

the dominance of the old industrial powerhouses in the East is waning.

The East, with its established traditions, its settled ways, its sense of history, and its experience in world affairs, is being challenged by a new group in American society that has not yet found its roots or structure and whose lack of experience and swift rise to economic well-being have made many among its ranks impatient. This situation has imbued it with a feeling of omnipotence and a belief that success comes with bold and extreme action. It also considers those who do not share this view as "anti-American" and as conspiring against the United States. This painful process of integration of the new group into the older American society is creating severe strains and conflicts, and it will take all the ingenuity, imagination, and pragmatism the American system is capable of to overcome this social crisis.

England, France, Germany, and Japan are experiencing similar strains from the emergence of a new middle class, except that they are less abrasive in smaller countries where the contrasts are not as sharp and where social mobility is not as flexible as it is in the United States.

It will take patience, time, and a deeper understanding of the facts of contemporary life before the turmoil caused by this new white middle class, and also by the combustive insurgence of the Negro, subsides and a new balance is re-established in American society.

Mass education is not an ideal solution, for it leads to superficiality and a certain debasement of intellectual values, but it is one way of coping with this new development.

Magazines of opinion also have their mission in this evolution.

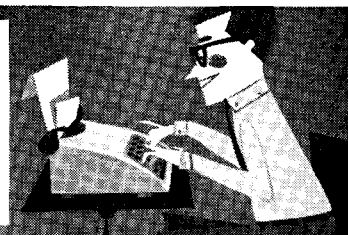
*Saturday Review* once devoted itself almost exclusively to the arts and letters, which, of course, are a vital stimulus to the mind. But gradually it has been opening its pages to articles about scientific developments, about the state of affairs in education, mass communication, travel, and politics.

De Tocqueville and Lord Bryce in their day looked benevolently upon the United States as a kind of *Wunderkind* of still vast, unexplored talents. By now, however, the United States has grown far beyond anything they dared to anticipate. It has become an economic and nuclear superpower that outranks all other nations. It has assumed immense responsibilities, yet it is still an unfinished society with an accelerating rate of social change.

The need, therefore, to help equip the modern Renaissance man is greater today than ever before. He is not just a noble figment of history and nostalgia. He is, or should be, a competent reality in our time.

SR/August 29, 1964

## Top of My Head



### Jack Benny Plus One

**F**ORTY years ago the *Saturday Review of Literature* began publishing. Some years later "of Literature" was dropped from its title. William Patterson, its vice president and secretary, has often assured me that the fact it was dropped on the day I started contributing was a coincidence. "Uncanny coincidence," he keeps saying. If I were nervous I'd worry about that.

Forty years ago *Saturday Review of Literature*—hereafter and herewith known as *SR*—had not come into view of my magazine reading. A gay blade then, a life of the party and devil take the hindmost sort of fellow, I was involved with *Judge*, *Puck*, *Liberty*, and the pursuit of happiness. As I matured I was graduated to *College Humor*. That publication influenced my becoming a comedy writer. Some of the best jokes I wrote appeared in *College Humor*—first. Another Mr. Patterson of that day referred to it as "uncanny coincidence."

This is one anniversary into which I can throw myself wholeheartedly. Mostly because I don't have to rush around frantically looking for a present for somebody who has everything—a task that keeps me pretty busy in our house because we have so many thankful days we have to celebrate, she tells me. There's the birthday anniversary, the engagement and wedding anniversaries, first-day-we-met-in-school anniversary. Then there's First Mink Coat Day, First Daily Double Winner Day (paid \$5.10, a low record for any North American track), and October 14, which is the anniversary of the day I always remember that her birthday was October 12, following which is October 15, Make Up Day. Alexander Graham Bell Day—she has a lot of telephone stock known as AT&T, which in her case is the symbol for And Talk—and Talk. And finally, of course, the day in honor of her all-time hero—Marconi Day, or, as she familiarly refers to it, Marchese Guglielmo Marconi Day.

Which brings me back to the early days of radio forty years ago. It was suggested that in this piece I recollect some of the highlights in early radio and project some of the possibilities of the future in television. Of the two, I happen to think radio has more of a future. But I can sublimate my own

thinking to please an editor any day. Radio forty years ago was a happy-go-lucky, carefree, fun thing. I recall most fondly Joe Penner, Ben Bernie, Jack Pearl, and their catch phrases we went around quoting—"Wanna buy a duck?" . . . "Yowsa, yowsa, yowsa" . . . "Was you dere, Sharlie?" And you can throw in *Amos 'n' Andy* and their famous "I'se regusted." That quote is still being used about television. And while you're throwing, let's throw in *Easy Aces* and all those pre-rehearsal arguments in which she said, "I don't see what's funny about saying 'I went down to the ghetto to look at some of those Old Testament houses.' What's funny about that?" Those were the days.

Then along came television. And Fred Allen years ago had the prescience to have Titus Moody say: "I don't hold with any furniture that lights up." After a courageous start when creativity was the motivating factor, TV got down to big business and creativity was replaced by carbon copy. But only in the entertainment shows. Television has stood us in good stead in transmitting important world and national events. The world will never forget, for instance, the year 1963—the tragic year in which for all Americans there were only fifty-one weeks—as we sat in shock before our sets hardly believing our eyes.

As for projecting the future, Telstar will become an everyday part of programming. But in light of the most recent development, the pictures telecast of the actual surface of the moon, a feat which only a few short days ago would have been thought impossible, it is difficult even to imagine what may come next. This last miracle left me a little unhappy. When I saw what the moon actually looked like—all those holes and shreds of straggling something or other hanging off it—I wondered where now the poetry of our romantic moon songs? "Moonlight becomes you" is an actual insult, unless the girl you sing it to is pock-marked and her hair needs combing. The first glimpse of those moon shots convinced me that Con Edison had already been there.

But who knows? Come the eightieth anniversary of this magazine and the moon will have been reconditioned and culture will have seeped in. *SR* will have been flown to the moon.

—GOODMAN ACE.



## Views from the Dolphin's Back



The *Saturday Review's* fortieth birthday is certain to induce a nostalgic name-dropping in the publishing world. Every book publisher represented in this issue will remember the giants of four decades who shaped the image of his house.

Over the colophon of Piper and Dolphin, the years between world wars produced Dos Passos' monumental U.S.A., DeVoto's magnificent exploration of our Western heritage, Esther Forbes' recreation of a colonial society, and James Agee's tortured eloquence about the abandoned poor of his own time.



With a terrible accuracy, Adolf Hitler defined the end of an uneasy peace, and Winston Churchill paid a soaring tribute to his countrymen and their allies when a new peace began. The half-legendary George Patton wrote a classic testament to military life, and Archibald MacLeish chose Job as the modern symbol of man's ageless doubt and faith.

The New Frontier drew some of the best writers of the half-century to Washington or on to embassies half a world away. John Kenneth Galbraith, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Edwin O. Reischauer, and McGeorge Bundy were among the men who were bringing to the political world a degree of lucidity that it does not often boast.

Through these years of literary strength and daring, the *Saturday Review* has been a sounding board, a source of critical evaluation to be proudly quoted. In the current season, nine books on the Piper and Dolphin list have been favorably reviewed in this magazine and in the *Saturday Review Syndicate*: —



**The Rector of Justin**, Louis Auchincloss. "Its dominating portrait of Prescott is a major, three-dimensional presentation, in which the reader is able to walk right round the figure, as it were, and observe him in all his aspects . . ." *John Barkham, SRS*

**The Scotch**, John Kenneth Galbraith " . . . very choice little volume . . . a captivating recollection of his ancestral background, his upbringing on the Canadian shore of Lake Erie, and his unclouded reflection on his Scottish-Canadian forebears . . . Of all this prestigious author's books this is at once the most accessible, delectable, and instantly quotable. It's a delight to read . . ." *John Barkham, SRS*

**Before the Colors Fade: Portrait of a Soldier**, George S. Patton, Jr., Fred Ayer, Jr. " . . . captures the vigor and vinegar of a free-wheeling warrior . . ." *Mark S. Watson, SR*

**One Whaling Family**, Harold Williams. "What makes them so valuable is their unmistakable period atmosphere and expression. Reading these journals is to be taken right back to the valiant days of whaling . . ." *John Barkham, SRS*

**Going to Town and other stories**, Yuri Kazakov. " . . . his uncanny resemblance to Salinger and Anderson . . . display not only the author's craftsmanship, not merely skill, but his deep emotional and imaginative involvement, even with the secondary characters . . ." *Peter Viereck, SR*

**The Mythmakers**, Bernard D. Nossiter. " . . . irreverent and brilliant essay . . . What Mr. Nossiter has undertaken is to show up the manipulations of the 'invisible hand' that, according to Adam Smith, gently leads a free enterprise system into the best of all possible paths . . . Bernard Nossiter still is young; he has fired a well-aimed and potent volley in this war . . ." *David Cushman Coyle, SR*

**The Professional**, William S. White. " . . . an 'inside' book . . . and expert dissection of his subject's character, methods and achievements by one who knows him well. It is written with genuine perception . . . The best tribute one can pay White is to say that much of what he wrote months ago has since become apparent to the whole country . . . White's book leaves you with a strong feeling of confidence in 'the pro'." *John Barkham, SRS*

**Winter of Madness**, David Walker. "Wild, witty, uninhibited, and jolly good fun." *SR*

**The Practical Cogitator**, edited by Charles P. Curtis, Jr., and Ferris Greenslet. "Fortunately the vast majority of what man has said, thought, and written is tripe. What remains, what is provocative and helpful, sublime and inspired, is scattered through thousands of volumes, millions of letters, and a few hundred formulae and theorems. The job of rounding it up, judging it, and arranging it for practical use, is what the editors of **The Practical Cogitator** set for themselves. Their success is amazing and heart-warming." *SR*



**Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers**

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# THE PROSPECTS OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

SR's fortieth-anniversary issue is only partially retrospective. Most of the number is concerned with the prospects before America and, in a larger sense, before human intelligence in general. Thus it is something of an inventory of hope.

In preparing the issue, SR has included articles not only by its regular contributors but also by other writers who are particularly well equipped to illuminate the main theme. The special guests:

- Arnold Toynbee, author of *A Study of History*, who throws the grand loop around the human situation, applying his classic challenge-and-response equation to the crisis of survival.

- Barbara Ward, Robert L. Heilbroner, and Walter P. Reuther, who in a three-part section describe and assess the new shape of global economics and its impact, both present and potential, on the individual. Barbara Ward, a staff member of *The Economist*, is the author of *The Rich Nations and the Poor Nations*, among other books. Mr. Heilbroner, an economist and author, wrote *The Future as History* and *The Making of Economic Society*. Mr. Reuther is president of the United Auto Workers.

- R. Buckminster Fuller, one of the most prolific and original of living inventors, who offers some startling predictions based on current trends.

- Allan Nevins, Senior Research Scholar at the Huntington Library in San Marino, California, and a distinguished historian and author, who surveys current American society and appraises its capacity for greatness.

- Roscoe Drummond, syndicated Washington columnist of the New York *Herald Tribune* and former executive editor and Washington bureau chief of the *Christian Science Monitor*, who asks how adequately the government is prepared to cope with the future.

- John Mason Brown, SR's former drama critic, who appraises the current state and the prospects for the American theater.

- Malcolm Cowley, literary critic and author, who offers some reminiscences about the early days at SR.

- Alice P. Hackett, who, as a former editor for *Publishers' Weekly* and author of the forthcoming *Seventy Years of Best Sellers*, looks back on some odd, interesting, and enduring books of the last forty years.

# Conditions of Survival

BY ARNOLD TOYNBEE

**H**UMAN hopes are always of two kinds. A human being has hopes for himself—hopes that are individual and personal. At the same time, he has suprapersonal hopes for the human race or for some fraction of it: his tribe, his family, perhaps, or his church.

These two kinds of human hope are not always sharply distinguishable from each other. Self-centeredness, which seems to be one of the characteristics of life, is so powerful a force that it invades even our suprapersonal hopes. In fact, "*nosism*" (or *weism*) as we may call this collective counterpart of "egotism," is the most formidable form of self-centeredness. Whether for good or for evil, man is far stronger when he is acting collectively than when he is playing a lone hand; and also, when he is acting collectively, he can behave selfishly without being pulled up short by his conscience, because he can delude himself into believing that he is subordinating his self-centeredness to the common interest, when in truth he is merely expanding his self-centeredness to the plural number from the singular. Thus self-centeredness may invade our suprapersonal hopes. On the other hand, our personal hopes may take the form of a moral reaction against self-centeredness and of an effort to transcend it.

However obsessively a human being may be concerned with his personal hopes, these seldom drive his suprapersonal hopes off the field. Most human beings seem to want to leave descendants behind them who will carry on the continuity of their family; and this wish for descendants is notably strong in one present-day society—the Buddhist world—in which the official objective of every individual is self-extinction. This unquenchable hope for survival in one's descendants can, no doubt, offer one no more than racial longevity. It cannot offer us racial immortality, if our pres-

ent-day scientists are right in forecasting that this planet will continue to be habitable by human beings for no more than another two thousand million years. This span of time, which is so unimaginably long by comparison with the shortness of an individual human life, is, nevertheless, no longer than the twinkling of an eye when measured by the time scale of the physical universe. So far as we now foresee, we have no prospect of ever being able to colonize any of the other habitable planets.

**W**HEN one turns from a human being's suprapersonal hopes for mankind to his personal hopes for himself, one is astonished at the greatness of the difference between the personal hopes that are offered and recommended by different historic religions. Every individual is troubled by his foreknowledge that he is certainly going to die and by his ignorance of what death signifies. Does death bring extinction with it, as, on the face of it, seems to be the fact? Or is this appearance of extinction an illusion? Every religion has offered to its adherents some answer to the question raised by the fact of death, but their answers differ surprisingly. Some religions expect the individual to be content with surviving vicariously in his descendants. Others offer him an assurance of personal immortality, if that is what he craves. Others, again, offer him the prospect of an escape from a never-ending round of rebirths, if that is what the individual dreads. Hopes of racial survival are overshadowed by hopes of personal immortality for Christians and Moslems, and by hopes of self-release from rebirth for Buddhists, while, for Jews, hopes of personal immortality and hopes of racial survival perhaps balance each other more evenly.

On the whole, it would be true to say that, at the Western end of the

world, hopes of racial survival were predominant in the pre-Christian and pre-Moslem age, and have become predominant again for ex-Christians and ex-Moslems who find themselves no longer able to believe unquestioningly in their ancestral religions' dogmas. For human beings who have once tasted the hope of personal immortality, the loss of this hope takes much of the light out of life, and the post-Christian ideologies offer no satisfactory substitute. If I have lost a dearly beloved wife or husband or child or parent, what consolation is it to me that the sacred rights of private enterprise or the sacred rights of the community have been vindicated or that a spaceman has landed on the moon or that salt water has been converted into fresh water at an economical price? These collective human triumphs are all very fine, but they do not bring the dead back to life and do not console me for my human losses. On the other hand, the fading of Jewish-Christian-Moslem hopes of personal immortality can perhaps be watched by a Buddhist with equanimity; for these hopes that have been blissful for Moslems and Christians and Jews look, in Buddhist eyes, like an unbearable nightmare.

One hope that has sometimes flickered up is surely a mirage, and that is the hope of some coming radical mutation in human nature. So far as we can tell, *homo sapiens*'s human nature has not changed since *homo sapiens* came into existence; and it is possible that the human nature of earlier hominids, now extinct, was already not very different from ours. We cannot, of course, be sure that human nature will not have changed within the next two thousand million years; but the practical point, of which we certainly can be sure, is that this theoretical possibility of some future change in human nature is not something that we can seriously take