

in Trier, meant that the son "would have a score to settle for his father" against authority and governments; also, "obeying his father on one level required rebelling against him on another." Marx was graduated from the classical Gymnasium in Trier at 17 and went on to Bonn and Berlin for further schooling. As an adolescent, he embraced and then rejected the humanist philosophy of G. W. F. Hegel, turning in 1843 to the central role of the proletariat in history. Until his father's death, he was generously supported while earning his doctorate. After 1838, however, his mother refused him further funds, and he turned to journalism. From the time his friendship with historian Friedrich Engels began in 1844, Marx knew "where I'm going and who's going with me." The revolution of 1848 in Germany brought him to the literary and political forefront. But his moment of glory was followed by 34 years of exile and frequent isolation in London that plunged him into new cycles of gloom—and disabling attacks of carbuncles.

**MARGARET FULLER:
From Transcendentalism To
Revolution**

by Paula Blanchard
Delacorte, 1978
382 pp. \$11.95
L of C 78-739
ISBN 0-440-05314-5

Many Americans may remember one or more of the following facts about Margaret Fuller (1810–50): She was a friend of the most prominent men and women of her time, including Ralph Waldo Emerson; like him, she was a leader of the Transcendentalists and an editor (the first) of that group's famous magazine, the *Dial*. Her widely quoted statement, "I accept the Universe," prompted Thomas Carlyle to remark, "By Gad, she'd better." Other key details emerge in biographer Paula Blanchard's portrait of Fuller as brainy New England child, inspiring teacher, avid conversationalist, writer, editor (who wounded Henry David Thoreau by returning several of his *Dial* pieces for revision), and first American female foreign correspondent (for Horace Greeley's crusading *New York Tribune*). Blanchard's low-key feminist analysis of the contradictions in this formidable woman's life differs markedly from the Freudian approach taken by Mason Wade in *Margaret Fuller*:

Whetstone of Genius (1940). She argues that within the confines of contemporary society in Cambridge and Concord, Mass., Fuller could never consider combining a literary career with marriage or sex outside of marriage. Only in Europe did the two aspects of life she coveted appear compatible, and in Italy, when she fell in love with a young nobleman (he was 26, she nearing 37), she happily had a son by him. Biographer Blanchard leans to the theory that they were not wed until shortly before they sailed for the United States in 1850 aboard a merchant ship, the *Elizabeth*. It was wrecked off Fire Island, N.Y. The child's body was washed ashore. Those of the Marchese and Marchesa Ossoli were never found.

**FIRST GENERATION:
In the Words of
Twentieth-Century
American Immigrants.**
by June Namias
Beacon, 1978
320 pp. \$12.95
L of C 77-88345
ISBN 0-8070-5416-X

After introducing us to her Jewish grandmother, Minnie Kasser Needle, and 30 other 20th-century immigrants to the United States, Namias skillfully elicits each person's story. Among the speakers in this exemplary oral history are a Greek Horatio Alger, a Filipino organizer of the 1965 California grape pickers' strike, a teenager growing up Italian and American, East European and Vietnamese refugees from political oppression, and victims of racial intolerance. All tell of homes left, lost, missed, and of their lives in America. "This is not a different country, this is a different world," one comments. The author describes three periods of immigration (1900-29, 1930-45, 1946-78), each affected by changes in U.S. laws. All her newcomers to America retain a certain ethnic pride, as in these words from Valeria Kozaczka Demusz (Dorchester, Mass.; formerly of Dgbrowa, Poland): "The Polish people [in Europe] have got to belong under some bigger nation, because they are too small to survive. Here [they] were slighted for a long time. They never spoke up. There is an awful lot of smart Polish people, big people, but nobody knows about it. They've lived in this country and they've done a lot of good, they've lived as beautiful citizens."