

ization, the role of the party, and the minimal impact that the official government censorship office, *Glavlit*, actually has on a manuscript, as compared with an editor. The process by which a work becomes officially publishable is an intricate and complex one, and this chapter is sure to be fascinating and revealing for those who have understood censorship as the simple imposition of the latest party line on written material. Again the underlying theme of Frankel's book emerges: There is and has been considerable variety in Soviet views, and that variety has come to light in official publications even without an underground and even under the watchful eye of the censor.

"Conclusions" offers a profile of Tvardovsky, the guiding light of *Novy Mir's* liberal periods. It becomes a defense of one grand old man of Soviet intellectual life in the face of another grand old man's attacks. The rift between Tvardovsky and Solzhenitsyn belies the harmony that existed between them when Solzhenitsyn submitted the manuscript of *A Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* to *Novy Mir* in 1961 and Tvardovsky, reading it in bed, felt compelled to get up and put on his best suit in honor of the occasion. Whereas Solzhenitsyn came to reject Soviet values in their entirety, Tvardovsky remained a conscientious Party member dedicated to his journal and operating it within the limits of Soviet legality. Integrity demanded different paths of the two men. But then came the venomous attacks, so characteristic of Solzhenitsyn's emigre period, and the unbreachable chasm between those who cannot function at all within the system and those who find a place for themselves in the loyal opposition.

An End to Silence carries Frankel's thesis of Soviet complexity and diversity forward more dramatically yet. A collection of translations of Roy Medvedev's *Political Diary* that was published underground from 1964 to 1971, the pieces represent an astounding spectrum of political opinion, conservative through radical. They encompass a variety of themes: the Stalinist period and the revival of Stalinism, ideology, the economy, nuclear war, censorship, the Jewish question, democracy, disarmament, and the invasion of Czechoslovakia.

It is no surprise that the *Political Diary* was compiled and edited by Roy

Medvedev. He, along with his brother Zhores, is one of the most politically astute of the dissenting intellectuals. I would even say that he is the most notable of the dissenters for the breadth and depth of his understanding of the Soviet situation as well as of some viable alternatives and for his cogent discussions of both.

Although there is a relatively minuscule number of people actually involved in dissident writing within an enormous population that is conformist or, at least, indifferent, what is clear from the *Political Diary* is that intellectual ferment is not the realm solely of "outsiders." The *Political Diary* was edited and read primarily by members of the Communist party of the Soviet Union or by those very close to it. For all its diversity and the liveliness of its critical opinions, it is the underground counterpart to Tvardovsky's *Novy Mir*—a loyal opposition working for liberal reform from within the political system. Because of its range, the book defies summation. Stephen Cohen's introductions to the various sections provide solid guidance; and it is these, together with the original texts, that make the book stimulating and "must" reading for anyone interested in Soviet intellectual life of the '60s and '70s.

SEVEN TOMORROWS

by Paul Hawken, James Oglivy
and Peter Schwartz

(Bantam Books; 235 pp.; \$6.95 [paper])

Newton Koltz

In creating images whose links to present events are evident only through acts of faith and hope, futurists are much like theologians. And just as a theologian interprets the will of "his God" through a prism of currently available choices, so too does a futurist interpret "his future"; both can only offer guides for attaining a happy life or warn of ways to avoid a bad one. For futurology it is the "promises" of "coming Dark Ages" that evokes the same horror that atheism does for theology—a world without faith and without hope, a world without choices we can make. Hawken, Oglivy, and Schwartz's *Seven Tomorrows* readily recognizes the elements of faith, hope, and choice that effect all visions of the future.

The three authors are connected in

various ways with SRI Inc., formerly the Stanford Research Institute, a California think tank. And each has a considerable and growing reputation of his own: Oglivy as a philosopher, the author of the highly regarded *Many Dimensional Man*; Schwartz as a political activist and radical futurist, who is about to become planning chief at Royal Dutch Shell; and Hawken as entrepreneur (the founder of Erewhon Foods) and commentator on economic matters for such periodicals as *Co-Evolution Quarterly*. They contend, quite simply, that if we do not look toward and choose "a future we can believe in," we will condemn ourselves to a future we will dread. Rare in futurist literature, the choices they offer are quite specific. And they spell out often far-reaching outcomes of each choice.

The "seven tomorrows"—their refreshingly dramatic scenarios for the next twenty years—have been developed with the help of the enormous computer resources and data bases of SRI. Three relatively appetizing futures are matched against three that are more dreadful by turn. The seventh—the authors have deftly named it "The Official Future"—stands alone. This Official Future acts as the measure and reference for the other six. It is the future according to the platform committees of the political parties, the propagandists for chambers of commerce, and the yearly reports of the Fortune 500. It is the future that would be ours should the materialistic side of the American Dream have its way—a future marked by ever-growing prosperity, ever-growing productivity and efficiency, and ever-growing American hegemony in the world. The authors don't like it one bit; and what is more significant, they believe we'll never see it. For the Official Future is not a nice place to visit or a nice place to live. The cost of affluence is too great: The environment decays at an ever-faster rate; crime grows; personal freedom diminishes as more and more bureaucrats and computers watch over us; degenerative diseases, suicides, and feelings of helplessness increase; the gap between the comfortable and the poor widens; and the family goes the way of the passenger pigeon....Something of a stacked deck, obviously.

The six other futures reflect responses we can make to a number of likely trends. Though these trends are beyond our effective control, they can

be handled and adapted to, producing the desirable futures, or they can be endured passively and reacted to, producing the dreadful ones. It comes as no surprise that the trends have to do with available energy, with food, political and economic power, and also good weather. The Official Future, of course, requires a GNP that grows by at least 2 or 3 per cent annually, which demands growing energy and food supplies, un-failingly favorable climatic conditions, and stable, relatively efficient political and economic systems. Achievement of the Official Future, in short, depends on luck.

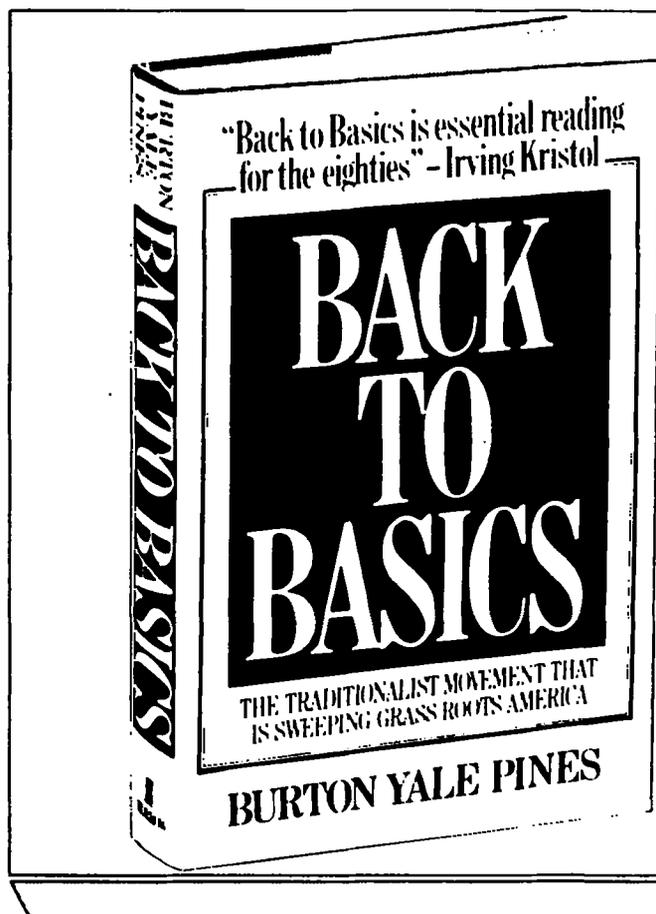
As energy and food supplies diminish and/or the other conditions fall short of fulfillment, to that extent is the Official Future unobtainable. We may then decide to transform our political, economic, and social institutions to adapt to the new situation. If not, we face several possibilities. In the worst case, called "The Beginnings of Sorrow," America will collapse into a Dark Age, where stubborn resistance to change and the loss of material prosperity will have brought on fear and

panic, disruption, looting, banditry, epidemics, and finally barbarism. Less ghastly, though terribly unappealing, is "Chronic Breakdown," in which a somewhat less severe scarcity of food and energy leads to a depression from which no one sees a way out, which in turn begets a mood of pervasive and perduring pessimism. This is the world of 1984 without Big Brother. The top of this line of miserable tomorrows is called "The Center Holds": The failure to achieve the Official Future results in a rigid, conformist, totally administered, authoritarian society, a capitalist mirror image of the drab, enervated socialist nations of Eastern Europe.

Or we can choose to change. With the help of some good, old-fashioned American values like self-reliance, frugality, conviviality, cooperation, and, more than anything else, hard work, we can successfully take on the world that scarcity has bequeathed us. In the "Mature Calm" scenario the movement back to the land and to small towns accelerates, preserving America's true heart from the final decay of the cities and of the center. In "Apocalyptic

Transformation" a sweeping religious revival buffers the trauma of the New. And in "Living Within Our Means," American ingenuity, pluck, and gumption forestall the social collapse envisioned in "The Beginnings of Sorrow" by means of rapid restructuring of the country into a splendidly rambunctious gaggle of Ecotopias, each honking and squawking in its own distinctive voice. (Ecotopia is the utterly delightful, ecologically stable, secessionist state created and celebrated by Ernest Callenbach in his two novels *Ecotopia* and *Ecotopia Emerging*.)

With the exception of the Official Future, every scenario projects an America vastly different from the one we know today. Though the authors tend to gloss over this point, the distance between our *here* and their *theres* is about as far as we might be from here if we had lost the war with Hitler or if the American Revolution had failed. Behind their efforts lies a large assumption: that the American political and economic system is bankrupt—policies, plans, parties, and personalities, the whole works. The Official Future is



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Cindy Harris

possible only with lots of help from the weather and from energy suppliers. Without that good fortune, the system is powerless to handle what the next twenty years are likely to bring.

As a matter of fact, I rather imagine they are right about this, but my critical faculties argue that the system has proved resilient in the past, surviving, as it has, wars, depressions, secession, and Richard Nixon. Could America recharge itself yet again? Will it slide into one of the dismal futures that the authors—and indeed many of us—fear? Or will we opt for making one of the new, brave, happier, and more convivial worlds they hope for and believe in?

WAITING FOR THE BARBARIANS
by J. M. Coetzee

(Penguin Press; 156 pp.; \$3.95 [paper])

John Tessitore

American awareness of South African literature, to speak in admittedly general terms, began more than thirty years ago with the publication of Alan Paton's *Cry, the Beloved Country*. Whatever the literary merits of that much-discussed novel, few doubt the landmark significance of its publication. And yet, for several reasons—not the least of which is official censorship—South African literature did not regain popular attention in the United States until the publication of Nadine Gordimer's *Burger's Daughter* five years

ago. Since that time we have heard a great deal from that country: two more volumes from Miss Gordimer, both well received here, and works of fiction by some half-dozen other South Africans, black and white. None has failed to receive attention in this country's principal review forums, and some have been noticed by the more popular media.

I do not think it a coincidence that South African fiction has received such intensified attention at a time when the government of South Africa—most particularly, its policy of apartheid—has itself become the focus of intense international interest. It is *not*, as South African novelist André Brink says elsewhere in these pages, that South Africans have only suddenly begun to write; rather, it is only now that large numbers of Americans (and others) have begun to read them. Here, then, is compelling evidence that literature does indeed reflect life; and in the instance of Coetzee's *Waiting for the Barbarians* it does so brilliantly.

The plot is a simple one: An elderly magistrate stationed at the extreme frontier of the "Empire" has his comfortable existence destroyed suddenly and explosively by the government's decision to teach the "barbarians"—the black nomadic peoples living on the Empire's fringe—a military lesson. The unnamed magistrate, who tells his own story in a continuous, first-person, present-tense narrative, explains that some government stores have been stolen and that, in reprisal, a Colonel Joll has been sent from the capital to discover

and punish the perpetrators.

The methods of investigation are the simple methods of stupid men: brutality and humiliation. When the magistrate asks Colonel Joll how he can be sure that the one he tortures does indeed harbor useful information, the latter replies:

"...I am probing for the truth, in which I have to exert pressure. First I get lies, you see—this is what happens—first lies, then pressure, then more lies, then more pressure, then the break, then more pressure, then the truth. That is how you get the truth."

That Coetzee is describing the methods of his own government in the present day we cannot doubt. But it is just as apparent that he has purposely created an undefined geography set in an unspecified time. Irving Howe, in his *New York Times* review, took issue with the vagueness of time and place, impatient that the author and reader alike acknowledge the world of this novel as the world of contemporary South Africa. But can we not do so and then acknowledge something more? Is South Africa in the 1980s, after all, our only example of authoritarian tyranny, of ethnic and racial oppression, of conspicuous inhumanity?

This conscious effort to expand the terrain of *Barbarians* suggests a kinship with *King Lear*, a kinship further supported by a comparison of the central figures. Both Lear and the magistrate are aged men who, long accustomed to comfort and authority, are suddenly brought low, made the object of scorn and ruin. The magistrate, unable to re-