Western (primarily Anglo-Saxon) power over the rest of the globe, and Kipling was the greatest agent of that power's coming to self-consciousness.

Both these books are very welcome, for Kipling has never been treated as seriously as he deserves. Liberal intellectuals have disliked him too much to read him carefully or respond generously. There are, of course, critics who praise Kipling the *artist* for his technical virtuosity, and he certainly was a brilliant literary intelligence. But still that is not why he is important. And there are those, like Orwell, who acknowledge in him a power of realism and responsibility most literary intellectuals lack; again true, but again not the main point—after all, his realism is often mere cynicism. The important Kipling is the writer who served the cause of empire (naming its technology, its cadre, its pains and pleasures) with such extraordinary devotion that even the flaws in his work speak eloquently of the political reality behind it and make that more than just a "political" reality.

Of Thee, Nevertheless, I Sing: An Essay on American Political Values by William Lee Miller

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; 337 pp.; $10.00)

Merle Longwood

Even those readers who reject William Lee Miller's conclusions in his sprightly *Of Thee, Nevertheless, I Sing* will have to confess that it is an impressive essay on American political values. During this bicentennial season when a lot of Americana is being turned out by the presses it is refreshing to have a book such as this which is serious in purpose and yet written with journalistic skill and literary grace, with appropriate dashes of wit and humor, that make it both interesting and instructive. In this work Miller provides an extended analysis of America's "defective political culture," but he does not end on a gloomy note; rather, he suggests that there are values in the culture that can be used to provide a corrective to the basic flaws.

Because his arguments are presented in a simple style with a commonsense approach, a casual reader not well acquainted with the author might not appreciate the sophistication with which Miller adjudicates both data from social scientific studies and questions posed by historic political philosophy. Those who do not know the author personally may also miss the significance of the brief autobiographical allusions to the "citizens of Laramie, Wyoming," the "Eagle Scouts in the Southwest Kansas Council of the Boy Scouts of America," the "voters on both sides of Orange Street in the old fifteenth ward of New Haven, Connecticut," and the "senators, mayors, and assistant secretaries" that are among the citizens who have helped shape Miller's understanding of the political culture of America. Formerly a faculty member at Yale and now Director of the Poynter Center on Public and American Institutions at Indiana University, Miller brings an unusual breadth of experience to his study of the interaction of moral values and the political process. In addition to spending years teaching and writing about ethics and politics, he served as a speech writer for Adlai Stevenson's second Presidential campaign, was elected three times as an alderman in New Haven, and has maintained contact throughout his adult life with political figures at every level of government. Thus Miller's discussion of the strengths and weaknesses of the political culture is no "ivory tower" assessment; his experience *in* politics informs his interpretation of theories *about* politics. In criticizing the common disapproval of "politics" and "politicians," for example, Miller points to the politicians he has known, in addition to referring to writings that attack antipolitical attitudes and emphasize politics itself as essential to democracy: "The Congressmen and aldermen and mayors and city chairmen whom we knew conveyed to us a definite endorsement, in the teeth of the culture's prejudice, of 'politics,' understood in the narrow modern sense, as a positive good."

Reading this work, which includes in revised form a number of essays previously published in various journals, brought back to this reviewer memories of those lively late-afternoon discussions in a graduate seminar on ethics and politics in a small semibasement room in Morse College at Yale a decade ago. As was true in that seminar, Miller is concerned here not so much with a defense of "politics" as with deepening our understanding. He accepts the realist's assumption that power will always be a central and perennial concern of politics, but he cautions us that justice should nevertheless remain the primary theme. Though some romantic moralists may still need to be reminded of the limitations inherent in politics due to groups and their interests, "high politics is not the art of the possible; it is the art of enlarging what is possible, and of making what had hereto been impossible come into the range of what can be considered."

This may represent a subtle shift in Miller's writing from previous books. There are passages in this volume reminiscent of his critique of the simplistic, absolutistic moralism in the politics of the fifties in *Piety Along the Potomac*, especially when he attacks the New Left and antiwar movements of the late sixties; but he seems much more concerned to point out the limitations of the "realism" that is characteristic of his own generation of thinkers and teachers. "We overdid it," he confesses. In one chapter, for example, he uses John F. Kennedy—the Irish Catholic whose religion ironically had little effect upon his approach to politics—as an example to demonstrate the inadequacies of "tough-minded, technical, hard-nosed, pragmatic" politics that does not reflect carefully upon fundamental moral values. In another chapter he focuses on Henry Kissinger in arguing for "the overwhelming importance of purpose over technique." He clinches his argument concerning the disastrous

consequences of allowing "technical reason" to reign without restraint by moral purpose in his final chapter, "The Moral Comedy of an Operational Society."

In the book's several essays Miller discusses a broad range of political figures, movements, and events of the past two decades. He frequently uses Watergate as a symbol for tying things together, and the middle chapter in the book focuses exclusively on the implications of Watergate. However, another interesting theme seems to be woven throughout the book—a defense of a chastened democratic liberalism. In light of Miller's previous book, *The Fifteenth Ward and the Great Society*, the emphasis on the shortcomings of the Great Society in this book seems to reflect a sobering reconsideration. Though he closes his assessment of the Great Society programs with a carefully balanced quotation from the editors of a special issue of *The Public Interest*, he includes in his brief discussion a satirized account of the pretentious prose style he presumably regards as characteristic of that era of legislative history [reprinted in the December issue of *Worldview*, "From the Archives of the Still Great Society"—*Eds.*].

But even if chastened, Miller's concern is clearly to defend liberalism against the alternatives of radicalism and conservatism. He is less harsh in his critique of conservatives than he is of the radicals. Perhaps the reason is, as he admits, that for him "it was not easy, after 1967, to avoid calling oneself a 'conservative,' or even to go beyond labels and become one." Miller explains the temptation to be drawn into the conservative camp, especially in light of his assessment that "in the early seventies they seemed to be just about the most stimulating group of American political commentators one could find." He resisted the temptation for a variety of reasons, foremost of which was his concern to keep justice and the common good primary in a vision of what a good society should be. Reinhold Niebuhr, he suggests, included the strengths of the conservative position in his attacks against liberals, but he never lost sight of justice.

Radicals fare less well in Miller's analysis. Though he lists several whom he respects—Irving Howe, I.F. Stone, Robert Paul Wolff, and Michael Harrington—for the most part his critique is aimed at much less substantial thinkers or unnamed individuals whom he identifies as representatives of the New Left. The closest he comes to identifying himself with the radicals is in the following statement, which seems to be a summary of his own position: "One could be radical in moral and intellectual inquiry, though conservative in culture and reformist in politics; reformist, not radical, in actual policies because the real world changes in ways our imagining cannot foresee, and there are real people whom those changes affect."

Another important though somewhat ambiguous aspect of Miller's present political position is revealed in the stand he takes against Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s plea for "qualitative liberalism" to improve the quality of people's lives. Miller argues that politics should not try to provide ultimate sources of value, and he cites the example of the excessive mourning by the American public at the death of President Kennedy to demonstrate what he regards as an unfortunate overextension of politics into the religious realm. The issues raised here are complex, and they obviously relate to the "civil religion" discussion that Robert Bellah and others are advancing; it would have been helpful if Miller had dealt with these issues more directly and extensively. It seems clear, however, that he assumes that institutions other than the political should cultivate the religious, moral, and cultural values and that political institutions should limit their activities to a more circumscribed ordering of social relations than some of his fellow liberals would want.

Obviously there are limits to what an author can do with any one book, and some of the questions I may be inclined to press further are not necessarily questions he wanted to emphasize in this series of essays. We get a fairly clear indication from its structure that this book was not written solely for fellow academics in that it does not include the standard scholarly apparatus of footnotes and bibliography. It is, nevertheless, a volume that can be read with profit by academic specialists as well as more general readers. It is, quite simply, one of the very best of its kind.

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Briefly Noted

Unfinished Animal by Theodore Roszak

(Harper and Row; 271 pp.; $10.00)

The author of *The Making of a Counter Culture* now leads a tour through the provocative, mysterious, and frequently bizarre realms of evolving human consciousness, all of which, he believes, signals the arrival of the Aquarian age. Varieties of the occult, the sanities of madness, and the metaphysics of human-potential movements all come in for analysis that is for the most part sympathetic and intelligent. Yet finally it is little more than a tour. Roszak posits, but hardly attempts to argue, that in fact there is a new convergence of the mythic, magical, and mysterious with Consciousness II (the other Reich) and its history, technology, and reason. The author is aware that living in San Francisco may skew his vision of what is happening in America, but he seems not aware enough of that possibility. In his religious renaissance the most esoteric of transmogrified Eastern cults receives more attention than movements that in fact manifest a religious resurgence among millions of Americans, especially those in "mainstream" Christianity, such as youthful revivals, the charismatic phenomenon, and others. Roszak is finally very conventional in refusing to consider religious truth claims on their own terms, judging them rather by their contribution to "evolving consciousness." Thus there is no serious attempt at theology, which is reason's

disciplined wrestling with experience and intuition. And he is conventional in finally conforming all signals of transcendence into a predictably left-of-center agenda for social and political change. Thus everything from Wilhelm Reich's Orgone Box to Madame Blavatsky's mysterious translations of hidden wisdom come down to "enriching" our sense of possibilities, but do not pose a serious challenge to modernity's ways of putting the world together. Nonetheless, for those interested in understanding the dark underside and the kookish dimensions of the current rediscovery of the transcendent, Roszak's is a recommended tour.

My Country and the World by Andrei Sakharov

(Knopf; 109 pp.; $5.95)

A powerful testimony not only to the courage of one man but to the human spirit's capacity to resist seemingly omnipotent forces of repression. Perhaps part of the explanation for people like Sakharov, however, is that they perceive how superficial is the appearance of totalitarian omnipotence. A good part of this letter to the West deals with the inner rot of the Soviet system, the crime, drunkenness, corruption, and general malaise. Such rot does not mean, Sakharov makes clear, that the Soviet empire is on the edge of crumbling from within. He does believe that concerted pressures from the West can, just possibly, advance urgently needed reforms. The most important, and to some minds the most controversial, part of this book is Sakharov's moving plea to Western intellectuals that they transcend their "leftist faddism" and get on with their singular responsibility to advance a more humane world order. In his near despair over what he sees as the irresponsibility of Western intellectuals Sakharov joins Solzhenitsyn in an argument that will not endear him to fashionable liberalism in this country. Theirs are hard words, and the temptation is to dismiss them as cold warriors whose own sufferings have distorted their view of the larger picture. One suspects, however, that their grasp of the larger picture is a great deal more accurate than our own facile talk about détente and our easy enthusiasm for distant socialist experiments for which we in the West need not pay the price—at least not immediately.

Bagazh by Nicolas Nabokov

(Atheneum; 307 pp.; $12.95)

In pre-Revolutionary Belorussia (White Russia) the Nabokovs were very important people indeed. This is the story of a musician born into an exotically privileged world and of his wanderings after that world collapsed. Mostly it is about his friends—Auden, Stravinsky, Chip Bohlen—an altogether engaging lot. Nabokov tells a good story and is, of course, much easier reading than his famous cousin Vladimir. He seems candid in his discussion of the CIA-funded Congress of Cultural Freedom with which he was associated for some years. He came out of that wiser and no doubt sadder, but with his honor more or less intact and with no apologies. Subtitled "Memoirs of a Russian Cosmopolitan," the book is a painless and frequently pleasurable introduction to a diaspora society unfamiliar to all but a few Americans. The enormity of the pain—the Russia lost and the Russia that replaced it, but all and forever Mother Russia—is the shadowed background to the tale of a man determined to make a good story of being alive.

Jesse Jackson: The Man, the Movement, the Myth by Barbara Reynolds

(Nelson-Hall; 490 pp.; $9.95)

The book has been described as an exposé of Jackson, "potentially the most powerful Black man in America." It is that, we suppose, but finally there does not seem to be all that much to expose. We learn he has a big ego problem, sometimes tailors truth to good theatre, is not a scrupulous keeper of financial records, tends to play around, presumably with his wife's permission, and is not above striking deals with Mayor Daley and other agents of the several power structures. But even if the worst is true of all Barbara Reynolds suggests, it does not deny the symbolic and effectual importance of the man, nor discredit his self-described role as the closest person available to being "the successor to Martin Luther King, Jr." It is not a malicious book, but neither is it the sympathetically critical study for which one might hope.

Fellow Teachers by Philip Rieff

(Harper and Row; 234 pp.; $7.95)

The famed sociologist at the University of Pennsylvania penned this "epistle" while contemplating the madnesses of modernity from his beloved retreat at Oxford. It is a curious and often compelling statement of Rieff's complaints about many things, but mostly about the American university. Occasioned, so we are told, by an unsatisfactory interview at Skidmore College in 1971, the epistle appears to be a book-length recollection of all the things he wishes he had said then. Rieff takes care to gore all oxen in sight, and his vision is extraordinarily keen. Perhaps that is why the book has been almost totally ignored since its appearance a year ago. Partly pensées, partly outraged cries of pain at the contemporary abandonment of "true learning," Rieff is recommended reading for teachers and others who have not yet succumbed to the dictates of "the operators," whether technocrats or countercultural gurus, presently in charge of the educational establishments.