

shine shoes," Ameche's accent sounds forced, and when his hard Midwestern "r" intrudes in a word like "heart," the verity cracks further. Age hasn't helped Ameche's face. Some people become later editions of themselves, like Paul Newman; some, like Ameche, seem to lose their earlier faces completely. I was a fan of his personality performances in the 1930s and 1940s, but he never had to do much acting. Here, when depths and colors are needed, they are not forthcoming. A much better choice for the part would have been Robert Duvall (born Duvall).

Mantegna, too, is pushed out of bounds. When he plays the kind of role he had in *House of Games*, a character who is in complete control, he zooms down the track like a sleek racing car. But Mamet puts this Mafioso in situations where his control is gone, where he's farcically panicked and rushed. Mantegna can't handle it.

Mamet's visual sense is still extraordi-

nary. The opening, for instance, is beautifully done. After the credits the screen goes to black. This black turns out to be the back of a man who walks away from the camera in a music store. The man tries out a couple of mandolins with an Italianate tune, chooses one, goes up to the counter to buy it, and the camera keeps traveling to two Mafiosi watching through the shop window for Ameche to come out of a doorway across the street. It's like a graceful dance sequence that makes us hungry for what's to come.

But directing, art that it is, is nonetheless easier than writing. (Or else we wouldn't have the worldwide imbalance—much good directing, much less good screenwriting.) Mamet the director was here hobbled by Mamet the writer, to such a degree that he was thrown off center in his casting and use of actors. The director, if only in figurative self-defense, should have asked more questions of the screenwriter's script.

asserted that he joined the party purely for careerist reasons, and certainly not earlier than 1935. But Prieberg (repeating research that Paul Moor had done in 1957, which had been conveniently forgotten by musical authorities) obtained copies of Karajan's Nazi membership documents. At the age of 25, the young conductor joined the party in his hometown of Salzburg, on April 8, 1933, to be precise; his membership number was 1-607-525. He also joined a second time in Ulm, Germany, less than a month later, and became No. 3-430-914. He had been appointed music director in Ulm, it is true, but party membership was by no means required or expected. In any event, the first membership in Austria surely owed more to conviction than to expedience.

Prieberg's book, then, had pretty much put the facts on the record. They had even caused a fuss in Germany, where they were taken still further. A report in *Der Spiegel* noted that in Nazi celebrations held in Aachen in 1935, Karajan conducted a 750-member chorus and 100-member orchestra in a song cycle, "Celebration of the New Front," with text by Baldur von Schirach, later the head of the Hitler Youth Movement. The titles of the songs included "Hitler," "The Guardians of the Future," and "Horst Wessel." After the Anschluss, moreover, Karajan celebrated the future of Austria with a special performance of *Fidelio*.

All this documentation notwithstanding, Karajan treated my own inquiries as if reporting the very fact of his party membership would libel him; hence the threat from his minion. His denials were not unusual. Schwarzkopf, in a phone interview from Switzerland, told me indulgently and too good-humoredly that she thought the German reports about her Nazi past were "ridiculous." She denied having ever been a member of the party. She also denied that any of the other more colorful rumors about her activities during the Nazi era, which have long circulated in the music world, were true.

My editors at the *Times* made a decision: since Karajan was making threats and Schwarzkopf was refusing to sing, the confirmation of the German reports was best carried out by the paper's correspondent on the scene, John Tagliabue, who published his account in the *Times* months later, on March 17, 1983. I followed with an essay, but by then Karajan's U.S. tour had long since passed, of course, and no lawsuit loomed. And

EDWARD ROTHSTEIN ON MUSIC

Karajan: The Nazi Recordings

The phone call, in the summer of 1982, did not come directly from Herbert von Karajan. It was made, I learned later, by his agent in New York. Its message was unambiguous. If the *New York Times*, for which I was then a music critic, did not cease its inquiries into Karajan's Nazi party associations and affiliations, Karajan's American tour with the Berlin Philharmonic would be in jeopardy, and legal action might be the result.

The occasion for this threat was my work, still in its early stages, on an essay about musicians during the Nazi period. And the occasion for my work was new research that had appeared on the subject in Germany, and various, more local events. A prominent Schumann scholar, for example, whose résumé included the confiscation of Jewish-owned instruments and the rewriting of musical history for the Nazi Reichsmusikkammer—the governing body of Nazi musical life—had been invited to speak at a conference in the United States. A debate had begun over the treatment of the Nazi backgrounds of musicians in the *New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. And opinions were again in the air

to the effect that the musical past had indeed passed, that music belonged to purer realms than politics; bringing up Nazi affiliations smacked, as one scholar put it to me, of "McCarthyism."

But the new German research had established just such "McCarthyite" facts: for example, that Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, the distinguished soprano who had long denied any unsavory associations during the war years, joined the Nazi party in 1940. A journalist named Frederick K. Prieberg was receiving wide acclaim in Germany for his book *Musik im N.S.-Staat* (Music in the National Socialist State, still untranslated). Aside from providing detailed information about the organized Nazi control of musical life, Prieberg's book was full of damning anecdotes, notably an account of Karl Böhm offering the Hitler salute at his concerts and praising the powers of the Führer.

Also in Prieberg's book were facts about Herbert von Karajan. Over the years Karajan has given varied accounts of his Nazi affiliations. He never denied them outright, because just after the war the evidence was overwhelming; but he

Schwarzkopf could only humbly excuse her party affiliation by pompously intoning, after Tosca, "*Vissi d'arte*": I lived for art.

But at least Schwarzkopf (and a few others), when cornered with facts, acknowledged them to be facts. Karajan remained adamant that he joined the Nazi party later than these documents proved, and only for career reasons; and he has never been swayed by the incontrovertible evidence to the contrary. Later he actually told his biographer, Roger Vaughan, that Prieberg "said those things just to make money." When Vaughan presented him with copies of the party registration forms, Karajan simply denied their validity.

What, musically, is to be made of this? Is there a connection between Karajan's Nazism and Karajan's art? The question is raised again by the recent release of six CDs by Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft (423 525-2), called *Herbert von Karajan—The First Recordings*. These are recordings Karajan made in Berlin and occupied Amsterdam and allied Turin between 1938 and 1943. They might be more correctly called "Karajan—The Nazi Recordings." The program notes are scurrilously uninformative; they never mention the political setting, or even the logistics, of these performances.

These were performances that served culture as Goebbels conceived it, as "a poster for the Third Reich." They occurred when Karajan may have been a member of the Sicherheitsdienst (the Security Service prosecuted at the Nuremberg trials)—an assertion that was never proved by the Allied Denazification Commission. They may even have been listened to, with mixed reviews, by Hitler himself (who once stormed out of a Karajan performance of *Meistersinger*, complaining about one of the singers).

Even without the sordid political twist, however, these recordings would be of historical interest. For here is the record

of the performances that helped make Karajan, while still in his early 30s, one of the most important musical figures in Germany, that helped establish him as the chief rival of Wilhelm Furtwängler—a rivalry that was exploited by the Nazis, in part to weaken Furtwängler, whose less than enthusiastic advocacy of the party was a problem. These recordings are the prelude to the most visible and powerful conducting career in modern times.

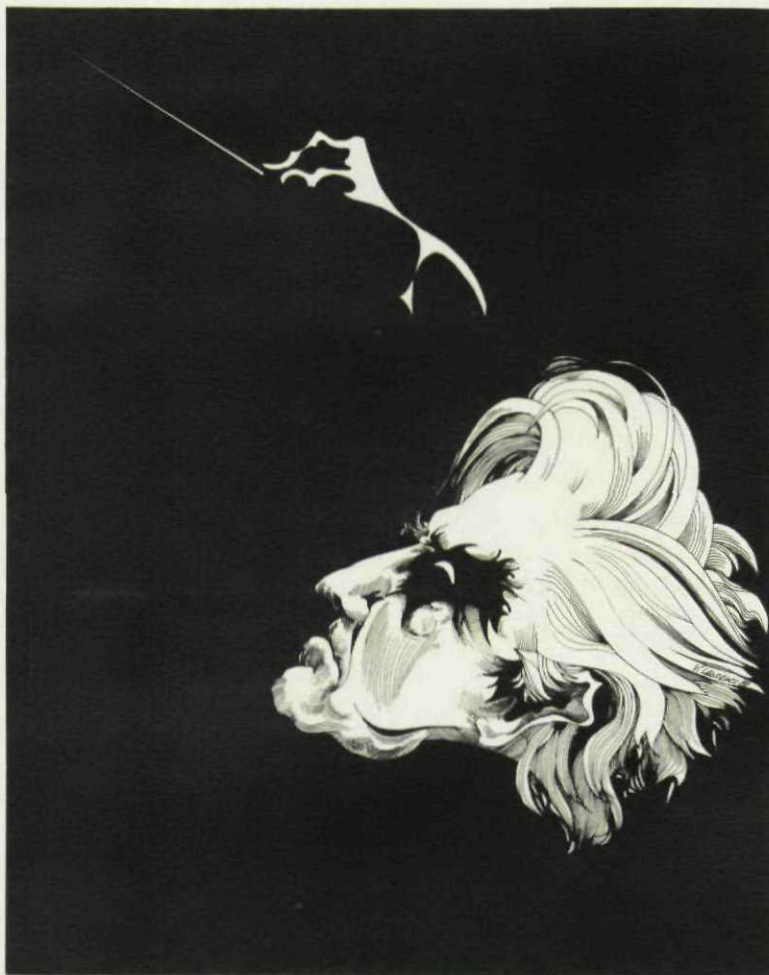
the fact that the vast majority of his appearances during the past three decades have occurred in a tight geographical (and cultural) triangle outlined by Berlin and Salzburg and Vienna.

But I was totally unprepared for the concert. Mahler's Ninth Symphony, one of the repertoire's most gargantuan and indulgent excavations of the self, was transformed into a subtly shaped crystalline object. Karajan's dictatorial stance—his demand for total control and submis-

sion, whether staging an opera or conducting a Strauss waltz—is well known, but the objectivity of the performance I attended actually seemed self-effacing. Yet it was also so characteristically individual, so unique, that its personal character could not be missed. It was, paradoxically, both objective and idiosyncratic, with Mahler's musical confession becoming Karajan's detached analysis. He did not ramble through the grotesque *Ländler* of the second movement, or whirl through the clipped madness of the third, but proceeded as if hovering above them, half in observation, half in distraught sympathy. It was a feat of aerial poise.

I was taken aback, and not just by the interpretation. The Berlin sound was translucent, ethereal, the balances so finely tuned, the lines never seemed to separate but were also never lost. It was clear from the first

measures that Karajan was producing a unique sound from the Berlin Philharmonic, bred through more than three decades of association—an association that is often referred to as a marriage, and has been fraught, like all marriages, with conflicts and tensions. (The Berlin Philharmonic is actually the godparent of Karajan's daughter.) There are few American orchestras that have enjoyed such a connection: the Cleveland under Szell, perhaps, or the Philadelphia under Ormandy. But even in those cases, there was, I think, a less complete interpenetration of personality and intellect. In



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

They began to make sense to me when I recalled the first time—the only time—I saw Karajan conduct. It was during that tour of the Berlin Philharmonic in 1982, the tour he had threatened to cancel. His recordings were familiar to me, of course, though I knew only a fraction of the over 800 he has made. It would have been impossible, in fact, not to have known Karajan's approach and style. Over 100 million copies of his records have been sold. There must be no other figure (besides Leonard Bernstein, for Americans) who has so completely dominated orchestral musical life since the war—this, despite

the case of this conductor and this orchestra, however, there could be no distinction. It is a habit of critical listeners to focus on various "sections" of an orchestra, on the brass or the woodwinds, on the strings or the percussion. In this instance, the attempt would have been distracting; a single instrument was being played, and Karajan was its master.

That must be the sound intended for Karajan's recordings, too; but I have never heard it with the body and the sheen felt in Carnegie Hall. Even the remarkable live performance of Mahler's Ninth (Deutsche Grammophon, 410 726-2) made that same year is but a shadow of the one heard that night. Despite the fact that Karajan's music-making is widely known through recordings and video, both those forms of reproduction have filtered out some essential aspect of Karajan's genius—the sound and the presence.

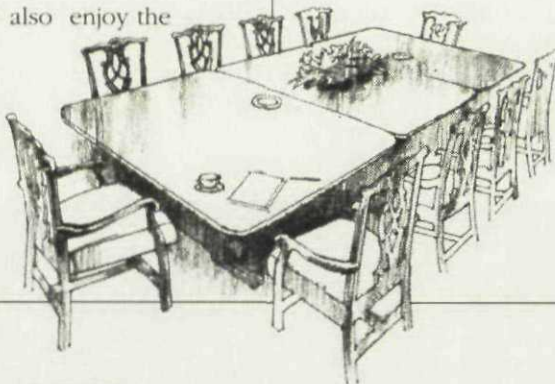
IT WAS EERIE, for example, to see Karajan conduct. Karajan is a small man. His back was stiff, his legs were immobile (he has long had health problems that would have crippled other conductors); his body irrelevant, it would seem, to his project. Moreover, Karajan leads with his eyes closed: the score is always committed to memory. Conducting without eye contact means controlling the space rather than thinking of the players, knowing how with hands alone to articulate a particular phrase, signaling with minimal movement. Bernstein is the ecstatic wild dancer. Karajan's ecstasy seems entirely contained in the shapes created by his hands. It was as if the hands created a physical model, a tactile translation of the composition. The result was a sort of musical musculature as clear and precise as the shape of the conductor's gestures. It was a shape, though, that had nothing whatever to do with the body, and probably never does. Karajan's conducting did not inspire dancing or laughing, or bouncing, or sobbing. The hands and the music seemed suspended in space, as if on display in a sculptor's studio.

The music, then, was both physical and disembodied, corporeal but untethered. The performance was hardly a performance, in the sense that it seemed inconsequential whether or not the audience was there (which is probably why Karajan is the master of the recording market). There are conductors whose power comes from the intensity of their struggle: from the listener's sense that

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musical phrases are being pulled from each other, with strength coming from a brooding intelligence. With Karajan, there is no struggle. Or, the struggle is already over by the time the music is heard. There is simply the presentation of the music by a man claiming the authority of absolute power.

For that is what emerges: a power so complete that there is no need to tether it, to limit it, to ground it. The will is all-encompassing. All conductors, to a certain extent, possess variations of such power. (They must.) But in no other conductor I have seen is the control itself so evident within the sound and sub-

stance of the music itself. It is almost impossible to listen to Karajan without being aware of his will. And in no other conductor has the power been so detached from passion or the audience, and therefore so evident.

Karajan's style as a conductor honors the aesthetic proclaimed by Nietzsche, who scorned the notion of dramatic music, asserting that "feeling" and "passion" are mere "surrogates when one no longer knows how to achieve an exalted spirituality and the happiness that attends it. . . . Technically 'feeling' and 'passion' are easier—they presuppose much poorer artists." Karajan is after

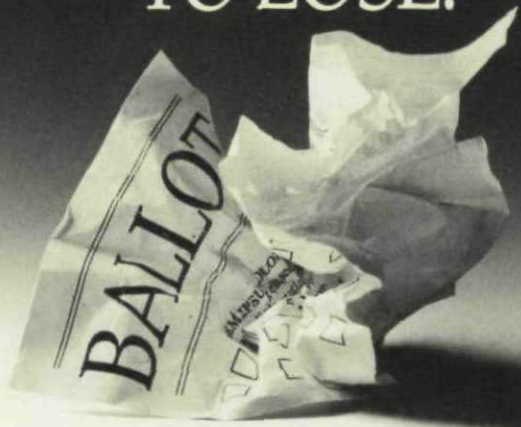
precisely that kind of spirituality. He told his biographer of his devotion to Zen, and speaks of the orchestra in the same way: "I don't hear the music anymore—I just live it. It absorbs me. Every concert is a mystical experience, an ecstasy. You step out of yourself, or what you think is yourself." This detachment for the purpose of absorption seems the source of Karajan's power.

IT MIGHT BE thought that precisely this power was what accounted for Karajan's meteoric success in Nazi Germany. His demand for total control, along with his "objectivity," his detachment completely untempered by sentiment (or, some say, loyalty), gave him a stunning ability to lead organizations. When Furtwängler died, Karajan demanded that the Berlin Philharmonic appoint him artistic director for life. He was willing to work for 12 years without a contract until he got what he wanted; and by the late 1950s, with the shadows of the Nazi affiliation behind him (or so he thought), Karajan was artistic director of the Vienna State Opera, artistic director of the Salzburg Festival, artistic director of the Berlin Philharmonic, chief conductor of the London Philharmonia, and a regular at La Scala: he was jokingly called the *General musikkdirektor* of Europe.

But one gets a very different impression from the "Nazi" recordings. They resemble little I've heard from Karajan; even the recordings made just after the war (with Walter Legge as producer) seem created by a different man. In these early recordings, the detachment seems minimal, the power qualified. There is immediacy; less will, more willfulness. The performances almost seem the work of a different conductor. Some of this, no doubt, is due to youth; and the Concertgebouw Orchestra, or the Staatskapelle Berlin, or even the Berlin Philharmonic of those years, hardly had the relationship with Karajan he was later to develop with the Philharmonic. So edges are smeared at times and balances are not precise, though this "ruggedness" in some of the playing can translate into vividness and energy.

Still, I think the differences are more profound, more a matter of temperament and spirit. Consider the opening bars of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, recorded in 1941 with the Staatskapelle Berlin. Later Karajan recordings treat the chordal strokes of the opening phrases with surgical precision. The chords serve more as thematic ele-

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ments than dramatic ones, as sharp gestures that have their contrasting counterparts in delicate scalar figures a few measures later. But in the 1941 recording, the integration seems less important than the effect of suspense, which casts a shadow across the movement's introduction. Similarly, while Karajan's later performances of Richard Strauss are premeditated excursions into sound and gesture, the recordings of Don Juan and the Dance of the Seven Veils from *Salome* (made with the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam in 1943) can even sound sentimental or viscerally distraught: dramatically played through and through.

It is precisely the dramatic element that is strongest in these early performances of Dvořák's "New World Symphony" and Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" as well—not texture or structure or color, but tension, contrast, and release. Not surprisingly, the performances in this early style that fail totally are the Mozart symphonies, recorded in 1942 with the Orchestra Sinfonica della Rai di Torino: this music cannot sustain the conductor's determined accents and stringent pressure. Ambition and drive seem to determine these performances' character. It is not difficult to hear why this style of conducting would find a sympathetic response in Germany at the time.

I DO NOT mean, of course, that these performances are "Nazi" in some politically or ideologically specific way, that they suggest some Germanic fascist universe in their phrasing and their pulse. The damning facts of Karajan's involvement with the party are plain, but the ways in which such facts influence an art as abstract as music are by no means simple. We can even ignore the facts and admire the music. That is what we do, for example, with Walter Gieseking's haunting Mozart performances, pretending that this crystalline delicacy and penetrating insight belongs to a realm unsullied by Nazi alliances. We might also feel the same about the rarefied music of Webern, whose non-musical writings are riddled with earthy enthusiasm for Hitler. Indeed, it is an old and perfectly defensible habit of our culture to treat great composers and performers as if they were otherworldly beings in a pantheon of gods.

But we are missing something of the music when we do this. If music is treated as if it had no grounding in the concrete world of persons and politics, if

it is treated as purely a formal construction, music risks becoming a novel without characters, using words without meaning. Education becomes focused on execution and analysis. Listening becomes focused on mere pleasure or cultish devotion. This is one reason why so much music has become relatively unimportant today, despite its plenitude: we have filtered out the aspects of music that connect it to creator and culture on any level deeper than "music appreciation." So we hear Mozart's music not as an intricate commentary on the relationship between manners and natural passion so important to his time, but as,

simply, "great," "magical," "sublime," "holy." And we listen to Gieseking, believing firmly that there is no difference between his Mozart and ours.

This worshipful thinning of music may have saved it, ironically, from the reductionist extreme evident in much university discussion of other arts today, in which politics and patronage become the most important aspects of the aesthetic enterprise. Music will suffer no such constraints. Because of its abstract structure and internal relations, music is rarely literal about its origins or its meanings. A sonata from the early 19th century is not "about" its society in the way a novel

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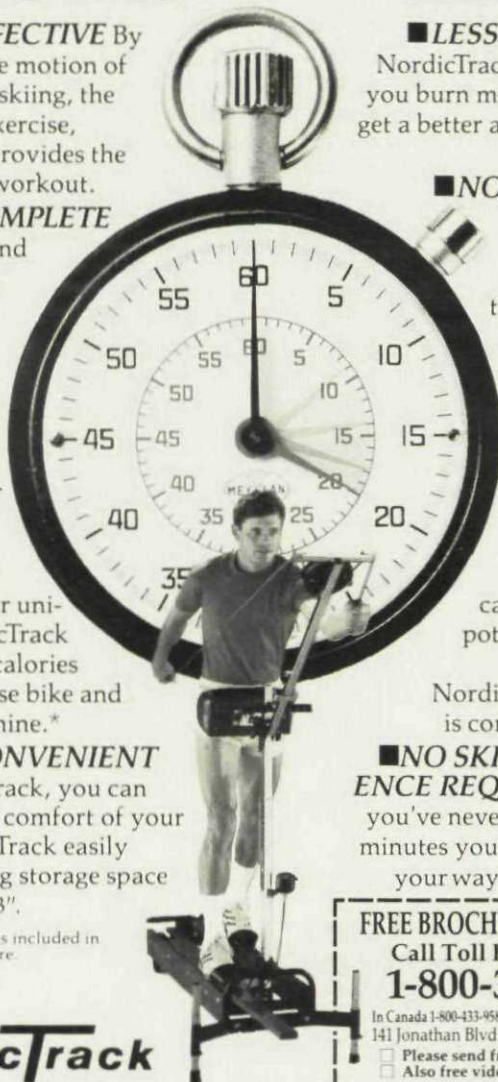
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might be. It is too indeterminate. But that is not the end of the matter. There are still limitations on music's possible meanings. A classical sonata has a certain shape and style because of the way in which its creator thought and the type of music he was expected to write. Music's abstraction gives it multiple possibilities for interpretation, but these are not random possibilities. What we would find in the Nazi period may not be "fascist" music, but music consistent with the party's approach to the world.

WHAT WOULD such consistency involve? A composition or a performance, first of all, involves a certain attitude to the musical material, a determination to use the musical vocabulary in a certain way; it involves, in other words, an attitude to the musical tradition. A composer or a performer may indeed be asserting something political in this attitude. An extreme example might be the works of 1960s avant-garde that deliberately and provocatively plundered phrases from the Western musical tradition for political ends, as Berio did in his much performed "Sinfonia." More subtle examples might include Bach's deliberate archaisms in his late music, or Haydn's use of gypsy and folk musics in the music written for the court. But this is not just an internal, formal matter; it also involves a choice of an audience, and an attitude to that audience. Is the audience one's colleagues, the bourgeoisie, royalty, one's race? Is the music hostile, or ironic, or condescending, or respectful toward its chosen listeners?

In his Nazi years, Karajan seemed to

take an attitude toward the performing tradition that was close to Toscanini's, whom he admired (and once bicycled 200 miles to hear). It is a distinctly modern attitude, involving, supposedly, a humble submission to the composer's text, and the rejection of all attempts to play to an audience. This enshrinement of the text (true more in assertion than in practice) meant that Karajan would keep tempos steady, follow dynamic markings, refrain from indulgence in sentimentality: play it "straight." And it meant, ironically, for Karajan and for Toscanini, also that the personality of the interpreter would be all the more salient. The work would be considered apart from its audience and apart from a performing tradition: it would be hewn to shape, in other words, by an act of will.

Karajan's "drama" in the early performances is often Toscaninian. The difference is that the drive was accompanied, in Toscanini's case, by a sort of musical populism and flexibility. He was there to bring everybody along with him. His was a more "public" music-making. Karajan's seems, in these recordings, to be more focused on himself: a musical soul full of unfulfilled ambitions and overflowing with demands. It may have been just that quality that made Karajan so successful in Germany. For Nazism was less a celebration of a "public" or a "citizenry" than a gargantuan inflation of the self: the Aryan nation as isolated ego. In all the other arts, the Nazis had continually to resort to kitsch to represent their unbridled desire. In music, with all its abstract possibility, it was just the opposite. There was plenty of musical kitsch,

of course, produced by party hacks, and by composers like Orff. But the primary representations of Nazi music were not at all kitsch, but the great music of the German Romantic tradition—from Beethoven to Wagner—music of desire, individual will, and destiny, turned modern and efficient and demanding, in the manner of Karajan.

AFTER THE WAR, cleaned and tempered, stripped of self-conscious drama, and turning even more objective, Karajan's style overcame the subjective, introspective remnants of Furtwängler's style, and became the modern model. He influenced not only conductors (such as Seiji Ozawa), but also singers and soloists, boosting careers through his carefully chosen affirmations, helping to create a sort of technocracy of modern music. In this technocracy the text is fetishized, but not as it is in the contemporary movement of "authenticity." The authority of the text, instead, is conferred upon, shared by, the authority of its presenter. The conductor takes on the aura of the composer.

What led to the sense of withdrawal, to the new power, sometimes sterile, sometimes eerie, sometimes haunting, that Karajan can exert? Our only hint is in the long gap in Karajan's career, between 1943, when the last of these recordings were made, and the late 1940s, when a refashioned conductor began his appearances.

For Karajan's relationship with the Nazis, it turns out, was not unambiguous. He had the support of Göring, in part because of a contract with the Berlin State Opera, but he was opposed by Goebbels, who promoted Furtwängler even to the Führer. Moreover, Karajan's position changed in October 1942, when he married Anita Gütermann, who was a quarter Jewish. What happened then is unclear, as Vaughan shows in his excellent biography. Karajan prefers silence to what he calls "awkward facts." A friend quotes him as saying, "I have done terrible things," while citing what might be called the Schwarzkopf excuse.

Those "terrible things" may have happened in Germany or outside it, during Karajan's fall from Nazi grace or afterward. During the heavy bombardment of Berlin in 1944, Karajan fled to Milan with his wife, where he was at risk from both the Germans and the partisans. One of his protectors, an architect named Aldo Pozzi, may or may not have been killed for harboring the Karajans—

A LETTER

W: (double you). A sound, a gutturally modified Bilabial voiced spirant. ("Spirant": Fricative. "Fricative": the forcing breath through constricted . . .)
Woman: sing. *wifman*. sing. *wim(m)on*; *wyman*.
 Sing "a form peculiar to English," after *wife*.
Wife: the ancient word (not the pseudo-etymologic *Woe*). sing. *wip*. sing. *wiv*. Not Gothic,
 But queer how "obscure the origins," from *wife* to

Queen! *Queene* occasionally found in ME.,
 And not an ordinary *wife*; only
 "The wife of a king or (in poetry)
 A famous person." Who (in poetry)
 Is famous? You, if doubled love speaks to you.
 A written arousal made in ME. to double you.

JUDITH HALL

it is not a fact Karajan has been consistent about. But Vaughan reports that Karajan finally "took to the hills outside Milan, near Lake Como, where for six months he and Anita lived a hand-to-mouth existence." "I was warned that I should report in every day to be transported back to Germany," he told Vaughan. "I knew it could be my death. I said constantly to myself, what will happen now? I decided if I could come through with my health intact I would not mind anything I did until things were normal. . . . So all the unpleasantness ran off me as rain runs off the roof."

The roof, it turns out, was an enduring one. It is difficult not to see the later years of the war, and the early years after the war, as fundamental to the construction of a new musical persona. Detachment was added to drive; a new,

disembodied spirituality was sought that allows neither remorse nor commitment, only contemplation. Karajan may indeed have redesigned himself to Nietzschean specifications. He disdains physical unattractiveness of any kind, he flirts with death, and asserts his mastery of it. He believes he might even return to earth in his next life as a falcon. Meanwhile, in this one, he imitates that bird in manner and threat, flying planes, racing cars, skiing world-class slopes. But as his colleagues note, he indulges in what is most physical only to prove himself above it; the intoxication is in his control. "The boat vibrated with power, force," he told Vaughan of a racing boat and crew he had acquired. "I couldn't sleep all night thinking about it." It is that cold thrill that can come across in Karajan's best performances: the thrill of power put into sound.

own careful making. Thatcher has used her Englishness as skillfully as her great friend Ronald Reagan has used his Americanness. Unusual for a British political leader, she has given prominence to her humble origins. She has made much of the fact that she was born (as Reagan was) above the store, as a way of strengthening her position as a Disestablisher of an Establishment to which, by intelligence (high), education (Oxford), and marriage (rich), she had easy access.

Her ideological goals were determined early and are a clear source of strength. But beneath them there is a core of personal history. As Jenkins tells us, in one of his fine pen portraits, Thatcher learned her instinctive dislike of the state and her attachment to sound money from the high-minded, liberally inclined conservative, Methodist small-shop keeper who was her adored father. She shed tears while recalling him on television last year. (In spite of every warning to the contrary, I continue to believe that at least part of that excitation of the tear ducts was involuntary.) A crucial decade or more younger than her predecessors as prime minister, all of whom had strong memories of the depression of the '30s, "her formative memories were not of the dole queue but of the queue outside the butcher's [of the late 1940s], not of the means test but of the ration book. Her crucial political experiences were gained under socialism at home and communism abroad; she was a daughter of the age of austerity, a child of the cold war."

Some of Thatcher's success, as a statesman, as a "personality," as a politician, has also turned on her evident straightforwardness: on the identity of her personality with her politics, on the close relationship between her mind and her mouth. She thinks what she feels and says what she thinks; and she has been able, in the near decade of her rule, to translate what she has said into what the nation does. Kenneth Harris notes:

One of the reasons for the standing Mrs. Thatcher has acquired today is that whereas successive premiers since [Clement] Attlee [Labour prime minister, 1945-51] seemed to their electors to renege on many of the promises they made when they were in opposition, Mrs. Thatcher has striven to do what she said she would do, and with very considerable success. . . . Unlike the Conservative government which preceded hers [Edward Heath's] she has made no U-turns.

The evidence supports Jenkins's claim

HERSTORY

Mrs. Thatcher's Revolution: The Ending of the Socialist Era by Peter Jenkins

(Harvard University Press, 417 pp., \$25)

The Free Economy and the Strong State: The Politics of Thatcherism by Andrew Gamble

(Duke University Press, 263 pp., \$40)

Thatcher by Kenneth Harris

(Little, Brown, 288 pp., \$19.95)

No political commentator—certainly not Peter Jenkins, Kenneth Harris, or Andrew Gamble—has failed to fall under the spell of Margaret Thatcher. Her dominance of the British political scene is complete. To be sure, it is still conceivable to think of politics without her, and much of her political program is dug in deeply enough to survive under another leader. But while she remains fit, while no large recession affects the economy (and even if it does), while her government remains free of great scandal, it is very hard to see Thatcher challenged on the ground of leadership that she has made her own.

This political success has been partly a

feat of personality. Thatcher has been bestowed, especially in the United States, with characteristics that lend themselves to the stereotypes already formed of the British. There is Thatcher as Elizabeth I (much to the reported irritation of Elizabeth II) surrounded by courtier ministers; Thatcher as Disraeli, ejecting the invader from her South Atlantic imperial possession; Thatcher, most recently, as Churchill, growling at the Continental Europeans that Britain's destiny is too great for incorporation into theirs, that it still acts as a bridge across the troubled waters of the North Atlantic.

Other stereotypes, however, are of her

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