

Ein Fremdling deals with the years 1949-1962 in postwar Germany. Eugen Rapp, the protagonist, lost his modest savings during the currency reform and therefore his dream of having a career as an independent professional writer becomes impossible. However, he manages to get a Civil Service job which pays very little money, but leaves him enough time to continue his writing. While the economic miracle is taking place in Germany, and his friends and relatives are having a comfortable life, Eugen Rapp remains on the sidelines of society, poor and without success. The novels he writes are published, but they do not sell. Highlights of this difficult time are a meeting with Thomas Mann, a modest scholarship to study in Paris, and an invitation to read at a meeting of the famous group of German writers known as Gruppe 47. When members of the group judge his writing as being not modern enough, he refuses to give up writing, or to change his style or to deal with topical issues. Standing outside the literary mainstream, and not partaking of a booming economy, he is subjected to the contempt of his friends and relatives. Only his wife encourages him and supports him financially when he loses his job. Eventually he gets another job, is appointed secretary to the Writers' Association of Stuttgart, and continues to divide his time between his work and his writing. The book ends on a note of contentment, for although Eugen Rapp remains an outsider, he enjoys the life he chose, in the surroundings he likes.

Themes and motifs found in Hermann Lenz's previous works (e.g. the Habsburg monarchy, Vienna at the turn of the century, the Roman empire, the Romantic movement) occur again in *Ein Fremdling*. Also the style of this latest work—with its microscopic exactness and imaginative surrealism—does not differ from his other novels. And also here, Lenz does not attempt to offer any easy answers to the problems of the past and the present, but merely reflects—while presenting the reader with an introspective and unhurried analysis of his own self—upon the issues of his time.

Although Hermann Lenz has received some early recognition (Thomas Mann commended his "original, boldly visionary and unorthodox talent" [Thomas Mann, *Briefe 1948-1955 und Nachlese*, letter of April 19, 1953]), only in the last decade did he receive public and official praise: he was awarded the Georg-Büchner-Prize in 1978, the Wilhelm-Raabe-Prize and the Franz-Nabl-Prize in 1981, and the Gottfried-Keller-Prize in 1984. (See also S. Dickson, "The Novels of Hermann Lenz," *IFR*, 7, No. 1 [1980], 39-42.)

Edward Callan

ALAN PATON

Boston: G. K. Hall, 1982. Pp. 143. \$13.95

Reviewed by B. Eugene McCarthy

Fourteen years after his initial study of Alan Paton, Edward Callan has issued this revised edition of *Alan Paton* for the Twayne World Authors Series. This revision is indeed a new look at Paton and his writings, not a simple updating of the latest materials. What Callan has chiefly to offer in this edition is a fresh, more mature and balanced view of his subject both in style and in command of his author's accomplishments. Thus, while the substance of the earlier book is intact in this one, all has been rewritten and reappraised. Of course, Paton's own work has developed considerably since 1968 and thus he offers far more depth and perspective to an author. For since that time, Paton has issued *For You Departed*, *Apartheid and the Archbishop* (the biography of Archbishop Geoffrey Clayton), a collection of his *Shorter Writings*, his autobiography *Towards the Mountain* (1980), and the first novel of his proposed trilogy, *Ah, But Your Land Is Beautiful*. Callan can now see a clear direction and pattern in Paton's writings and develops his study accordingly.

Callan's purpose in this book is to present the historical and biographical contexts and bases for Paton's writings. The study is not a biography, nor is it a critical study of the works, and one gathers only a rough sense of Paton's life from this study, which is a factor a reader must keep in mind lest more be expected than is intended or given here. In the sense of what the book does not do, it is limited and thus not an important book but a very useful one. For example, in dealing with a work of fiction, Callan is chiefly interested in finding out the originals for characters, the models for incidents or themes as Paton knew or experienced

these. For example, Paton's essay "Who Is Really to Blame for the Crime Wave in South Africa" (1945) contains "the essential themes" of what was to become *Cry, The Beloved Country* (1948; p. 30). Later he finds that Paton's drawing "on incidents and persons from actual life . . . adds an air of authenticity in the novel's [*Towards the Mountain*] social settings" (p. 32). Because of this concern for the actual, Callan is not at his best as a literary critic. While examining *Too Late The Phalarope* he claims that the phalarope bird is a real one, which is true enough: "it is an actual bird about whose habits old Jacob . . . knew more than 'The Englishman' who wrote the book." But he draws the conclusion that, therefore, "the book of birds . . . is not a symbol in any exact sense. Neither is the phalarope a symbol" (p. 46). Yet the novel itself clearly defines the symbolic level of this actual bird; while Pieter and his father are watching for the phalarope, the father says, "This phalarope that no one has ever seen, is clearly a very shy bird." Then Tante Sophie elaborates, "So I sat and looked at them both, and knew that my brother was looking for no phalarope, but for something that he has lost, twenty, thirty years ago" (pp. 133-34). The book's title certainly emphasizes this symbolic sense of the bird, the point of mutual contact of father and son that came too late. Callan's near-critical approach that does not fully address the novel critically, just as he touches on, yet does not pursue, the Old Testament-New Testament parallels and relationships in *Too Late*, is a difficult issue in the book and an unnecessary limitation to its scope.

Having said these things, however, about the limits of the book, what it does provide is of real value: certainly Paton's use of his own father as a model for Jacob Van Vlanderen of *Too Late*, of the connection of that bird book with an actual one by the English ornithologist Austin Roberts, of his own passion for birds and flowers are important issues in understanding the novel or more substantially what he was doing in the novel and how he developed such a sustained sense of lived life which creates much of the power one feels reading his fiction. Studying Paton at this late point in his career allows Callan to see central themes in his work which become persuasively clear, such as his "interest in the dilemma of a man with strong principles in an office of public trust" (p. 100), a dilemma personal for Paton and one which informs his fiction as well as his biography of Hofmeyr, as Paton himself indicates: ". . . the good private individual must behave somewhat differently when a public man . . . If you are going into politics and accept a position of power you must trim your sails . . ." (quoted p. 100). Another major theme in Paton's life work is akin to that tension between one's inner and outer life: the "ways in which utopian *apartheid*" of the "Christian rulers of Afrikanerdom" "constitutes a challenge to Christian principles" (p. 118). This subject was central in much of Paton's later work, such as his autobiography *Towards the Mountain* (with its metaphorical link with the racist mountain of American black writing) as well as those works which had to deal explicitly with the inexorable encroachment of *apartheid*, such as the biographies of Jan Hofmeyr and Geoffrey Clayton. As we read of Paton's struggles with oppression, we may remind ourselves of other South-African writers both white like Athol Fugard and black like Dennis Brutus, who have in different ways created for us images of their inhuman world.

One would hope, as a result of his well-researched familiarity with the details of Paton's life and works, that Callan would undertake at a proper time the full biography of this important and fascinating man and writer. Callan's engagement with his subject has mellowed since the first edition, and the reader discovers an image of the man struggling, not a massive hero but a very human person with a gift for fiction. Callan has cut this study down, shorter in fact by eleven pages than the original, by excising such pads as the discussion of the art of biography in the chapter on *Hofmeyr*, so one's overall understanding of Paton is enlarged, enriched, and balanced. The publisher has improved the print and layout of this edition so as to make it a satisfyingly readable volume.

Keki Daruwalla

SWORD & ABYSS

New Delhi: Vikas, 1979. Pp. 137. Rs. 25.00

Reviewed by Bibhu Padhi

Sword & Abyss is the first collection of short stories from someone who has already given us three admirable collections of poetry. The introduction to Daruwalla's poems in the anthology *Ten Twentieth Century Indian Poets* (New Delhi: Oxford University Press, 1976), declared the nature of his poetry by quoting his own words: "I am not an urban writer and my poems