

Drysdale's insight as a Canadian, they are most telling on the bilingual question—Quechua vs. Spanish. Peru has come far from the days of the Ministry of Education official who is quoted as saying: "What we really ought to do is brainwash the Indians so that they forget Quechua." But the authors find no consensus on how the languages, and societies, should coexist.

Boston University economist Shane Hunt chronicles what is probably the armed forces' most disputed policy, the nationalistic treatment of foreign investment. "The benefits to Peru lie in the impetus to development of...human resources, national pride of accomplishment, and lower payments to required foreign factors of production. The costs lie in the efficiency losses...."

## Born Again by Charles W. Colson

(Chosen Books; 351 pp.; \$8.95)

### Richard J. Mouw

Late one summer evening in 1954 Charles Colson, then a U.S. Marine, had a religious experience while contemplating the heavens from the deck of the *U.S.S. Mellette*: "I felt suddenly insignificant staring out into the universe, knowing that I was but a tiny dot standing on a slightly larger dot, floating on a sea that was huge and endless to me, but was only another tiny dot compared to the vastness around me.... That night I suddenly became as certain as I had ever been about anything in my life that out there in that great starlit beyond was God. I was convinced that He ruled over the universe, that to Him there were no mysteries, that He somehow kept it all miraculously in order."

Given Colson's subsequent career it is easy to conclude—as he himself does—that this experience made no lasting impression. This is not surprising, since not much can be claimed for a fascination with "the starry heavens above" that is unaccompanied by minimal interest in "the moral law within." Thus, as Colson tells it, this "awareness of God faded as personal interests crowded my life." On another level it would seem that what he took to be

Peter Knight, also with Ford until recently and an enthusiast on new forms of economic organization, wades through the acronymic jungle of Peru's worker-participation experiments. Despite his sympathies he finds the performance spotty, with "reasons to believe that the economic problems may become more severe."

The book was completed just before President Velasco's ouster last August and his replacement by a more mellow but fellow revolutionary, General Francisco Morales Bermúdez. Lowenthal almost predicted it: "The Peruvian regime's legislative feats, however impressive, are largely accomplished; the current and future period of implementation will call upon talents and energies not yet fully tested."

God's significant *attributes* made an indelible impression on his consciousness, even if the deity himself faded from view. The next two decades of his life manifest an intense effort at "the imitation of God" as he experienced him during that brief encounter—an effort that is nowhere more obvious than in Colson's involvement in a recent political attempt to "rule over" a significant corner of the universe by allowing "no mysteries" and by "somehow"—indeed, at any cost—keeping it "all miraculously in order."

Nineteen years after his shipside experience, on August 12, 1973, Charles Colson had another religious experience. This time he is staring dejectedly at the floor in the living room of a friend who reads to him from C.S. Lewis's *Mere Christianity*: "In God you come up against something which is in every respect immeasurably superior to yourself. Unless you know God as that—and therefore, know yourself as nothing in comparison—you do not know God at all." Once again Colson encounters a superior power. But this time there is no disposition to imitate that power: "I felt naked and unclean, my bravado de-

fenses gone. I was exposed, unprotected...one passage [from Lewis] in particular seemed to sum up what had happened to all of us at the White House: 'For Pride is spiritual cancer: it eats up the very possibility of love, or contentment, or even common sense.'" Colson's response leads to a fundamental "surrender" to the will of God. His initial "conversion" experience has interesting similarities to C.S. Lewis's own story as recounted in *Surprised by Joy*, although there is no sign that Colson is aware of the parallels. Each begins by embracing a "theism" that is not-yet-Christian. Each is aware of submitting to a nonhuman "power" and "strength" compelling its prey to accept a position of defenselessness. And each goes on to discover that, in Lewis's words, "the hardness of God is kinder than the softness of men, and His compulsion is our liberation."

Colson's theological development proceeds along remarkably clear Trinitarian lines. The encounter with the Father-God of power is followed by a decision to become a disciple of Jesus the Son. This second stage is characterized by what is, from all appearances, a genuine struggle to "know the mind of Christ" in dealing with his previous reputation as a sacrificer of grandmothers, with the publicity occasioned by his religious conversion, and with the legal maneuverings necessitated by his involvement in the Water-gate affair.

For the theological and spiritual education of Charles Colson the Trinity is joined by four men—regularly referred to as "the brothers"—who sustain him by comforting, reproving, and instructing him. The group includes Doug Coe, who organizes Bible study groups and "prayer breakfasts" in the Washington area; Republican Congressman Al Quie of Minnesota; former Democratic Congressman Graham Purcell of Texas; and Harold Hughes, then Democratic Senator from Iowa.

Hughes plays an especially important function as a mediator between Colson and those who are skeptical about the "new" Colson. The Iowa Senator, a devout "born again" Christian who has since left politics to work fulltime with Coe, initially rebuffs the latter's efforts to arrange a meeting with Colson. When they finally get together Hughes is gruff and wary, but eventually he becomes one of Colson's closest mentors and

allies. The reader is forced either to accept the sincerity of Colson's religious professions or to reject Hughes's credibility as a judge of character.

Before reading Colson's own account, I was disposed to applaud the emergence of a "new" Charles Colson; his book eliminates any lingering doubts. Those who come to the book with other expectations, however, may be disappointed. Woodward and Bernstein buffs on the prowl for hidden Watergate tidbits will find little to satisfy their appetites. Some of the purported White House dialogue would be unbelievable even if it were attributed to David and Julie—for example, this election-night exchange between Nixon and Colson:

"What's wrong, Chuck? Why aren't you smiling and celebrating?"

"I guess I'm a bit numb, sir."

"This is a night to remember. Have another drink. Let's enjoy this."

And, while Colson obviously means to be following his conscience (over the protests of his legal advisors) when he decides to plead guilty in the Ellsberg case, it is never quite clear just what he is accepting legal culpability *for*; all we are told is that at that point "legal niceties made moral nonsense." What is clear is that Colson felt that the acceptance of some sort of legal penalty was necessary to clear the record of his "old" life. His account of his jail term contains some of the most moving passages of the book—especially those that describe his feelings of defenselessness, his fears, and his struggles to discover a sense of divine vocation in the experience of imprisonment.

Observers of American religious movements will discover some interesting variations on traditional "evangelical" themes in the kind of Christianity to which Colson and his "brothers" adhere. It has elements of traditional fundamentalism, as well as of the "neo-charismatic" movement. But there is also a strong emphasis on service and "discipleship" (the influence of Dietrich Bonhoeffer's writings is acknowledged at several points). Colson makes much of the power of "Christian love" to affect reconciliation between his former "political enemy," Harold Hughes, and himself; there are also regular references to continuing political differences among "the brothers." But it would be unfair to infer from this that the "new" Colson has an "apoliti-

cal" religion. Colson's present commitment to a "prison ministry" includes efforts to bring about prison reform, for example. Rather, what seems to be operating here is a desire to explore the connections between personal and structural righteousness, with a corresponding wariness—manifested

in Senator Hughes's decision to find "better" ways of pursuing his goals than by a continuing involvement in the political process—about employing partisan political means to promote peace and justice. If Charles Colson is willing to check these possibilities out for us, I for one want to encourage him.

## The Past Masters: Politics and Politicians 1906-1939 by Harold Macmillan

(Harper and Row; 240 pp.; \$15.00)

### Gabriel Gersh

Already the author of a political apologia in six stout volumes, Mr. Harold Macmillan has prevailed on an indulgent publisher to allow him a postscript. *The Past Masters* is a collection of biographical essays and other musings by a man who in half a century of public life has seen much and forgotten nothing.

As a literary craftsman the author is not the equal of Lord Butler or the late R.H.S. Crossman. But Mr. Macmillan has other gifts of communication. In dining clubs and drawing rooms, or in the simulated intimacy of the television studio, his talk is matchless.

These dozen essays by Mr. Macmillan do not pretend to being more than a footnote to his published memoirs. Their value is in recapturing the flavor of his conversation: ruminative, allusive, anecdotal, stylishly epigrammatic yet never unkind. They reflect, too, a kaleidoscopic character whose many facets bewilder as well as attract.

We recognize the crofter's grandson, the classical scholar at Balliol, the proud Grenadier, the compassionate Christian, the M.P. who courageously challenged his supine prewar leaders on the issue of unemployment and rearmament, the Duke of Devonshire's son-in-law, the dedicated businessman reputed to have refused the traditional peerage of a retiring Prime Minister because he did not think that publishers ought to be earls.

Again and again in these pages other men's lives become the vehicle of his own beliefs, as when he writes of Lloyd

George: "He can indeed claim to be the founder of the Welfare State. Whether he would have approved all its developments is hard to say. For he believed like all men of peasant stock in hard toil, self-respect and self-reliance."

Yet Mr. Macmillan is no ascetic. There are few problems, he implies, that cannot be resolved by reasonable men over a decanter of sherry. It was thus temperament as much as political conviction that determined his early allegiance to the Conservative Party: "To sit and talk to Churchill was like a young man at Oxford arguing with dons or even professors—and plenty of drink and cigars provided. To be sent for to Neville Chamberlain's room was more like an interview with the headmaster."

The Prime Minister who in office was unfairly reviled as an apostle of materialism is at heart a romantic. Hence his particular tenderness toward those who from humble origins struggled to reach the height of success and power: Lloyd George and Ramsay MacDonald. And hence the sustained reverence that Mr. Macmillan brings to his essay on the Whig aristocracy—those rich, proud, powerful men in their fine houses, enlightened patrons of the arts, yet far from despising the commercial opportunities of their age. He relishes their combination of "advanced ideas" with an element of aloofness and almost disdain, especially for Tories who come from minor families and whose history has a tinge of vulgarity.

Mr. Macmillan has inherited this