

awaits: almost limitless hydroelectric potential, plus coal, oil, gas, lignite, gold, silver, diamonds, copper, tin, bauxite, lead, tungsten, zinc, antimony, mercury, molybdenum, asbestos, and timber. Whiting quotes a Yakutsk saying: "When God passed over Yakutia while creating the world, his hands became cold and all the rich minerals slipped between his fingers to the ground below." He himself is somewhat less exuberant, because actual knowledge of East Asian Siberia's wealth is fragmentary or unreliable, and also because treasures in the ground are not "resources" until man and culture, history and economics come together in such a way as to use them to advantage.

Siberian Development and East Asia actually offers us two Whittings: one, the traveler (in 1975 and 1978); the other, the analyst. Their collaboration offers an informative and stimulating feast for the reader.

The three chapters by Whiting—the traveler excite hope that by an international effort, or at least by acquiescence, East Asian Siberia will be a new frontier for exploration, offering the resources to offset such premonitions of global doom as the Club of Rome's. Whiting—the analyst cautions against expecting too much and tells us the hard-edged questions he asks himself:

"...What is the actual mineral wealth of East and Far East Siberia, and is it accessible? Does it offer significant relief from eventual shortages elsewhere in the USSR, especially in oil and gas? If so, is it desirable to assist Moscow in exploiting these resources by making credits and technology available from abroad, particularly from the United States? Should this assistance be manipulated in order to influence Soviet policy, whether toward human rights at home or toward intervention abroad?"

"What are the strategic implications of the Baikal-Amur railroad for Soviet military capabilities in the region? How are these implications perceived in Moscow, Beijing, and Tokyo? How do the Japanese view Siberian development?...What are Soviet intentions in East Asia? Can they be affected for better or for worse by the presence or absence of foreign cooperation in Siberian projects? What does the opening up of Siberia portend for the Pacific basin and the larger future of global resources?"

"...How likely is local or regional tension in East Asia to repeat the major-nation

conflicts of the past? What issues remain to be resolved among neighboring regimes? How explosive are they? Is trade and the bartering of technology for resources concessionary or mutually advantageous?...How flexible is policy over time?..."

Whiting suggests that forecasts for the future of Siberia can be read not so much in Soviet behavior as in the world's doubts about Moscow's intentions. Will the international community, for example, accept a Richard Pipes hypothesis (satanic) or, rather, a Marshall Shulman hypothesis (pragmatic) about the Soviet Union? Washington has oscillated between the two, as has Beijing. Tokyo has leaned quite steadily toward a Shulman hypothesis. Indeed, for half a century now ideological bias has been distorting or causing turmoil in the calculation of practical possibilities for Siberia.

Whiting's command of the broad East Asian historical context enables him to remind readers what has happened both in fact and in the imagination to shape Moscow's, Beijing's, Tokyo's, and Washington's present assessment of potentials and desirable commitments in East Asian Siberia. He often seems to be lamenting that a future for this colossal area of the USSR and its indigenous population rests upon global power-political concerns and upon the presumed intentions of Moscow. He hints that to attribute an efficient and coherent strategy to Moscow and Khabarovsk—though the seemingly rational thing to do—could mean denying ourselves a speculative but possibly great multisided strategic gain to be gotten from dealing with East Asian Siberia on its own merits. The possibilities include a mutually desirable movement of Chinese labor into Siberia's timber mills, an additional source of critical energy and industrial raw materials for Japan, the "Westernization" and "civilianization" of the Soviet bureaucracy, the enlargement of world trade and investment that is so desired by American business, a demonstration of mutual profit in a long-term international joint venture, some easing of border tensions, and an improvement in Soviet foreign-exchange earning capabilities through investments that would make no contribution to Soviet military production.

Whiting is much too fastidious and cautious to write policy prescriptions for the United States or others. His

findings, however, have invited one reader to brood about an attractive possibility: that a boldly comprehensive and successful multinational response to the numberless challenges of the inhospitable Siberian climate, in building the mutual trust that comes from cooperation in a limited and constructive purpose, might begin to dissolve some of the nameless fears that affect other confrontations between Moscow and Washington. On Whiting's evidence, such an undertaking in East Asian Siberia offers a low-risk experiment and the possibility of a very high return for all concerned.

With the climate in today's Oval Office, many would consider such an experiment unlikely indeed. Still, the gestation of an important new idea has rarely been trouble-free. If this one carries to term, Whiting should claim paternity. [WV]

MONSIGNOR QUIXOTE

by Graham Greene

(Simon & Schuster; 221 pp.; \$12.95)

John Tessitore

Reviewing the latest work by Graham Greene is like criticizing the architecture of the pyramids: presumptuous at best. After all, one does not "review" monuments, one reveres them. And with some twenty or so novels, six plays, several dozen short stories, two volumes of autobiography, and an assortment of essays behind him, Graham Greene is every bit the monument. Indeed, his stature as living Englishman of Belles Lettres is shared only with that other cranky genius in self-exile, Robert Graves.

Understandably, it is sometimes difficult for us to remember that the Graham Greene of Nice, France, and author of such recent titles as *The Human Factor* (1978), *Dr. Fischer of Geneva* (1980), and now *Monsignor Quixote* is the same Graham Greene who produced the chilling *Brighton Rock* in 1936 and the lovely—and for some, like me, his finest work—*The Heart of the Matter* in 1948. With such accomplishments now some forty years behind him, should anyone care what a reviewer has to say in 1982?

Probably not, and it is just as well. Greene has earned his place in the Grand Tradition, and if in the next cen-

tury his name is not coupled with Conrad or James or Virginia Woolf, it will surely be linked with Forster and Waugh and H. G. Wells. To be, as one old friend has called it, "a first-rate second-rank author" is no small accomplishment. How many writers working today are likely to achieve it?

But given the fact that reviewing remains if not an honorable practice at least an accepted one, the reviewer retains the responsibility of saying something about the title at hand. Alas.

Monsignor Quixote is not a good novel. Like *Amtrak*, its path is slow and dull. To begin, the novel is a most intentional and belabored (this latter, I am certain, was *not* intentional) parody of the great Cervantes novel, with numerous anecdotes and details meant to reinforce that correlation. *Quixote*, then, is a series of picaresque adventures on the road.

The principal characters are, as the reader might guess, Quixote (i.e., the monsignor) and Sancho Panza (actually, Sancho Zancas, the ex-mayor of El Toboso). Add to this the fact that "Sancho" is a devout Communist, and one can readily imagine the interplay of ideology that runs through 220 pages. Ah, but *can* one imagine?

We must remember that we are dealing with Graham Greene the Catholic—the *convert* to Catholicism—as well as Graham Greene the East/West ideologue. What we have in *Monsignor Quixote* is a vehicle, the classical dialogue, which allows the author to exhibit his knowledge of Catholicism and Marxism in overwhelming detail. We learn, for example, that in the Gospel of St. Matthew there are fifteen references to hell; in St. Mark, two references; in St. Luke, three; in St. John, none. That is, we learn that Graham Greene knows this, just as he knows what Marx really said—and meant—about religion. Burdened with incessant catechismal exchanges, the work's *fiction* ultimately collapses under its own pedagogical weight.

But let us not close on so dour a note. The book does have *some* charm, just not enough. There are, for example, several amusing and, as it happens, timely references to Opus Dei, the "neo-conservatives" of the Catholic Church.

Spanish in origin, like the Inquisition, Opus Dei was founded in 1928 to promote lives of "Christian perfection" and to acquire influence among "the

group called intellectuals as well as those who, because of their learning or office or special dignity, form the ruling class in civil society." Today the organization numbers some seventy thousand. Not surprisingly, Opus Dei flourished in Spain under Franco.

In *Monsignor Quixote* members of the group appear a humorless, anemic lot; and Greene makes them the object of comic scorn, much in the way Evelyn Waugh treats prigs and Americans. By sheer coincidence, the novel appears at the very moment Pope John Paul II has granted the organization elevated status from a secular institute to a personal prelature (an organization whose head is equivalent to a superior general of a religious order)—recognition denied it by three previous pontiffs. I think it was Bishop Sheen who once remarked that saints are fine in heaven but are hell on earth. I suspect he had Opus Dei in mind.

There are, too, a number of wonderful exchanges between the monsignor and the mayor, such as when they find themselves by the roadside drinking wine and leaning against a barn wall:

"I am happy to be lying under the great symbol of the hammer and the sickle."

"The poor sickle has been rather neglected in Russia, don't you think, or they wouldn't have to buy so much wheat from the Americans?"

"A temporary shortage, father. We cannot yet control the climate."

And later, picking up a major Greene theme and treating it with the economy and irony for which he is justly celebrated:

"...Of course, in Spain one finds that all the best people have been for a while in prison. It's possible that we would never have heard of your great ancestor if Cervantes had not served his time that way more than once. The prison gives you even more chance to think than a monastery where the poor devils have to wake up at all sorts of ungodly hours to pray. In prison I was never woken up before six o'clock and at night the lights went out usually at nine. Of course interrogations were apt to be painful, but they took place at a reasonable hour. Never during the siesta. The great thing to remember, monsignor, is that unlike an abbot an interrogator wants to sleep at his usual hour."

For a moment we have returned to

the prose of *The Comedians*.

Finally, one must choose: Shall I read this book? The answer, I think, should be obvious: Of course. We do not ignore the pyramids because the stones have started to crumble. WV!

REPORTING U.S.-EUROPEAN RELATIONS

by Michael Rice, with Jonathan Carr, Henri Pierre, Jan Reifenberg, and Pierre Salinger

edited by Michael Rice, with James A. Cooney

(An Aspen Institute Book; Pergamon Press; xxii+120 pp.; \$18.50/\$8.95)

Arnold Zeitlin

Surprise! The *New York Times* reflects the views of the United States Government and even gives the careful reader a hint of what Americans in general are thinking. And *The Times* of London, *Le Monde*, and the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* reflect the official thinking of their own national governments and bend somewhat to the biases and concerns of the countrymen who read them. In other words, these four great newspapers are indelibly stamped with nationality. Ain't it grand!

This slim volume is a compilation of an experiment first cooked up in a lighthearted moment at the Aspen Institute and involving essentially the talents of four men: Jonathan Carr, Bonn correspondent for *The Times* of London; Henri Pierre, London correspondent for *Le Monde*; Jan Reifenberg, Washington correspondent for the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*; and Pierre Salinger, Paris bureau chief for the American Broadcasting Company, his credentials as a print journalist overshadowed by his reputation as press secretary for Presidents John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson.

"We knew, of course, that between the highly developed Western nations and the Third World or between the democratic West and the communist East, the news media display striking differences in outlook, style and mission," explains the unsigned preface. "That can be expected in societies that are different in other ways....But in societies that share many values and interests, such as the United States and its European allies, can we expect that the news media will behave and look essen-