

County coastal archipelago. When the news about Napoleon's irrevocable exile arrived in Savannah and Charleston, it was immediately assumed that the deposed emperor would come there. An avalanche of social activities, parties, balls, and festivities was planned—although the sentiments about Bonaparte might have been somewhat mixed by

that time. Preppies would have understood both the excitement *and* the need for some pluralistic equanimity. Joggers, as they mostly incorporate liberal feelings, would probably have forgotten the Napoleonic code and focused on his imperialism. This is exactly the trouble we have in connecting equanimity with liberalism these days. □

THE AMERICAN PROSCENIUM

High Technology

A founder of the Contadora group (the latest Latin American forum of political conscience), Mexican Foreign Minister Mr. Bernardo Sepúlveda Amor, shares in a *Time* magazine interview the Latin American notion of representative and pluralistic democracy:

We do not think that the Nicaraguan opposition can legitimize its position through the use of force. On the contrary, we think that right now the Nicaraguan authorities are doing their best to find a mechanism by which

political parties will be able to function in that society.

This is exactly what Stalin told Roosevelt and Churchill in Yalta about how the Soviet puppet regimes in post-World War II Eastern Europe would evolve their "mechanisms." Roosevelt and Churchill bought it. We know what happened next. And now, almost four decades later, *Time* is still buying it. Mr. Sepúlveda Amor is presented as "The stylish, eloquent former professor of international law . . . actively involved in seeking a peaceful solution to the conflicts in Central America." □

JOURNALISM

Time's Precision

Time's shining light in the domain of publicistics, Mr. Hugh Sidey, instructs Ronald Reagan on why and how we should be cautious and measured in flexing America's military muscle:

Twice in the past four decades we miscalculated, and we had war in Korea and Viet Nam.

What did we "miscalculate" in Korea? On June 25, 1950, with no prior indications of an armed conflict, North Korean

troops—equipped, trained, and tactically instructed by Soviet supervisors—massively attacked the internationally and legally determined border between the two Koreas and invaded the South. The free world, under America's leadership, was brutally confronted with a historical fact, coerced to respond, and had not a modicum of other choices but to go to war. The only other available option would have been an unconditional surrender, allowing the despairing South Koreans to be red rather than dead. So how did we miscalculate? What chance did we have to miscalculate anything?

An even more blatant case of precision

The Choice

The last time a British writer won the Nobel Prize in Literature was 1953, unless Samuel Beckett (1969), an Irishman who can be identified with France, or Elias Canetti (1981), a Bulgarian who resides in England, is bent to fit the category. Curiously enough, the 1953 presentation was made not to one of the country's novelists, playwrights, or poets, but to Sir Winston Churchill. Clearly, England was overdue. The selection of William Golding for the 1983 prize is surprising, as he is, although a serviceable enough stylist, really a two-book man: *Lord of the Flies* (1954) and *The Spire* (1964). In the first he essentially shows that Rousseau's garden is no place that anyone would want to live in—and certainly not die in; the latter delineates man's reach and the elusiveness of a handhold. During the 10 years between the two books and in the nearly 20 years since *The Spire* Golding has continued to produce books, none of which has had any significant cosmopolitan effect. The Nobel is still the premier literary award, so one would expect the recipients to be like Caesar's wife. In this case—as in others during recent years—that isn't so. Robert Graves and Lawrence Durrell would be more defensible choices, yet even they lack the breadth of vision that a Nobel laureate should be expected to have. And then there's Graham Greene, who has been long waiting in the wings and who certainly exhibits all of the manners necessary to be in sync with the "progressive" sympathies of the Stockholm academy. Given the time frame, Greene should slip out of the theater. □

of idea and style a la *Time* may be found in its piece on South Dakota's governor William Janklow, whom *Time* obviously dislikes because he is a conservative Republican and is effectively bringing prosperity to his state in keeping with conservative and Republican precepts. So here's how it goes:

Quiet discretion is not his strong suit. Earlier this year the Governor filed two libel suits against publishers because they had repeated an unproven allegation that Janklow raped an Indian teenager in 1967.

It's hard to understand *Time's* peevish grudge. What are they ranting against? That Gov. Janklow, innocent as he may be, tries to defend himself from the poisonous mendacity of the press, for whom *Time* is a spiritual leader? Do *Time's* editors really believe that discretion is meek acknowledgment of misdeeds one did not commit? Do they ever consult their *Webster's*? □

Epistemological Chutzpah

One Lawrence Barrett—*Time* magazine's senior editor who blew the whistle on Carter's purloined briefing papers in his book on Reagan and whom *Parade*, the lowbrow Sunday gossip magazine, calls "distinguished," "knowledgeable," and "insightful"—bares his mental acumen for the aforementioned sheet in an interview about the President:

[He is] often too rigid for his own good and the country's good . . .

How does Mr. Barrett know so objectively and unequivocally what *is* the "country's good"? The mightiest of intellects among scholars, statesmen, and politicians have endless doubts about their knowledge of such an abstruse and complex matter, and they deeply differ on it. For Mr. Barrett there are no mysteries involved; he has an answer with the snap of his fingers. If we wanted to

pass judgments by snapping out ready-to-wear answers, we would have said that what Mr. Barrett knows and puts into books or articles is pure trash. Is this correct?

Which, in turn, brings us to what beyond any reasonable doubt *is* trash, weekly disseminated by one Cheryl Lavin of the *Chicago Tribune Sunday Magazine*. Ms. Lavin interviews celebrities and

demicelebrities. Not long ago she featured one Nora Harlow, a journalist specializing in sex therapy. Her included picture reveals Ms. Harlow as a young, wholesome-looking woman with an extraordinary amount of idiocy emanating from her eyes. Ms. Lavin asks a question of stupendous stupidity:

Lack of desire—isn't that a *new* sex

The Signification of Silence

The following letter, a rejoinder, was sent on June 2 to the *New York Times* by Mr. Leopold Tyrmand who, in his role as the Secretary of the Executive Council of The Ingersoll Prizes, took exception to a piece written by Russell Baker, the *Times'* coveted columnist:

To the Editor:

Russell Baker's feuilleton of May 25 ("And His Mouth So Prim") had a tone of warmhearted, if slightly obfuscated, grievance. It berated us for having adopted T. S. Eliot as patron saint of The Ingersoll Prize for Literature. Whether or not Eliot was convincingly conservative enough to serve us properly, or we are too suspiciously conservative to invoke his name, remains unclear in Mr. Baker's reasoning.

Eliot's relation with Orwell was given as proof of his defective conservatism. True, as an editor at Faber & Faber in London, Eliot did turn down the manuscript of *Animal Farm* in 1944. So did about 14 other English publishers. Mr. Baker wrote that Eliot "used his influence to prevent publication." This seems to me rather a celebration of transient gossip: in a letter to Eliot (June 28, 1944) Orwell distinctly pointed out that the decision of publishing *Animal Farm* by "Messrs. Faber & Faber" may not have rested with Eliot alone. What Orwell thought about Eliot was best specified in *The Listener* (March 19, 1942): He "brought

back the sense of history and the possibility of tragedy" to English literature. I cannot imagine a more succinct and profound acknowledgment of Eliot's conservatism and importance.

Our ideological spuriousness is implied by Mr. Baker with the help of phrases taken out of context from our statement of purpose and welded together in an implausible manner. Yet, despite Mr. Baker's disapproval, we are quite able to demonstrate that modern liberalism, its humanitarian and pluralistic heritage notwithstanding, has evolved some exclusionary attitudes and practices in culture. It is conservatives who seem today to be the defenders of the Western concept of freedom—which is supposed to confer strictly equal rights on every opinion, persuasion, denomination, and conviction.

Leopold Tyrmand
Secretary of the Executive Committee
The Ingersoll Prizes

The letter never appeared. This is rather curious, considering the dependent clause in its final sentence, which takes a more comprehensive, open-armed approach to equality of opinion than *Chronicles* does, but which seems to sum up the sentiments espoused by the *New York Times* on both its news and opinion pages. Perhaps the nonappearance of the letter is a silent signifier of the *Times'* attitude toward The Ingersoll Prizes, one that indicates that things are not as they seem. □