me a sort of revisionist Marxist, but certainly I had very little sympathy with the Maoists. . . ." Without deprecating the earnestness and good will of the McCarthy youngsters and their leaders of whatever ideological hue, one does feel sure that in looking for salvation in that direction our authors have missed the whole point of the 1968 story. They themselves suggest the evidence in a quotation about the GOP conversation that occurs half way through their work:

" Norman Mailer, who may know

about such things, described the sensation of living and breathing in the Miami Beach atmosphere as 'not unlike being made love to by a three hundred-pound woman who has decided to get on top.' "

Now the parenthetical part of that sentence from an article in *Harper's* may be a just commentary on the early Mailer, that quondam corypheus of the hip, if not the hipped Left; but the authors entirely miss the surfacing in this very piece of a different Mailer, a Mailer certainly as "new" as the "new Nixon," a Mailer ready at last to respect the squares. It was easy for the NASA director to see in the moon project a triumph for squarism. But months before, Mailer's Miami coverage had turned into an all but open celebration of reviving quadrangularity. Surely one of the least expected sentences in the political reportage of 1968 was Mailer's comment, after seeing the Nixon girls, that "a man who could produce daughters like that could not be all bad. . . ." But Mailer was graver and more in touch with political reality and prospect than our English reporters when he described the Nixonites who so troubled them—and listed some of the anti-Nixonites. "Here they were," he said of the delegates at the GOP gala,

. . . . yes, even the spiritual power of America (just so far as Puritanism, Calvinism, conservatism and golf still gave the WASP an American faith more intense than the faith of cosmopolitans, one-worlders, trade-unionists, black militants, New Leftists, acidheads, tribunes of the gay, families of Mafia, political machinists, fixers, swingers, Democratic lobbyists, members of the Grange and government workers, not to include the *Weltanschauung* of every partisan in every minority group). . . . [The delegates] believed in America as they believed in God—they could not really ever expect that America might collapse and God yet survive, no, that had even gone so far as to think that America was the savior of the world

The gentle raillery, the ironic excess of Mailer's description testify to a continuing sense of Republican preposterousness not unlike that of the three young Englishmen—and yet, and yet, Mailer

felt himself unaccountably filled with a mild sorrow. He did not detest these people, he did not feel so superior as to pity them, it was rather, he felt, a sad sorrowful respect. In their immaculate cleanliness, in the somewhat antiseptic odors of their astringent toilet water and perfume, in the abnegation of their walks, in the heavy sturdy moves so many demonstrated of bodies in life's harness, there was the muted tragedy of the WASP—they were not on earth to enjoy or even perhaps to love very much, they were here to serve, and serve they had in public functions and public charities. . . had served for culture, served for finance, served for salvation, served for America. . . .

It was almost as though the new Cabinet wives had sat for Mr. Mailer for that famous collective portrait long before the Dick Nixon show had telecast them in the flesh. To be sure the Mailer reporting occasionally boggled a detail. He didn't mention the "bastard feudatories" or the revisionist but anti-Mao Marxists, and his catalogue of non-squares omitted large and respectable elements of that other America. The peculiarities he enumerated with such respect were not exclusive to the WASPs, and it was mere ignorance, or mischief, to list the Grange—the Grange, no less!—along with the tribunes of the gay, the acidheads, and the Mafia.

But the man "who may know about" the 300-pound woman also displayed scope, insight, and empathy in his instant recognition—the novelist's or poet's recognition—of what he saw (and what in political terms it meant) in the splashdown of the returning squares at Miami Beach. And at the Nixon press conference it did not occur to our English visitors, as it did to Mailer, to ask—though he didn't actually—the ulti-

mately perceptive question in a time of new revolutions and deadlier armed doctrines: "What, sir, would you say is the state of your familiarity with the works of Edmund Burke?"

Reviewed by C. P. IVES

A Family Matter

My Father and Myself, by J. R. Ackerley, New York: Coward-McCann, Inc., 1969. 219 pp. \$5.00.

THIS POSTHUMOUS memoir by J. R. Ackerley (1896-1967), who for more than twenty years served as editor of *The Listener*, "is not," the author insists, "an autobiography, its intention is narrower and is stated in the title and the text, it is no more than an investigation of the relationship between my father and myself and should be confined as strictly as possible to that theme." Within these limits, it recalls an earlier "biographical recollection," Edmund Gosse's *Father and Son* (1908). Both books examine the relations between parent and child, the differences in their personalities, public and private, their psychological orientations, their idiosyncrasies, their outlooks. Both books portray in subtle, often profound, ways the failure of father and son to communicate and the suffering that results from their failure. This theme is, of course, as old as civilization; it is there in the Old Testament, which in itself is *the* unfolding drama of fathers and sons. It is a theme, also, that fascinates us today, sometimes leading to extremes of psychoanalytic overstatement and bias, as *Thomas Woodrow Wilson: A Psychological Study*, by Sigmund Freud and William C. Bullitt, demonstrated recently.

In neither *Father and Son* nor in *My Father and Myself* is there that romantic