

continuum. Economists will deny that the sources of U.S. growth come down to the organization of production, and will cite resources, infrastructure, technology, and the spur of competition. Experts in resource and environmental issues will be aghast at the absence of such matters in a book about economic prospects. Reich leaves largely unexplained how the Japanese and West Germans have adapted more smoothly than the English and Americans. He has nothing to say about the political steps that will lead us toward new organization. Everywhere, he simplifies in order to drive home his main point.

Yet, even those conversant with these complexities must grant the power of the book's central idea. Human capital *will* decide the future of "first world" societies facing the Third World's low-wage competition, and Reich dismisses the regnant notion (without ever specifically mentioning President Reagan) that market forces alone will call forth either the creativity or the educational investment required to move into higher value-added production. But unlike many earlier liberal writers who wished to hamstring or punish business, Reich relishes successful entrepreneurship. Indeed, he would like nothing more than to see government and labor join capitalists in a common search for economic advance. And nowhere does he express doubts about government's capacity to play such an ambitious role.

This is really the faith of the New Deal, undiscouraged by 50 years of governmental experience, or oblivious to it—one cannot tell. But when the pendulum swings back to the liberals, Reich's proposals will surely be part of their economic strategy.

—Otis L. Graham, Jr.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD:

A Biography

by André Le Vot
Doubleday, 1983
393 pp. \$19.95

"Fitzgerald has been left with a jewel which he doesn't quite know what to do with. For he has been given imagination without intellectual control of it; . . . he has been given a gift for expression without many ideas to express." It was the critic Edmund Wilson, Fitzgerald's fellow Princetonian and life-long friend, who penned that stinging appraisal, and though it was partly the product of envy, it nevertheless came close to the truth.

F. Scott Fitzgerald is America's great literary prodigal. His life seemed to parallel the course of the Roaring Twenties, whose symbol he became: Profligate days led to a nearly disastrous end. Yet, from the waste and wild living issued forth works that have become national classics—*The Great Gatsby* and *Tender is the Night* among them. Those books prove the inadequacy of Wilson's criticism. For if Fitzgerald had few ideas—the cost of success and the fear of failure—they were central to the American experience. And no other writer has explored them so well.

Not surprisingly, the man has attracted more than his share of serious biographers, the best of whom is probably still Arthur Mizener, author of *The Far Side of Paradise*. But Le Vot, professor of American literature at

the Sorbonne, after working more than two decades on this book, has come very close to matching Mizener. He has done so not by coming up with new facts about Fitzgerald's life, of which there are few, but by paying scrupulous attention to the connections between the life and the work.

So while the reader is led across much familiar terrain—the St. Paul boyhood, the strained relationship with his parents (“Why shouldn’t I go crazy?” he wrote in a moment of depression. “My father is a moron and my mother a neurotic, half-insane with pathological nervous worry”), the idyllic but academically unfocused years at Princeton, the mutually destructive marriage with Zelda, the Paris years, the career-long rivalry with Hemingway—he is made to see how each little fact bore upon the art.

Le Vot is perhaps best in discussing Fitzgerald's lifelong sense of inferiority—a sense that was heightened by his contact with Hemingway during the '20s. Indeed, it was this feeling of inferiority, as much as the deterioration of his marriage to Zelda, that contributed to his own total collapse. But if Fitzgerald created his own hell, he also survived it heroically. Le Vot demonstrates how *The Crack-Up*, Fitzgerald's account of his decline, is not just self-therapy but perhaps the author's best book. Even more than *The Great Gatsby*, it was Fitzgerald's way of coming to terms with those demons of success that had haunted him for so long. In uncharacteristically stark prose, Fitzgerald declared, “I speak with the authority of failure—Ernest with the authority of success. We could never sit across the same table again.”

Fitzgerald's life may have been crowded with personal failures, but it was not without the consolations of hard-won wisdom. As Le Vot puts it, Fitzgerald “struggled and sacrificed without the help of faith to achieve self-renunciation.” He had, as this biography proves, the help of his art.

—Frank McConnell, '78

**THE BRANDEIS/
FRANKFURTER
CONNECTION: The Secret
Political Activities of
Two Supreme Court
Justices**

by Bruce Allen Murphy
Oxford, 1982
473 pp. \$18.95;
Doubleday, 1983
473 pp. \$12.95

Except for Robert Allen and Drew Pearson's *Nine Old Men* (1936), few other books on the Supreme Court have been so widely debated as this one. Before formal publication in March 1982, newspapers throughout the country called it to public attention in front-page articles and editorials. After publication came some 50 reviews in popular and professional magazines and law journals. And the commentary continues to appear. Why?

Murphy, a political scientist at Penn State, treats the personal and public relations of two of the 20th century's most brilliant and influential Justices, Louis D. Brandeis and Felix Frankfurter. Overlapping for two weeks, the two Justices' consecutive terms on the Supreme Court totaled almost 50 years—Brandeis's from 1916 to 1939, and Frankfurter's from 1939 to 1962. During that time (together and individually), they advised presidents, drafted legislation, pressured Congress and state legislatures, led American Zionism, and participated in foreign affairs.