cient even to gain that extra dollar, much less to attain salvation. In short, he is a conservative. Thus, he writes:

The calm and admittedly necessary liberal vision . . . still has failed to grasp the reasons for its own crisis in the contemporary world. This is the flaw of all classical liberal thought. It is theoretically indifferent to ends, the belief that such things are merely a reaching for the stars. The importance of method and means has left the notion of God and vision to others. Man . . . I think, does not live by means alone . . . We vastly misinterpret our times if we assume that the essential questions, political or religious, are not about ultimate meaning. They are about a gloria to be searched for and, hopefully, found.

Where this gloria is and how it is to be found constitute the purpose of this book. Both the selection and the organization of his topics are idiosyncratic. The argument circulates like a whirlpool, finally drawing the reader into a vortex by way of skillful repetition and re-visions, by a re-seeing rather than a strictly logical structure. At first it may seem difficult to ascertain any intrinsic connection between the book's purpose, quoted above, and its chapter headings: "On Building Cathedrals and Tearing Them Down," "On the Christian Love of Animals," "On Boredom," "On Sadness and Laughter," "On Officially Praying," "On Worship."

The vortex into which Schall draws all these seemingly disparate ideas is his conception of the proper relationship between God and man, a concept soundly grounded in G. K. Chesterton, C. S. Lewis and other apologists for Christian orthodoxy. The love between God and man is, according to Schall, the most important relationship in the universe. It tinges everything in human life with its peculiar radiance. Beside it all earthly ideologies are no more than insubstantial shadows. This peculiar glory inevitably arouses the enmity—political, philosophical and psychological—of the powers of evil. This right relationship between God and man can be fostered by many seemingly unimportant things: silence, play, laughter, loneliness and the regular reading of the New Divine Office of 1970 by religious and lay Catholics alike. All these are to be encouraged, for each contributes to the true work of God, who continually recreates the love existing between Him and His creatures. Politics, no matter how well-intentioned, obscure that relationship, for political history concerns itself exclusively with a second-rate history of man. "The true order of history is a salvation history. Aside from this, all political action is by itself. It has no order intrinsic to it nor any interior meaning." Likewise, this book has no meaning apart from the religious vision it presents. It must be read and reflected on at leisure, re-read, perhaps even rethought, and each reading will have some new insight to offer.

In Focus

Hollywood Squares


Reasonable folk would agree that a society has the right to determine its own destiny and protect itself from the encroachment of others, at least according to the sacred principles set down in our founding documents. But who is to determine which point of view dominates and dictates destiny and defines those dangers that threaten the existing order? Further, how is genuine dissent to be protected and opposing philosophies and programs mediated so that both our principle of minority rights, guarded by the First Amendment, and our need for the testing of competing constructs and solutions can insure the continued freedom and vitality of our society? The ongoing working through of these tensions reflects the real history of our republic.

The Inquisition in Hollywood focuses on the events surrounding the Hollywood Ten, whom the government dutifully jailed as a result of their refusal to testify appropriately before the House UnAmerican Activities Committee hearings of October 1947, but its larger concern, as its subtitle suggests, is with politics in the film community during the years 1930 to 1960. It is this wider perspective that gives the book a certain value as it helps us in 1981 to understand just why these ten men were judged such a threat to the body politic that they needed to be legally punished and professionally blacklisted. In an attempt to understand the context that led to the singling out of the Hollywood Ten, authors Ceplair and Englund have painted an even larger canvas to include the ups and downs of the developing politicization of Hollywood that predated 1947. Some basic historical realities appear to bear on any account of the ultimate fate and judgment of Adrian Scott, John Howard Lawson, Dalton Trumbo, Albert Malitz, Alvah Bes-sie, Samuel Ornitz, Ring Lardner, Jr., Lester Cole, Herbert Biberman and Edward Dmytryk.

The most important reality, of course, was the rise and fall of the credibility of the communist movement, for in the final analysis that was what the wholeHUAC-McCarthy era was supposed to be about: would America sanction the acts and thoughts of citizens who took their orders from a foreign power, one which championed a social system totally inimical to America's? Regardless of the consequences to the lives of private citizens, was it not better to nip this spreading flirtation with communism in the bud and banish our domestic agitation once and for all? And indeed, with their treacherous record during the decade prior to 1947, the communists had left themselves vulnerable. As Ceplair and Englund note:

However much the ideas and ideals of socialism and progressive action meant to individual Communists, the fact remained that the political organization to which they adhered took its instructions from the Executive Committee of the Communist International, which was entirely controlled by the Soviet government and subservient to Russian national interest.

Ironically, theHUAC efforts led to the final triumph and subsequent tyranny of liberal culture, rather than to the dominance of a persuasive and responsible social response which would preserve all the virtues of democracy and pluralism. McCarthyism died and a new po-
Perceptibles

Stanley R. Rader: Against the Gates of Hell; Everest House; New York.

Mr. Rader, for anyone who might have missed his interview with Mike Wallace on an April 1979 "60 Minutes" program, is Treasurer and General Counsel for the Worldwide Church of God, second in command only to Herbert Armstrong himself, founder and Pastor General of the Church. Now, Mike Wallace's interviewing tactics could probably make Saint Joan look like a thief and/or an idiot, so any conclusions drawn from that broadcast must be, at best, open to question. Mr. Rader, however, throws little additional light on the subject in his adulatory tome.

Against the Gates of Hell is a tediously detailed account of the attempt by the State of California—at the instigation of disgruntled church members, including Mr. Armstrong's son—to take over (thus, for all practical purposes, destroying) the financial and administrative control of the Worldwide Church of God. But beyond his own church's difficulties the real issue, as Mr. Rader sees it, is the problem of the autonomy of a church, any church, against the state or federal government.

How much privacy does—or should—a church (and church-related schools) have while retaining government sanction by way of a tax-exempt status? It is a valid question, particularly in light of the recent IRS threat to revoke the tax-exempt status of private religious schools whose student population does not provide a specific racial mixture. There have also been equal-rights fanatics at the government level who claim that the membership of religious clubs on campuses should be open to anyone, regardless of his religion, or lack of it. Unfortunately, Mr. Rader's book does not answer the question. His cry of "Foul!" is loud and clear, and may be justified, but it offers no solutions. (BK)

* * *


Fall of the Peacock Throne is a popular, impressionistic account of Iranian history, customs and culture, concentrating on the Shah's Iran and the country's development since 1941. Reasonably accurate and easy to read, it has interesting things to say about the texture of everyday life in Iran as well as about Iranian mores, values and attitudes. Occasionally the author expresses surprise at, or labels as peculiarly Iranian, things that are common in other Moslem countries, or to backward countries in general, but by and large he has a fairly sensible regard for context. Generally moderate in attitude, he is critical of the late Shah. Occasionally, Forbis criticizes the Iranians unfairly for not duplicating the exact patterns of social attitudes now de rigueur in the West. He is more interested in facts than opinions, a praiseworthy characteristic that makes this a useful book. (AJL)

Waste of Money

All Possible Candour


An old bit of folklore in English departments in the late 1960's concerned a professor who offered a course in love and lust in the eighteenth-century novel and was dismayed to find that his students didn't know the difference.

The same foggy vision seems to afflict Erica Jong in her fiction. After the mindless sexual adventures of Isadora Wing in Fear of Flying and How to Save Your Own Life, she now anesthetizes readers with Fanny, which purports to be the "true story" of the leading figure of the book so familiar to adolescents of all ages, John Cleland's Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure (1749), more popularly known as Fanny Hill.

Jong's new novel tediously relates the endless sexual permutations of a young eighteenth-century roundhead who sleeps his way through the "Who's Who" of Augustan England; goes to the mattress with anyone (whether madam, pimp, robber, slaver or piratest); makes her living as a whore, a thief and a pirate; and becomes the author of a mock epic, The Pyrrhian. In the course of this journey, we are assured by Fanny (and thus by Jong) that Alexander Pope was a sexual cripple, Jonathan Swift a voyeur who got his thrills from exhibitions of bestiality, and William Hogarth a satyr. We are also intellectually ennobled by learning four dozen eighteenth-century slang terms for prostitute and as many more for various genitalia.

In Chapter I (uncomfortably reminiscent of the preface to DeFoe's Moll Flanders), Fanny claims that "If these Pages tell of Debauchery and Vice, 'tis not in any wise because their Author wishes to condone Wickedness, but rather because Truth, Stark-Naked Truth, demands that she write with all possible Candour, so that the Inheritor of this Testament shall learn how to avoid Wickedness or indeed transform it into Goodness."

The statement is obviously intended to be ironic. But Jong's pretentious "Afterword"—in which she claims the blessing of a famous scholar (now conveniently dead) to give her book a veneer of historical respectability, and in which she boasts of her own research labors—offends anyone who knows anything about the eighteenth century. All of this is compounded by Jong's attempt to make Fanny a kind of picaresque feminist who lovingly dwells on primitive contraception, the joys of abortion, and the culpability of men for all of women's problems.

This book is neither history, nor satire, nor parody, nor pastiche—nor persiflage—all of which it pretends to be. It is simply a tasteless piece of fluff. (RCS)