

tration, the Federal Trade Commission (FTC), and the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA). They find that an agency's actions are most often the result of employee motives. Agencies are staffed by "careerists," whose job ambitions reside entirely within the agency; by "politicians," who aspire to higher elective or appointive office; and by "professionals," lawyers, economists, or scientists who expect to advance to positions in the industries or professions they regulate. When an agency—the Federal Maritime Commission, for example—is dominated by careerists, it aims to avoid both industry complaints and headline-catching negligence that would lead to department shakeups. When politicians are in control, as was the case with the early EPA, headlines are sought, and a flurry of controversial and divisive rules to please consumers are adopted. An agency such as the FTC, led by professionals out to make names for themselves, will be aggressive in making rules and prosecuting offenders. Yet another factor exposes all agencies to the ire of "victimized" businessmen and "neglected" consumers or workers, adds Wilson—that is, the sheer size of regulatory undertakings. OSHA, for example, employs 80 percent of its staff to inspect workplaces, but only manages to cover about 2 percent of them each year.

Arts & Letters

**NATHANIEL
HAWTHORNE IN
HIS TIMES**
by James R. Mellow
Houghton, 1980
684 pp. \$19.95

When Nathaniel Hawthorne married in 1842, he rented the Concord, Mass., house where his landlord, Ralph Waldo Emerson, had earlier written his famous essay "Nature." In an act of neighborliness, Emerson had a young protégé plant a vegetable garden for the newlyweds. The amateur gardener was, of course, Henry David Thoreau. Later in life, Hawthorne (1804–64) doubted whether he had "ever really talked with half a dozen persons in [his] life." In this engaging biography, we glimpse him dashing out the back door as visitors enter the front yard; yet his reputation as a recluse seems overblown. Mellow, an art

and literary critic, chronicles Hawthorne's connections not only with Concord's transcendentalists but also with George Ripley's Brook Farm commune (where he lived for a time) and with local Democratic politicians, through whom young Hawthorne gained and later lost a job in the Salem Custom House. In 1853, at the height of his literary career, Hawthorne was appointed U.S. consul in Liverpool, his reward for writing a campaign biography of President Franklin Pierce, an old college chum. Mellow reconciles two Hawthornes: the brooding author of dark tales and the active U.S. diplomat who, while in England, fought hard (but unsuccessfully) to end the mistreatment of American sailors by their officers at sea.

KIPLING, AUDEN & CO.:
Essays and Reviews,
1935 – 1964
 by Randall Jarrell
 Farrar, 1980
 381 pp. \$17.95

Stanley Kunitz once said that fellow poet Jarrell had "the wariness of a porcupine." If so, it is no less true that he implanted his sharp quills with perfect accuracy. Oscar Williams's poems, quipped Jarrell, were "written on a typewriter by a typewriter." No better, E. E. Cummings "sits at the Muse's door making mobiles. . . . He invents a master stroke, figures out the formula for it, and repeats it fifty times." It was as a champion of unfashionable writers, however, that Jarrell (1914–65) made his mark as a critic. He helped rekindle interest in Walt Whitman, Robert Frost, and, in three essays reprinted here, Rudyard Kipling. Jarrell urged readers to ignore Kipling's reputation as a crude imperialist and to *read* him—for his understatement, contrasts, and ability to write "short." A list composed by Kipling, he maintained, is "more interesting than an ordinary writer's murder." Jarrell's essay on World War II correspondent Ernie Pyle shows a poet's appreciation for journalism that is uncluttered and spare. Pyle's condemnation of war, he concluded, was "more nearly final than any other, because in him there is no exaggeration, no hysteria, no selection to make out a case, no merely personal emotion unrecognized as such: he has nothing to prove." Jarrell was