

causal factor in the long chain of underdevelopment.

As far as direct economic aid goes, the Simons propose a number of urgent detailed reforms, among them the following: Economic aid should be separated from military assistance in the U.S. National Accounts and calculated accurately for the public; economic aid should be decoupled from domestic and international politics; better criteria for recipients of aid should be devised; and, last but not least, *more aid should be provided*, adopting 1 per cent of GNP, honestly calculated and excluding military assistance, as a target.

Having read this book twice, trying to assess it, I find myself still rather ambivalent. On the one hand the book is obviously a valuable contribution to the only "just" war we are likely to see this century, the war on world poverty. In addition, I like its straightforward, unpretentious style and its freedom from dogma. On the other hand I have to confess that I found it confused and confusing in some places and somewhat naive in others.

The book is also confusing in its failure to make any clear distinction between the symptom, hunger, and the underlying disease, world poverty. To that extent a better title might have been "The Politics of World Poverty." Given that the Simons adopt a reformist stance, it is surprising that they do not

devote more attention to the short-term policies needed to avert the critical world food shortage that many people are now predicting for 1976 and 1977. It is arguable that any reformist tract worthy of the name should at least outline the methods of buying time that remain open to us while more far-reaching and permanent arrangements are negotiated.

But even if we assume that a concentrated attack on world poverty could succeed within the framework of an international economic system that is predominantly capitalist, there is still the problem of mustering the political will to make such an effort possible. The Simons clearly believe that a grass-roots political movement that pushed for global development could now take root and flourish in the United States. Again, I can't really judge from here, since I subscribe to the view that anyone who thinks he understands American politics has been misinformed. But I have my doubts. After all, to get the average voter sufficiently interested in the subject to constitute a political force would require quite an upheaval in traditional attitudes and behavior. And it seems to me that a political movement dedicated to bringing about that kind of radical change will be spending a great deal of its time, energy, and resources simply spitting against the wind. But we have to try. We owe it to that starving child whose photograph I keep seeing.

Engels, Manchester, and the Working Class by Steven Marcus

(Random House; 271 pp.; \$8.95)

Wittgenstein's Vienna by Allan Janik and Stephen Toulmin

(Simon & Schuster; 314 pp.; \$8.95/3.95)

Martin Green

The similarity between these two books is made clear in their titles. Both deal with a single writer, but also with the city he lived in; they deal with one of his books at length; and with the period, of about twenty years, which led up to that book's writing. Marcus deals with Manchester and with 1835-1850 in England, and to some degree in Europe. Janik and Toulmin deal with Vienna and with 1890 to 1910 in Central Europe. Marcus devotes 118 of his

256 pages of text to *The Condition of the Working Class in England in 1844*, Janik and Toulmin devote 45 out of 275 pages to *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*.

The authors of both books are highly self-conscious about choosing "fourfold subjects" to study, and thus breaking down scholarly barriers and invading areas in which they are not specialists. Janik and Toulmin defend their procedures as made necessary by the close inter-

connection in their Vienna between intellectuals working in fields as remote from each other now as music, philosophy, physics, and political journalism. Marcus justifies his procedures as deriving from a bold belief that literature and literary criticism have cognitive value, and so can cooperate with history, economics, sociology. The length at which they defend themselves and the bravery of their defiance in fact seem a bit absurd in both books. There is practically no *principled* resistance to "breaking down disciplinary barriers"—the principle is all on the other side in that battle. In the corridors of the authors' English and Philosophy departments perhaps petty envy and parochial jealousy still drape their dwarfishness in scholarly togas. But out here in the sunlight, where books are read, all the praise and attention go to books like these, and have done so for a long time. What deserves our admiration is not their rebellious project but the quantities of hard

work that have carried it through. But the pages of defiant self-defense do perhaps tell us something new, by their almost palpable effect of being blows rained on a door already swinging open. A new era has begun in scholarship, an era of "humanism." When men as able and alert as Toulmin and Marcus start writing books about men-and-cities, men so long alert to the older and narrower disciplines of intellectual-ity, then we can be sure that many others are preparing to do the same.

The two books are not, of course, similar in every way. Marcus begins to describe Manchester by citing demographic statistics, and then goes on to details of the city's economy and administration. The other authors concentrate on the Habsburgs' *Hausmacht*, and even on the personality of the Emperor. Marcus is interested in the quality of life his city offered its poor; the others are interested in the intellectual atlas of the most gifted men in Vienna then. And the books have opposite strengths. Marcus's method is idiosyncratic and interesting, and involves the reader in judgments of many kinds. Janik and Toulmin give us an extraordinary amount of information, and increase our general knowledge.

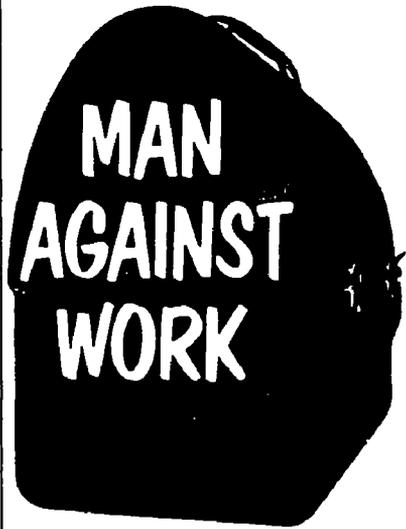
Marcus gives us an Historical Prologue, a description of Manchester, a biographical sketch of Engels up to 1845, and then devotes practically all the rest of his discussion to *The Condition of the Working Class*. He has written a highly idiosyncratic book, two of whose most striking features are textual analysis and moral exhortation. Marcus examines the imagery, rhetoric, syntax, etc., of key passages of Engels and puts in contrast roughly contemporary passages on the same subjects by Dickens, Carlyle, Disraeli, de Tocqueville, and others. It is by doing this that he hopes to demonstrate literary criticism's claims to have cognitive value. For the point of the comparisons is not to determine who is the better writer, in any narrow sense. Or rather the point is to define good writing in 1844 as showing itself in a passionate and responsible re-

sponse to Manchester and the working class, so that the aesthetic point becomes at the same time an historical one. Moral exhortation is implicit even in the method here, and it is made more explicit in the praise and blame freely distributed amongst these writers, and later ones, and the men of action. Thus we are told on page 218 that the justifications offered at the time for child labor "still make one blush for the spiritual condition—for the very souls—of those who honestly held such beliefs." And on page 206: "Even at this remote interval of time, the simple familiar statistics are enough to make one tremble." And in a furious footnote on page 198 Marcus quotes Edward Shils glossing over the suffering, and dismisses him crushingly: "Where would we be without such wisdom?"

This moral participation in the action is not only indignant, and especially in the biographical sketch of Engels Marcus is quite playful, humorous, brotherly in fondness for his subject. This participation is therefore attractive, and also impressive. Marcus builds up in us a strong sense of the historical crisis in England in those years, in which Engels, Disraeli, Dickens, etc., were all involved. It is typical that he should comment, after quoting some contemporary justification of the horrors of industrialism as inevitable, that just at *that moment in history* such arguments were losing whatever moral legitimacy was left them.

However, the other striking feature of Marcus's method, his textual analysis, leaves me dissatisfied more often than satisfied, and so partly undermines the moral seriousness which derives from it. One of the first passages he analyzes is from a letter by Dickens, mentioning a visit to various Manchester cotton mills and saying there was no great difference between the best and the worst: "*Ex uno disce omnes.*" The use of Latin, Marcus says, "suggests several things"; for instance, the need Dickens felt to put some psychic space between himself and that experience. Now I don't know enough about Dickens to interpret

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that usage in another way. But I do know enough to judge that Marcus's interpretation is left completely hypothetical by his subsequent comments. Only thirty words by Dickens are quoted, including these four, and they do not themselves suggest that the writer was disturbed out of his self-control by what he had seen. And when Dickens in a later book does succeed in handling the Manchester experience (Marcus tells us), it is in the sentence: "The atmosphere of those Fairy palaces was like the breath of the simoon; and their inhabitants, wasting with heat, toiled languidly in the desert." I don't find that sentence so triumphant a success, particularly in tone. I suspect that it discharges so satisfying a blast of indignant sarcasm into Marcus's ear ("It was worth waiting for" is his comment) largely because it plays on his methodological interest in rhetoric, plays on the "oriental" ornament previously applied to the mills by Disraeli.

Moreover, the whole enterprise of comparing passages leads Marcus into the position of pedagogue to these writers, handing out grades. Dickens missed it here but succeeded there, Carlyle did well this time but de Tocqueville is more reliable, and little-known Napier did the best of the lot. It is to Marcus's credit that, since he is in this position, he frankly uses words like better, best, indifferent, and tries hard; but it is surely a preposterous position to put himself into.

And, for me, this intellectual weakness partly undermines his moral authority. It suggests that the writer has been careless about his logic, his intellectual sincerity, in his eagerness to show himself on the "right side" emotionally. There is, after all, no real courage involved in bristling in footnotes at bland sociologists—one is just showing that one is all heart. A writer can only honorably show himself to us in that flattering posture if his logic demonstrably carries him there, not his noble sentiments. Heart is for Broadway, even intellectual and judicious heart like this. Marcus confronts us in the jacket photograph with a

stern Rhadamanthine frown—holding his glasses aside in order to be direct—dressed in unrelieved black and carrying a heavy black moustache in the way a judge might carry an ax.

This is the aspect of the book I don't like, and it is a sardonic coincidence that the book should be dedicated to Lionel Trilling, and should detectably owe something to Trilling's influence; sardonic because what I am accusing it of is one of the major weaknesses Trilling has always diagnosed in the liberal imagination — moralism, or taking pleasure in one's own indignations.

Stylistically, Marcus seems very akin to Trilling. His sentences are usually elaborate and always interesting in structure and in the internal play of tone. There is great variety of form and phrase (he is not afraid to use sentence fragments) out of which the speaking voice comes with a personal commitment. It is not an easy style to read, being full of parentheses and footnotes, and some elaborate indirections, but it is always alive. I found it much more to my taste than that of the other book, which might claim Edmund Wilson as its sponsor rather than Trilling. But there are odd unevennesses in the style; in the Preface there is a sentence with so many negatives and indirections that one has to read it twice, and when one does, one finds one too many negatives, so that Marcus ends up saying the opposite of what he means. And four pages later we find, "Mrs. Wischniewetzky, he pertinently snorted, 'translates like a factory.'" Here we see an understandable impulse to break up his prose's surface, to avoid a homogenized flow of bland statement, by using parentheses, striking verbs and adverbs, phrases in quotation; but it merely obstructs the reader in a way much below the writer's best level. One feels that Marcus's style, like his analytical method, feels such a compulsion to pay tribute to so many intellectual masters that it often breaks down in anxiety and disorder.

As a piece of bookmaking Witt-

genstein's *Vienna* is less interesting, but I think I learned more from it. (I put this tentatively because it seems to me one of Marcus's virtues that, like a good teacher, he always arouses some kind of response. Perhaps at this stage of my life I just prefer a different kind of teacher.) Janik and Toulmin have one chapter on Vienna, one on Karl Kraus and his circle, one on Loos and Schönberg, and one on various theories of language then current, before devoting themselves to the *Tractatus*. Then after that they give us a biographical account of Wittgenstein and his subsequent work, and a chapter on the postwar fate of the great revolutionary intelligences of his time and place.

The book's thesis, briefly, is that in Habsburg Vienna educated people had long been as a class alienated from their city and country. They had no political function to perform, and their society could not command their imaginative participation in the way that, say, England could. Consequently they had invested their energies in ornament and elaboration of all kinds, in huge orchestras and sumptuous harmonies, in huge novels and exquisite feuillets. So against this culture of sumptuous playfulness there developed a reaction to bare simplicity, severe truth-telling, and ethical individualism. Kraus led this reaction in journalism, Loos in architecture, Schönberg in music, and they were all aware of each other's work. Wittgenstein's great book belonged with theirs because it demonstrated the impossibility of making ethics reasonable and "scientific" and, in that sense, another comfortable part of bourgeois ideology. It kept the language of facts and reason at arm's length from the language of emotion and morality. But the *Tractatus* also demonstrated the proper relation of language to the world of facts, the world of science; and so it could be and was, in Vienna and England after 1918, taken as a defense of logical positivism. The intense ethical idealism Wittgenstein derived from Kant and Schopenhauer, as well as that derived from Tolstoy

and Kierkegaard, was ignored.

I have omitted from my account the names of several figures, notably in literature and in physics, but this summary is enough to indicate the scope of the enterprise. The authors give us an introduction to each leading figure in each branch of culture and then relate him to their thesis.

There is not, as I have implied, as much in this book to command our participation, because there is less participation by the writers. This is a mild paradox, because Toulmin was Wittgenstein's pupil at Cambridge, and it seems that he has been in some sense pursuing his master ever since. Moreover, the book stresses Wittgenstein's dramatic and dialectic relation to philosophy in general, and to English intellectual life. Toulmin compares him to D.H. Lawrence as a figure of intransigence, resisting the English blandness of Bloomsbury and Cambridge. And the story of the book is the discovery of the true Wittgenstein, the rescuing of this intransigence from his academic epigones. But it is not as dramatic as Marcus's

presentation of Engels, presumably because the Wittgenstein discovered is not a figure very congenial to Toulmin. That intense unworldliness, that ascetic unhistorical idealism, comes across to us as glamorous, but not as authoritative, not as a compelling model to follow. At the end Toulmin seems to suggest that Cassirer may henceforth prove more useful for young philosophers to contemplate. Perhaps for that reason Toulmin does not, amongst all the names he mentions, draw our attention to the contemporary avatars of Wittgenstein in England, Orwell and Leavis (more strictly avatars of Kraus, but it is Toulmin's argument that that is the same thing), and in America, I.F. Stone and B. Haggin. Toulmin's imaginative loyalties go to a different kind of mind. Marcus, of course, does affiliate himself to Leavis and Orwell. He is America's Raymond Williams, and the mode of his loyalty to Engels might have been more appropriate to Wittgenstein. Certainly it is that capacity for hero worship which puts the life into his book.

The American Condition by Richard N. Goodwin

(Doubleday; 407 pp.; \$10.00)

John Wikse

Richard Goodwin tells us that a new man haunts America. He produces nothing, is not unionized, and cannot distinguish his own existence from that of the social process; he researches the market, processes students and data, is a cost-benefit analyst or a management consultant. He is for Goodwin both what we have become and the vanguard of our future: let us call him "Bureaucroman." If his daughter were to ask him what he did during the day he would reply: "I made the System run."

Bureaucroman is not enslaved but alienated; his alienation is an "in-

ward division" within himself, not an external bond. He experiences oppressiveness, but there is no oppressor except the "domination of an impersonal mechanism with its own values and purposes," the System which is himself. His values and ideology "compel the suppression of capacities whose use is inconsistent with the imperatives of the social structure," and thus he does not know what he truly needs, is not in touch with the fundamentally social needs "of the 'deepest self.'"

Like the computer technology which provides the logic of his work-life, Bureaucroman is a process, "an

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element of a dynamic system whose essence resides in function and not existence." He is, in the words of Soren Kierkegaard, like a clerk who has "lost his soul in an intricate system of bookkeeping," which no one owns or controls.

Cut off from community, shared social purposes, without the limits of tradition, received authority, or divinely ordained institutions to give organic direction to his life, Bureaucroman comes to fear genuine association with others (what Goodwin calls "Social man") as the very loss of his "freedom." Bureaucroman is an "idiot" in the root meaning of that word, a totally private and separate individual, a context and condition unto himself. For Goodwin this idiocy is the American condition. There are other "conditions" mentioned in Goodwin's book (for example, the "Black condition"), but they are on the periphery of the System and thus not at the core of