conclusions. The doctrine, he says, has lost “all definite and permanent meaning,” it is nothing more than a “rationalization after the fact.” But: “ideology affects the calculations of the strategist”; Lenin’s comments on the Revolution and some commentary by Stalin “remains the basis for the Communist view of international relations”; “class struggle is one principle of Marxism which Bolshevism preserved and stressed to the utter-most”; “Lenin and Stalin saw political life as an unremitting struggle”; and Communists live in a “black-and-white world where all outside forces are enemies.”

Mr. Daniels is unable to see that what he describes here is a state of mind conditioned by the distortions of an ideology. At one point, he is willing to apply the concept of ideology as “false consciousness” to Communism. But this insight is not sustained, and Communists are consistently called not revolutionists, but “modernizers.”

The entire problem of ideological motivation has escaped Mr. Daniels. It is a motivation derived from basically irrational views about man, society, and history, views which are not disciplined by philosophical deference to reality but rooted in the arrogance of a self-created mental system. His total rejection of the actual world condemns the ideologist to live in a dream-world to which he falsely attributes reality. Between his dreamworld and true reality there is a conflict which he seeks to solve by total and irreconcilable struggle. The struggle, in turn, is inspired by the hope that the dream-world is about to supplant the rejected world of actuality, a hope that is irrational even when presented in a pseudo-scientific garb. The “black-and-white world” in which all “outside forces are enemies,” the “unremitting struggle,”—these are the pathological products of an intellectual derailment that occurs when an ideology is created. Having failed to understand this, Mr. Daniels cannot grasp the nature of modern revolutions which have not been inevitable social processes with their own laws of development, but rather militant enterprises of ideologists, feeding on basic error, false hopes, false blames, and sick attitudes. Let the reader of this book profit of Sherlock Holmes’ wisdom: “When I said, my dear Watson, that you stimulated me, I meant that in noting your fallacies I was occasionally guided toward the truth.”

Reviewed by GERHART NIEMEYER

**Viewing America Through a Glass Darkly**


In 1947, when Prof. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., was looking ahead to the brave new America of democratic socialism, he noted that “the capitalists (i.e., American businessmen) have certainly been great organizers of production. . . but their confidence, intelligence and ruthlessness have always dwindled as they got farther away from the factory or countinghouse.”

This, in briefest form, seems to be the thesis that Prof. George Wolfskill of Arlington (Texas) State College set out to prove in recording the history of the American Liberty League.

The League’s immediate ancestor, Mr.
Wolfskill contends, was the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, whose leadership in the battle for a wet America was motivated less by constitutional principle than by the vague hope that the re-institution of excise taxes on liquor would be accompanied by a corresponding reduction in corporate and personal income taxes (a singularly ironic hope, as matters turned out).

Once repeal became a fact, the AAPA, almost intact insofar as its directorate was concerned, set out to battle the New Deal as the American Liberty League. In the six years that followed 1934, the picture is of Alfred P. Sloan, the du Pont brothers and all the others pouring their thousands into one forlorn enterprise after another—all of them destined for failure and frustration because of what Professor Schlesinger finds to be an inherent shortcoming of the American business community.

That the Liberty League failed in its purpose (with the possible exception of the campaign to block the packing of the Supreme Court), no one will dispute. But that its leadership was moved by short-sightedness and by a selfish, mercenary desire to cling to the last vestiges of power and prestige is, to say the least, debatable.

Here Mr. Wolfskill betrays the weakness that is common to most of the critics of American conservatism: he simply cannot believe that anyone in his right mind could be stirred to action out of a desire to preserve the Constitution. Even to hint at such a motive is to invite the skepticism—or worse—of the Wolfskills.

The naive desperation that sometimes ruled the Liberty Leaguers is dramatized by their occasional alliances with Gerald L. K. Smith, Father Coughlin and the other "ultras" of the mid-'30's. Mr. Wolfskill even throws in some dark hints of a surreptitious alliance with a group of American Legion conspirators who reportedly hoped to give fascism a chance in America. (At roughly the same moment, incidentally, the Alger Hisses were romping through the Federal bureaucracy unchallenged and unnoticed.)

The tone of the book is not vindictive. The emotion it evokes does not inspire contempt so much as pity. The Liberty Leaguers were the last-ditchers in a battle they were foreordained to lose. That America might have lost something at the same time is not even considered.

Harvey Swados' *A Radical's America* is considerably less subtle. It is, in reality, a collection of essays from *Esquire, Saturday Review, The Nation, Dissent, The Atlantic Monthly* and other favored organs.

Just as one who looks at the world through a sewer pipe sees nothing but filth, so Mr. Swados, looking at it through the eyes of an unapologetic materialist, sees only what the materialist is ultimately bound to see—futility and hopelessness.

The problems he explores are vastly different: The Pennsylvania coal miners displaced by machinery and abandoned by John L. Lewis, the assembly-line workers with their meager wages and uncreative toil, the West Coast longshoremen all but betrayed by their union leaders. But for each, there is a common denominator—despair.

Take, for example, the educated woman. "Anyone who has taught at a girls' college cannot but be moved by the intensity and eagerness with which the best of them hurl themselves into the world of books and ideas... But anyone who meets these girls as ten- or twenty-year alumnae will also be moved... but very differently. Here, all too often, are women who reveal in their faces the wretched uncertainty of those who feel they have somehow been betrayed, or have themselves betrayed their own best possibilities."
The educated woman who, by some remarkable combination of circumstances, has found a measure of happiness in wifehood and motherhood must read what Mr. Swados writes and feel negligent in her contentment. Has she failed because she is happy? Does the joy with which she greets motherhood mean that she is not nearly so educated as she had imagined?

Mr. Swados has a remedy for the "dilemma" of the educated woman—"a uniform network of infant, child-care and family cooking centers so that the girl undergraduate could prepare herself for a profession, secure in the knowledge that she would not have to postpone practicing it until her middle years."

The kind of commune-like life that Mr. Swados proposes will strike many American women as far emptier an existence than the one from which he seeks to save them.

If *A Radical's America* reads more like a suicide note than an intelligent appraisal of some contemporary problems, it is because Mr. Swados is determined to be miserable, no matter what.

Reviewed by THOMAS S. GEPHARDT

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**The Young Scott Fitzgerald**

*Scott Fitzgerald*, by Andrew Turnbull.


Scott Fitzgerald's literary reputation is now secure. Its well-known vicissitudes had much to do with the impression made by his life: could anyone who lived so extravagantly, and had so much fun, or who wrote for those magazines, really be serious? And the fluctuations in his reputation were also a result of the Thirties and early Forties, a period in which judgments of all kinds went spectacularly awry. But two of his novels, *The Great Gatsby* and *Tender Is The Night*, have now been established as classics of our literature, and it is recognized that despite his mode of life and the brevity of his career he produced a remarkable quantity of first-rate work. (In view of this, it is a shame that his work has been re-issued so haphazardly and that many of his best things are so hard to come by. The Basil stories, for example—nine of them have been published here and there, and others exist—surely deserve a separate volume.)

Andrew Turnbull's excellent new biography enables us to see in detail, and in some matters to see clearly for the first time, the relationship between his life and his work. Many critics, to be sure, have already written on this, but Turnbull enlarges our knowledge, especially of the early years (which Arthur Mizener treated rather sketchily), and it is in these early years that a particular aspect of his representativeness, and a main source of his vision as a novelist, may best be defined.

Fitzgerald's "romanticism," his way of projecting ideal images of the self and then attempting to live up to them, seems to have been closely connected with his attitude toward his family. His father Edward, a Catholic, had come to St. Paul, Minnesota from Maryland. Edward Fitzgerald's ancestors had arrived in America in the seventeenth century, and some of them had served in Colonial legislatures. One, Mrs. Suratt, had been hanged for complicity in the murder of Lincoln; another, for whom Fitzgerald was named, had written the national anthem. Like Dick Diver, whose father had taught him the need for "good