

dressed as Aztecs, acrobats who whirled through the air while attached to high poles by a cord, and fireworks that spelled out the American flag and "Continental Hilton."

There was a grand or, to put it properly, a "Gran Fiesta Mexicana" at a magnificent hacienda called the Casa de la Campana, where everybody got sombreros with the Continental Hilton crest on the front and tequila cocktails and a lunch in the garden. Dancers in outlandish Oaxacan costumes performed, and next day, after the baile was over, all the guests went to Acapulco to look at the site of the new Hilton hotel going up there and to have lunch at the private hacienda of Senor Miguel Aleman, who formerly did business as President of Mexico and is now closely allied to the Hilton aggregation.

For the Hiltons, who had already had gala openings to unveil the hotels in San Juan (Caribé Hilton), Madrid (Castellana Hilton), Beverly Hills (Beverly Hilton), and Istanbul (Istanbul Hilton), the *gran apertura* in Mexico was perhaps old sombrero. For the Rockefellers, opening Caneel Bay Plantation and simultaneously the Virgin Islands National Park was more of a novelty. Where Hilton chose Hollywood, Rockefeller chose Washington. If Hilton was supplying the papers with pictures of the likes of Merle Oberon dancing in a glass cage sixteen floors above the Mexico streets, Rockefeller had photographers working too. At the precise moment that Laurance Rockefeller turned over the title of the property on St. John to Secretary Seaton, Congressman Powell popped up between them, and

newspapers from coast to coast printed the three of them at the official dedication ceremony.

With or without the representation of the peoples' representatives the new park was a delightful place full of strange trees and many beaches and old sugar plantations long since deserted by the Danes who finally sold the islands to the U.S. in 1917. For the National Park visitor there would be idling on the beaches, fishing off the shores, poking around among the ruins of the Danish days and even among the relics left by the Caribs and the Arawaks, the Indian tribes who lived here first.

EVENTUALLY there would be places to camp for those who would come over by boat from St. Thomas, a half-hour's plane ride from San Juan, Puerto Rico. In the meantime there was Caneel Bay, the resort once used by the Danish West Indies Company, which Rockefeller had spent \$2 million on to bring up to date. For those willing and able to pay roughly \$40 a day for two American plan, there was an assortment of some twenty-four fine seaside cottages. All you had to do was step out of the door, duck under the sea grape trees, step on the sand, then plunge in the turquoise sea. At night there might be a calypso band and dinner by candlelight, but by and large life at Caneel, as indeed life in all St. John, was for daylight hours for those who wanted to swim, to fish, to snorkel, and to sit.

In addition, St. John could offer the Trunk Bay Estate, a less pretentious plantation with a scant half a dozen bedrooms perched over one of the world's best beaches. A mystery writer name of Richard Ellington offers housekeeping cottages alongside Cruz Bay, which rent for \$50 to \$150 a week plus cook and maid and groceries. For the adventurous there were, beyond the tourist trail, the British Virgins, Tortola, Beef Island, Virgin Gorda, and others, all now under the administration of a youngish blond chap named Geoffrey Allsebrook, once of Cark-in-Cartmel, but for the last seventeen years posted to Tanganyika. There is no radio to Tortola, no telephone, no semaphore system, and the boat runs to St. Thomas just twice each week. But there are the quiet and the fine sea views off to islands called Dead Man's Chest, Peter Island, and that spicy triumvirate, Salt, Ginger, and Cooper. Sometimes you can see St. Croix, but it takes ten days to get a confirmed reservation in one of the Spartan hotels now available, and as Administrator Allsebrook was saying only the other day, it is a dashed awkward place to get to.

Men, Women

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the mornir she wonders, when the last baby s off to nursery school?

As Miss Jackson lets each of the children t in an almost tape-recorded gar ty, they win the reader for themse. The baby, "Mr. Beekman," is c of the most engaging two-year-o ever set down on paper. This not slight tribute to Miss Jacks ability to work with dialogue. A all, a two-year-old doesn't say h!

PARENT'S OR : This is a time of catharsis in t. We can watch, in Eugene O'N s "Long Day's Journey Into Night," untwists the igled influences of his early life, : ads which eventually lead him to passion, pity, and understanding. if possessed of uncommon fort e, we can sit at home and trace i thierine Gabrielson's "The Story Gabrielle" (World, \$2.75).

Mrs. Gabri i has here retraced day by day, i mstance by circumstance, the ress of her eldest daughter's illness, which began so unalarmingly just before Christmas when Gabrielle was nine, was undiagnosed so long, never admitted between parents and child, terminated by death in April when Gabrielle was two months past her tenth birthday. The narrative is addressed to Gabrielle, as though her mother were recounting, as small children love to have their mothers do, some early adventure which has become family legend. In so doing Mrs. Gabrielson must, we imagine, have sought to assuage something of the unbearable grief which her experience must have been.

If Mrs. Gabrielson's efforts for these last terrible months were heroic so were the child's, for she knew, her mother believes, before any of them, and without adult telling, that there was no future for her, only a painful now over which she could and did triumph. It was she who taught her mother to live the present moment to its fullest capacity of awareness and joy, and it is to the victorious, undaunted little spirit which she had brought into the world that Mrs. Gabrielson has written this heart-breaking tribute.

Tender, haunting, clinically detailed but never morbid, it is by no means everyone's book. To some readers it will be helpful and deeply moving, an earnest of the fact that strength is given us to bear what we must. But to others it will be an unbearable reading experience.

—PAMELA TAYLOR.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 708

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 708 will be found in the next issue.

XRO HDK NCDL D IDK AR

HRNNPC, ZOA XRO HDKKRA

IDVC BFI ABFKV.

—HECGYC NN IDHNDOPBNFK.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 707

Darwinian Man, though well-behaved at best is only a monkey shaved.
—W. S. GILBERT.

PRODUCED BY HORACE SUTTON.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

France's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde



"Pierre-Joseph Proudhon," by **George Woodcock** (Macmillan. 291 pp. \$5.75), is the first full-length biography in English of one of the most provocative figures in early nineteenth-century France. It is reviewed here by J. Salwyn Schapiro, author of *"Liberalism and the Challenge of Fascism."*

By J. Salwyn Schapiro

DURING the first half of the nineteenth century France became the battleground of the new social forces that appeared with the Industrial Revolution. Socialism in its various forms won many converts and became a leading issue. The new conflict, that between capitalists and workers, threatened an overturn even greater than the French Revolution. From this situation emerged the revolutionary thinker Pierre-Joseph Proudhon, the subject of George Woodcock's new biography.

In a sense Mr. Woodcock is a pioneer. His book is the first full-length biography of Proudhon in English. It presents a well-written account of the life of the French thinker, both private and public, and a fairly vivid picture of his personality. Best of all, it contains careful analyses of his major works, with copious extracts. Few of Proudhon's works are available in English.

In 1840 Proudhon burst into prominence with the appearance of his book "What Is Property?" In this period of social conflict a discussion of the institution of property brought immediate attention. Proudhon considered property as income derived without labor, *sans main m  tre*, such as interest, dividends, and rents. That, he declared, was "theft." But income derived from labor on the farm or in the shop he called "possession," which, in his view, was morally just and socially valuable. In this early book Proudhon already exhibited qualities that became characteristic of him. These were, to quote Mr. Woodcock, "zestful writing, the love of paradox, the flair for the shattering phrase, the personal bitterness, and the eloquent invective." The book attracted many readers largely because it appealed to the mood and spirit of trenchant social criticism traditional in France.

Proudhon was a genius of polemic

violence. His writings constitute one mighty torrent of vehement denunciation of persons, ideas, and movements. In the France of his day he was the great "outsider," at odds both with the bourgeois liberals who dominated the Government and with the democrats and socialists who opposed it. A contemporary once remarked that Proudhon was "that strange man who was determined that none should share his views." His writings had a revolutionary trend, but in a direction bewildering to his fellow revolutionists. With Proudhon's violent denunciations of the existing order were heard overtones of anxious conservatism: his regard for the interests of the middle class, his opposition to income taxes, his defense of inheritance, and his devotion to traditional family life. No wonder the socialists shied away from him as from a strange beast!

PROUDHON denounced capitalism with a vigor and bitterness unmatched even by Karl Marx. But his conception of a perfect society was far different from that of the latter. What Proudhon advocated was a new economic system that he called "mutualism," according to which each industry would be carried on by a voluntary, autonomous association of producers bound together by free contracts. The supreme authority in the nation would be a council representing federations of economic associations, with power only to regulate their common affairs. Agreements would take the place of laws.

Unlike Marx, Proudhon was a revolutionist who abhorred violence. The transition from capitalism to mutualism was to be made peacefully and fairly quickly by what he called a *r  volution par le cr  dit*. A "Peoples' Bank" was to be established that would give free credit to any enterpriser who asked for it. Free credit would have the effect of paralyzing the nerve center of capitalism, i.e., finance. Result: the disintegration of capitalism and its displacement by mutualism, the triumphant competitor. In the Proudhonian world, observes Mr. Woodcock, "the rational organization of economic and social problems would free the dynamic impulses for a more productive function in man's existence."

Proudhonism became a rival of

Marxism for the allegiance of the revolutionary workers not only in France but also in Spain and Italy. It influenced the ideas and policies of the Paris Commune of 1871. Even more, it set going a current of social thought known as "syndicalism" that for a long time dominated French trade unionism. Proudhon, in the opinion of Mr. Woodcock, remains "among the small group of nineteenth-century social thinkers whose work still has meaning and relevance in our own age."

This opinion is debatable. As a social thinker Proudhon belongs in the category of crank philosophers whose ideas are interesting but dangerous. As a writer he is now well-nigh unreadable.

Mr. Woodcock's biography of Proudhon has the merit of being sympathetic yet critical. Yet I find the result a profile, not a complete picture. After a close study of the writings of Proudhon I came to the view that he was the "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" among social philosophers. The "Dr. Jekyll" in him is plainly evident in the many eloquent pages extolling justice, denouncing exploitation of man by man, pleading for individual liberty, and asserting the supremacy of morality in human relations. And Proudhon acted as he preached.

Now to the "Mr. Hyde" aspect. Proudhon hated and despised political democracy. To him the principles of popular sovereignty, universal suffrage, and civil liberty were "political poverities" and "worn out childishness." Movements aiming to improve the condition of the working class encountered the furious opposition of Proudhon. Trade unions he considered as labor monopolies designed to destroy freedom to work. In his view democratic socialism would create "a pious and stupid uniformity" inimical to all progress. He denounced the movement for woman's right as baneful and stupid because he considered woman by nature the inferior sex.

Of the "Mr. Hyde" aspect of Proudhon little is to be found in the pages of Mr. Woodcock. The book is an excellent study of Proudhon in the traditional view of him as a great libertarian. It does not, however, make a contribution to a re-evaluation of the revolutionary thought of the nineteenth century. That will be another story.