

Church; since those words were recorded Mr. Donnelly has resigned his office in protest at the lack of cooperation he was receiving from the American bishops.

A more important development that McGurn misses is the increasing number of laymen and even priests (Father James Kavanaugh, author of the best-selling *A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church*, is a prime and extreme example) who have not been read out of the Church, who vigorously claim membership in it, but who simply reject out of hand one or more of its teachings. The Church's stand on birth control is among the most obvious of these; its doctrines on confession, abortion, and the liturgy of the Mass are others. In earlier years people who could not accept such tenets left the Church and no longer considered themselves Catholics. It may well be a mark of strength in the Catholic Church that it is now, in one way or another, holding on to these people. But it is equally clear that they present agitating problems to a church deeply concerned with orthodoxy.

Somewhat dated, too, is the author's presentation of Pope Paul. McGurn's picture here is of the pope he traveled with on the memorable visit to New York, a man going out to meet the contemporary world, to address the United Nations General Assembly. If McGurn were writing at this moment, he would have to portray Paul as a man still open to the twentieth century but obviously troubled by the fantastic changes sweeping over a Church that only ten years ago was a tightly buttoned affair completely under the control of Pius XII.

On his election John XXIII was widely regarded as an "interim" pope, chosen to fill the gap between the long, firm reign of Pius XII and that of a successor in the same tradition. Ironically, the pontificate of Paul VI may prove to be the real interregnum between John, who activated the great change known as the *aggiornamento*, and a pope who will be able to respond to his times with the sureness and serenity that made John such a remarkable leader.

McGurn's book is a balanced and accurate view of the American Catholic Church as of the time of writing. He has also provided a good, brief view of what the future holds in a quote from Monsignor Vincent Yzermans, then spokesman for the American bishops at their headquarters in Washington, D.C.: "There is no doubt that we will have a difficult period for ten or twenty years (until 1975 or 1985) with some bishops cracking down, and some people telling them to go to hell."

It may not be peaceful, but it should be interesting. Barrett McGurn's book is good background for anyone interested in following the developments.

## Intelligentsia in Nippon

*Conversations in Japan*, by David Riesman and Evelyn Thompson Riesman (Basic Books, 371 pp. \$7.50), introduces the world's most closely knit establishment, the Japanese intellectual mandarin. Frank Gibney, who lives in Tokyo, is president of *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (Japan). Besides the book "Five Gentlemen of Japan," he has written on Japanese subjects for the *American and Japanese press*.

By FRANK GIBNEY

AFTER long exposure to books on Japanese inns, woodblock prints, prewar militarists, and flower arrangement, Americans have at last been given some first-rate reading matter on that most puzzling, least examined, and uniquely influential section of modern Japanese society: the intelligentsia. No major country enjoys (suffers under?) such a powerful intellectual mandarin. To qualify as a member of the Japanese *interi* (the usual Japanized abbreviation for intellectual) you must have a university degree (preferably from Tokyo University or one of its closer rivals), either an academic appointment or a good editorial job, a facility for writing long, discursive articles and a willingness to comment on almost anything, a stated commitment to some form of philosophic Marxism (which need not be translated into any direct political activity) or at least the ability to conduct lengthy dialogues liberally garnished with the old-fashioned scraps of Marx

or Hegel that are still served up at Japanese universities.

With this basic equipment, plus whatever genuine academic specialties and attainments he may possess, the *interi* has little trouble finding an audience. The native Japanese respect for learning runs deep. It has infused a mass-communications society to the extent that intellectual book publishing is a major industry. A popular newspaper of seven million circulation will contain cerebral articles which in the U.S. would barely squeeze into *The American Scholar*. When the Japanese intelligentsia speaks, the country listens. Indeed, you can hardly hear anything else.

This modern mandarin—the world's most closely knit establishment—dominates Japanese relations with the outside world far more than foreigners even remotely realize. It acts as a dogmatic funnel, channeling outside intellectual contacts with the population of what will soon be the world's No. 3 industrial power. Such American establishments as the Cambridge-New York-Washington axis, of which the authors are respected members, are uninfluential by comparison, both socially and politically.

WHEN the distinguished American sociologist David Riesman and his wife, also a writer, made a visit to Japan in the fall of 1961, they decided to forego much of the physical sight-seeing so pressed on travelers by Japanese hosts in favor of an intensive tour of the Japanese people—specifically the professors, scholars, bright journalists, union officials, teachers, and students to whom they were naturally introduced. As Riesman says in his introduction: "Our involvement with Japan was not that of foreigners who had a mission or had to make a living there or of anthropologists in search of deep understanding. . . . the method of our interview with Japan, if it can be called by so rational a name, was from the outset to make interpretations as a way of organizing our experience, but hopefully not overorganizing it or defending ourselves against it."

The Riesmans' book more than lives up to this billing. It is friendly without sacrificing objectivity. While discursive, it is marvelously informative. In general, Americans (not excepting those who live in Japan) never get beyond seeing the Japanese as strange, two-dimensional figures—to be treated with awe, condescension, or humor as the occasion calls



for. Most Japanese, their surface humility to foreigners effectively disguising a sublime inner national arrogance, bear out that impression to outsiders. The greatest accomplishment of a book like the Riesmans' is to view their Japanese *interi* acquaintances as interesting human beings—some very bright, some warm-hearted, some aloof or stubborn, with individual differences as well as an amazing national cohesiveness.

The net effect, however, is a group picture—a cluster of talented, on the whole able people with their own sets of contradictions. Liberals of long standing will worry about the national position of the emperor. Student rioters of the determinedly wild *Zengakuren* groups will, a few months after graduation, peacefully turn into Mitsubishi organization men. People with basic sympathy for American culture will retain residual antipathy towards any American international position. As a result, perhaps, of their learning-by-rote educational process the *interi* are extraordinarily doctrinaire in their world-view. The Japanese Marxist, for example, still finds it hard to believe that the American people are not completely cowed and dominated by a capitalist power-élite, which is in turn allied with Japanese capitalists, etc., etc. As Riesman discovered, a struggling Marxist publication in the States will actually have more Japanese readers than American—but the Japanese *interi* are not aware of this. C. Wright Mills remains *their* Bobby Kennedy.

The Japanese mandarins cut themselves off from participation in organic politics, although they love demonstrations. Yet, if contemptuous of politicians, they have, one feels, a hankering after political influence, in the world as well as their nation. Riesman notes "the tensions within educated Japanese between feelings of total powerlessness on the world scene and feelings of grandiosity." One by-product of this is the immense gulf between the Japanese intellectual's willingness to criticize and his readiness to assume responsibility.

David Riesman energetically trampled through the canebrake of interminable discussions (formal and informal), braving both the problem of language and the maddening one of Japanese studied politeness. ("... he listened with great attentiveness—although what that means in this polite culture among these exceedingly intelligent men is hard to say.") He and his wife arrived at a particularly critical time, barely a year after the violent student riots against the U.S.-Japan Security Treaty and the projected visit of President Eisenhower. With typical *a priori* reasoning, the Japanese *interi*, almost universally Leftist (though hardly in the American Communist sense), viewed Americans as virtual agents of imperialism, McCarthyism, and

any other ism then under attack in the intellectual monthlies. Riesman's visit helped clear the air a great deal, and there is no doubt that he and his perceptive wife were the most effective kind of international ambassadors.

In the years since the visit the efforts of former Ambassador Edwin Reischauer and other like-minded souls, both Japanese and American, restored or—better—created a genuine intellectual dialogue between the modern Japanese intelligentsia and Americans. Rising prosperity along with some interesting currents within Japanese business and the majority conservative party have shown the flimsy base of so many fears of a new Fascism, Right-wing ascendancy and depression, which Riesman's interlocutors were so quick to discuss. Moreover, although Japanese feel even less comfortable about Vietnam now than they did then, the angry noises of the Red Guards have drowned out many of the hopeful words once said about Peking. It is hard to find good student demonstrators these

days (although the rate for demonstrators has been upped considerably) and the nationwide strike last October against U.S. policy in Vietnam was a dismal failure: most people went to the beach instead.

So in this sense the Riesmans' book is dated. Nor should it be relied on as *the* one book to read about Japan. The authors readily admit that their acquaintanceship was necessarily limited. They didn't meet many businessmen, many bureaucrats, nor too many professors outside of Tokyo and Kyoto universities.

Yet this very limitation is a value. In their bright, well-reasoned, and good-humored journal—which owes much to Mrs. Riesman's quick eye and sharp descriptive faculty—they introduce us, just about for the first time, to one very important segment of one very important country's society, on whom a good bit of future world history may depend. Besides that, the Riesmans' Japanese friends turn out to be stimulating people.

## Eden Down Under

***Their Shining Eldorado: A Journey Through Australia*, by Elspeth Huxley (Morrow. 432 pp. \$6.95), portrays the lives of postwar emigrants in a fiercely egalitarian and masculine society. Orville Prescott is an inveterate overseas traveler.**

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

THE SUN-TANNED young man stood on the steps of an office building and said to the inquisitive writer: "It's too good to last. I've got it all—a good job, my own home just the way I planned it, a pretty wife, healthy kids, the garden's coming on nicely, at weekends I go fishing, I enjoy my work. This is what human beings always have wanted, and now I have it and it's wonderful!"

Without realizing it he spoke for many: the millions of emigrants who have gone to Australia since World War II. His Eden may be only a lower-middle-class version of suburbia in a warm climate, but it is obviously superior to the life he had known in Europe with its crowds, pressures, poverty, economic insecurity, and political strife. Of the present population nearly one person in five was born elsewhere and arrived in Australia after 1945.

This kind of information makes Elspeth Huxley's *Their Shining Eldorado*

interesting and enlightening, while her insatiable curiosity and literary craftsmanship make it lively and entertaining. But Mrs. Huxley frequently allows her enthusiasm for agricultural technology to run away with her. Her book is longer than it need have been, and repetitious in spots. Nevertheless, it covers an astonishing amount of material.

Elspeth Huxley is versatile and impressively industrious; she has written



—From the book.

Typical nineteenth-century Australian small-town corner building.