The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner by Alan Sillitoe
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doubt, on American philanthropic foundations closely linked with big business advertising methods. A leading French financial giant, Gusthaler, employs an idealist, Simon, to head his charitable affairs and spend accumulated millions for social welfare. His basic aim is, of course, to strengthen his business interests. Simon finally comes up with the "idea of the century"—the organization of an institute devoted to the eradication of suicide with a free hospital or clinic for those who have failed at self-destruction and should be redeemed for mankind. All this gives the author a field day in the realm of philosophy, psychology, and social research. The end result is quite unexpected. The novel, well-written, superbly constructed, grips the reader's mind and focuses his attention on the complexities of human behavior.

Pierre Courtine
Queens College


No one will read this deeply empfindsame book of the Swabian writer, poet, and dramatist without being impressed by his understanding of Vienna, the city in the heart of Europe, but also the city in everybody's heart. True enough, Vienna had been good to Schneider: the Burgtheater performance of his drama Der grosse Verschlt in the winter season 1957–58 proved a great success for both, author and theater. However, Vienna as an experience, as a living monument of history, of origin, climax and decline of the Occident, is loved, understood, and admired by the author more than by anyone else in our present era, and therefore the book can be recommended highly to anyone interested in European civilization, and certainly to any teacher of a subject in the Humanities. Reinhold Schneider is Catholic and conservative in a noble sense: Reverence for Life, but also for Life Gone is an element in his writing and in his character; and from an enormous background of general knowledge and detailed information he also discusses the endeavors of the much belittled and vilified last Habsburg emperor, Charles I, whom no lesser historian than F. W. Foerster has highly praised.

Schneider writes in diary form, and many events of the day are discussed sub specie aeternitatis Austriacae. A few months after the close of the Notizbücher 1957–58, the subtitle of this volume, he died.

The book closes with the beautiful funeral oration by Werner Bergengruen. Six drawings by Haus Fronius, a portrait photo, and a photo of Schneider's death-mask illustrate this publication.

Robert Rie
St. Cloud (Minn.) State College


Sender has never been afraid to express his views on many subjects, whether popular or not, and one has come to expect from him frankness and sincerity on all topics. This time he uses the theme of Satanism to expound his attitudes on such familiar fields as religion, politics, and patriotism. The novel, which preserves the unity so skillfully that it could be easily adapted for the stage, deals with the meeting of a group of devotees of Satan on a St. John's Eve probably during the eighteenth century. The basically uncomplicated plot and the few characters, more symbolic than realistic, serve obviously as the vehicle for Sender's outspoken ideas.

The ideas are expressed brilliantly: if at first the reader believes that Sender favors the diabolic rites, then the realization is slowly and artfully conveyed that the author advocates these ceremonies no more so than Church liturgy, which he has attacked bitterly. Sender's own path is best summed up in this excerpt, the motif of which recurs more and more as the novel comes to a conclusion: "No hay que entregarle al mal ni al bien, como dije antes sino dejarse llevar. Y que cada uno corra su aventura natural." This middle road enables the author to denounce extremists of all factions, especially religious, and to seek experience without any preconceptions or inhibitions. Emen hetan is essential reading for anyone attempting to comprehend the thought of this major Spanish writer of our age.

Lawrence H. Klibbe
St. John's University


The jacket blurb is less than fair to Alan Sillitoe when it praises his short stories as a first-rate "mirror to working-class life." Much more than that, these stories, somewhat in the joycean manner, probe human emotions with sincerity and insight. That he deals with people drawn almost exclusively from depressed economic groups is of small importance. What counts are the reactions of a small boy, for instance, when he attempts to aid a stranger to
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kill himself; or of a prisoner to win a race for his captors, or of a lonely derelict when his motives for feeding two small girls at a cafeteria are finally questioned by authority. Perhaps the author's choice of incidents is weighted heavily on the side of the grotesque and the improbable. Logic aside, however, his stories are powerful and exciting. Marvin Magalaner City College of New York


This concludes Staiger's Goethe cycle, an impressive achievement that has value even for those who may feel like disagreeing ever so often. For Staiger is a master interpreter, though he may have been tempted at times to interpret works that allowed startling or brilliant formulations rather than those that had biographical significance. Some of these problems have here been resolved in some retrospective self-interpretations. But this volume is, in its own right, worth having. It is maturer and richer than the earlier two; it also is closer to Goethe and attains at times that symbolic quality that I attempted in my own treatment of the old Goethe. Part of the book consists of charming, but personal and genuinely spirited improvisations about the many complexities of Goethe that had, in the earlier volumes, appeared too easily communicable or been overlooked. This volume contains the best published interpretations of the Diwan, a most amazingly sincere analysis of the Wanderjahre and very shrewd remarks on Dichtung und Wahrheit, but, above all, over two hundred pages analyzing Faust II. This was not a work of quick inspiration, nor was Staiger's industrious and often painstaking analysis a summary of lecture notes quickly assembled to finish off the biography. I believe it is the best analysis of Faust II available, and it is also honest with respect to critics and predecessors. Original observations appear also on many biographical matters, but I am not sure that the appended notes on Schallanalyse of the Becking variety and on Heidegger are as pertinent as they seemed to the author at the time of writing. A fresh book that we welcome cordially!

Heinrich Meyer Muhlenberg College


Perceptive critical acumen, sparkling enthusiasm and real love for the subject (with a readiness to admit it) characterize this new book. In a broad sweep, with a pause here and there, Steiner establishes a world perspective for his subjects, showing their relation to the Western novelists, notably to Melville and Hawthorne, and to "old criticism." The author is particularly good here. Then, drawing upon well-chosen excerpts from War and Peace and Anna Karenina, he shows how the epic tradition lives anew in Tolstoy and how through the Idint. Possessed, and the man from the underground the tragic, dramatic vision of man and life has acquired fresh expression. In the last portion of his book Steiner develops the contrarities between the authors from the points of view of mythology, religious belief, and history. He demonstrates, correctly, that in dealing with Tolstoy and Dostoevsky we are ever given a choice: Intellectually, we can appreciate both, but our commitment is inevitably either to one or the other.

Ludmilla B. Turkevich Princeton University


The fourteen stories of divergent lives are unusually compelling in quality. Some, though not among the best, approach the cold horror of Poe, but most are written with too much feminine sympathy for that. In an easy, conversational style, devoid of any local color and even without thorough physical motivation, the author again and again interested the reader in the incongruity, madness, or injustice she evokes so poignantly, in imitation of the "calculated confusion" she observes in life. Her simplest stories about the mismanagement, lack, or cessation of love are her most moving, e.g., "A ceia," her tale of the final (?) rendezvous a disconsolate woman has with a man.

G. Moser Pennsylvania State University


A precious literary "find," this first and only novel of an unknown writer, published posthumously, has been received by critics and public with uncommon warmth and enthusiasm. In an age of cerebral and difficult, realistic and emotionless writing, the success of Il Gattopardo attests to the continued appreciation for the true writer's gift of transfiguring a reality in which he is sentimentally involved. Himself