

that there is "justice" in the world, and the drive to avoid "extinction"—an obsession that helped justify his compulsion to write and be published.

This is but a prologue to an autobiography, and it leaves much unsaid about Naipaul's life. He says nothing here (or in his other works) about his younger brother, Shiva, also a writer on a world scale, and nothing about his wife, though a little about her has been revealed in interviews. What the prologue does provide is a deep insight into the ways that Naipaul's personal insecurities, his memories, and his imagination interact to produce both industry and creativity. Favored not only with talent but with a scholarship to Oxford and, later, with supportive friends at the BBC, Naipaul grew into a man and became established as a writer. His father, we learn, was not so fortunate. His talent and his life were stifled by an insular setting and cruel in-laws.

After Naipaul's first novels, written in London about the Caribbean, he could go home, but only to visit. He traveled to the Caribbean and to other places, but he remained uncertain about his own identity. He had no theory, no focus. Many years and successful publications were needed before he could accept himself as an observer somewhat detached from the scenes about which he writes. From travel he knows that the world is full of detached people, some still searching, others resigned or content to be where they are.

The second narrative here, "The Crocodiles of Yamoussoukro," describes a visit to the Ivory Coast, which Naipaul selected because it is "French" and (unlike most of the Third World countries he has described) "successful." Explaining why he travels, he writes:

"I travel to discover other states of mind. And if for this intellectual adventure I go to places where people live restricted lives, it is because my curiosity is still dictated in part by my colonial Trinidad background. I go to places which, however alien, connect in some way with what I already know."

Naipaul further explains that his writer's curiosity is not that of an ethnographer or a journalist. He moves according to what he feels, living "in a novel of my own making, moving from not knowing to knowing, with person interweaving with person and incident opening out into incident.... The kind of understanding I am looking for comes best through people I get to like." In the Ivory Coast, as he says, he moved mainly among expatriates, white and black. He "saw the country through them and through their varied experience."

How adequate is this approach? Deeply

imbued with the life of the Caribbean and its history—see, for instance, the archival studies behind *The Loss of El Dorado*—Naipaul can perhaps afford simply to let his consciousness tingle and record the results when he writes of it. One has less confidence in his intuition when he spends less than a year visiting a country and then writes about it, as in this case—all the more so when his informants are mostly expatriates. The same problem besets *Among the Believers*, for Naipaul stayed only a few months in four Islamic countries, often in the company of people whom he neither respected nor liked.

Considering his approach, it is no surprise that Naipaul leaves the reader quite ignorant of some of the factors behind both the relative prosperity of the Ivory Coast and its recent troubles. He informs the reader that prosperity depends upon coffee and cocoa, but he neglects to point out that many agricultural workers are migrants from Upper Volta and other neighboring countries, whose low wages produce the crops that have driven the per capita income of the Ivory Coast to nearly \$1,000 per year. He also says nothing about the drought that was hurting these crops at the time he traveled the country hoping to meet with *fetichieurs* and see the crocodile feeding outside the president's palace in Yamoussoukro. Though Naipaul denigrates the ability of Ivorians to maintain the modern buildings erected for them by French and Israelis, he says nothing of the indigenous technocrats who have managed to improve the country's foreign trade balance even while commodity prices fell.

Whatever its shortcomings, Naipaul's narrative succeeds brilliantly in at least three domains: First, he shows the enormous cultural differences separating French, West Indian French, and Ivorians who speak French. Second, he suggests the deep aura of symbolism with which President Houphouët-Boigny has surrounded himself and which may have helped the Ivory Coast to achieve political stability and relative economic progress in the decades since independence. Third, the book establishes a powerful similarity between African culture in the Caribbean and that of West Africa, especially in the way he emphasizes the notion that Europeans live by day, Africans by night, using psychic and other powers that make Western science look tame.

"The Crocodiles of Yamoussoukro" is somewhat similar to Naipaul's other essays about the Third World, except that it is less negative. Indeed, he stresses that for some expatriates in the Ivory Coast, Africa has its own truths that foreigners would do well

to consider. But the first piece, the prologue to an autobiography, is a key that helps explain all the master writer's earlier works. In the Ivory Coast he learned about the lifestyles of others; in the prologue he hints at the forces that have shaped his own. WV

THE PAKISTAN ARMY by Stephen P. Cohen

(University of California Press; xi + 177 pp.; \$27.50)

Arnold Zeitlin

If any country has undermined itself by devoting its resources to building a muscle-bound armed force while neglecting to supply the international needs that could have made it a nation, it is Pakistan. It has always been easier for Pakistanis to see the threat, real or imagined, from India than to see the mortal wound they inflict upon their own country. After 1954, when General Ayub Khan, the Army commander in chief, became minister of defense because he and other officers feared that civilian politicians would starve the Army of its hardware, it became difficult to determine whether the Army served the nation or the nation the Army. But by 1958, when Field Marshal Ayub had become ruler under martial law, the distinction between the military and the state apparatus was rubbed out entirely. Today, its errors ignored by contemporary leaders, the Pakistan Army acts on the conviction that its interests and those of the state are one. "The Pakistan military is concerned that incompetent civilian leadership might hurt the quality and sometimes the very existence of the military...and thus threaten what it believes to be the only real line of defense against India and one of the main forces holding the state together," writes Stephen P. Cohen in this indispensable study. Its significance goes beyond Pakistan by outlining the dangers any government may face when national defense is seen primarily in terms of shiny military objects and a threat from without.

At independence in 1947, the Pakistan Army was as artificial as the state it served. Its officers had been trained in the traditions of their British commanders for an Indian imperial army. They were the very antithesis of what independent Pakistan or India represented. Though Muslims in the Indian imperial army had been absent from the independence struggles of both nations, those who opted to serve Pakistan decided early on that they were the cream of a mar-

tial race, the heirs of medieval Muslim warriors who, says Cohen, were "the natural conquerors of the region by virtue of their purer religion and their martial characteristics." History has demonstrated this was not the case.

At first the Army merely reflected the weaknesses within Pakistan. Then it magnified them to monstrous dimensions. While civilian politicians made their own errors, the Army, 60 per cent of its officers and sepoy from the Punjab, set the stage for the 1971 breakup of Pakistan. Although more Bengalis were recruited into the Pakistan Army under the British, Cohen notes that there was "strong resistance within the Pakistan Army to greatly expanding East Bengal's representation in the military, as well as considerable distaste for the quality of Bengali officers and other ranks." The consequence of segregation and discriminatory treatment against Bengali officers and soldiers was that they became the backbone of resistance to the Pakistan Army during the civil war. Because it was the Army that was running the country, discrimination by the military against the Bengalis "had very broad political implications."

The Army's vision of South Asia became paramount. Bengalis were weak. Indians were bad; a good Pakistani soldier was worth five of them. Economic development was good, but not the social disorder it tended to create in its wake. Arms suppliers—Chinese, American, and, occasionally, Soviet—were good. Politicians were fools.

Most foolish, but least recognized as such, was the illusory basis of U.S.-Pakistani friendship in the '50s and '60s. The Americans believed that by equipping the Pakistanis, they had bought a bulwark against Soviet expansion. The Pakistanis, in turn, believed that they had strengthened themselves against India. Both sides were disappointed, but the wary romance continues, still clouded by the same delusions.

Against the background of Pakistan's society, Cohen paints the image of an Army ambivalent about Islam despite the society's turn toward orthodoxy. Both the Army and the society are peasant in origin. Though the Army is better educated, its loyalties are more fiercely fixed on family and tribe than on nationality. Thus the Army becomes, says Cohen, a surrogate family or tribe, demanding from its men a loyalty of the sort they never learn to give the nation.

Cohen misses an opportunity to place the Army more concretely in the context of the country's power structure. Cohen quotes Mohammed Musa, a former commander in chief of the Army, as enthusiastically endorsing the overthrow of Prime Minister

Zulfikar Ali Bhutto: "Bhutto was destroying the country." Musa may also have been saying that Bhutto was destroying the Army by trying in a foolhardy way to establish a Federal Security Force as an alternative to Army power. But Musa's remarks echo too closely to be overlooked the attitude of the civilian power structure. Under Bhutto the civilians who most benefited from Army hegemony feared, justifiably, for their land and their factories. While Cohen acknowledges that Zia ul-Haq was a "temporary 'front man'" for the generals who wished to eliminate Bhutto, he stops short of investigating the generals and the civilians who were behind them. By 1979, Zia was faced with the choice of his own survival or Bhutto's. Bhutto died on the gallows—a blood sacrifice to those holding economic power in Pakistan, who wanted to put an end to Bhutto and what he represented.

Zia has survived. At whose whim remains unexplored. Yet this is where the real story of the Pakistan Army may be found.

AFTER MARX
edited by Terence Ball
and James Farr

(Cambridge University Press; x + 287 pp.; \$37.50/\$11.95)

ANALYZING MARX
by Richard W. Miller

(Princeton University Press; 319 pp.; \$30.00/\$8.95)

Gregg O. Kvistad

Last December, in an event much heralded by the Western media, China's Communist party newspaper *People's Daily* ran a front-page commentary announcing that it would be "stupid and naive" to rely only on "Marxist works" in the drive to modernize the Chinese economy. After all, "Marx died 101 years ago...his works were written more than 100 years ago." Meanwhile, "Marxology" has become a discipline in the English-speaking academy—and a very undisciplined discipline at that. The struggle with what Marx "meant," what constitutes a "Marxist work," and what importance should be accorded these questions is carried out not only in the halls of politiburos (perhaps too infrequently), but also in the halls of American and British academe (perhaps too frequently). Such debates certainly have relevance within the discipline, but two recent books on Marx demonstrate their relevance as well for the study of philos-

ophy, the practice of politics, and economic development in the late twentieth century.

Terence Ball and James Farr have edited and contributed two of the finest pieces to an important volume, *After Marx*, that addresses three general problem areas that occupied Marx and now inform struggles within Marxology and Marxism: history and revolution, morals and politics, and methodology and criticism. Ball and Farr, by limiting their focus, have both avoided the increasing narrowness of academic studies of Marx and allowed for a coherence that would not have survived a broader survey.

Even with twelve authors discussing twelve different topics, there is a surprising evenness of analytical sophistication in *After Marx*. Nonetheless, these are rigorous studies that demand a great deal of their readers; many of them are compressed versions of book-length works. While that makes for a very powerful volume, I challenge anyone to read this book in one sitting. The editors could have aided the general reader by doing one of two things: The brief introductions to each of the three topics could have elaborated more fully the contexts of the debates, or, alternatively, pieces that would themselves have performed this task could have been included in the selection.

While the editors assert that their book has no room for a discussion of the current variety of "Marxisms," it is difficult to avoid the topic completely; and, indeed, structuralist-functional Marxism (or at least one variety of it) gets a good working over in the first section of the book. Marxist critical theory and the fiscal crisis literature are only obliquely treated in the second section; a fuller exploration here would have added some depth. And a careful examination of Hegelian Marxism in the third section would have provided an alternative to the positivism that Marx is there shown to reject. Such an examination would have challenged Terrell Carver's curious willingness to accept Engels's interpretation of Hegel, and it would have vigorously and persuasively rejected Engels as an authority on Marx. However, an attempt to treat all the various Marxisms could easily have led to a different volume, one better titled "After After Marx." With a couple of exceptions, Ball and Farr have ably succeeded in keeping their contributors focused on Marx's texts, leaving the neo-Marxism debates to be pursued elsewhere.

After Marx requires and deserves the serious attention of all Marx scholars. The editors offer a collection of sophisticated analyses of Marx and the aspects of capitalist society he treated. Their volume is part of what appears to be a trend in the