in particular but of the modern state in general. During the '60s it was a liberal regime that endured the dramatic erosion of consent by the governed, but dissatisfaction with authority actually peaked under the neo-liberal regime of Richard Nixon. It persists today even under the "conservative restoration" of Ronald Reagan.

The programs and protests of the '60s were attempts to include the excluded within the social and political covenant. These efforts became explosive because they uncovered a prior and larger doubt about the nature and worth of that covenant itself. What, it was asked, is the purpose of American power? Until we can once again agree on an answer to that question, every increase in the power of government will continue to be offset by a decrease in its authority among the governed. And America as a whole will remain what it has been since 1968—substantially ungovernable for any purpose higher than sheer survival.

CAN PAKISTAN SURVIVE? THE DEATH OF A STATE
by Tariq Ali
(Verso Editions [London]; 237 pp.; $7.95)

JINNAH OF PAKISTAN
by Stanley Wolpert
(Oxford University Press; xii+420 pp.; $24.95)

Arnold Zeitlin

A Pakistani friend visited New Delhi earlier this year for the first time since 1945. Naturally he took a tourist bus tour. As the vehicle rolled past No. 10 Aurangzeb Road, the guide, a Hindu who recognized that his rider was from Pakistan, leaned over and whispered, "That's Mr. Jinnah's house."

"Now why couldn't he have told the whole bus?" asked my friend, recalling the incident. "Why can't the Indians be proud of the fact that the founder of Pakistan lived in New Delhi?"

Pakistan was founded thirty-seven years ago, but such is the impression that its founder, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, has left in contemporary India that it is difficult, even in trivial matters, for any Indian to regard him dispassionately. As Jinnah shifted position over the decades—from ardent Indian nationalist before World War I, with credentials more worthy than those of Mohandas K. Gandhi, to founder of the Muslim state wrenched in 1947 out of the Indian sub-

behavior, of sounds, of smell. But the sexual act is different from and devoid of love, insists Tomas—and Kundera too. Though these rutting excursions exalt women by confirming their distinctiveness, paradoxically they demean them, making them vehicles of comfort and means of promoting Tomas's—and the author's—self-worth.

For Tomas, only Tereza is not a means but an end; and it is not for her erotic self but because of her utter fidelity and self-abnegation in face of his philandering, and because she has insinuated herself into his poetic memory "which records everything that charms or touches us, that makes our lives beautiful." Tereza remains devoted to Tomas even when she leaves him in Switzerland to return to Czechoslovakia. Tomas has a deeply empathetic understanding of the origins of her needs; but even when he follows her back to Czechoslovakia, his fidelity is more enforced than voluntary. He is captured by her compassion—"that curse of emotional telepathy"—and so follows her out of fear of loneliness rather than out of conviction. Implicit in this narrative event is Kundera's fearful recognition of his own betrayal, or what he thinks was betrayal, and an assertion of the reason that he took a different course.

Kundera did not come West as a cultural voyeur but to find what he believed was a thriving source of his own cultural identity and a vital spirit of independence. He found neither, and that is his lament throughout the work. What alone compensates for this disappointment is his understanding of why the vibrant cultural life of an earlier Europe has come to a standstill, and for this he has compassion.

"There is," Kundera writes, "nothing heavier than compassion." "Lightness" is what ultimately alienates Kundera's Tomas from his steadiest erotic muse, Sabina. The third of his four principal characters, she was betrayed by her father and thereby acquired "a longing for betrayal" that leads her not only to leave her homeland (and, unlike Tereza, not to return) but to leave lovers as well, and all she might believe in. Kundera understands but despises this moral degradation and feels exonerated of it.

The lover that Sabina takes when she escapes to Switzerland is Franz, a respectable married physician and the fourth of Kundera's quartet of characters. She dominates him sexually and in every other way. Franz, though physically powerful, needs to be submissive. The paradox of their lives together is that Sabina would never have tolerated the physical violence and dominance of which Franz is capable, but she does not believe that a lasting sexual relationship can be without violence. Sabina disappears from the story when Kundera has made his point that the "unbearable lightness of being"—of having no inexorable place in life—is her permanent identity. Franz, honorable but eventually pathetic, is traced to his death on an obscure South Asian border, where he is shot down because he demands to do good and is not understood. "The exquisite noise of European history was lost in an infinite silence," Kundera writes after describing that death volley. Here the intruding author is clearly ambivalent about the idealists who would change the world but have neither the ideas nor the power to do so. He honors their resolution, the categorical imperative that drives them, but he despairs to the point of cynicism about the hopelessness of their gestures. Only in these passages does Kundera reach a tragicomic note. But the novelist/observer's cynical bite, this sadness at the consequence of what he calls sentimentality, keeps the novel from reaching comedy.

As Sabina represents the "unbearable lightness," modern life's imperviousness to meaning, Tomas, the character subservient to the author's will, represents the virtue of heaviness. He acts on an overriding necessity—Beethoven's "*Es muss sein!*"—in following his love and on an inner compulsion to return "home," where he knows he will face degradation. Tomas's action is compelling. For Kundera that act would have required a difficult "weighty resolution," an action based on a metaphysical truth that he could not drive himself to find. Kundera made the tortured choice not to return, to stay in the private hell made public in these pages.

This, then, is a political novel with a decided difference. It tells not one but several equally true and meaningful stories: that of the author/narrator Kundera, who creates the images of the disastrous history not only of his country but of European culture; and those of the characters, especially Tomas,

continent—his cool, stern, obstinate manner became anathema in India.

Jinnah causes almost as much discomfort in Pakistan. Indians may believe that Jinnah betrayed the ideal of a united, independent India. But Jinnah's ideal of Pakistan as a free society of Muslims and others seeking to escape what he believed was Hindu domination has been betrayed. It is difficult to see how a contemporary Jinnah could survive in his own land. It is for that reason that socialist and former firebrand Tariq Ali can title his book with the question *Can Pakistan Survive?*

The seeds of Pakistan's dismemberment were planted in the freshly turned earth of its founding. "You may belong to any religion or caste or creed," Jinnah said in Karachi in Pakistan's constituent assembly, on August 11, 1947, four days before the land became a formal reality. "That has nothing to do with the business of the State....We are starting with this fundamental principle that we are all...equal citizens of one State." Jinnah's English-bred ideal has died. The Sunni Muslim is now supreme, excluding virtually any other color of belief. A Muslim such as Jinnah, with a taste for English common law as well as an occasional ham sandwich and a long drink, and with a modish teenage Parsi wife and a daughter married to a Christian, would find little comfort for his worldliness in contemporary Pakistan.

Jinnah's ideal of Muslim unity died with results that literally shattered Pakistan. "Without one state language, no nation can remain tied up solidly together and function," Jinnah said—in English—on March 21, 1948, during his only appearance in Dacca and what was then the East Pakistan province. His defense of Urdu, to the exclusion of Bengali, spoken by more than half the bifurcated population of Pakistan, became an ironic forecast. With bitterness fueled for two more decades by the language issue and what it represented, East Pakistan became independent Bangladesh.

It is from this second partition—the creation of Bangladesh in December, 1971—that Tariq Ali begins. "The attempt of the West Pakistani ruling class to maintain all its privileges...thus led to the breakup of Pakistan," he writes. The next step, as Tariq Ali envisions it, is Pakistan's end, which makes this Punjabi leftist sound very much like his grandparents' generation of Unionists—who believed in Indian unity, if only to keep the mighty Punjab one.

"Army rule has brought all the contradictions of the Pakistan state to a head," he writes. "Lack of political democracy, economic inequality and the oppression of minority nationalities have become deeply embedded in the consciousness of a mass which increasingly begins to question the very basis of the state. Something has gone seriously wrong with the state of Pakistan...an independent 'Muslim' state from the Indian subcontinent. For the overwhelming majority of Muslim toilers, it could have no economic or political justification. A confused demagogy and sinister emotionalism became substitutes for a sober, realistic appraisal of the condition and objective interests of Muslims in India."

Jinnah's biographer, Stanley Wolpert, suggests that for a fleeting moment before the constituent assembly that August in 1947, a similar conclusion flitted through the great leader's mind. "Any idea of a United India could never have worked," Jinnah insisted. "Maybe that view is correct; maybe it is not; that remains to be seen."

What remains following two partitions of the subcontinent are an India that has become a subcontinental superpower; a weak Bangladesh with both tremendous problems and a sense of nationality far more cohesive than any found in Pakistan; and a Pakistan still dominated by the leadership that brought separation from India and breakup with Bangladesh.

Both books, in spite of their differences, offer similar insights into the situation of Pakistan. Tariq Ali decides quite early that "the tragedy was that Pakistan had never possessed a mass socialist party...a political force capable of transforming the desires of the people into concerted political action." In other words, the people never had a chance. Nor is there any mention in Wolpert's account of attempts to create a single leftist force in Pakistan, unless one counts his citation of Gandhi's musings about making peasants both king and prime minister—presumably preferring them to a Nehru. At the end of his career Jinnah was still a force capable of transforming the desires of his people into reality. But he was simply not a man of the Indian people. Wolpert's journey runs from drawing room to conference table—as though the Indian people did not exist. By omission he confirms Tariq Ali's complaint.

Wolpert has produced a monumental tale, for Jinnah, through no fault of the author, appears more a monument than a man—cold, aloof, unfeeling. In the details of his upbringing in Karachi, his education in London, his marriage at forty to an eighteen year old, his tempestuous ten years of marriage, his rivalry with Gandhi, his swing from all-Indian to Pakistani patriot, Wolpert reproduces almost no moments that reveal a human heart. Time and time again he must guess at what is on Jinnah's mind or describe the great leader only through third-party observations. Jinnah eludes the grasp of his biographer as he appears to have eluded virtually everyone who knew him. Only in his account of Jinnah's final, sad two years does the reader begin to grasp the humanity of this extraordinary man. Though Wolpert suggests early on that Jinnah played Hamlet all his life, he leaves him with a more appropriate epitaph from Macbeth: "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." WV

THE NICARAGUA READER: DOCUMENTS OF A REVOLUTION UNDER FIRE
By Peter Rosset and John Vandermeer
(Grove Press; 368 pp.; $22.50/$7.95)

MINISTERS OF GOD, MINISTERS OF THE PEOPLE: TESTIMONIES OF FAITH FROM NICARAGUA
by Teofilo Cabestrero
(Orbis Books; 312 pp.; $9.95 [paper])

Gary Prevost

Nicaragua has become the center of attention in Central America since the Sandinista revolution overthrew the Somoza dictatorship nearly five years ago. In 1984 Nicaragua is under siege. Nearly fifteen thousand troops, operating from Honduras and Costa Rica with the support of the American CIA, have carried out a relentless war of sabotage that has taken thousands of Nicaraguan lives and caused hundreds of millions of dollars in damage to Nicaragua's economy. While President Reagan has accused the Sandinistas of "betraying their revolution" and "setting up a center of subversion" in Central America, within Nicaragua programs of broad social and political reform have moved forward. Both of the books under review are useful in understanding the reality of contemporary Nicaragua.

The Rosset-Vandermeer anthology contains sixty essays whose authors range from Ronald Reagan to the Nicaraguan leader Daniel Ortega, from *New York Times* correspondents Tom Wicker and Raymond Bonner to FSLN founder Carlos Fonseca Amador. This collection is an excellent companion to the anthology *Nicaragua in*