

government, above all Robert McNamara, but others as well; in the Senate, John Sherman Cooper and his staff assistant, William Miller, who quietly over the years have educated the Senate on the ABM and given it the courage to challenge the military and the President; William Proxmire, who focuses attention on military waste and domestic priorities; William Fulbright, Edward Brooke, and many others. Among the small number of private citizens certain to be included is Ralph Lapp.

Over the long years Lapp, in his writing, in his testimony before Congressional committees, and in his speeches, has argued the case for reducing defense expenditures and for bringing the nuclear arms race under control. Perhaps even more important, Lapp, a former government scientist, by carefully reading and organizing information from various sources, has shown that a private citizen can possess all of the facts necessary to reach an informed judgment on defense issues.

In view of this background, Lapp's latest book can only be judged a keen disappointment. *Arms Beyond Doubt* is not the reasoned and carefully documented case against ABM and MIRVs which one would have hoped to see, nor is it even a well-ordered general discussion of the nuclear arms race. Rather, it appears to be a collection of separate pieces, each one discussing the same basic subject from a slightly different perspective. It is doubtful that anyone still troubled about challenging the President or the military on a national security issue, or concerned about the diplomatic implications of the nuclear balance, will be persuaded by the book. The committed will find along the way some interesting material, including a number of sidelights on recent history. Lapp makes the important point that the military-industrial complex is really a *Congressional*-industrial-military complex, and that the Congress has been the key to its influence. He provides new and useful data on this point.

With the substantive round of the SALT talks going on in Vienna and as Congress renews its debate on the ABM and other defense budget issues, we will need carefully reasoned and imaginatively argued tracts. Lapp is capable of producing them; it is unfortunate that he has not done so here.

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RECOLLECTIONS

by Alexis de Tocqueville, translated from the French by George Lawrence, edited by J. P. Mayer and A. P. Kerr

Doubleday, 333 pp., \$7.95

Reviewed by Saul K. Padover

■ This is a new translation of a book first published in French in 1893 and in English in 1896. Other English versions, revised by J. P. Mayer, director of the Tocqueville Centre at the University of Reading, appeared in 1949 and 1959. The present edition, under Professor Mayer's editorship with the assistance of Miss A. P. Kerr, is the fullest to date, although the translation suffers somewhat from the use of occasional sociological jargon.

Recollections is not a book of general interest. Neither a general history nor an objective historical essay, it consists, rather, of personal observations and subjective comments by an eyewitness and, to a considerable extent, participant in revolutionary events that took place in Paris in 1848 and 1849. Those events had the sort of drama which the French could stage so well, but even at this distance in time it is hard to say whether it was comedy or tragedy. Perhaps it was both. The motley cast, performing on the streets of Paris and in the Assembly, in full view of eager spectators, had everything an exciting play should have: cockaded National Guardsmen, bumbling bourgeois, utopian socialists, dictatorial generals, romantic poets, self-intoxicating champions of the larynx, rodomontading poseurs, and the usual assortment of frauds. It even had a few serious and philosophical minds, like Tocqueville, but they were relatively minor actors who had no significant impact.

The whole brouhaha, after torrents of oratory and stage performance, finally culminated in the victory of the biggest fraud of all—Louis Bonaparte, nephew of the greater Corsican. In the elections to the presidency of the Second Republic on December 10, 1848 (the First Republic had been done in by Napoleon I about half a century earlier), the bizarre intrigant bearing a name that still had magical appeal in France received 5,400,000 votes out of a total of 7,223,000. Four years later President Bonaparte followed the example of his uncle, overthrew the Republic, and inaugurated the Second Empire, headed by himself as Emperor Napoleon III (Napoleon II, the son of Number One, had died in 1832).

Karl Marx in *Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte*, a savagely brilliant book that covers about the same



—Brown Brothers.

Alexis de Tocqueville—"a sophisticated naïveté that sees without distortion."

period as Tocqueville's *Recollections*, opens his sardonic account of the whole tragicomedy with a reference to Hegel's remark that great historical events occur twice. "Hegel," Marx commented, "forgot to add: the first time as tragedy, the second as farce." Tocqueville's *Recollections* provides a good deal of the flavor and taste of the "farce," although that was obviously not his intention. His aim, he wrote in his opening paragraphs, was to occupy his leisure time in retirement by writing down the events in which he had been both observer and participant (as a member of the National Assembly and as Foreign Minister for a few months) in order to clarify things for himself. The memoirs were written in secret, and not designed for publication: "These pages are to be a mirror, in which I can enjoy seeing my contemporaries and myself, not a painting for the public to view."

This is precisely the value and charm of *Recollections*. The memoir is valuable not because it is a particularly outstanding book or a coherent history—it is neither—but because it was written by a man who could think and who knew how to write, a combination of talents not quite as rare as a white whale but rare enough. In other words, anything produced by the author of *Democracy in America*, a book that still glows with life after 135 years, is worth reading. His work has freshness because it springs from a sophisticated naïveté that sees without distortion and an Emersonian self-awareness that is modest without losing its sharpness of perception. It was said of him: "*il avait l'air de savoir de toute éternité ce qu'il venait d'apprendre.*" Speaking of himself in relation to events described in *Recollections*, Tocqueville writes:

... I was not slow to discover that I lacked the qualities needed to play the brilliant role of which I dreamed; both my good qualities and my defects

proved obstacles. I was not sufficiently virtuous to command respect, but I had too much integrity to adapt myself to all those petty practices then necessary for quick success. . . . When by chance I have been obliged to speak in a bad cause or to take a wrong path, I have immediately found myself completely bereft of talent as well as enthusiasm. . . . I should have made a very mediocre and clumsy rascal. . . . I also discovered that I completely lacked the art of holding men together and leading them as a body. It is only in a tête-à-tête that I show any dexterity, whereas in a crowd I am constrained and dumb.

The greatest value of *Recollections* is its quotability. Tocqueville writes the way carborundum grinds—striking sparks. Even his casual sentences sometimes have the force of aphorisms. A few examples: "In politics . . . shared hatreds are almost always the basis of friendships." "What are called necessary institutions are only institutions to which one is accustomed." "I have noticed that those who left us their memoirs have recorded their bad actions and inclinations only when . . . they have mistaken them for brave deeds or worthy instincts." "Nothing makes for success more than not desiring it too ardently." "She [Madame de Lamartine] had pretty well every defect that can be associated with virtue." "I confess that with more adornment she [George Sand] would have struck me as still more simple."

Tocqueville's vignettes of the actors in the 1848-49 drama are unforgettable. He had a lepidopterist's skill in impaling those he caught on the point of his quill. He shows us the oratorical

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1396

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1396 will be found in the next issue.

FVU BUMRZYU JD M BMT'R

NVMYMNFUY CR PVMF VU

PJZOL LJ CD VU XTUP VU

PJZOL TUIUY EU DJZTL JZF.

—FVJBMR BMNMZOUQ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1395

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—J. D. WILLIAMS.

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- Within a month she will have a dress that is not torn.
- She and her family will get regular dental and medical attention.
- Soon she and her brothers and sisters will have shoes to wear to school.
- For the first time Rosalba will know what it's like to eat at least one wholesome meal, what it's like to fall asleep without gnawing hunger keeping her awake.

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