

weathered the storm of conscientious protest more firmly. As it was, the whole undertaking collapsed, and the two still Imperial powers found one big excuse to accelerate their retreat from global strategic activities.

Hammar skjöld, the Swedish mystic-statesman, appears to have been without misgivings about the outcome, which he regarded as a triumph. When the Secretary General informed Pearson one day that Nasser insisted the UNEF remained in place only at his will, Pearson voiced alarm that Hammar skjöld "did not seem to take this too seriously." "I remember," he writes, "reacting quite strongly, but not violently. I said, 'This is going to

cause trouble in the future. Hammar skjöld said: 'Oh, don't worry about it, because I told him that condition was quite inadmissible.' It did not turn out to be inadmissible eleven years later."

Today the same issues are with us, and in exaggerated form. Could it have gone differently? Might things have been better today? The question is certainly not academic, but we can say this much: The Nobel laurels wore longer without wilting on Pearson's head than did the Nobel laurels on Kissinger for his Vietnam role. A decent man, Pearson set on the international scene an honorable example that will not, one hopes, become obsolete.

The Captive Dreamer by Christian de La Mazière

(Translated by Francis Stuart. Saturday Review Press/
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Samuel Hux

Why would a young Frenchman of that marginal aristocracy of a republic—"good family, military-nationalist traditions, cavalry-officer father—a journalist of no particular renown on a collaborationist newspaper of minuscule circulation, decide, on the eve of the liberation of Paris, to join the French "Charlemagne" Division of the German Waffen SS and plunge himself, late 1944, into the last and obviously terminal spasms of Nazi defense? Christian de La Mazière's own answer—through a sacrificial leap, "to be true to myself"—does not convince. Not that it is wrong, but incomplete, unless La Mazière is a great deal more superficial than he appears "in person"—or, rather, on film in Marcel Ophuls's documentary of occupied and Vichy France, *The Sorrow and the Pity*. The reader may recall, in Ophuls's film, the youngish middle-aged penitent, languorous of manner and attractive in a classically Gallic way; his nervous articulateness, touches of arrogance, look of someone haunted. Much less does his answer

convince after one has read his memoir of war and imprisonment, *The Captive Dreamer*, which is a great deal better than its conclusions.

In August, 1944, La Mazière, with a colleague, was approached by Allied agents looking for French rightists close enough to German movements to be useful and opportunistic enough to know the score, to take up preventive arms to forestall any German *Götterdämmerung* or Parisian *soviet*. Paradoxically (schizophrenically?), La Mazière did some minor liaison work and then took off, as he had *already* planned to do, for Germany and enlistment in the Charlemagne at Wildflecken. Instead of a position in the *propaganda-kommando*, offered him as a journalist, he opted for a commission in an antitank unit; such was his insistence on the real thing, immersion in the *Kamaradschaft* of the combat arm of the SS. But not totally: La Mazière, in a moment of cunning and foresight, avoids the telltale SS tattoo just before temporary transfer to Czechoslovakia for elite training.

Returning to his unit by way of Sigmaringen, temporary seat of Vichy-in-exile, and an unsuccessful request for an audience with Pétain or Laval, he caught up with the already decimated Charlemagne on the Eastern front in Pomerania in February, 1945, and fought, retreated, starved, froze, and finally surrendered a month later to a Polish contingent with the half-dozen survivors of his command. This is prelude to a series of other close survivals that punctuate a narrative of imprisonment in various disguises: by the Russians as a journalist attached to the Waffen SS (no tattoo, recall), and then in Russia with a group of French conscripts from a German labor battalion; repatriation to France, where his identity is rediscovered, and incarceration in Fresnes prison in Paris; then (after trial in 1946 as a collaborationist journalist, but *not* as an SS officer, La Mazière successfully claiming to have been in the *propaganda-kommando*) Clairvaux prison until 1948.

La Mazière is justly proud of his wits, but he does not fail to credit his fantastic good luck. Surrendering to Poles, not Russians, La Mazière could speak sufficient Polish to explain who he was and avoid being shot: La Mazière's father, a career army officer, ex-vice-commandant of the French cavalry school at Saumur, was a minor hero in Poland, having fought with Pilsudski against the Russians in 1920 and later having taught at the Polish war academy. (La Mazière recalls, when he was five, wandering down from his bedroom in Warsaw, nightdress, ringlets of hair, into a gala French Embassy reception and being introduced, amid the sentimental approbation of the guests, to Paderewski.) He was lucky in his French judges, both in their leniency and either their gullibility or interested readiness to credit his story. And perhaps he was lucky to have "his Jew." In 1943 La Mazière had done a friend a favor by securing false identity papers for the friend's tailor, one Grundstein, and settling him outside the official occupation area. But, in truth, one does not get the impression from the narrative that this act was any overriding consideration in the court's decision.

There was yet another moment of luck that would make some of the dead bitter. The Russian political commissar who interrogated La Mazière doubted his claim to be a correspondent and at first evidently preferred to have him shot—standard procedure for SS prisoners—but then warmed to La Mazière and even offered Russian residence as someone “retrievable.” The turning point was La Mazière’s refusal to deny his Fascism, indeed his insistence on it. No capitalist lackey! “Oh no, for me Fascism offered a revolutionary alternative.”

La Mazière’s emotional and ideological commitment was not to the obese bourgeois reaction of Pétain, but to National *Socialism*. He had drifted from the royalist *Action Française* to the Fascism of the ex-Communist Jacques Doriot, for whom Fascism was the “real” left; or, better yet, the *Socialisme fasciste* of the poets Pierre Drieu La Rochelle and Robert Brasillach. La Mazière thought to find a virile egalitarian élitism, beyond even the *Führerprinzip*, in the Waffen SS, with its *Kamaradschaft*, common mess halls, and “revolutionary” mission. It is, finally, not so surprising that La Mazière, at the moment of Fascist collapse, sought the “socialism” of the trenches, Drieu’s “power a man receives from being bound to other men.” He need never have heard, evidently did not, the call of the Belgian Fascist Léon Degrelle, himself an SS “hero”: “You must get going, you must let yourself be swept away by the torrent...you must act.”

One misses the point if he accuses La Mazière of complacency. “Now I can smile at this fervor. But I do not repudiate it. It is, above all it *was*, a part of my truth.” His ponderous, melancholy explanations, crippled metaphysics, are, in a way, moving. What he did was join the most bestial order of modern Europe, but he was no beast himself. Consequently, his motives *must* have been darkly *wonder-ful*! He devotes a book-length recollection to pursuit of reasons proportionate to the act. But it is difficult to tell a man that his narrative dramatizes an appalling triviality; as it is impossible for him to accept the banal passivity of his extraordinary

choice. For the profounder question is not “Why did he do it?” but rather “Why not?” It provides a sharper perspective, if outrageous, to realize that there was really no reason for him not to.

Fascism, revolutionary though it can be, is an ideology of negatives, which is why it often appeared a heated rhetoric and hardly an ideology at all. It’s a socialism of sorts, but motivated less by a vision of the future than hatred of the present, less anger at economic injustice than aesthetic contempt for capitalism (hence its easy betrayals of its radicalism: contempt is an ephemeral political attitude, generally of the “haves”). Even its affirmations are only apparent ones: the economic double-talk of “Workers of all classes, unite!” (Degrelle) is absent of meaning. La Mazière’s extraordinary choice, like his politics, resounds like a hollow echo in a chasm. A hole filled up his life because there was nothing there.

While La Mazière paraded at Wildflecken in October, 1944, a minor German nobleman, a Bavarian landowner of military Prussian ancestry and training, a sometime man-of-letters, Friedrich Percyval Reck-Malleczewen, was arrested by the Gestapo for refusing induction into the army. During La Mazière’s baptism of fire in Pomerania in February, 1945, Reck was shot at Dachau. While it is true that Reck was a middle-aged man who “knew things” and La Mazière was barely twenty-five, there is a sort of balance struck: Reck was asked to assume the uniform of his own nation, and in the Wehrmacht, not the SS.

No Fascist could have detested the “bourgeois” twentieth century more than Reck, as is clear from his posthumous testament of moral and aesthetic outrage, *Diary of a Man in Despair* (Macmillan, 1970)—a journal of reflections from May, 1936, to the time of his arrest. Observations of Hitler: “the offal-compounded, repressed drives of a deeply miscarried human being...sprung out of a Strindbergian excremental hell”; shudders at a nationalism and a nation of “wage-earners, sergeants-gone-berserk, and virgin-typists”; apocalyptic certainties that it all means something: “The

Devil is loose, and it is God Himself who has unloosed him. ‘And the Lord will give him great power.’” But for Reck Fascism was not the revolution against the sordid present; it was precisely the epitome of the present to be hated, the political manifestation of materialistic technology that rapes values. At the same time, his politics was the sort which often enough finds Fascist ideology perfectly congenial: a kind of aristocratic populism—workers, peasants, aristocrats against the middle; Yeats’s “Dream of the noble and the beggar-man.”

It would have made no more sense to tell Reck than La Mazière that politics should mean less fevered dreaming and more accounting, that there is a drab dignity in boring republican administration. Louts!—they would have answered—men of no soul, no vision! One need not expect such individuals to moderate their lofty passions into, say, social democracy, to become... liberal. What *can* one expect? Of young La Mazière—what he did. Of Reck—what *he* did. What is the fundamental difference between them, deeper than age, which is not equatable with wisdom? What keeps Yeats *human* in spite of his repulsive arrogance and his juvenile political stupidity?

When Yeats—who abhorred his time—“Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,/The blood-dimmed tide is loosed”—recalled his friends, he despaired that modernity had no place for them, “that time may bring/Approved patterns of women or of men/But not that selfsame excellence again.” Reck, in a darker time, despaired that two friends of similar attainment were terminally ill. “I am going to lose both of them. They were my companions and my friends...Far-seeing men, men of the world; large-hearted, great-spirited friends of all that is human.” We can be moved by such grand emotions even while smiling with moderating irony. But one is moved a different way when La Mazière recalls a friend: “One of the things that I would like to do before I am too old is to be present at one of his classes, because, if he, who must have burned with enthusiasm to keep Algeria French, has debates in them, it

must be amusing." Hearty good chumminess. Or La Mazière recalling his commanding officer: "We were in the process of becoming model Waffen SS, while he, on his side, was learning something from us." Wonderful! the free exchange of ideas between Prof and Sigma Chi. Such a poverty of those human relationships that run deep, justly inspire exaggeration, and that are akin to something else of which there is no suggestion in *The Captive Dreamer*.

Yeats looks about him in reverie (but not in literal wealth): "Beloved books that famous hands have bound./Old marble heads, old pictures everywhere;/Great rooms where traveled men and children found/Content or joy." And Reck in melancholy: "I look at the things I have brought together here, and cherish, the library...the drawings, and it seems to me often now that these things have a

strangeness about them, and I want to cry." I'm not talking about classy elegance, art as property, possession; but of culture as a way of perceiving, personal relationships profound as art, and art as natural to one as friendship. Friends and things composing a rich space, not an emptiness, in which one defines oneself; oneself in turn partial fabric of the space in which another defines himself. Personal relationships and art-and-thought in a unity of perception that *is* the possession of culture.

I do not wish to idealize. Yeats was impossible often enough. Reck is often hard to stomach. And one somehow rather likes La Mazière, the nihilistic boy scout. One wonders why, given his story. Perhaps it's because of the familiarity. Culture, as I've characterized it, was not his possession. He was so normal; the man who moves among us.

merely the rhetoric of extremists, yet this is far too simplistic. Whether the goal is a permanent settlement or a first step toward Israel's destruction is still not clear.

Hassan and Elon cover a wide variety of subjects: the history of Israel-Palestinian and Israel-Arab relations, Nasser's and Sadat's policies, Zionism's history and philosophy, their own personal experiences, and the preconditions for Middle East peace. Most of their conclusions are standard Israeli "dove" arguments. What is intriguing is the new dimension, the relatively objective picture, produced by counterposing their two points of view.

History lies heavy on both sides. The "disastrous impact upon the Arabs of their cultural and political decline in the past two or three centuries" is matched by the "traumatic impact of the Nazi Holocaust" on the Jews. The motivating force for both sides has not been arrogance, power lust, or fanaticism, but fear—the Arab fear of again being subjected to outside forces (seeing Israel as Britain or France) and Israel's fear of a new Holocaust (seeing the Arabs as Nazi Germany or Czarist Russia). Lack of contact between the Arab world and Israel has exacerbated tension and misunderstanding. "There have been people before that fought protracted wars," states Elon, "but at least they spoke to each other....We live in total ignorance of each other. We are trapped in clichés and stereotypes."

Discussing the recent past, they talk of the tragic effects of the 1967 war on both sides, the missed opportunities for peace in the following six years (although there is disagreement over where the fault lies), the opening of possibilities for peace after the 1973 war, and the desire for peace on both sides. A compromise settlement would involve, for the Arab states and PLO, recognition of Israel, establishment of demilitarized zones in border areas, and an end to anti-Israel propaganda and boycotts; for Israel, return of the occupied territories, with minor border modifications, and recognition of a West Bank-Gaza Palestinian state. The principle, says Elon, is that "When two rights clash over possession of the

Between Enemies by Amos Elon and Sana Hassan

(Random House; 151 pp.; \$5.95)

Barry Rubin

This little book is a political event: an open and honest discussion between an Israeli writer and an Egyptian scholar on the Arab-Israeli conflict. *Between Enemies* is the transcript of these talks, and its value is enhanced by the fact that it is not a debate in which speakers try to score points, but a true dialogue, carried out with sensitivity and a willingness to admit errors. Its constructive tone is rare, not only in Middle East politics, but in any international dispute today.

Israelis usually have been willing to criticize Israel's governments and policies and to try to understand the Arab point of view. Arabs—for reasons of culture, philosophy, and internal politics—almost never find anything their side did wrong or Israel did right. Hassan is the first Arab intellectual to have the courage to criticize Arab policies toward Israel publicly,

and she might represent the beginning of an agonizing Arab reappraisal of their premises in the quarter-century conflict.

On the other hand, it would be wrong to exaggerate Hassan's importance. While Elon echoes the positions of a very important, if minority, segment of Israeli public opinion, Hassan represents only herself. Today Arab states and Palestinian leaders have been advancing two different programs. To the outside world they express a desire only for return of the territories occupied by Israel in 1967 and for establishment of a Palestinian state in part of that land. To their own people, however, they still call for Israel's destruction. While many in Israel listen only to the "hawkish" line, many in the West hear only the "dovish" one. Hassan often writes off mainstream "hawkish" statements as