the reader knows just why he did it—for power, for revenge, for preservation. And who wins? The reader can find out for himself. Except for the point Morphett seems to make that, in such an affair, there can be no real winner. Just a lot of soiled people.

Tony Morphett has drawn his characters well, though not with any great depth. He has shown considerable skill in having his characters (with three exceptions) nameless. Perhaps he has overdrawn the character of Unk, the dedicated editor, with his driving ambition to get revenge on the man who had filched his father's newspaper.

Who are the other people modelled on: I don't think Tony Morphett has meant to portray any known Australian newspaper identities, past or present. The central character, the old man, I would say is a composite picture.

All in all, this is a good novel, a praiseworthy attempt to lift Australian fiction from the suburbs and the bush track. Surely this must be the first Australian novel set in the boardroom of a big industry. A minor flaw is that, because of the flashback method involving characters so closely interwoven, there is necessarily repetition and some flagging in action.

I think a more valid criticism would be that Tony Morphett has been too gentle in his treatment. Given that his story is not a pretty one, the Australian newspaper industry is a much dirtier business than he has pictured. Some of the takeovers that have occurred among Australian newspapers have been much bloodier and more sordid affairs than that in Dynasty. This reviewer once worked on a metropolitan newspaper on which was a fellow reporter, a junior on the finance page, a very amiable fellow whose only visible assets were his weekly pay packet. Now he controls the whole shebang, and the ousted proprietor was left a (relatively) poor man. How he did it I'll never understand.

The newspaper proprietor of Dynasty is a man of some conscience and integrity (for instance, he fights his sons to maintain his editorial policy of opposing the Communist Party Dissolution Bill). Show me a newspaper proprietor like that and I'll show you Lasseter's Lost Reef.

Dynasty also tends to over-romanticise the newspaper industry. There are too many characters, dedicated editors and reporters, with that mythical ink in their blood. If such exist I have not met them in 40 years in the business.

For all the merit of Dynasty—and it has plenty—many readers may not accept the lavish praise bestowed on it (on the dustjacket) by publisher Stephen Murray-Smith as "adding significantly to the achievement of the novel in this country." But they should not let that deter them. Dynasty is well worth reading and you don't have to be a newspaper man to enjoy it.

Tom Lardner

A PROPHETIC MINORITY, by Jack Newfield. Anthony Blond. $2.80.

ITS CRITICS, of whom there are many ranged throughout the entire political spectrum, call it half-baked, idealistic to a fault, and naive. Its supporters, which include men of the calibre of Michael Harrington, see it as courageous, dedicated and existential. Its practical accomplishments, often overlooked by those who write it off as nihilist or chronic rejectionist, are impressive by any standards. It sees itself as the product of the generation "class of sixty" and beyond,
and it gave birth to the slogan—"You can't trust anyone over thirty." It is the American New Left—a phenomenon which is at yet too new, too complex and too ill-defined by all the usual guide-lines to submit to easy classification, politico-social analysis and interpretation.

Nevertheless, this committed author's book gives a sensitive and clear portrayal of the nature of the New Left, its origins, growth and achievements, its motivates and direction and its place in the confused blur of the current American and world political and ideological scene. In particular the work examines the relationship of the New Left with the older and more traditional left wing parties.

This child of the sixties was conceived immediately after the prince of a new emergent liberality had kissed the sleeping beauty of public conscience and awareness which has lain dormant through the Eisenhower decade of the fifties—a decade when the under-thirties were known as the "silent generation." Newfield dates its actual birth in February 1960, when four negro students staged a now legendary "sit-in" at a segregated coffee lounge in Woolworths Store, Greensboro, North Carolina. In a manner which was soon to be symptomatic of the age, the incident triggered off social explosions almost nuclear in magnitude, and a chain reaction of sequences involving "sit-ins", "teach-ins" (even a "sing-in" on one occasion) and massive demonstrations by both colored and white protestors throughout the United States.

Movements came into being which are now regarded as power points of the New Left loose federation—the better known being the Student Non-violent Co-ordinating Committee (SNCC) and Students for a Democratic Society (SDS).

The SNCC did not take long to acquire its heroes, legends and martyrs for it had within its ranks young men and women who were prepared to penetrate unarmed and alone, the racially prejudiced "deep south" of the United States, to encourage registration of Negro voters. Newfield tells of violence, terror, and murder, condoned and unpunished by law. His chapter on "Amite County" in Mississippi—an area which New-Lefters dub the "Ninth Circle of Hell"—evokes admiration for the courage and practical dedication shown by the young crusaders, and horror at the stench of the hate and violence laden atmosphere which his pen conveys.

The achievements of the New Left in making effective the legislation which gives the Negro the right to vote and which has made practicable the dream envisaged in the legislation to integrate all institutes of learning have been impressive. Where no Negroes were registered, over a thousand are now on the rolls. Where civil rights workers were persecuted and victimised they can now move freely around many areas of the deep South and local leadership is developing. The sacrifices and ordeals of students like Meredith in the cause of desegregated education have not been in vain.

But the New Left does not confine itself to civil rights issues—although adherents have been active in that field. The SDS has done much to rally supporting protest against the American aggression in Vietnam and South America.

What basic ideals spur these young people on? And why New Left? Newfield holds that what is basically new is its ecumenical mixture of political traditions that were once murderous rivals in Russia, Spain, France and the United States. It contains within it, and often within individuals, ele-
ments of anarchism, socialism, pacificism, existentialism, humanism, transcendentalism, bohemianism, populism, mysticism and black nationalism. It abhors exclusionism holding that “human freedom and participation should be extended, that every individual is noble and that a new society based on love and trust must be created.” It rejects definition—holding that too much definition and debate on definition leads to factionalism—the disease of theology and, as they see it, of the “old left.”

New Lefters reject absolutely the artificial and materialistic values of the Western World with its computer mentality, racism, poverty and war. They revolt against the institutions of impersonalising bureaucracies and are sickened by the hypocrisy that divides America’s ideals from her actions. They see this hypocrisy too in the attitudes and actions of many leaders of the community.

They reject dogma, dislike formal organisation and hold that an individual should sustain himself by healthy liberal and pragmatic thinking rather than from the brackish well of formulated thought and crystallised credo. Children of a new age, they deplore the mindless anti-communism so prevalent in the US (and of course in Australia). Most New Lefters cannot recall the excesses of Stalinism or the incidents on the reverse side of the Cold War coin. They can see around them however communists who have helped the legitimate forces of national aspirations to throw off reactionary regimes, they have seen communists denied freedom of speech and other civil liberties, they themselves have been the victims of persecution, and they have knowledge of the nefarious activities of the CIA.

Nevertheless they also reject many of the traditional socialist and communist creeds. Not because they consider them a “menace to freedom and our Way of Life” but because they see them as irrelevant. They see their own politics as a response to their domestic experience rather than as an ideology shaped primarily by the Soviet, Chinese and Cuban revolutions. Of the “old Left” Newfield says—“I also suspect the Hereditary left will not grow much, because it is too weighted down . . . because it misses completely this generation’s indictment of impersonal bureaucracies and the existential void of the middle class.”

There are faults which are acknowledged. The New Lefters are weak on providing creative alternatives to many aspects of the life they criticise. They are often hopelessly romantic about violence and authoritarianism, and there is a strong element of irrationality and anti-intellectualism in its ranks. Not that intellectualism is absent. Newfield seems fond of referring to C. Wright Mills, Albert Camus, Paul Goodman, John Stuart Mill, Max Weber, Peter Kropotkin, Franz Fanon and Herbert Marcuse. The names Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs, Tim Leary and Allen Ginsley also appear as embodiments of the New Left ideals. Apparently some over-thirties can be trusted—at least to some extent!

The New Left will not die a natural death, but its growth can be stunted, mutated or it can even be brutally murdered by the spirit of the new McCarthyism which is manifesting itself at all levels in American society today. This ranges from the denial of the right of a lawfully elected State Legislator to take his seat because of his declared opposition to the Vietnam war, to the restriction of free speech and the frequent beatings up and even murder of those advocating New Left ideals. The going will become tougher in 1968.

The New Left may indeed be a prophetic minority. It is certainly a
minority. Its estimated quarter of a million adherents in the USA means that only one in eight hundred Americans subscribe to its ideals. It could well be something that will grow and help purify the present poisoned air of the “Free World.” On the other hand it could be something which flowered too quickly in the deceptive short lived thaw of the Cold War and is now destined only to wither in the face of the harsher climate of “reality.” Only time will tell.

G. STANLEY MOORE


CONGRATULATIONS are due for those responsible for the reprinting of this valuable outline of trade union development in Australia up to the end of the First World War.

Originally published in 1921 as one of a WEA Series on economic, political and social studies, the work remains the only national history of trade unionism in existence.

Sutcliffe’s History provides essential background material for any study of Australian trade unionism. It reveals its origin in the craft benefit societies coming directly from or patterned on those of the British Isles and shows how the pattern changed, with the taking on of characteristics flowing from the “wide, brown land,” in the formation of mass organisations, particularly in the pastoral and mining industries.

The book is particularly useful for students in its painstaking chronicling of the many moves to bridge distances and cut across State boundaries to bring into being nationally representative bodies.

The great need for such outlines is almost self-evident. In a thought-provoking foreword, G. W. Ford, of the University of New South Wales, has much to say about the paucity of written trade union histories. . . “In particular, authors of high school history texts almost invariably include glowing accounts of the growth of such industries as wool and steel . . . yet with rare notable exceptions these writers barely mention, let alone discuss, the contribution of sweat, blood and tears of the workers, whose toil, sacrifice and tragedy were the real life blood of our developing industry.”

Bravo, Mr. Ford, for a refreshingly enlightened approach!

On the other hand, it must be said that there is little of “sweat, blood and tears” in Sutcliffe’s rather colorless story. It is an outline of the institutions built by the workers, with an emphasis on parliamentary reflections of them, rather than of their industrial struggles. Some of the outstanding battles of the 1880’s are not even mentioned, the big clash of the 1890’s is given but cursory treatment, as is also the case with the 1909-10 struggles and the general strike of 1917.

Mr. Ford himself criticises the work for its lack of attention to syndicalist influences and emphasises its narrowness, but, of course, the author himself categorised it as “a preliminary step to a more exhaustive and intensive examination”. It is not really an interpretative work at all in the sense of E. W. Campbell’s analysis of Australian labor history from the marxist standpoint or Brian Fitzpatrick’s history of the labor movement. Hence, the value of the book is limited, but it is very valuable, nevertheless.

Surveying the rather bleak field, Mr. Ford has brickbats for both academics