

century South (*Reconstruction in Mississippi*, etc.). Thirteen years ago, Mr. Smith moved his business out of New York, but it is probably sheer coincidence that his present address is 6 Lexington Ave., Magnolia, Mass.

Although his pioneering efforts continued all through the Thirties, competition was negligible and the field did not expand in a big way until after the war. Smith demonstrated that a knowledgeable entrepreneur could prosper without a New York address, especially if he published a regional type of book. (The geographical correlation, however, isn't always logical: The Polynesian Society's reprints are distributed from Detroit.) By the early 1950s OP reprinting had become an established subculture, a sort of Off-Publishers Row phenomenon with its own protocol and scheme of ethics. For example, most firms pay a royalty (ranging from 10 to 20 per cent) for books that are in the public domain, in cases where the author is still living, even though such payment is not legally required.

The field is growing at a significant rate. One estimate of the amount of money to be spent this year for photo-offset reprints, by libraries alone, comes to \$7,500,000. (The University of California's "New Campus" program, for example, envisions three new libraries, each tooled up with 50,000 books to start off with. About a third of these are OP.)

Octagon's big project at this writing is the republication of thirty-seven scarce titles from Columbia University's Records of Civilization series begun fifty years ago by the history department at the university. Example: *The History of Yaballaha III*, a travel diary of a Chinese ambassador at the end of the thirteenth century. If you think this is esoteric, consider Johnson's reprint of Yellin-Billig's *An Arabic Reader*—in Arabic. Until recently most of Johnson's reprints were of OP technical journals; however, this material is largely mined, and the company is shifting to books. A recent project is a fifty-volume edition of the *Report on the Scientific Results of the Voyage of H.M.S. Challenger, 1873-1876*—a classic work on oceanography that sells for \$3,850.

An even larger enterprise is an eighty-two volume series, Foreign Relations, consisting of U.S. Government state papers and diplomatic correspondence from 1861 to 1942. Price: \$6,400. Johnson's most ambitious project, however, is a 250-volume set of *Ssu-pu ts'ung-k'an*, which is described as "the most important single collection of pre-modern Chinese texts ever assembled." It will run to 157,000 pages, and cost \$3,000.

A good many reprinters specialize. For genealogy buffs, The Reprint Company, in Spartanburg, S.C., is doing

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Between the Ideal and the Ideology

Marxism: 100 Years in the Life of a Doctrine, by Bertram D. Wolfe (*Dial.* 404 pp. \$6.95), traces the path of a belief from its birth in the heyday of liberalism to its agony in the age of totalitarianism. Robert Strausz-Hupé is director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute at the University of Pennsylvania.

By ROBERT STRAUZ-HUPE

WHILE twenty years ago American expertise on Communist doctrine and strategy was in short supply, there seems now to be too much of it. So absorbing have become the intricacies of "polycentrism" and the search for meaning in what the Communist rulers of Russia or China or Rumania or Albania say about one another, and about virtually everything and anything from the virtue of collectively produced spacecraft to the badness of individually created confusion in the arts, that Marxist philosophy—the idea which triggered the conflict of a century—receives short shrift. Contemporary scholarship appears to have succumbed to that vulgar materialism and shallow "economism" which Marx himself condemned so pungently.

In the present volume Bertram Wolfe, one of the most knowledgeable critics of Marxist and Leninist theory in this country, traces lucidly and surely the evolution of Marxian thought from the master's own conception to its extinction under circumstances which Marx did not foresee and probably would have abhorred.

The Soviets assert that they have built the "Marxist system," and that they are about to create the ideal society projected by Karl Marx. Not a few of their critics and foes accept these spurious claims. Another school of thought, which waxes increasingly influential in Western quarters, asserts that the Soviet system is no longer "Marxist"; that Soviet avowals of Marxist orthodoxy need no longer be taken seriously, and that a new generation of Soviet bureaucrats and technocrats, though paying lip-service to Marxist doctrine, is about to embrace a nonideological, functional concept of political and economic management. This new pragmatism, so the Western publics are being told, holds out the best hope, if not for "conver-

gence," then at least for the end of the Cold War. Bertram Wolfe's volume reveals the baselessness of these two contrary notions.

To begin with, Marx did not blueprint any ideal society; nor have such serious Marxists as, for example, Bebel, Bernstein, Trotsky, and Bukharin claimed that he did. That he is widely believed to have fathered social planning simply goes to show that the most frequently quoted authors are the ones whom hardly anyone reads.

A systematic student of the works of Marx and Engels and of their immense correspondence, Bertram Wolfe demolishes many a cliché. Marx was not an egalitarian; although not opposed to nationhood, notably Polish and German, he decried as reactionary national liberation movements in general, and the nationalistic aspirations of the lesser Slavic peoples in particular. Not without intellectual honesty, he revised various views in the light of events: In spite of some backsliding, he remained skeptical about the need for imposing Socialism by political, not to speak of violent, revolution; and, towards the end of his life, he wrote approvingly of social reform and even of political democracy.

How little Lenin's tortuous improvisations—especially his teachings on "imperialism," and the contributions of his heirs to "dialectical materialism"—jibe with Marx's and Engels's thought, Bertram Wolfe shows by quoting their plentiful and complete statements. This comparative study provides as illuminating an insight into what went wrong with the Soviet experiment at the very outset as can be found anywhere in the English language. Lenin "adjusted" Marxism to suit his purpose; in the process he strangled it. Undoubtedly, Marx would have agreed with Milovan Djilas, who, in concise Marxist language, dissected the Soviet totalitarianism that masquerades as Socialism.

The Soviets, although they have denied the true spirit of Marx and Engels, cannot divest themselves of its dogmatic trappings. True enough, Marxian economics has become irrelevant to solving the real problems of the Soviet economy. In the Western world the free market largely determines the optimal allocation of scarce resources. In a command economy, like that of the USSR, the allocation of scarce resources for competing ends calls for mathematical determination, and for this purpose Marx is of no

help at all. Caught in the morass of bureaucratic planning, the Soviets now reach for the solid support of Western exports as well as Western "capitalist" economic theory. This is a sensible procedure. Yet under the paralyzing ambiguities of the creed the ablest economists of the Soviet Union expend their best energies in seeking to square linear programming with the useless labor theory of value. "The 'anarchy of the market' that Marxism was intended to abolish," Bertram Wolfe writes, "is as nothing compared with the 'anarchy' that has set in with . . . overzealous, centralized command 'planning.'"

The Soviets, although they cannot live by the Marxist scriptures, cannot live without them either, for they are necessary to the quasi-religion of Marxism. If Marx and Engels and their apostolic successors, Lenin and Stalin, were

wrong, what reason would there be for the immense sacrifices of the Russian people on the altar of "Socialism"? The Soviet power élite is stuck not only with Marx's now obsolete economic theories, but also with the distortions which it piled upon the decaying edifice of the founders' doctrine. It is this maze of sophistries and falsifications that harbors the real dangers to the stability of the Soviet régime and thus to world peace. As Wolfe sees it, a crisis is building up in the Soviet Union: the very necessities of a centralized planning system are colliding with Marxist theories and beliefs.

Bertram Wolfe does not care to speculate on the outcome. He has set himself the task of tracing the path of a doctrine, from its birth in the hey-day of liberalism to its present agony in the age of totalitarianism, and this he has accomplished superbly.

that will react to such an issue); but they are such puritanical prigs that they throw our own licentiousness into relief. Anyway, they are out to destroy the family and subvert love with labor. The teeming millions are faceless and lack individuality. They scare the hell out of us (and the Russians, too, we think) and render sensible our mission to civilize the heathen.

One of Jan Myrdal's prime accomplishments has been to strip away the anthill quality and the facelessness without damaging the dread, dull social structure that is Red China. He does this by stringing together about thirty vignettes, each a distillation of a conversation, held through an interpreter, with a member of the Liu Ling Brigade of central Shensi province. The interviews, a few of which appeared in shortened form in SR April 10, were obtained *in situ* during a residence of about one month in the late summer of 1962. Myrdal was accompanied, during a year's stay in China, by his wife, Gun Kessle, who also spent a month in the village of Liu Ling and has contributed interesting photographs and empathic ink sketches of some of the people of the village.

Liu Ling is in a fairly barren part of an ancient, arid, impoverished section of China. It also happens to be in an area that was controlled by the Communists for some time before the final mainland collapse of the Kuomintang. Accordingly, it went through its preliminary struggles years before most other parts of China, although shifting military fortunes and the vagaries of Communist policy, inspired by the waxing and waning of a United Front and the need for prosecuting the anti-Japanese war, caused the most uneven of developments. But this has long been known as a region of hardship and suffering. The most common residence remains the cave dug out of the loessial cliff. Yields of millet and wheat are on the low side, requiring the cultivation, per mouth, of much more land than is the case elsewhere. Despite this, because of fairly high rates of migration, often impelled by crop failures leading to famine, labor is scarcer than land. Indeed, one recurrent characteristic shared by the persons interviewed is origin outside Liu Ling. Most have come from a place called Hengshan in northern Shensi. Who can imagine how things must have been in Hengshan to have made so many people come to inhospitable Liu Ling?

Returning to the book itself, note must be taken of its numerous faults. Some of these are inherent in the nature of the material and its sources. Mostly, the peasants of Liu Ling are inarticulate and their stories, especially those told by women, are flat and repetitious. The

New Tidings from Cathay

Report from a Chinese Village, by Jan Myrdal, translated from the Swedish by Maurice Michael (*Pantheon*. 374 pp. \$6.95), introduces some thirty residents of the town of Liu Ling in Shensi province, who, in their own inarticulate fashion, display the stoicism of peasants who for centuries have "bent with the breeze" of changing political fashion. Morton H. Fried, professor of anthropology at Columbia University and member of the East Asian Institute, did field work in central China before the fall of the Nationalist government. He is the author of "Fabric of Chinese Society."

By MORTON H. FRIED

LET US not pretend that this book would have other than the most restricted appeal if its subject were not the butt of our current national hate campaign. Additional gravity derives from the strange conduct of our political relations, which, in a century distinguished by the disappearance of distance, has made China more remote from the United States than the moon, so that, like sixteenth-century Europeans, we question all travelers for their tidings of Cathay. As things presently stand, few can cater to this hunger for information, and none can satisfy it. Most of those who try are journalists, whose laudable efforts give brief illumination to the fantastic social landscape

of the fitfully rousing giant country that will be the key to Asia for centuries to come, as it has been in the past. One hundred and fifty years of subordination and torpor have given way to rage, which is now being dispelled in spasms that shake the world.

For reasons that have to do with our own nation's foolish and trembling approach to this re-emerging power, we have grown accustomed to viewing China as a human ant heap. When fears are focused on China, the American public is disposed to reassert old myths and conjure up new ones, all with the purpose of dehumanizing the Chinese people and making them a fit target for our reformist zeal and wrath. It would be comforting to accuse them of communizing and debauching women (there remains a portion of our public



—From the book.
" . . . more remote than the moon."