

life to the cause of social justice. In a secular world, he will be Jim Casy's self-sacrificing disciple. But the question that Steinbeck fails to examine is whether Tom's intentions, as outlined in a farewell speech to his mother, are not an ambiguous mixture of altruism and intoxication with violence for its own sake. "I'll be all aroun' in the dark," he assures Ma Joad. "I'll be ever'where—wherever you look. Wherever they's a fight so hungry people can eat, I'll be there. Wherever they's a cop beatin' up a guy, I'll be there. . . . I'll be in the way guys yell when they're mad an'—I'll be in the way kids laugh when they're hungry an' they know supper's ready. An' when our folks eat the stuff they raise an' live in the houses they build—why, I'll be there. See?" The diarist who but slenderly understood his own raw emotions ("My whole nervous system is battered. Don't know why.") was correspondingly incapable of plumbing the mysteries of his alter ego's.

The emergence of Ma Joad as a far stronger person than her husband and the other older men in the Joad family is another notable aspect of the novel on which the diary bears. "Carol does so much," Steinbeck said of his wife in the entry of August 2. Indeed she did. Although Carol Henning was a fairly talented poet, prose writer, and painter, as well as being more deeply involved in radical politics than Steinbeck ever was, she gave up her career when she got married. In addition to assuming all the domestic duties of the household, the strong-willed, tough-minded Carol did her best to shield her shy and easily stampeded husband from intrusions on his privacy; oversaw his business relations with his agents; typed and edited his manuscripts; and, in the case of *The Grapes of Wrath*, made critical comments on the manuscript and found the perfect title for it in Julia Ward Howe's "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." On the dedication page of the novel Steinbeck wrote, "To Carol, who willed this book." Just as weakness of the senior male Joads can be linked to Steinbeck's sense of his own weakness and to memories of his weak father, whose mismanagement of a store ended in bankruptcy (the diarist wrote on June 16: "I dreamed a confused mess made up of Dad and his failures and me and my failures"), so Ma Joad's indomitability was a reincarnation of Carol's.

Working Days also contains a section called "Aftermath," which is composed of the diary entries that Steinbeck continued to make in the two years following the publication of *The Grapes of Wrath*. As Professor DeMott aptly observes, the motif of self-doubt is still prominent in these entries, but

is compounded by guilt and tempered by foreshadowing, as though Steinbeck felt himself to be hovering on the brink of some enormous catastrophe. If the intimations of dark fatality are not fully articulated, it is because Steinbeck was fearful that the watchful Carol would discover the secret of his love affair with a 20-year-old showgirl named Gwyndolyn Conger, whom he began seeing in the summer of 1939 and whom he would marry in 1943. Was he already dreaming of betraying Carol while he was still writing *The Grapes of Wrath*—and did that dream, too, get into the novel? Quite conceivably. For the weakest link in the Joad family chain is Rose of Sharon's youthful husband, the androgynously named Connie, who, when the Joads finally reach

California, deserts his drastically pregnant wife and disappears. An author given to sexual guilt and paranoia might well have created such a character as Connie, out of a terrible premonition of how he intended to reward the woman who had done so much to bring his greatest book into being.

Working Days serves, in sum, to make *The Grapes of Wrath* and its author more complex and more interesting. Studs Terkel's introduction to the fiftieth anniversary edition of the novel accomplishes the reverse. Essentially, it seeks to show that *The Grapes of Wrath* is the fictional equivalent of Terkel's alleged transcripts of the voices of downtrodden little people and that that is a wonderful thing. □

DESTRUCTIVE GENERATION: SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT THE SIXTIES

Peter Collier and David Horowitz/Summit Books/338 pp. \$19.95

George Szamuely

Should one have occasion at times to doubt the need for yet more books of the I-have-seen-the-future-and-it-doesn't-work genre, then the critical reaction to Peter Collier and David Horowitz's *Destructive Generation* will surely relieve one of them. Through a series of character-studies, autobiographical essays, and reflective pieces, the two former editors of *Ramparts* and ex-supporters of the Black Panthers trace the consequences—both personal and national—of the left's hijacking of the American liberal movement during the 1960s. That their document was met by a torrent of abuse was only to be expected. After all, the authors of *Vekhi* had been excoriated by the liberal intelligentsia of pre-revolutionary Russia no less than Whitaker Chambers had been by their American counterparts for his *Witness*.

Yet what was interesting about the response to Collier and Horowitz was that few chose to question the truth of anything they said about the left. What particularly riled commentators was the political position the two adopt today, especially their support of Ronald Reagan. Yes, the left's utopianism and its hysterical, mindless opposition to the Vietnam war led its radical proponents to nihilism, violence, madness, and self-destruction. But how dare anyone draw certain conclusions from

George Szamuely, a former associate editor of the *Times Literary Supplement*, is a writer living in New York.

that, and cease to regard themselves as belonging to the left? In a piece of no more than 800 words' length in the *New York Times Book Review*, someone called David Burner managed at least seven times to equate the two authors' ideas today with the bizarre notions they once held and which they now totally repudiate: "The two have not recovered their senses," "the delirium of half-sleep remains," "they sound like their previous selves of the 1960s," "their likenesses exist today . . . in the legions of the right," and on and on. Echoing this line, Hendrik Hertzberg in the *Washington Monthly* sneered: "Twenty years ago they were uncritical supporters of communist jungle fighters who trampled on human rights. Now they're uncritical supporters of anticommunist jungle fighters who trample on human rights," and again: "20 years ago they were arrogant, mendacious know-it-alls who trafficked in hysterical hyperbole and diabolized those who disagreed with them. They haven't lost their touch."

But the nastiest and most scurrilous review—clearly the influence behind both Hertzberg and Burner—appeared in the *New Republic* and was written by Paul Berman. At excruciating length—7,000 words or more—he drummed the message home: Collier and Horowitz were the "sole militants of the '60s still good for a shocking gesture, a finger in the air, a coast-to-coast f--- you." And just in case we did not quite

catch that: "The transformation that these two men have undergone should not . . . be overestimated." Apparently, the essence of the New Left was the "notion . . . that you can batter down your own limitations, that conventions are oppressions, that an existential choice can turn you into something better, more heroic, more powerful." If this all makes Huey Newton, Eldridge Cleaver, Mark Rudd, and Bernadine Dohrn sound more like members of the Stefan George Circle, or perhaps of the Cambridge Apostles, or simply pupils of Martin Heidegger, then there is good reason for that. Since, according to Berman, "nothing about that idea . . . inherently tied it to socialist or liberal ideals," guess who will turn out to be today's two chief purveyors of this "existential" notion?

Though Berman's observation on the nature of the New Left in his review seems to contradict his main complaint that Collier and Horowitz concentrate far "too little on ideas," it is not without a certain devious logic. For members of the contemporary left to use terms suggestive of sociopathology to describe 1960s radicalism is a variant on the customary tone of lyrical lamentation. But the effect is the same. The New Left is still fundamentally all right as far as its original intentions go. (To question them is still a sign of reactionary proclivities, malign motives, or bad etiquette, or a combination of all three.) That it culminated in bombings, murder, senseless riots, black separatism can be blamed on the Vietnam war, on Nixon, on the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy, much as Lenin's and Stalin's excesses were once only explicable with reference to the horrors of czarist autocracy, or the treachery of an Alger Hiss or a Kim Philby to the Great Depression, or the Khmer Rouge atrocities subsequently to the American B-52s. "The Devil made them do it," as Collier and Horowitz put it. With a bound, then, responsibility for whatever we think of as disagreeable about the New Left is ascribed to the right. So far so traditional. But here is the new twist. With the next bound we find that whatever we think of as disagreeable about the New Left is not really characteristic of the New Left at all, but of the right. Thus we have the idiotic equation. Collier and Horowitz circa 1980s are the same Collier and Horowitz circa 1960s. The contras are the Vietcong. The neoconservatives are the fanatical Berkeley radicals. And Ronald Reagan is presumably Angela Davis.

There is of course something very amusing about the critics of Collier and Horowitz donning the mantle of moderation. Neither Berman nor

Hertzberg has any qualms about accusing the two men of complicity in murder. Hertzberg used such judicious terms as "traitors, liars, and fools" to describe them. Their friend David Rieff thoughtfully and in a thoroughly nonpartisan way recently spat at David Horowitz in public. And there is something amusing about the idea that the only alternative to "Nixon and Vietnam" was Tom Hayden and Bobby Seale. Just as there is something grotesque about people like Hayden and Paul Berman pretending to be well in the tradition of a Hubert Humphrey. It was Humphrey and not Nixon who was the object of the most vicious vituperation and actual physical violence in 1968. The point was that the issue of "Vietnam" was bogus. Both Nixon and Humphrey committed themselves in 1968 to bringing the American involvement in Southeast Asia to an end. And effective American evacuation began the following year. What the left wanted, and what it was ready to commit violence on behalf of, was immediate, unconditional American withdrawal—in other words, the international, public humiliation of the United States. As a matter of fact, this was also the officially stated position of the Soviet Union at the time. Thanks to the efforts of the left, its program was finally realized in 1975, when promised assistance from the non-Communist government was not forthcoming. Following that debacle, the Soviets, believing the United States was now out of it, went on such an offensive worldwide that today they feel they have to offer their apologies if they want improved relations with the West.

And this brings one to the issue critics were so offended by. Collier and Horowitz frequently use the term "Fifth Column" to describe the left. One can see their point. Fulsome praise has been lavished on Stalin, Mao, Castro, Ho; even the arrival of the fanatically anti-American regime of the Ayatollah Khomeini was welcomed in a number of quarters. Friends of the United States have been consistently excoriated: Thieu and Diem; Marcos; Somoza; Park of South Korea; the Shah of Iran; the contras; Sadat. One could go on and on with such a list; some of the above deserved it; others did not; still others did and did not in varying degrees. But it was not their lack of concern for human rights and democratic principles that made them so hateful. The left has always been able to live with the notable absence of such features in Communist regimes. (At worst, during the 1960s the Soviet Union was labeled "bureaucratic," just as the worst thing about the Sandinistas is that they are "stupid.") But "anti-Communism" has always been the worst kind of degradation one can succumb to.

Thus for Collier and Horowitz now to admit to having voted for Ronald Reagan and to be giving vociferous support to anti-Communist fighters in Nicaragua and in Afghanistan is like . . . well, it's like . . . it's like supporting the Black Panthers. Really? If you happen to think, as I do, that Communism is the worst misfortune in recent times to have befallen people (befallen, moreover, without anyone ac-

tually asking for its fall), then you support those who are trying to clear the rubble. It is not as though the alternative to George Bush in the 1988 election was a Hubert Humphrey or a Henry Jackson—model liberals on everything from civil rights to welfare, but whom the left has consistently reviled.

Destructive Generation is important precisely because it reveals what's

new and what's old about the left. That socialists in America go around pretending to be liberals is hardly new. But for members of the left to accuse their opponents of being like them, while they themselves claim to be the spiritual heirs of the people they used to spit on . . . now, that really is new. It's very confusing, of course. But then, that's the general idea, isn't it? □

NEW FROM LIBERTY FUND

THE FABLE OF THE BEES OR PRIVATE VICES, PUBLIC BENEFITS

By Bernard Mandeville

With a Commentary Critical, Historical and Explanatory By F. B. Kaye

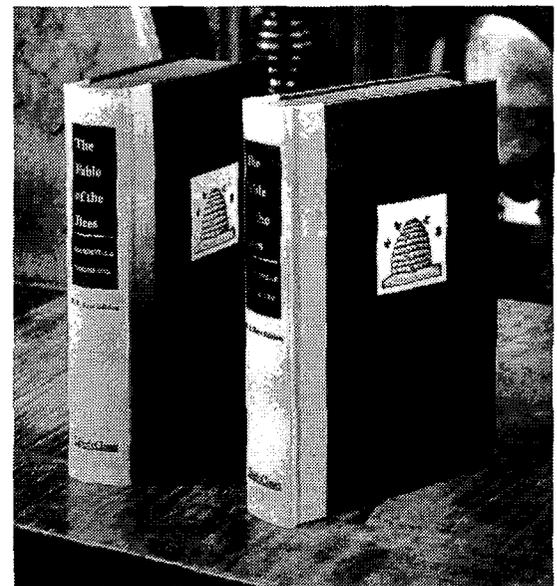
"Mandeville is able to offer possibly the first systematically derived account of politics and social order based on 'interests,' both rational and irrational. In so doing, he elevated the individual and offered a new view of morality that contained the seeds for our contemporary understanding of human freedom and the good society."

—Roger Michener, Princeton University

Bernard Mandeville (1670-1733) had a profound impact on economics, ethics, and social philosophy through *The Fable of the Bees*, one of the most significant English works of the eighteenth-century. F.B. Kaye's beautiful edition and masterful commentary is again available for the first time in years.

"Mandeville is the wittiest and shrewdest philosopher ever to make a significant impact upon economics. He anticipated Oscar Wilde in choosing his enemies with great care, and within his own century they included David Hume, Adam Smith, and Francis Hutcheson. He could afford even such enemies because his friends and admirers have been legion. This attractive reissue of the splendid Kaye edition of the Fable will make for him a host of warm new friends."

—George J. Stigler, University of Chicago



Volume I - 412 + cxlvi pages. Preface.

Volume II - 481 + v pages. Preface and index.

Hardcover \$15.00 each

or \$30.00 the set

0-86597-072-6

Paperback \$ 7.50 each

or \$15.00 the set

0-86597-075-0

LibertyClassics, 1989

Prepayment is required on all orders for books that are not for resale. We pay book rate postage. Please allow approximately 4 weeks for delivery. All orders from outside the United States must be prepaid in U.S. dollars. To order, or for a copy of our NEW 1989 catalogue, write:

Liberty Fund, Inc.
Department AA101
7440 N. Shadeland Avenue
Indianapolis, IN 46250

Please send me: *The Fable of the Bees*
Liberty Fund edition, 1989

Quan.		Price	Amount
	Hardcover set	\$30.00	
		each \$15.00	
	Paperback set	\$15.00	
		each \$ 7.50	
	Subtotal		
	Indiana residents add 5% sales tax		
	Total		

We pay book rate postage. Please allow approximately 4 weeks for delivery. All orders must be prepaid in U.S. dollars.

Enclosed is my check or money order made payable to Liberty Fund, Inc.

Please send me a copy of your NEW 1989 catalogue.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Mail to: Liberty Fund, Inc.
7440 North Shadeland Ave.
Department AA101
Indianapolis, IN 46250

WAGING PEACE AND WAR: DEAN RUSK IN THE TRUMAN, KENNEDY, AND JOHNSON YEARS

Thomas J. Schoenbaum/Simon and Schuster/542 pp. \$23.95

Robert H. Ferrell

Dean Rusk is eighty years old this year. Retired from the law school of the University of Georgia, he is an occasional participant in televised discussions about foreign policy but otherwise not much in the news. Long gone is the fame that once put his photograph in newspapers almost every day, when he held press conferences with hundreds of shouting reporters in the State Department conference room, and when his plane routinely circled the globe on missions for this and that. Also in the past is his role in the Vietnam war, when he was the target of student groups everywhere (not least at my own university, Indiana in Bloomington, where during one of the secretary's speeches a group of activists ensconced in front-row seats shouted him down—leading to much talk about the right of free speech on a university campus, leading also to a delegation of students who went to Washington and presented their personal apologies for what they rightly considered marked incivility).

The appearance of *Waging Peace and War*, a 500-page authorized biography of Rusk, understandably has not brought huzzas from the reviewers, nor impassioned counterarguments from commentators, scholarly or otherwise. The subject, one guesses, makes that impossible. The fact that it is authorized makes it doubly so.

But this book, I hasten to add, is a sleeper. It deserves plenty of attention. It starts out inauspiciously, with a somewhat labored description of how Rusk became secretary of state, a recital of what now seems an unimportant, certainly dated, minuet. The new President-elect, John F. Kennedy, did not know Rusk but had taken notice of Rusk's long experience in the Truman Administration and, before that, in World War II, when he was an aide to General Joseph W. Stilwell. More recently Rusk had been president of the Rockefeller Foundation and pretty visible in New York City, especially in the Democratic shadow cabinet, or what-

Robert H. Ferrell is professor of history at Indiana University and author of numerous books, including Woodrow Wilson and World War I, 1917-1921 and Truman: A Centenary Remembrance.

ever it should be called, that was then housing itself at the Council on Foreign Relations. After setpiece interviews, Rusk was propelled into the secretaryship.

The action of the book starts at last with a long flashback to his early life in Atlanta as the poverty-stricken son of a mailman. Rusk attended Davidson College—a sort of poor boys' Princeton—before traveling to Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship. After teaching at Mills College, a backwater school in California, and being chosen dean (where he perhaps was known to his friends as "Dean Dean"), Rusk went into the Army before Pearl Harbor, with a commission, and ended as a full colonel. He was tempted to remain, since he could have become a brigadier general in the Pentagon hierarchy, but the opportunity presented to get into the State Department. He made the right choice, if in what to some people seemed the wrong division: that of United Nations affairs. He made the most of it—which was all the easier because Rusk believed in the U.N.'s mission. To him post-1945 American policy was based not on Henry Luce's less sophisticated American century ideas but the need, after the heroic efforts of World War II, to bring world opinion around to support of American ideas and actions. As luck would have it, the coming of the Korean War only enlarged Rusk's influence.

The book offers fascinating information, even about the Rockefeller Foundation, Rusk's extracurricular adventure of the 1950s, but takes on special importance in chronicling the 1960s when for eight full years the once poor boy from Georgia, for whom his mother had fashioned homemade drawers from flour sacks, became one of the most important players in the world game of diplomacy—a game punctuated in Vietnam by war. Curiously, the book does not rely on Rusk's personal papers, because he did not have any. When he left government in 1969 he took nothing, as a matter of principle, for he believed that whatever records he made of public business were not, as many statesmen seem to have believed, private property. Rusk even went other public figures one better, by destroying all records of his private conversations with Presi-

dent Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson.

Instead the book rests on hundreds of hours of conversations between the author and his subject, assisted by one of Rusk's sons. All of us have read in recent years of Rusk's physical problems; the former secretary's health has not been the best. But his mind is extraordinarily vigorous: Rusk is full of anecdotes, some of them telling, as well as information that will never appear in the documents that eventually, probably after the turn of the present century, will be open, in their almost impossible vastness, to historians. After joining the faculty of the University of Georgia, the author found himself dealing with a treasure, Dean Rusk in retirement. Again, perhaps an unexpected treasure, owing to the lack of personal papers and the physical problems of the subject, not to mention what everyone assumed to be Rusk's implacable reticence: these factors said that not much could come from an authorized biography.

What could only come from an authorized biography, however, are personal anecdotes from Rusk himself. Here is a sampling:

- Chinese cruelty horrified Rusk, when during World War II he was stationed in the Asian theater. Flying over the Hump one day, Colonel Rusk watched Chinese troops roughhousing, laughing and joking like soldiers everywhere. One man was standing near the open door of the plane and another crawled around behind him, on all fours. As Rusk watched, a third soldier pushed the standing man over the crouched soldier, pitching him out of the plane. The men almost split their sides laughing.

- One day early in the postwar era a letter from Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru arrived, which Rusk took over to the White House. Not exactly enamored of the Indian, President Harry S. Truman began to make all sorts of scathing notations on it, including, "What does he want me to do, consult Mousey Dung?" Rusk asked for a copy, and got it, and in an accompanying note the President, not one of the world's great spellers, told Rusk it was for his "memmorabilia."

- When the Russians showed themselves willing to back off the Berlin blockade early in 1949, everything began to move along rapidly, with Rusk dealing with the Soviet delegate to the U.N. Yakov Malik—until Malik, upon learning that his rival, Andrei Gromyko, was going to be the USSR's new foreign minister, went on a ten-day drunken spree and Russian diplomacy over Berlin for that period stopped dead in its tracks.

- During the Korean War, the Na-

tionalist Chinese offered to send 33,000 of their best troops to Korea and Truman and Secretary of State Dean Acheson rejected the offer. The supporters of General Douglas MacArthur later made much of this rejection. Rusk learned years later that not a single high official in Taiwan supported the idea, and the Nationalists made the offer only on the categorical assurance that the Americans would turn it down.

- General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, chief of staff of the Air Force, was briefing the President on the need to use nuclear weapons in Korea, when the President practically rose out of his chair and said, "Who says that?" Vandenberg replied, "Well, that is the basis of our war plans." Truman turned bright crimson and said, "Well, you just go back and get yourself some more war plans, because you are not going to put me in the position of either doing nothing or beginning nuclear war."

- At the height of General MacArthur's contentions with the Truman Administration, a newspaper leak indicated that MacArthur's resignation was imminent, and Rusk and General Omar N. Bradley took the news to the President, who blew his top: "That son-of-a-bitch isn't going to resign on me! I want him fired." The result was a midnight cable dismissing him.

- British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan got along easily with President Kennedy, and after a dinner at Chequers the getting-along was much facilitated by highballs. The "P.M." accompanied the President to Heathrow airport, and upon arrival was three sheets to the wind. He came up to Rusk, put his arm around him and said, "Rusk, I've got to know you better. Jack has been telling me that you were opposed to the Bay of Pigs, but that after it happened you acted as if you had done it yourself."

- The "moon-faced, bald, serious, suit-clad secretary of state" (the author's description of his subject in this authorized biography) heartily disliked Robert Kennedy, who once came in to see the secretary accompanied by his dog, who jumped all over Rusk. On another occasion the attorney general asked the secretary to go on a hike, and Rusk told him he had been an infantry commander in the war and had done all the walking he was going to do in his life.

- Rusk told J. Edgar Hoover that if he, the secretary of state, ever found a tap on his telephone or a bug in his office, he would immediately resign and go public with the evidence.

- On a state visit to Washington, President Ahmed Sukarno of Indonesia asked immediately for call girls, and in private conversation with the President was mostly concerned about the sexual