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to wink at likely persons: Trelawny is raising money for the conduct of the case. Leverson has done a great deal. Clarke and Humphreys are going to take no fees. The Leversons have got the full-length portrait of Hoscarr and Rothenstein's pastel of Bosie [Lord Alfred Douglas] and also of him and a larger nude picture by Ricketts. Rothenstein is most sympathetic and goes about the minor clubs insulting everyone who does not happen to be clamoring for Hoscarr's instant release.

I saw Bosie the night before his departure. He seemed to have lost his nerve. The scene that evening at the Leversons' was quite absurd. An awful New Woman in a divided skirt (introduced by Bosie) writing a pamphlet at Mrs. Leverson's writing-table with the aid of several whiskey-and-sodas: her brother, a gaunt man with prominent cheek-bones from Toynbee Hall who kept reiterating that "these things must be approached through first principles and through first principles alone": two other New Women who subsequently explained to Mr. Leverson that they were there to keep a strict watch upon New Woman number one, who is not

responsible for her actions: Mrs. Leverson making flippant remarks about messenger-boys in a faint undertone to Bosie, who was ashen-pale and thought the pamphlet (which was the most awful drivel) admirable: and Mr. Leverson explaining to me that he allowed his house to be used for these purposes not because he approved of "anything unnatural" but by reason of his admiration for Oscar's plays and personality. I myself exquisitely dressed and sympathizing with no one. . . .

Your loving MAX

—From "Max Beerbohm's *Letters to Reggie Turner*," edited by Rupert Hart-Davis (Lippincott, April; see page 46).

Qualification

"I HAVE your letter about your wife's cousin's husband who is a dentist who would like to be postmaster. You left out a very important piece of information. Does he do extraction work? Because pull helps."

—From "My Appointed Round: 929 Days as Postmaster General," by J. Edward Day (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, July).

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor



Diverting "Dummies"

GRANVILLE HICKS, in his review of Norman Mailer's *An American Dream* [SR, March 20], tells us that Mailer's main character has no reality, the other characters are "dummies," the writing is sloppy, and the plot is absurd. One might say the same about Dostoevsky's *Notes from the Underground*.

Perhaps *An American Dream* is not a great book, but it is most certainly not a "bad joke." It contains scenes of great power and pages of brilliant imagery. It holds one's interest. It is an entertaining book to read.

W. K. MASON.

Madison, Wis.

Dignity on All Levels

IN HIS REVIEW of Sally Carrighar's *Wild Heritage* [SR, March 20] . . . [Peter Farb] does not like her tendency toward "anthropomorphism (endowing things not human with human characteristics)." I am unable to understand the scientific objection to this attitude. . . . Can we . . . state that animals do not ascribe some meaning to existence other than those involved in survival of the species? . . .

My dim view of Mr. Farb's remarks is generated by my overwhelming respect for the "dignity" which I find inherent in all forms of animal life. Now, I realize that "dignity" is a word so hallowed by its ap-

plication to the human race that its usage in reference to "lower" forms of animal life is considered veritable sacrilege. But I know of nothing in the behavior of animals to indicate that *they* would consider this attitude anything but an unwarranted *human* superstition. . . .

People of other races, creeds and color fall into this "lower" category too. . . . I wonder if the first step toward making any long-lasting adjustments in this attitude would not have to be a change in our attitude toward animals. When we learn to identify with and love all forms of animal life, it will be much easier to view all of mankind with the same kind of tolerance. . . .

FLOY M. MORTON.

East Marion, N.Y.

No Olé for Maia

I DOUBT Cleveland Amory and Joseph Wood Krutch would agree with Alice Dalgliesh that the "choice for the Newbery medal is a happy one" [SR, March 27]; nor do I agree that the book "is about much more than bullfighting." Even though the young hero rejects the idea of becoming a bullfighter, he does so more for the sake of saving his own skin than for any compunction for the cruelty to the horses and bulls, and the book ends on the happy note that if he doesn't wish to become a toreador, there are plenty of others in his home town

who do and that his feelings are in the minority. . . .

Maia Wojciechowska . . . when interviewed by your Haskel Frankel . . . breezily informed him, "I fought some cows and I killed one bull slated for slaughter anyway. . . . No one was there but some drunken Indians. I made six passes before the kill. The blade went in like butter. . . ." If this is the kind of sadism the American Library Association believes in rewarding, its judges must be an odd lot. . . .

MARGARET S. ATKINSON.

Canton, O.

Message from Barzini

I DO NOT AGREE with the comments made by Michael A. Musmanno, Justice, Supreme Court, Pittsburgh, Pa., regarding *The Italians*, by Luigi Barzini [SR, March 27].

Leonardo da Vinci, Marconi, Vespucci, and Mazzini are not typical of any large group of people in any society. The book is not a report of the great battles of history. The author merely made some observations of the reactions of men to aggression and warlike activities—a caricature of battles.

I see nothing in this book that caricatures the love of Italian mothers for their children. Mr. Barzini made an interesting point: the Italians are expressive people. Their expressions are often demonstrations of high degree of control rather than release of true feelings.

GABRIELLA VAN MATRE.

Washington, D.C.

AS A NATIVE AMERICAN of Italian parentage (my parents migrated here from Southern Italy) . . . I was a little surprised to find that Judge Musmanno . . . claims the book belittles the Italians. Well! . . .

Barzini by implication tells himself and his fellow Italians that there can be no return (*cf.* Mussolini) to the glory that was Rome. I'm sure that the native Italians got the message.

LOUIS SALBITANO.

Utica, N.Y.

Ultimate Legitimacy

WITH REGARD to John Hick's review of *The Existence of God*, by Wallace I. Matson [SR, Feb. 6]. . . . Our experience consists of two universes—the outer, physical universe and the inner, spiritual one. Though related, these two universes are nevertheless fundamentally distinct. The subjective personality, for all that biologists say it has been molded entirely by the outer world, has an "ultimate legitimacy" in the scheme of things. It is a distinct reality in itself, differing radically in kind from the other. It is far more "valuable" in the eyes of the Creator than the outer, soulless physical reality. It is no derogation of this inner reality to say that it was fashioned by the outer reality, since the outer reality also had its Fashioner. . . .

The proof of this inner reality's ultimate legitimacy is amply demonstrated by the phenomenon of answered prayer. This inner reality, or universe, of man, by its exercise of faith, persuades the Divine Will to intervene on its behalf—and a "miracle" occurs. This is not poppycock, fairy-tale stuff. Miracles—breaches in the operation of "known"

natural laws—are as certainly events in the world around us as is anything the atheists can discern. . . .

TERRELL E. STEWART.

Columbus, Ga.

Our "New Town"

JONATHAN BAUMBACH's review of *Late Call* by Angus Wilson [SR, Jan. 16] is accurate as far as it goes, but he fails to appreciate the author's understanding of life in a "new town," perhaps because he never lived in one. As a long-time resident of one of America's oldest "new towns," I can say that he captures the spirit of the place better than all the sociological treatises (*i.e.*, *The Organization Man*) put together. In the tradition of Arnold Bennett and Jane Austen, Wilson has pictured an aspect of contemporary life that has not had literary treatment before.

MRS. ROBERT A. DINERSTEIN.

Park Forest, Ill.

Twins

I'M FURIOUSLY FUMING at the reviewers' high praise of Saul Bellow's *Herzog* [SR, Sept. 19, 1964]. . . . I was terribly disappointed after spending about three evenings ploughing through it, although it is a good illustration of the fact that we're all beset by . . . being human and subject to various resulting lunacies. Also, the portrayal of immigrant Jewish family life and its effect on the second generation was interesting.

Probably I would have left it at that if the very next week Irwin Shaw's new novel, *Voices of a Summer Day* [SR, March 6], hadn't come my way. . . . Well!!! To me, it's a much better version of the *Herzog* story. . . . If it weren't for the fact that both men are reputable authors, one would think there had been a steal by one or the other. . . . The coincidences are amazing. In my opinion, they are much more effectively handled by Shaw than by Bellow, yet the reviewers are panning the Shaw version. All except me, that is. . . .

LEVA L. STAFFORD.

Laramie, Wyo.

Gospel According to Webster

I AGREE with Jeanne Judson in SR April 3 in regard to the inaccuracies and euphemisms common to American language. However, let's not be nice Nellies! The word "drape," which she excludes from any except verbal use, is actually listed as a noun in the unabridged Merriam Webster dictionary of 1957. Unless Miss Judson would rather stick to "portière" or "lambréquin"?

MARJORIE M. BITKER.

Milwaukee, Wis.

CECIL HEMLEY's review of *Hurry Sundown* [SR, Mar. 6] was instructive and amusing. It does just leave me wondering though whether a "poet, editor, and novelist" who can bring himself to make a verb out of the adjective "trivial" is in any position to attack the "barbarisms" of his fellows.

ALICE MITCHELL.

Linwood, N.J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The lexicographers beat him to it. See Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition, page 2718.*

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European Scene

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the 1940s and 1950s. Moreover, it added new specific features of the present day.

These, it is further explained, include breadth of subject matter, sharpness of the problems raised, activism and relevancy and a striving for well-thought-out generalizations. In theory Moravia's essay should be welcome, for controversy is now officially authorized. "Symptomatic is the very urge for debate, for this is a barometer which shows that the bustle of literary life, the clash of views, tastes, and judgments and a destruction of the right to 'monopoly positions of the truth' have also become an ethical norm of behavior."

The critic Metchenko, in the *Literary Gazette*, is not so eager to abandon his monopoly-position of truth. He has lately criticized the publishers of Ilya Ehrenburg's complete works for including *The Egotist* (1925) and *Protochny Lane* (1927), especially since the hero in the first narrative is a Communist "representing the negation of the personality of the revolutionary period." The tale and the novel date from that period

when Ehrenburg was capable of such disillusioned witticisms as, "The Cheka shot people, but the Chekists called their prisoners 'comrade.'" In *Protochny Lane*, Ehrenburg described the Russia of 1927 as "childlike and homeless, dreamy and embittered, without a corner of her own, without anyone to give her love or care."

The other day I learned with pleasure that the Royal National Institute for the Blind is translating one of my books into Braille. The news was also surprising, for it seemed that a book on an artist (*Michelangelo: A Self-Portrait*) would be less meaningful to a public that could never see the masterpieces of Buonarroti. Moved to inquire of the Institute the extent of its generous publishing program, I learned that England gives the blind a chance to keep abreast of literature of all ages and many languages. Last year, for example, 150 transcribers produced 851 volumes of Braille, including such varied masterpieces as Aristotle's *Clouds*, Bertolt Brecht's *Der kaukasische Kreidekreis*, Bretón de los Herreros's *El pelo de Dehesa*, William Empson's study *Milton's God*, and so on.

This magnificent enterprise was started about 40 years ago to meet the needs of blind university students. The Institute recruited and

trained a number of volunteers who transcribed the works in their own homes, sending the volumes to the Institute for proofreading and binding. Now the training of transcribers is much more efficient: a Braille Writing Machine is sent to volunteers, who set to work on practice lessons and must eventually pass a proficiency test. Thirty thousand volumes are currently available to England's blind. With increased demands made on it, the Institute is continually seeking new volunteer transcribers. (Address: 224 Great Portland St., London, W.1.)

How welcome then is the news from MIT that an electronic Braille printer has been perfected, capable of embossing reading texts ten times as fast as any present method. Indeed, it can produce 200 Braille words a minute. This will surely be a boon to the Royal Institute and to our own American Foundation for the Blind.

Winkler Verlag is issuing a three-volume selection of the works of Christoph Martin Wieland, Goethe's close friend at Weimar. He was a translator of Shakespeare and the author of *Agathon* (whose style was described by Georg Brandes as "erotic rococo"), as well as founder of the important German genre the *Bildungsroman*. Even more, he is hailed as one of the two (with Lessing) great writers of the German Enlightenment.

Wieland's verse epic *Oberon* was Englished by no less than the sixth President of the United States (John Adams). Goethe was capable of ribbing Wieland unmercifully, especially in his parody *Gods, Heroes, and Wieland*. Still, Goethe felt deep gratitude for what he had learned from his older friend. He wrote to an acquaintance in 1770: "After Oeser and Shakespeare, Wieland is the only man whom I can look upon as my real teacher. Others have shown me where I was wrong. He showed me what was right, and how to do it right."

Bibles are selling in Italy today the way they sold in Germany during the Reformation. The Church's traditional uneasiness about free examination of scripture has obviously given way to permissiveness. One illustrated Bible brought out in weekly instalments by the Fabbri Brothers of Milan has sold more than 200,000 copies. Other publishers are joining the boom. Religious revival? Fear of hydrogen doom? The more cynical trace the interest to Hollywood's colossal Bible pictures and to the series of Biblical movies being filmed in Rome by De Laurentis.

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—ROBERT J. CLEMENTS.

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Art and Propaganda

Continued from page 25

nothing is easier than to show how Western art is the expression of an over-all *cupio dissolvi* whose origins inevitably lie outside art itself. But all they can do to counter Western art is to propound theories. With regard to their artistic production, the best we can say about it is that it is the fruit of good will.

The Communists, though they may well be unaware of it, propose not so much a new art as a suspension of art. In the country, when a field has been sown too often, you let it lie fallow for two or three seasons so that it can rest and regain its strength. In similar circumstances Christianity decided that pagan art, the only possible art at that time, was the work of the devil. The Communists do not believe in the devil, but they believe in the decadence, immorality, corruption, and downfall of capitalism. In reality Communism now, like Christianity in its time, is an instrument of an exhausted nature that clamors for rest. But men do not like admitting that they are determined by simple biological laws. So, in the field of art, tiredness is called, let us say, abstract art; and rest is called socialist realism.

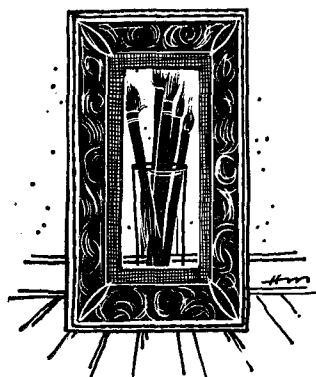
THE relation between art and Communism may at first sight appear the same as the relation between art and any of the numerous dictatorships that have occurred in history. And in this connection we could be led to make the usual reflections applicable to all dictatorships. Yet on second glance it can be seen that the problem does not alter even when the dictatorship ceases to exist. We see that the relation between art and Communism is, in reality, a relation between art and a given society that is or is not capable of granting art the autonomy it needs. There have been nondictatorial societies that have not granted autonomy to art, and dictatorial societies that granted a wide measure of autonomy. In any case, the autonomy of art has never really been granted so much as won, and sometimes at a high price—for it is a characteristic of all societies to deny autonomy to separate human activities, so as to lead everything back directly and immediately to themselves. This happens most of all when societies are in their first stages, and rules are strict, and interests near and pressing. A society that is permissive of tangential and remote interests is already a cultivated, mature, and reflective society.

A picture depicts a poor little barefoot shepherd boy grazing his sheep on a mountainside. The boy is smiling and looks happy. On seeing a picture of this kind even someone ignorant of Marxism

cannot help thinking, "Here we have the bourgeois concept of art, one that seeks to project the happiness of a shepherd in spite of his rags and bare feet." But what are we to think of the no less happy workers in paintings by Communist artists? The Communist state tells us, "My workers do not go barefoot and ragged. They're truly happy in pictures as they are in fact." To this we could object that, were it true, Communist pictures would be better painted. But being painted as they are, Marxist criticism with regard to these pictures is as justified as it is with regard to bourgeois pictures.

Marx said that it was time philosophy set itself not to explain the world but to change it. But he never said that art should do the same thing. If he had been questioned about it he would probably have said that the task of art, as always, was to represent the world once it had changed. But Communism demands that art should contribute to such a change in a direct and active way. This means, to begin with, a change in art itself, as regards both its means and its ends. And perhaps, what's more, the absolute end of art, at least as it has been conceived of for centuries.

What is the artist's duty in a time of struggle, supposing he wants to take part in the struggle? In my view the artist's duty is notably different from that of those who contribute to the struggle with arms and political action. The artist's first duty is to create art, for he knows that an art which is non-art can make no efficient contribution to the cause in which he believes. If he succeeds in creating genuine art, the question resolves itself, indeed it does not even arise. But if he fails to create genuine art, then we need to find out where the fault lies, whether with the artist who was unable to create art because he did not really believe in the cause for which he thought he was fighting, or with the society that required him to create a particular kind of art that was non-art, or in some way prevented him from creating art. Obviously society, through the mouthpiece of its official representatives, will always blame the artist, and how could it be otherwise?



But I am convinced that in certain cases the blame for an artist's bad art can lie with society, and that in what concerns art there cannot be, and should not be, a relationship between the artist and society as of an inferior to a superior, but one of equality.

In a 1937 speech, Mao Tse-tung defined the task of art as follows: whatever its level, it should work for the people and only for the people. Fair enough, but who is to tell art *in what way* it should work for the people? Obviously not the people themselves, since, for historical reasons, they may be unaware of what is in their interests, but the rulers who are the depositories and administrators of the dominant ideology. And here precisely lies the weak spot in the marshaling of Communist art—that the Communist ideology, in its authoritarianism, is often led to confuse what is in the people's interest with what is in the rulers' interest.

WE have nothing against socialist realism or any other esthetic system derived from Marxism, but we are not at all convinced when this or any other similar system becomes the official esthetic of a powerful state that owns all the publishers, all the newspapers and reviews, all the museums, all the concert halls, all the film studios, and all the theaters. Were art allowed all the autonomy indispensable to it, socialist realism would triumph and then decay (following the law that regulates all things human), and its place would be taken by another more suitable esthetic in a quite spontaneous way through the discussions and the work of artists. But when socialist realism or any other similar esthetic becomes an affair of the state, we have grounds for fearing that it will obey the rules that govern all affairs of state; that is, it will become an affair of bureaucracy, of regulations, of infringements, of conformity, of controls and authority. And this cannot fail to lead to a serious limitation of that very autonomy, however relative it be, that we have already declared as indispensable to art.

Do not delude yourself that things have changed. When prehistoric man fixed the postures of a bison in flight on the wall of his cave he was not all that different from Balzac who, in one of his novels, described the bearing of stockbrokers at the stock exchange. Yet prehistoric man lived by hunting and Balzac's brokers by the game of rising and falling shares. What concerns the artist in both cases is not the why but the how, the movements of life, not the cause of those movements.

Marxism is a powerful instrument for recovery and renewal in the present-day world. It has been at work for almost fifty years and is partly responsible for

the liquidation of the enormous passive inheritance of the last part of the nineteenth century and for the character that the taste and art of the twentieth century have been able to assume. The abandonment of Marxism in its accepted sense of diagnosis and criticism in all Communist countries can mean two things: either a development of art not unlike that of the bourgeois compromise art of the nineteenth century, or the installation of a classical-type art such as we have already indicated. But for the time being this second hypothesis remains a hypothesis, since there are no signs whatsoever of work that confirms it.

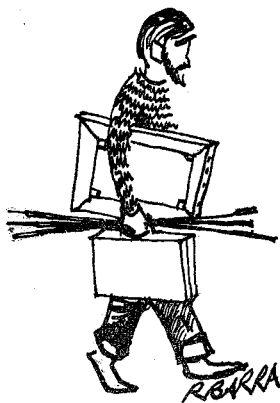
The reality of the Communist revolution is not in question here. In 1917 the Communists were a handful of men; today, forty years later, the Communist flag waves over more than a third of the globe. What is in question is, after all, only a very tiny detail of that revolution, one with no great significance in view of Communist ambitions and effective conquests. For those of us who have only a partial and conditional belief in the theory of art as superstructure this detail would at most imply that in the Communist countries there were no good artists. But it is because the Communists propound the superstructure theory that they force us into thinking that in the Communist countries the lack of good artists must be attributed not to nature (for not bringing them to birth) but to the society which prevents them from expressing themselves. The Communists' answer is, "Time will show." To which we reply, "Time is a gentleman and must perforce lead to the recognition of art's autonomy."

Or again, the Communists say, "We are at war, we are involved in a struggle, a crusade, and in these circumstances art is bound to be a weapon, an instrument, a means." To which again we reply, "You may well be right, at least as far as you yourselves are concerned, but are you not aware that your art cannot be a weapon, an instrument, a means, because it is bad art? A novel like *War and Peace* would do more for the revolution than a victorious war. But your novels are a series of lost battles. And don't go telling us that we're not in a position to judge. The form and content of art may possibly be bound up with an ideology, but not its value. And even if we restricted the standard of value to political usefulness, it would still be non-existent for the very good reason that your novels are not admired."

The problem of Communist art is closely linked to the question of the decadence of all the arts throughout the world. In the West this decadence shows itself explicitly, in the East implicitly—but in both by the crudity and childishness of the artist's métier. In

view of this general decadence we cannot help wondering whether the real revolution of the modern world does not lie in the advent of a mechanical and practical, a scientific and bureaucratic, a eudaemonistic and state-centralizing civilization, in which art no longer has any place at all, and of which the Communist revolution would be a mere episode. It is the Communists themselves who tell us that man is not immutable but capable of change as his social environment changes. Now among changes that may occur is the production of a dumb man who cannot sing. They tell us that in certain Pacific islands there are non-singing birds. Yet they are still birds, that fly and beget their kind as in the past.

WHAT do Communists usually answer to the sort of objections we have raised so far? They have a lot of answers, some very subtle and sophisticated, some simply negative. They can confute the objector point by point, or they can dismiss the question with the simple epithet "decadent bourgeois." But in the last analysis they do not produce the real answer—and how could they? The real answer is that when Communism seizes power it does so with the determination that it shall keep it for centuries. And that in very long-distant matters such as Communism or art, time does not count. And that one,



or two, or three generations of bad artists and good propagandists is a thing without the slightest importance. And that in the end art, like every other human activity, will flow through the channels Communism has dug for it. And that—finally—man is infinitely adaptable and hence so is art, whereas Communism is not. Or perhaps Communism is adaptable, too, but this is something we will not know for centuries.

The victories in Asia have brought no solace to Eastern Communism, at least so far as art is concerned. In Asia art has always been subjected to rules and norms, to state or religious laws. The testing-ground for Communist ideas about art is the West. But, alas, neither a victory of the East over the West, nor

of the West over the East, would clear up the question of art. Art profits by exchanges, not by victories.

Admittedly Western art has reached a degree of disintegration that plays into Communist hands. But we must realize that this disintegration has little to do with the social factor. Rather, it is a biological factor. Communists may be able to suppress it, but not to rectify it. When biology knocks at history's door, it is not satisfied with a revolution. It needs the great migrations of people, the invasions, the Middle Ages. And history obligingly gives it all it asks for, even if it involves making use of the Communists.

Your books are not in line with the dominant ideology; therefore we will not publish them. But I cannot stop myself from writing in that way. In that case you are a traitor. Am I a traitor because I write these books, or because I can't stop myself from writing them? You are a traitor because you can't stop yourself from writing them.

What is the relation between Marxism and party art? If we look closely, there is none. With its brutal but healthy determinism, Marxism reveals the party character of bourgeois art, and so contributes to purifying it and liberating it, whereas socialist realism tends to put things back as they were before Marxism. In other words, the proletariat, though perhaps unconsciously, imitates the bourgeoisie of the worst Victorian period. One example is enough: In *David Copperfield* the scatterbrained and incompetent Micawber, in keeping with typical Victorian compromise, is packed off to Australia, where for some reason he becomes an exemplary citizen. Put Central Asia in the place of Australia, and factories in the place of sheep farming, and you will get a character from some Russian novel, a character whose positive and extrinsic transformation is dictated not by an inner logic but by the writer's desire to compromise with Soviet society.

Communist critics usually contrast art for art's sake with party art. But this contrast does not really exist, for neither the one nor the other could be said to be healthy and direct expressions of a given society. Healthy and direct art is born of an encounter between society and the artist on equal terms. We find such an encounter in the classical writers of the great epochs of art, whereas art for art's sake and propaganda art avoid the encounter, the first out of pride and the second out of a spirit of oppression. In other words they both withdraw from reality, whose real needs are study, patience, humility, sincerity, a sense of truth, and disinterestedness. In this sense abstract art and socialist art, which are both childish, weak, and lacking in power, are of equal value.

EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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Who Makes University Policy?

COLLEGE STUDENTS everywhere are on the march. Though Berkeley has captured the headlines, students on hundreds of other campuses are also in search of a cause with which to identify and for which to fight. While some are demonstrating against injustice in Alabama and throughout the world, others are demanding freedom from adult control over their personal behavior and still others are calling for better teaching, less emphasis on research, and more attention to undergraduates.

When their demands bring students into conflict with administrative authority, the faculty is prone to side with the students—for professors everywhere are distrustful of administrators (Robert Maynard Hutchins was exaggerating only slightly when he said that professors really prefer anarchy to any form of government). But when students demand changes in academic policy or control over it, when they ask for better teaching and less emphasis on research, or when they protest the dismissal or denial of promotion to a popular professor—as they have done at St. Johns University, Brooklyn College, Yale, and Tufts—they come into direct conflict with the faculty. It is the research-oriented faculty that is primarily responsible for the neglect of undergraduates, and on all but the most backward campuses a faculty committee rather than an administrator decides which professors shall be retained and promoted. If students are to have more influence over university affairs, faculty members will have less.

The recent student protests have reopened an ancient question: "Who runs the university?" There is no simple answer. A university is an enormously complex institution consisting of students, alumni, instructors, professors, administrators, and a vast array of supporting personnel—secretaries, clerks, accountants, and maintenance people. It differs from an undergraduate college in that it has not one but several faculties that preside over many professional and graduate schools. And it is responsible for the advancement of knowledge as well as for its dissemination—a fact that undergraduates critical of the research emphasis are prone to overlook.

By a tradition that dates from the Middle Ages, the faculty is the policy-making body. But the faculty of a contemporary American university shares its responsibility for policy with a board of trustees or regents which, in most cases, holds the final legal authority. The fact that a university president stands midway between these two policy-making bodies, each of which frequently wants more power at the expense of the other, makes his task far more difficult than that of the head of an industrial, governmental, or military organization in which power flows from the top downward.

To an undergraduate or a junior instructor, a university president, because he symbolizes authority, seems a natural target for attack from liberal groups. But, as Clark Kerr has pointed out in *The Uses of the University*, the president is primarily a mediator of countervailing forces. He has some control, or at least some influence, over the budget, usually he has a hand in the selection of deans and department heads, and he can