

and reality, Miss de Beauvoir has given us a many-faceted picture of the Chinese scene as she encountered it but the weakest section is that dealing with Chinese intellectuals. There, Miss de Beauvoir, like Mr. Sartre, has been carried away by overleaping enthusiasm. Although it is gratifying to find someone who does not share the predilection of European writers for "oppressed Asian intellectuals," yet all is not as Miss de Beauvoir believes or relates. The word "intellectual" arouses in European breasts an emotion which no other class word does; and the events of the Hungarian revolution, and subsequently the rightist purge in China in 1957, have been lumped together by many people who feel that any liberalism there might have been in China has now been thoroughly stifled. In reality it is not so; I was in China at the height of the rightist purge in 1957 and was able to judge how little terror there was, even if rightist intellectuals were being thrown out of the party, told to reform their ideas, or lost their jobs. One of these intellectuals, who was undergoing "rectification" at the time, told me happily, "Don't you see, it's just a question of ideas, no one is going to be killed this time, so we're not really worried." This light-hearted view, however, does not obviate the fact that the intellectual has been and still remains a "problem" to the Chinese Communist state, an open dilemma; and it is misleading to pretend that all is well with the intellectuals, just as misleading as to pretend that the Chinese purge duplicates the Hungarian events.

Far be it from me to manufacture atrocity stories because one famous writer, Ting Ling, whom Miss de Beauvoir mentions in her book, has since been denounced as rightist and cast out of the Communist Party. Miss Ting Ling owns two houses in China (one by the seaside) and a great amount of money (there is no income tax in China, writers get 15 per cent royalties on their books, and publications run into hundreds of thousands there). She will lose

none of these material gains, although I do not know whether she, and other recalcitrant intellectuals, may not undergo a certain period of labor reform, be sent to a farm to do manual work in order to "clean up" their ideas. If such be their fate, it does not disconcert me, nor must it worry Miss de Beauvoir; for in the good old days of the Nationalist Government they would have been shot out of hand, and even as recently as 1955, when Miss de Beauvoir visited China, the chances of their being shot as counterrevolutionaries were infinitely greater than they are now, in 1958. The Chinese revolution is getting more gentle and more reasonable. Whatever Americans may think, it has tried *not* to kill unduly, but it is openly acknowledged in Peking that "mistakes" have occurred, people have been shot as counterrevolutionaries who were innocent. Whatever the cost, I must repeat that it is not true that the intellectuals are as happy or the writers as eager to be "helped" in their writing as Miss de Beauvoir has described.

Miss de Beauvoir's book teaches us not to be dogmatic about China, but to expect change, change, and yet more change; it says repeatedly that what we see and hear today about China is only a passing phase. That is very true; this sensation of going somewhere, of not staying still, is extraordinarily vivid in China. In Peking last year, an ordinary young man on the street, apropos of a new road which seemed to have grown by magic overnight, said to me: "You must never use yesterday's eyes to look at today." It is this entire turning toward the future, a most important feeling, which the West must understand, not only about China, but about the whole of Asia.

I hope that Miss de Beauvoir will return to China and write another book to cover the last three years, and thus take us another step in the long journey which China has started, the long, long march out of hopelessness and misery towards the achievement of a more human world. It is a trek which concerns us all.

Moonlit Ferment

"The Heart of India," by Alexander Campbell (Knopf, 332 pp. \$5), is an informal account of the political, economic, and intellectual ferment in India ten years after independence. Aubrey Menen, our reviewer, is the Anglo-Indian author of a modern prose translation of India's epic "Ramayana."

By Aubrey Menen

MR. CAMPBELL tells us that in the course of writing this book he lost some of his toenails. He waded through marshy jungle in the pursuit of the truth about Goa, and he kept his shoes on. The unsympathetic reader may ask why he did not take them off. But Mr. Campbell, who is a knowledgeable man, was right. To walk barefoot in India and keep your balance, you have to be an Indian. That is true of doing a great number of things in that difficult country, including writing a good book about India after her first ten years of freedom.

It is just such a book that Mr. Campbell has set out to write. A number of intelligent and articulate Indians are, at the moment, doing the same thing, as I know from my personal experience. It is an urgent subject. India's future has been made to depend on a series of so-called "Five-Year Plans." The second of these plans has utterly failed, and the fault, according to thinking Indians, is due to the men who are in charge of it.

Nehru himself, a man who is much better at saying good things than doing them, has despairingly remarked (as Mr. Campbell observes) that "we are all small men in a big country." The remark is modest enough. The trouble is that Indians are beginning to feel that Nehru, when choosing his collaborators, picks on men of his own size. However that may be, the facts are plain enough. India is rapidly becoming an ill-disciplined, hungry, and

FOR FEIFFER FANCIERS: About a year ago Jules Feiffer's cartoon column, "Sick, Sick, Sick" became a feature of the Greenwich Village newspaper *The Village Voice*. Since then, twenty-nine-year-old Feiffer has collected an empathic coterie. The Feiffer creations, now in paperback covers (McGraw-Hill, \$1.50), are up to the minute, beset with the dilemmas of an untidy age of tranquillizers, psychiatrists, and Organization Men.



bankrupt country, endlessly chivvied by moralizing jacks-in-office, who are capable of preventing a person drinking coffee in Bombay after 11:00 P.M. but powerless to prevent men dying of hunger in the gutters of Calcutta. Meanwhile the Communists have taken over Kerala. They are governing it no better—but no worse.

We shall have to wait for the books that Indians are writing, but meanwhile Mr. Campbell has published first and for that reason alone (and there are many others) his book must be read by everyone who wishes to know, here and now, what contemporary India is like. Mr. Campbell portrays, if briefly, the jacks-in-office; he records the moralizing cant of the politicians; he introduces us to the Communists; he listens to the discontent of thinking Indians, and he records such failures of planning that come his way. He watches Vinoba Bhave come into a village; he attends an official party in New Delhi; he observes a mob receive Nehru, and his reports of these events are vigorously alive. Unfortunately, his comments on them are either lame or frivolous. If India is in an intellectual ferment, Mr. Campbell most decidedly is not. After much labor in Kashmir, he produces the unsurprising thought that there will be a plebiscite there only when India thinks she can win it. He goes all the way to Kerala, and comes back with the opinion that Communism will be absorbed by India and become just another caste. That observation will not be as celebrated as Marie Antoinette's remark about eating cake, but it ought to be.

NOR does Mr. Campbell strive unduly to be original. He gives us large doses of things prescribed for any book on India—fakirs, dissolute rajahs, suttee, child marriage, untouchability, and Anglo-Indians in battered topees. He does not even spare us the Taj Mahal by moonlight.

He can be forgiven: there may yet be people to whom these topics are new. But it is difficult to be patient when Mr. Campbell, with so big a theme, interlards his book with pages

of descriptions of the utmost trivialities: his hotel accommodation, the taxis that broke down when he hired them, the number of times his fellow passenger in a train went to the toilet, the high prices he was charged for souvenirs in Kashmir, the "clouds" of mosquitoes that kept him awake,

and the other petty irritations that beset a foreigner anywhere, and especially when the climate is hot. For all that, when I closed the book I felt that Mr. Campbell is not an unlikable man. I was sorry that he had lost his toenails; and even sorer that he had lost his sense of proportion.

Analyzing the Afrikaner

"The Politics of Inequality," by Gwendolen M. Carter (Praeger, 535 pp. \$7.50), is an analysis of the complex race problems within South Africa. John Barkham, who evaluates the study, is a writer, lecturer, and long-time observer of African affairs.

By John Barkham

ALTHOUGH the outcome of the race struggle in South Africa is of importance to the whole world, it has been left to an American teacher, Professor Carter of Smith College, to set the present situation in that country before us in full and balanced perspective. This reviewer, who has himself written and lectured on the subject for years, has no hesitation in hailing Professor Carter's book as the finest full-scale analysis of the complex South African race problem written inside or outside of South Africa. This may sound like hyperbole, but the fact is that this book cannot be praised too highly for its scope, accuracy, and soundness of judgment. I know I shall make extensive use of it in my own future writings on South Africa.

Some of the writers who comment on South African problems allow themselves to become emotionally involved, with a corresponding distortion of their perspective. Professor Carter resists this temptation and maintains an appropriately objective approach, although it is clear enough where her own sympathies lie. Other

interpreters are trapped in the maze of peoples, parties, and problems—each with conflicting issues and outlooks—that make up the South African picture. Professor Carter lived for some time in the country and hence succeeds in avoiding these pitfalls. She seems even to have familiarized herself with the Afrikaans language, or so, at least, her grasp of the (Afrikaner's) viewpoint—and his spelling—would seem to indicate. Here is, in fact, the kind of book a sufficiently well-equipped South African might have written—except that none has yet done so.

Her treatment is properly academic—an expert examination of the country itself, its heterogenous population structure with its accompanying race stresses, its history in brief, followed by a detailed, step-by-step account of events since 1948, when the Nationalist Party first assumed power on its own and introduced its *apartheid* (segregation) policy. It has always been my opinion that no South African government could completely enforce *apartheid* any more than it could unscramble an egg, but Dr. Strijdom's Nationalists are going ahead anyway. As one of their Cabinet spokesmen said threateningly in the recent general election campaign, "We will not only advocate white supremacy—we will demonstrate it."

Their landslide victory with its thundering endorsement of *apartheid* is a further demonstration of the Afrikaner's historic determination to

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