

## Technology and the Third World: Paul Theroux's *The Mosquito Coast*

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Paul Theroux's novel, *The Mosquito Coast*, is concerned with technology and American values vis-à-vis the Third World. Theroux is certainly among the most qualified of American writers to consider effects of American technology on the Third World. As a Peace Corps worker, he lived in Malawi, East Africa. He was finally deported for what he says was unwitting aid in an attempt to overthrow the government. He was expelled from the Peace Corps but returned to Africa to teach at Makerere University in Kampala, before Idi Amin came to power. He lived in Uganda for three years. For the next three years, he lived in Singapore, an Asian city-nation, which likes to think of itself as futuristic (Atlas). Theroux suggests that Singapore mimics what it only vaguely understands of Western life, adopting "a kind of technology that reduced freedom" to be efficient, industrious, and hence prosperous. Theroux says it is a city that is "basically an assembly plant for Western business interests" (*Railway Bazaar*, 236-40).

This issue of how sophisticated technology affects the Third World is also the focus of V. S. Naipaul's mature work. Fundamentally, Naipaul's message is neo-colonial: the Third World should pull itself up by the bootstraps of technology; Asia, Africa, and South America should follow the lead of Japan in imitating American success (see Rothfork). It is significant that Theroux's only book of criticism is on V. S. Naipaul and his work. Indeed, the repudiation of technology by Allie in *The Mosquito Coast* illustrates Naipaul's conclusion concerning technology and the third world, voiced at the end of his African novel, *A Bend in the River*: "I wanted to be a child again, to forget books and everything connected with books. The bush runs itself. But there is no place to go to. I've been on tour in the villages. It's a nightmare" (272).

*The Mosquito Coast* follows a family, disgusted with the American dream of TV and K-Mart and MacDonalds and Twinkies and Diet Pepsi, as

they pursue their own dream of an organic life into the jungles of Honduras. As in *The Heart of Darkness*, it is a descent into madness. What we learn in the course of the journey is that technology is not merely machinery, the cityscape, a built environment we can leave behind. But as Jacques Ellul has explained, it is "technique," a psychological environment; that is, a paradigmatic vision or gestalt, a way of looking at the environment to imbed "data" into a technical sequence. The technological environment is the opposite of the natural environment. Relying on imported abstract principles, relationships, and goals, it seeks to replace the culturally evolved rituals and arts which form a dialogue with nature and hence are not progressive. Like Allie, we may recognize a much deeper commitment to technique and to what Lewis Mumford called, "the Megamachine," than we like to admit. Moreover, as Ellul suggests, it may be impossible for us to escape technique. Indeed, Theroux depicts the divestment of technique, not as recovery, but as a descent into madness and death. As in Conrad, the jungle is not a garden but a fascinating and deadly trap, a Freudian morass of libido; a chaos of blood, sweat, filth, and vermin.

Allie—the father of the fourteen-year-old boy who tells the story but also the archetypal Father who compulsively seeks to dominate every situation—is a mechanical genius, a kind of distinguished professor of *The Whole Earth Catalog* school of thinking. He "dropped out of Harvard in order to get a good education," holds nine patents with six more pending, and is a handyman for a Polish asparagus farmer in Massachusetts (7). Allie personifies repression and will. He is the Fatherland: egomania and hubris. Thus instead of going down to the farm to lull the feminine in his character by immersion in Mother Nature, he provides mechanical devices for Polack agri-tech to more efficiently grow a phallic crop. Allie's first attempt to discover something organic and deeper than technique in his life creates only anger. He is frustrated because he conceives this as a problem within the paradigm of technique requiring the appropriate technology for a solution. When he fails to engineer his way to the simple life, his thwarted ego erupts in anger, which is, typically, manifest in greater resolve, determination, and self-control. He is a man of ice, not fire.

Allie increasingly perceives the failure to be not his, but society's: "America's in gridlock" (9). He feels that the American dream has been perverted into Madison Avenue, Hollywood, and Disneyland. But Allie, the most rugged of individualists—who first rejected Harvard, the acme of education, as not good enough for him—now rejects America as corrupt and too soft, without the discipline to remain faithful to the dream. Thus he says, "No one loves this country more than I do. . . . And that's why I'm going. Because I can't bear to watch" (65).

Massachusetts is technique and vice versa. Consequently, he reasons that he should escape this environment into one that nurtures the primitive, the

organic. Many of the transient farm workers Allie knows, whom he calls "savages," are Hondurans. Charlie, our narrator, says, his father was "both fascinated and repelled by them" (9), just as he is by technology. Because of his dominating manner and his miraculous inventions, the Honduran farm workers see him as nearly a god. They say, "Dis fadder is a great man. He my fadder, too" (60). So, one morning after breakfast, Father loads his truck with K-Mart camping equipment and pipes from the junk yard to head for Honduras as a one man Peace Corps to show his black "children" how to master the jungle through technology. If at sometime in its history, America perverted science and technology to make plastic food and plastic culture, and hollow men, the white Father plans to show the masses, the Honduran peasants and Indians, the true promise of technique, how it should have been, how it can be if, as Bucky Fuller always told us, society would simply put its entire trust, and investment, in technology.

In this mission, Allie is a neo-Marxist of the Third World. For as V. S. Naipaul illustrated in books like *The Return of Eva Peron* and *Guerrillas*, the struggle for political power in the Third World is superficial from the view of the First World (America and Europe). It is merely a struggle to decide who will consume imported goods which the country itself is incapable of producing. Hence the real power, that of technical production, remains uncontested, even unrecognized. And the Third World nation remains not only dependent but stupid. In writing of his own native Trinidad, Naipaul says, it is a "consumer society that is yet technologically untrained and without the intellectual means to comprehend the deficiency. It perpetuates the negative, colonial politics of protest. It is, in the end, a deep corruption: a wish to be granted a dispensation from the pains of development" (*Eva Peron*, 70). Do you recognize the strident tone of Manifest Destiny here? The white man's burden is no longer to carry Bibles to civilize Asia and Africa, but to bring technical manuals and the baptism of technique, for which the savages should be thankful. Technology is not a culture for Naipaul and for the technocrats like Allie, it is reality; it is revelation. To resist it, as Gandhi and Mobutu did, is to remain willfully savage and childish, to refuse to grow up and face facts. Following the thought of Jacques Ellul, one critic says, technique "is a form of consciousness which attempts to unite itself with the world in such a way that its ideas of the world *are* the world" (Lovekin). And is this not madness, to insist that the symbol is reality?

Nonetheless, technique offered by both America and the Soviet Union, promises freedom to the Third World. Each country is sold the vision of a day when it produces its own consumer goods and weapons to become totally independent. Technology is the opiate, if not the religion, of twentieth century America, Europe, and the Soviet Union, which all profess in "the bottom line" of economic reductionism. As a missionary religion, it promises a

new life, a perfect life, to those Third World countries that see the light and often enough threatens fire and brimstone to those "backward" countries that do not. Theroux's novel, *Girls at Play*, illustrates the futility of African politics and the disintegration of tribal life. That Theroux sees technology in this context, as a neo-colonial political force and ideology, is evident in the clash between Father and the Rev. Gurney Spellgood, a slick Protestant missionary, whom Allie first meets on the banana boat both families take to Honduras. Allie's wife, who is pathetically dependent on Father, tells Spellgood that Allie "used to be quite interested in the Bible." Father admits, "I've tinkered with it, in a general sort of way. It's like the owner's guide, isn't it? For Western civilization. But it doesn't work" (74-75). Father often rails against God as a lousy engineer, but ultimately proclaims the credo of the technocrat: "Man is God" (85).

The symbol of the better life offered by technology, which opposes the symbol of the cross, is ice. Father invents a refrigerator to make ice in the jungle. He call his ice house machine, Fat Boy, no doubt aware that this was also the name for the first atomic bomb dropped on Japan. Fat Boy lives up to his namesake in the end. But Fat Boy is also a mysterious church full of pipes that play the discordant hymn of technique. It freezes the baptismal water which should renew life. It does to water, the origin of life, exactly what food processing technology does to food. Paddling up river in search of converts, Father says, "I find it hard to believe that some missionary hasn't been here before and bought their souls with Twinkies and cheese spread in spray cans and crates of Rice-a-Roni" (177). The irony is that Father is in the same, if not a worse, business. For he seeks to create a false need to hook the natives into professing in technique in order to feed their habit. But even Twinkies must have some slight nutritional benefit, whereas Father's ice is a dream, a narcotic, empty promises. It is pure, unpolluted, and in many ways a perfect product. What else to put into a glass of Coca-Cola, the "real thing"? It is also a sleight of hand, a tour de force. It is the result of a problem in engineering rather than a necessity evolved in life. In the jungle, it simply melts.

The natives see the ice as an artifact, the product of a mysterious process they do not understand. They attempt to make sense out of it in the only way they can, by incorporating it into their mythic epistemology. Hoping to obtain more ice, they build a totem refrigerator and create a cargo cult: "they treated this box with a kind of reverence and asked Father to lead them in hymns in front of it." Naturally this enrages Father who knows he is competing with Christian superstition. He says "I didn't come here to give people false idols to worship." But even his fourteen-year-old son perceives that "the idol was there for all to see." Father laments that "any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic" (193). Do we not use

technology as magic? How many people, if any, know the science which explains all the technological artifacts they use? Perhaps only Father.

Seeing the futility of direct instruction, Father hopes to offer an object lesson to the natives. Like the missionary, he will show them how civilized people live. He and his family build a camp they call Jeronimo, not an especially auspicious name for a farm which is supposed to be an invitation not a threat. Paratroopers yell "Jeronimo." The most famous photograph of the Apache chief who fought a losing battle against Manifest Destiny, is one in which he is dressed in a stove pipe hat sitting in a Model T Ford. It is one of the most poignant images of the success of technique. In another allusion, it was Jerome who translated the Bible into the Vulgate, which is for many, its definitive form. The point is to suggest that the form or technique is judged as more fundamental than the content. Thus we are forewarned to be skeptical when Charlie says, "We had . . . the best flush toilets in Honduras. Jeronimo was a masterpiece of order—'appropriate technology,' Father called it" (195).

When a missionary calls on Jeronimo, Father meets him with icy civility. He refuses to let him corrupt "his natives" and repeatedly commands him to, "Go away" (150). The mirror image of this scene occurs when Father bullies his natives into dragging a ton of ice over the mountains in order to present a piece to a native who has never seen ice and would therefore have no way of knowing what it is, much less explaining it. In this way, Father could accomplish two things. With the symbol of ice, Father would manifest his improved plans for God's jungle and thereby demonstrate his superiority to God. He would also find ground zero, the absolute primitive uncorrupted by the products of technology and therefore also uncorrupted by mission ideology. This native would be the test case to decide between God and Man, the organic and technology, water and ice. When Father meets his primitive, the ice has melted and in any case the primitive commands him to "Go away" (218). In the first scene, Father knows a reality of which he is sure the missionary is oblivious. He does not even try to educate or convert him. Ironically, a similar gulf exists in the second scene. The situation that Father imagines is the opposite of reality. The Indians cannot convert him to their reality and tell him to go away for his own good. Father's ideological tunnel vision and immense ego nearly get them killed, and he inadvertently commits what technological ideologues like Bucky Fuller consider the fatal flaw of science: they offer their service to politicians and generals.

When his father's technical wizardry fails to convert the Indians, and when in this affront to his ego and his righteous cause, his father seems to despair of his faith in technique and to lie, to fake the results of his research expedition, Charlie begins to see him as something less than the God who

can turn fire into ice. As Charlie reaches pubescence, he discovers the primal and uninterpreted jungle. He discovers guavas by watching the monkeys. Father refuses to eat bananas and guavas and the jungle fruit that grows wild instead of in conformity to his will. Charlie and the other children create a refuge in the jungle where Charlie says, "we were in touch with the seasons: we had no inventions." He says that "though once it had all looked dangerous here, now it seemed more peaceful than Jeronimo"; and admits, "we came here to escape Jeronimo" (232). As Allie sought to escape the land of his father's dreams, corrupted by technique, so too Charlie seeks to escape the land of his father's dreams, also corrupted by technique. Father simply transported technique into the jungle to replicate Massachusetts, taking care to fix what he perceived as wrong. This is exactly what the Puritans did in creating Massachusetts from what they experienced in England. Thus the conflict is quintessentially American: the city against the wilderness, the puritan against the savage, the flesh against the spirit. As such, its origins are in Calvinism. Father is echoing John Calvin and Hawthorne's John Endicott at Merry Mount when he says: "It's savage and superstitious to accept the world as it is" (233).

Max Weber traced the attitude expressed here to the concept of Protestant stewardship and speculated on the influence it had on the development of capitalist economic theory. He suggested that the fervor of Protestant stewardship can be manifest in secular activities. Thus, it is now fairly obvious that Ben Franklin's industry, philanthropy, and enlightened argument against puritan superstition were influenced by, if not complete manifestations of, Protestant stewardship. The strident and zealous advocacy of technology and technique against the sins of the third world, as much as for its salvation, as evinced in such works as those of Naipaul, are indicative of the Protestant capitalist vision, much of which is synonomous with American values. Gabriel Vahanian, an American theologian, offers a contemporary definition of stewardship in which the technological dimension is obvious. He says: "The *novum* is thus caught sight of in man's own vocation. It points to the way in which man assumes his responsibility to humanize the order of things by liberating it, whether from the chronological, the biological, or the artificial" (54). So too, Allie feels a religious duty to make the jungle into a garden, water into ice, to liberate life from the biological, to unwind DNA and straighten it out in the lab so that henceforth and forever it will obey man's will. Of mosquitos (the natives of this region of Honduras are also called Mosquitos), Allie says: "It's not that I don't want them on my skin—I don't want them within three miles of me" (234). Although Allie recognizes no duty to God, it is only because he assumes the position of God. He is the Father.

The ultimate act of ego and masculine domination is expressed in Father's dream of an engineering project to use geothermal energy: "I am

talking about nothing less than harnessing a volcano!" The Freudian sexual neurosis is obvious in Father's dream: "I see a kind of conduit, a borehole," he said. "Down go the drills, up comes the heat energy." He says "any dumbbell can dig a hole," but to bore violently into the depths of Mother Earth herself requires special "hardware" (198). This is the dream of the male, the hope of the ego to master and control the libido. Sounding like General Westmoreland in Vietnam, Father laments, "If only I had the hardware!" (236). Prometheus liberated fire but could not control it. He was himself chained to the earth. Hephaestus was cast from heaven because he was deformed by libido and will. The crippled God of engineering was married to the Goddess of grace and beauty whom he could not control nor enjoy.

Charlie begins to discern the poverty of life in a technical regime. He says, "With Father, we listened and sweated" (207). He even perceives that the ice was an ideological weapon: "it was a marvel, but like most marvels all you could do was marvel at it" (234). Charlie turns to his mother for love. She rarely speaks and is entirely mesmerized by Father's will; she plays Eva Braun to Hitler. Unable to resist Father's will herself, neither can she defend the children. However, Charlie says, "It was through Mother's encouragement that we roamed the forest and made our jungle camp" (207). And from the jungle, the Earth Mother, whom Allie sees as enemy and wishes to rape and enslave, the children say, they "learned things there that even father did not know" (235).

Father learns a lesson about technology and politics from the three guerrillas he met on his ice mission over the mountains. Mistaking them for slaves of the Indians, he invited them to visit Jeronimo. When they come, he sees that they will enslave him. So he obligingly puts them up in Fat Boy which he calls a "bunkhouse" (247). He plans to freeze them to death in the night. But they awaken to the chill, find they are locked inside, and try to shoot their way out. In doing so, they cause leaks in the hydrogen and ammonia tanks and Fat Boy detonates. Not only is Jeronimo destroyed, it is also poisoned. Even "The river is dead," Father said. "It's full of ammonium hydroxide." He says, "It'll take a year for this place to be detoxified. If we stay here, we'll die" (264). In a shock like that after Hiroshima, Allie renounces the technique which caused the disaster. He admits, "I polluted this whole place. I'm a murderer." Even though he wishes to renounce technology, he cannot renounce his faith in technique by an act of will. The very process of willing implies technique. Thus he evades conversion like Paul's, saying "It wasn't me!" (265). Charlie says soon "He was preaching again. *Don't look back*" (266). The credo of the technocrat.

Because Charlie found his own refuge of natural life in the jungle, and because he saw the failure of his father's technique, first with the ice mission, then in devastating the jungle with Fat Boy, he begins to judge his

father and his blind belief in technique, which is psychologically no different than the blind belief of the most literal minded missionary or the most superstitious native. Just as the Rev. Spellgood can cast spells to charm the natives with visions of what will be if they follow his technique, so too Charlie perceives that Father is in the same business. Looking for water in the highlands, Charlie says, "It was as if Father had created the stream with his speeches, as if he had talked it into existence with the racket and magic of his voice. From will power alone," he interprets reality for his family (269). Just as he led his family away from what he interpreted as a devastated America, Father now leads them away from what was Jeronimo, deeper into the jungle, the enemy, with only one tool, a machete. Nonetheless, the fact that it is a tool denotes that technique is still at work. Father's ideology is impervious. He says, "This is the best part—skipping out naked, with nothing. We just walked away. It was easy!" (266). But it is a lie. For he still carries the burden of technique. Success out of devastation. Vietnam. The double think of technique. The children are too young and his wife too bludgeoned by his fanatic will, to ask, where is he going?

Charlie speculates on his father's obsession with technique, which is, as it was for America in Vietnam, madness. Recapitulating the capitalistic thinking of Jeremy Bentham and Adam Smith, Charlie discovers, "He invented for his own sake! He was an inventor because he hated hard beds and bad food and slow boats and flimsy huts and dirt. . . . He thought of himself first!" (276). Charlie's conclusion about his father is that "Selfishness had made him clever" (277).

As Allie cast off all ties to society in leaving America, now as he goes deeper into the jungle of his own madness, he casts off all ties to his family. They become tools, extensions for his will, illustrating what Mumford called the first machine, the Megamachine. In a swamp suggesting a Darwinian origin predating even the age of savages, Father attempts to rise up out of the water using only the machine of tyranny, sheer will imposed on his family. Charlie reports that in the monsoon "Father ordered Jerry and me to work naked at repairing the garden." And Jerry, the next oldest child says, "He treats us like slaves" (307). Like the Captain in *The Caine Mutiny* who compulsively rolls steel ball bearings in his hand, Allie compulsively tries to start an outboard engine he found in the swamp which has no spark plugs and no gasoline. Jerry, who now openly admits he hates "Farter" as he calls his father, contemptuously laughs at Allie's delusive gesture, saying, "It's not working" (308).

An egomaniac from the beginning, Allie has long said, "I'm the last man!" (15). This is only a permutation of saying, "I'm the first man." And in the swamp, Allie builds an ark to become a mirror image Noah. Naturally, he decides to go upriver. He says, "If we surrender to the current, we're doomed." The ego-fear of the feminine, which he has conquered by sub-



jugating his wife, is exacerbated in Allie's fear of being subsumed by the jungle, the unconscious, of becoming merely another anonymous savage, a child of the jungle instead of Father, flowing in the irresistible current of life. As a physicist, he conceives this to be entropic, defeat instead of renewal. He says, "Everything tends that way. But we've got to fight it, because down there is death" (312). Nonetheless, the water menacingly rises. Charlie says, "He denied the lagoon was rising" (310). When the house floats away to become an ark, Father proclaims, "I planned it this way!" (314).

As in *Apocalypse Now*, the movie about Vietnam, which was also based on Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, the journey of *Mosquitos* is upriver, against life. Allie announces to his family, which he has hammered into a machine, "When did I say, 'Okay, let's drift and God help us'? Never! That's why we're winning" (315). Only a madman can think of winning against life, opposing God, killing Moby Dick. But Father, the rugged individualist and Protestant steward of the swamp, asks the representative American question: "How can I be wrong if I'm going against the current?" (322). Manifest Destiny again.

However, technique has failed Allie time and again: in Massachusetts, at Jeronimo, and in the swamp when his very house is uprooted and swept away in a current he cannot control. At Jeronimo, Father hoped to straighten the labyrinth of the river (180). Now he can barely fight it, knowing that as he goes upriver against the current, he is also descending farther into the jungle. He cannot win. Hence like Kurtz in Conrad's story and like the Rev. Jim Jones in the jungles of Guyana, Father promises the inevitable as his will, death. He says, "The fatal mistake everyone made was in thinking that the future had something to do with high technology. I used to think it myself" (324). Now in the heart of the jungle, he says, "We're the people of the future, using the technology of the future." Charlie says, "Now he never talked about changing the world with geothermal energy, or ice. He promised us dirt and work" (325). Recognizing "that some human societies have existed for millennia," and can "exist for future millennia," Robert Heilbroner says that, "In our discovery of 'primitive' cultures . . . we may have found the single most important object lesson for future man" (141). The future is the past. Heilbroner's point, of grounding technique in wisdom, was made explicit by C. S. Lewis, who wrote: "For the wise men of old the cardinal problem had been how to conform the soul to reality, and the solution had been knowledge, self-discipline, and virtue. For magic and applied science alike, the problem is how to subdue reality to the wishes of men: the solution is a technique" (88).

Like some jungle shaman, Father drives the machine of his family and madly proclaims himself, to use Vahanian's technical vocabulary, liberated from biology: "I don't need food, I don't need sleep—I don't suffer. I'm

happy!" (328). Father begins to eat the jungle food and dream of scampering on all fours. He throws the outboard motor back into the river, praises the savages, and proclaims a primitive positivism: "Father said they had what they had, and what they didn't have didn't exist" (339).

Going deeper into the primitive, having thrown away the last talisman of technique, the outboard motor which can resist the current, we might expect Father to articulate a jungle myth, an organic and sexual dream of some kind. Instead, far up river, at his journey's end, he comes on "the back end of the mission." Charlie says, "We saw a sewer pipe emptying into the river" (345). Similar to the time when Allie thought he had discovered the original savage, but in fact found the megamachine of political power managed by language and myth, now at the moment when he expects the jungle to reveal itself and the purpose of his pilgrimage, he finds Spellgood, culture, interpretation, another paradigm wrapped like plastic around the primal reality he seems on the verge of discovering. Father goes into a rage and burns the mission airplane and electrical generator. He says he "did them a favor. Nipped it in the bud." Then like a squad leader in Vietnam, he gives orders to his family: "Okay, spread out—we're moving" (356).

Charlie and Jerry have finally recognized that Allie is mad and that this is likely to be the last chance to save themselves. They mutiny but are saved from murdering their father by a rifle shot from the Rev. Spellgood who thinks he is under attack from the Communists. The dying Father is carried down the river he fought, to die at the ocean, the origin of all life. Charlie reports that, "One of the Indians told Mother that it was neither good nor bad if Father was dead—everyone died, it was the world's way, nothing you can do about it, so be happy" (363). This is the wisdom of the jungle, the voice of the bush which technocrats like Naipaul interpret as the voice of the enemy. "Be happy" floating down the river of life. This is the abortive lesson of Huck Finn whose raft was destroyed by a steamboat fighting its way upriver. This is the music of Africa. This is the biological wisdom of Asia which Naipaul calls "the Hindu killer." Naipaul's pathetic technocrat, trapped in Africa, sounds like Allie when he says, "If there was a plan, these events had meaning. If there was law, these events had meaning. But there was no plan; there was no law; this was only make-believe, play, a waste of men's time in the world" (*Bend*, 267).

Science, theory, logic, technique are perceived as more fundamental than the life they seek to interpret. This is the essence of Mumford and Ellul's message. Since Plato articulated this white, male, and ultimately transparent paradigm, the West has sought to demonstrate it through an act of will. Jeronimo is a Nazi concentration camp for Allie's own family, one of Solzhenitsyn's gulags in miniature. To Allie, it is an embryonic American shopping center, John Calvin's Geneva by way of Adam Smith. Naipaul says, "Eighteenth-century India was squalid. It invited conquest"

(*Darkness*, 213). Invited! From whose perspective? Is this not always the excuse of the imperialist? Such glib ethnocentrism and such ideological ardor characterize Naipaul as a champion of, and apologist for, technique, and hence one of the most committed political writers of the day. Indeed, many of the judgments in his books on India and Africa are not far removed from what now appear as propoganda written against Native American Indians by those who professed in Manifest Destiny. John McDermott suggests that Vietnam was considered a similar invitation for technocrats to set the primitives straight. And now on the color TV screens in fifty million homes we see the lush jungles of El Salvador and Nicaragua glowing like the eyes of a tiger, interpreted for us as the enemy by the nightly news. Bored with the surfeit of vapid pleasures and routine service to the machine, like Allie on the Polack's farm and in K-Mart, we tend to agree with Naipaul's character who says, "the excitement lay in the idea of the place rather than the place itself" (*Bend*, 245). The Kingdom of God, deliverance, the Promised Land, Manifest Destiny.

But if America does not follow Father into the jungles of Latin America and the Third World, would it be too naive to thank artists like Paul Theroux who have been there first?

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