

LITERARY HORIZONS

Fiction in the Age of Anxiety

HAT Steven Marcus has tried to do in The World of Modern Fiction (Simon & Schuster, \$17.50) is accurately indicated by a line that appears on the box in which the two volumes are enclosed: "a comprehensive anthology of stories and short novels of the past twenty-five years by the major figures of contemporary American, English, and European literature." Marcus does not say that these are the best stories and short novels of the quartercentury, or even that they are the best work of the writers represented, but merely that the names signed to them are the important ones. Many of the names are important because of novels; but Marcus could not include full-length novels and, quite rightly, would not use fragments, and so this is the compromise he has made.

The anthology contains work by sixteen Americans, three Englishmen, four Frenchmen, twelve writers from other parts of Europe, and one Japanese. I am familiar enough with the work of the Americans and Englishmen to have an opinion on the representativeness of the pieces that have been included. I don't know much about several of the Europeans, and I had never heard of the Japanese, Dazai Osamu, whose story seems to me very good indeed.

There can be endless arguments over the contents of any anthology. I don't regard Anatole Broyard, Lionel Trilling, Ivan Gold, and Grace Paley as "major figures" of American fiction; the stories by them that Marcus has included are good, but, in terms of the stated purpose of the anthology, that isn't enough. Bernard Malamud, Philip Roth, Paul Bowles, Jean Stafford, J. F. Powers, and John Cheever, on the other hand, deserve to be included, and the question is whether the qualities that make them major figures are sufficiently present in the stories chosen. Sometimes yes, it seems to me, and sometimes no. Malamud's "The Magic Barrel" is a splendid story, but it doesn't give much indication of what is to be found in A New *Life* and *The Fixer*. On the other hand, "The Man Who Studied Yoga" provides a better idea of what Norman Mailer is capable of doing than any of his novels.

The lucky writers are those who are represented by short novels. The quintessential Bellow is in Seize the Day, which, if it is less bold than the longer novels, is nearer to perfection. William Styron's The Long March is in a different vein from Lie Down in Darkness and Set This House on Fire, but it shows great strength. Flannery O'Connor's first novel, Wise Blood, may not be her best work, but it is pure O'Connor. And, to cross the Atlantic, The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie reveals Muriel Spark at her shrewdest.

If one makes allowances for differences in the manners portrayed, the three English stories-by Angus Wilson, Doris Lessing, and Miss Spark-might have been written by Americans. The work of most of the Continental writers, however, belongs to other traditions. One feels the difference immediately in Jean-Paul Sartre's "The Childhood of a Leader," with its careful, almost pedantic analysis of the changing emotions of a growing boy. Three other French writers are included-Albert Camus, Samuel Beckett, and Alain Robbe-Grillet-but not, I think, well represented. Camus's "The Renegade" is an effective parable. rendered with great intensity; but none of his novels is too long to have been included, and any one of them would have shown the reader more of Camus than this story does.

Moravia's Agostino, the story of an adolescent boy and his mother, is both representative, saturated as it is with sensuality, and good. From another Italian, Tommaso Landolfi, comes an ingenious fantasy, and there are fantasies by Ramón Sender of Spain and Jorge-Luis Borges of Argentina. Two German writers, Reinhard Lettau and Ilse Aichinger, contribute stories that may be regarded as parables, and there is a brief, amusing, and effective parable by the Polish Slawomir Mrozek.



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If one can judge by this anthology, it would seem that Europeans are currently more experimental in style and form than Americans, though some of the European work-Moravia's Agostino, for example-is perfectly conventional. It is also interesting to note that four of the Europeans deal with aspects of World War II, whereas none of the American writers does, although two of them write about young draftees in the postwar military forces. In "Enter and Exit" Heinrich Böll presents one man's experiences at the beginning and the end of the war, leaving the years between to the imagination of his readers. Jakov Lind's "Resurrection," a story about a Christian-Iewish refugee, is humorous and at the same time poignant and suggestive. Willem Hermans, a Dutchman, has a somber, even sinister story about the end of the war, "The House of Refuge." The most terrifying story in the volume, and one of the most terrifying I have ever read, is Tadeusz Borowski's "This Way for the Gas, Ladies and Gentlemen."

More than half of the stories in the two volumes confront us with men and women in desperate situations. The reasons for desperation are many. In "Resurrection," "The House of Refuge," and

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the Borowski story, for example, men are in danger of death, and have been for a long, long time. In Ivan Gold's "The Nickel Misery of George Washington Carver Brown" a young Negro draftee cannot bear the pressure, psychological and physical, that is put upon him. Paul Bowles, who has always been acutely conscious of the horrors that lie all around us, portrays the sufferings of a scholar-adventurer at the hands of a barbarous tribe. In Bellow's Seize the Day, on the other hand, the pressure is from within, as it is in Doris Lessing's "To Room Nineteen," a study of the destruction of a "well-adjusted" woman. These are stories of an anguish that we think of as specifically modern, but there is also the anguish that is inherent in the human condition, as shown in Anatole Broyard's account of the death of an old man, "What the Cystoscope Said." In "Matryona's Home" Alexander Solzhenitsyn, writing somewhat in the manner of the great Russian novelists of the nineteenth century, reveals to us the sorrows of an old peasant woman, and shows her saintly triumph over them. At the other extreme is Dazai Osamu's "Villon's Wife," in which a long-suffering woman embraces evil.

If I were editing an anthology of this sort my table of contents would be different from Marcus's; but I think my book would point to the same conclusions as his. It would demonstrate, in the first place, that much excellent fiction has been written, both here and abroad, in the years since the war. In the second place, it would remind us that we still live in what W. H. Auden called, nearly twenty years ago, the Age of Anxiety. All ages are anxious, but ours is more anxious than most, and with reason.

-GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1219

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1219 will be found in the next issue.

TCYYDIN NSAEGZ TC DTAG-UNSCZ. UP DOOAFN AOC PA YUQC PA PSCR, DOZ UP DOOAFN AOC OAP PA YUQC PA PSCR. --OUCPKNVSC

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1218 Women are the wild life of a country: morality corresponds to game laws. —ANONYMOUS.

Book Review Editor



Coincident Idea?

THE ARTICLE "JFK in Dallas," by Arnold L. Fein [SR, Oct. 22], does not intend to, but does present proof that two men or two rifles were involved. According to Ballistics Tables a 6.5 mm bullet will leave the muzzle of a rifle at a velocity of 2,400 feet per second and with a muzzle energy of 1,800 foot pounds. After traveling 300 yards the bullet will have a velocity of 1,900 feet per second and an energy of 1,200 foot pounds.

The Warren Commission would have us believe that such a bullet took 1.8 seconds to travel from the body of the late President Kennedy a distance of two or three feet to wound Governor Connally. A high velocity jacketed military bullet could easily have enough steam to go through one man's body and then go on to wound another, but it would do it almost instantaneously. It would certainly not float across the two or three feet of distance in 1.8 seconds like a balloon in a gentle breeze....

If the figures of 1.8 seconds between the time that the President was hit and the Governor was hit and the 2.3 second firing time of the rifle are accurate, it is certain that a second man was involved. It is not a matter of opinion but a matter of physics and mathematics.

Possibly one man had the Governor in mind and the other had the President and did not know of each other's intention or presence. Concern over the President's death could cause investigators to overlook the idea that the Governor could be the target of a second man.

BASIL JOHNSTONE.

Borden, Ind.

Covenanters

DAVID POLING REVIEWED six books containing a total of more than 1,800 pages in SR, Nov. 12. It struck me as strange that Mr. Poling took his longest quotation from a book by the late Walter Rauschenbusch, Christianizing the Social Order (1904), a paragraph which took a slap at the "descendants of the Scottish Covenanters" for their efforts to write the name of Iesus Christ into the Constitution of the United States, and for refusing to vote or hold public office because the Constitution does not honor Christ as head of this nation.... The social reformer wished to make it clear that he did not go along with that movement. "To put a stop to child labor in our country would be a more effective way of doing homage to His sovereignty than any business of words and names."

Covenanters have never been isolationists from social and political issues about them, and in genuinely humanitarian efforts our people have never been indolent. South Carolina descendants of the Covenanters wrote the Mecklenberg Declaration prior to the writing of the Declaration of Independence. Some historians see a direct influence of that religious declaration on Thomas Jefferson's composition of our nation's first major political declaration.

Covenanters enlisted in great numbers during the Civil War to help the Union Army free the slaves, even though their taking the military oath was a contradiction of their dissent from the "immoral" United States Constitution, which rejects God and His Mediatorial Son the Lord Jesus Christ.

Covenanters in Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York cooperated with the "underground railway" which smuggled Negro slaves to Canada. Our church has had educational missionary work in Selma, Alabama, for seventy years, long before liberal Protestant clergymen flocked to that city in 1965 to demand civil rights for the Negro race.

When the United States passed an anti-Asiatic Exclusion Act, our Reformed Presbyterian Synod sent protests to Congress. A Covenanter missionary to Chinese in San Francisco stumped the churches to tell of the mistreatment of Chinese migratory laborers in California. . . .

The Christian State sought by American Covenanters is not the theocratic churchstate of the seventeenth century, but a covenant type of democracy in which the Christian majority humbly dedicates the nation to God, asking pardon for national sins through the intercession of the Lord Jesus Christ, and then seeks by voluntary, democratic means to bring the domestic and foreign policy of our nation into agreement with the authority and law of Christ as revealed in the Bible.

We do not accept a plurality of gods nor a plurality of revealed Scriptures, but we accept the modern concept of complete religious freedom. We do this on Biblical grounds and count the mistaken attempts of our ancestors in Scotland to force religious uniformity on all citizens an unwarranted transgression of the spiritual rule of Christ over the consciences of men.

Walter Rauschenbusch is dead. The Covenanters are not. We are still crusading witnesses to the Headship of Jesus Christ over the Church and the Lordship of Christ over all nations.

SAMUEL E. BOYLE.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Redundant

IN SR for Oct. 22 a careful discourse on the Random House Dictionary. And then, on page 54, having Kishi of Japan stabbed by a *would-be* assassin.

BARRY SCHWEID,

Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Definition of "assassin" according to Webster's Unabridged, Second Edition: "One who kills, or attempts to kill, by surprise or secret assault...."