

## I. *The Godfather* and American Mafia

This research is a critical discussion, of Mario Puzo's *The Godfather* from the light of naturalism. It endeavours to investigate about how enmity affects in the political affair in particular and in the whole human activities in general. The present researcher has tried to study the inner psyche of the characters like Don Corleone and his family members including other character like gangster Harry Potter. *The Godfather* tells the story of Corleone family, headed by Vito Corleone who is rulling Mafia family of New York City. *The Godfather* is a perfect novel in terms of raw material, protagonists don't come moved tricked out with tragic flaws than Michael Corleone. Wine Gardener has got squandered his inheritance. He didn't realize how much he missed Michael until meeting up with him again here. His intelligence, his contradictory capacity for love and wrath, his subtle sense of humor are all extraordinary which talks about the family.

Puzo's writings are innovative, not only in the religious themes he incorporates, but also in his avoidance of popular modernist experiments. His works explore the ambivalent moral and political issues of the modern world. He is noteworthy for his ability to combine serious literary praise with widespread popularity. His writings are characterized by a straight forward and clear manner. He is a realist, yet his techniques make many to feel like they are reading something cinematic. His descriptions are full of imagery, yet he is not superfluous in his word usage, a trait that is admired by his audience and contributed to his wide popularity. Another feature Puzo's writing style is the ability to depict the internal struggles that his characters challenge, as well as their outward struggles. His characters are deeply spiritual with emotional depth and intelligence. They each face universal struggles, but Puzo portrays them as highly individualistic. The reader cares deeply for the characters facing uncontrolled cynicism and world-weariness. His characters

often face living conditions that are harsh, miserable and squalid. His creative imagination, coupled with a strong moral vision, impels him towards expressing his view of life in a straightforward manner. This clearly shows that Puzo was a person of multiple dimensions. In his literary criticism, he attacks the modernist writers like Virginia Woolf and E. M. Foster for having lost the religious sense. Sufferings and unhappiness are widely present in the world that Puzo depicts; and Catholicism is presented against a background of human evil, sin and doubt. Puzo concentrates on portraying the characters' internal lives - their mental, emotional and spiritual depths. All these features obviously show Puzo as a person of multiple dimensions. Mario Puzo's *The Godfather* has been successful to get numerous critical responses since its publication. Because of its diversity in theme and style, the focus of criticism is also different in different dimensions of the novel. One of the critics of Puzo is Desson Thomson.

Interpreting the text, Desson remarks: *The Godfather* is considered one of Mario Puzo's achievements. This story is told with great economy, superb characterization, and sophisticated irony. The plot resembles that of a mystery story. A crime has committed. Who is the murder? As in most mystery stories, as much needs to be learned about the victim as about the villain. Yet what is learned takes about political moral and religious significance. The story ends in mystery as well. He further argues that the story is full of mysterious plot that makes the novel complex which creates psychological tension to the reader throughout the story. Along with the mystery, the novel is also coloured with political, moral and religious tone as well. Another critic F.X. Feeney argues that "Puzo's novel is American and not only strongly enough anti-communist, praises Puzo for what he calls his awareness of evil"(334). Feeney is quick to acknowledge that novel will have its critic in America. He further argues: I would be ideal to pretend that the *The Godfather* is going to be palatable to majority of readers in this country. In this novel of war among

mafia groups Puzo expresses a criticism of American and especially of American eyesite in foreign affairs that is widely held. If not openly stated by a great many people outside the United States. From the above citation, it is obvious that America showed her vultured eye in foreign affairs and involve in it unnecessarily. Feeney presents his negative psyche towards America. Roger Ebert another critic of Mario Puzo argues that Puzo as a novelist is like a spy searching for superior knowledge of a situation. The citation applies this knowledge in creating the story, chance continuous saying that the spy is glamorous in this way: He presents an unattainable world of clear and decessive action, total control, and perfect authority. The characters in this novel have clear action, total control and perfect authority and that is what makes a good novel. Our own world is equally obtuse and opaque morally, ethnically and spiritually. From this citation, it is obvious that the novel has the characteristic of complex voices representing the present situation of the contemporary societies and their products. Because of the ongoing uncertainty of war, everything remains in flux. People lose their control upon themselves. Because of their distracted psyche, there is no perfect authority and clear action in the people's behaviour in the similar fashion.

Michael, one of the critics of Mario Puzo analyzes the psychic of war in the novel. He further asserts: Puzo told his readers, as much as the friends to whom, he addressed his prefatory a later in *The Godfather* that this is the story and not a piece of history, loss because that was true that because had wanted the book read within a certain framework of assumed and agreed upon literary conversions absolute internalization of the war meant madness, disappearance in to a mental warp to be expected. His learned of those thrown deeply enough back into themselves by what they saw around them. The quoted lines focus on the psychological effect of war and people's fragmented psyche. Michael also explores the people's madness and fragmented psyche due to war. He further states that this novel is not a piece of history but a story that is full of war and its consequences.

Likewise Vincent Canly takes *The Godfather* as a story that is full of murder and crime because of which there is political disorder and moral ambiguity. Canly argues, *The Godfather* is regarded as Puzo's most carefully constructed novel. It offers a story of espionage set against a documentary background of terrorism, political chaos, and moral ambiguity. Canly view this novel as a well constructed literary piece which is coloured with the stories of spies. Because of the involvement of different secret agents, there is terrorism political disorder as well as morality ambiguity. Because of such inhuman activities, peaceful environment there has been altered to the war zone that creates horror among the people. Last but not the least critic of Puzo is Kenneth Turan. One way or the other, he endeavors to ridicule the notion of third force that is rooted in Vito's psyche in particular and on the westerner's in general. He further points out, Puzo's political intent is clearly to ridicule the notion of a Third Force in Asian politics, countering the threat of communism and replacing the rationale of colonialism as justification for western involvement. Consequently, through the depiction of these lines, Turan ridicules the failure of Michael in the relation with Vito to whom he desires to fulfill his erotic desire. Though the mentioned critics have observed and interpreted the novel from different critical perspectives, none of the critic has observed it from the perspectives of psychosexual desire. Without a proper study of this novel from the perspective of psychosexual desire, the meaning of this novel will be incomplete. Therefore, the present researcher purposes to carry out the research from different angle rejecting the above critics of Puzo. This project has forwarded to claim that Puzo's novel *The Godfather* presents eroticism as the driving force behind political engagement which can be proved thorough the triangular love relationship among the Corleone family.

Psychoanalysis as a clinical theory is developed by Dr. Sigmund Freud for the treatment of mental disorder and neurosis. Its basic purpose is to see how neurotic personality

developed in Individual. It emerged as a therapeutic tool for the treatment of hysteria and neurosis in the early decades of 19th century. The premises and procedures of psychoanalysis were established by the Austrian psychiatrist and neurologist, Dr. Sigmund Freud. Freud's theory of psychoanalysis has become the most influential personality theory of modern era.

Pamela Thurschell by defining Freud's theory, psychoanalysis argues: Freud's theory, psychoanalysis, suggested new ways of understanding, amongst other things, love, hate, childhood, family relations, civilizations, religion sexuality, fantasy, and the conflicting emotions that make our daily lives. From the above citations, it is crystal clear that it is psychoanalysis that broadens our horizon of understanding in a novel manner. This theory has become a milestone that discusses every aspect of human beings from love to hate and the conflicting emotions that make up our daily lives. Through this means of psychoanalysis, we become able to understand the inner human sentiments and feelings. This project takes the aid of different Freudian concepts viz. eros, thanatos, oedipal complex and his concept that the work of art as a product of author's repressed desires where the narrator is the manifestation of author himself. According to Freud, there are two forces at work in human beings. They are eros and thanatos. According to Greek mythology the first one denotes the life force while the later denotes the force of death. The instinct of eros perpetuates the life of an individual, and the most motivating force of life is libido which means "I desire" in Latin. Freudian clinical experience led him to view sex as the most of all social needs. Sexuality for Freud means not only sexual intercourse but all pleasurable sensations from skin. Eros works in keeping with the id.

Explaining eros, Tony Thwaites argues: Eros-which are characterized by their tendency towards an ever greater synthesis continuity, inclusiveness and union. These include both the sexual drives and the ego drives, which for all of their earlier opposition are, after all, both concerned with

synthesis and continuity: one perpetuates the species, the other preserves the individual. Thwaites views eros as a combination of both sexual as well as ego drives. He further describes that eros give continuity to life and unity in a society. It seeks to fulfill the sexual need of an individual by maintaining personal identity in a society. There is peace, harmony, tenderness etc. when one is guided by eros or life instinct. Similarly, on the other hand, thanatos is the death instinct that is located under and beside life instinct as claimed instinct. The aggressive behaviour, destructive wills, revenge and hostility motive manifest in death instinct. Death promises release from struggle when life is painful and exhausting. Here the following lines by Tony Thwaites: “The dangerous death instincts are dealt with in the individual in various ways: in part they are rendered harmless by being fused with erotic components, in part they are diverted towards the external world in the form of aggression, while to a large extent they undoubtedly continue their internal work unhindered.”(82). Thwaites analyzes these death instincts or thanatos as dangerous aspects of life. These instincts tend any individual towards death. The critic further clarifies death instincts that are related within the individual in three ways. Firstly, death instincts are harmless by being merged with sexual components. Secondly, thanatos are distracted towards the external world in the form of aggression and finally, to a large extent thanatos obviously give continuity to their internal work unhindered. The next significant Freudian concept is oedipal crisis. For Freud, the phallic stage is the oedipal crisis named after the ancient Greek story of King Oedipus who unknowingly killed his father and married his mother. According to this theory, the first love object for all of us in our mother since we want her in a broadly sexual way.

Sigmund Freud by further clarifying Oedipus complex argues, ‘The little boy notices that his father stands in his way with his mother. His identification with his father then takes on a hostile colouring and becomes identical with the wish to replace his father in regard to his mother

as well”(136). The young boy however has rivalry for his father. Father bigger, stronger and smarter so he sleeps with the mother whom the son desires. So, his father is an enemy for the son. For Freud, rivalry between father and son is the symbolical rivalry between society and suppressed individual because it is not the father who suppresses the child’s pre-oedipal desire but the whole society. Finally, work of an art as a product of author’s repressed desire in the next significant concept that is applied in the project. According to this Freudian concept human being have innumerable wishes and desires those cannot be expressed freely due to social boundary, morality and other restrictions. The desires remain suppressed in our unconscious, artists, in such situation, take the help of writing to manifest their repress desires. For this, artists inhabit the mind of their heroes. To wrap up, this research work has been divided into three major chapters. The first section of the research has included the brief introduction to the project, writing technique of the novelist in general, some critical views on the novel, literature review of the novel, departure made by this research from those critics, the hypothesis of this search, a brief introduction to the tool and an outlaying of the whole research work. The second chapter is all about reading the text from the theoretical modality that is from the Freudian concepts .The third or the final chapter of the research has contained the conclusion of the whole work.

## II. The dispute among the gangsters in *The Godfather*

This research presents family affair as the driving force behind political engagement which can be proved through good relationship among the members like Vito Corleone, Sonny, Fredho, Mikey, Connie. Through the delineation of the major characters, this researcher mainly focuses on the exploration of the psychological problem of the characters like Tom Hagen, Nostra who are guided by eros or life instinct in general and by sexual drives in particular. As a consequence, these characters establish good relation around America in surface but covertly fulfill the purest pleasure of life. Finally, Vito Corleone, the major character of the novel is dominated by thanatos or death instinct which leads him to work over the problems sincerely. In addition, this research also tries to explore the dark and guilty aspects of Coreleone family where family members work carefully.

Amerigo Bonasera sat in New York criminal court Number 3 and waited for justice; vengeance on the men who had so cruelly hurt his daughter, who had tried to dishonor her. Each of these different kinds of separate but related conflicts test protagonist's supposed objectivity in a country divided by war and political complexity. A reading of the love as a metaphor for old and new colonial interests in America is allowable, but Puzo never forgets that his characters are real people. The judge, a formidably heavy –featured man rolled up the sleeves of his black robe as if to physically chastise the two young men standing before the bench. His face was cold with majestic contempt. But there was something false in all this that Amerigo Bonasera sensed but did not yet understand. "You acted like the worst kind of degenerates", the judge said harshly. Yes...Yes, thought Amerigo Bonasera : Animals.... Animals. The two young men, glossy hair crew cut, scrubbed clean - cut face composed into humble contrition, bowed their heads in submission. The judge went on. You acted like wild beasts in a jungle and you are fortunate you did not sexually molest that poor girl. Political and sexual motives inform one another. It becomes clear after



watching the movie before reading the book that *The Godfather* novel is better than the movie even though I rank the Godfather movies as one of the best ever. This saga about Corleone family gives the best definition of the mafia genre than all the written works that may be known. The character development is unrivalled the plot is marvelous, the pace is fast, the setting is engrossing and with the complex though fascinating lessons contained within the lines one gets something close to a catechism. I think that is why Francis Ford Coppola didn't have to alter much in the story to produce the movies. The present researcher makes an effort to capture the psyche of the people when victimized by war and war politics. This researcher not only endeavors to depict the war casualties but also study the effect of the war in America. In order to present the chaotic and dismantled psyche of the people during war, uses the different constituents of psychoanalysis that Freud has innovated. This researcher has exposed the divided personality of the people in Los Angeles. Fore and foremost, it attempts to excavate how an individual is affected by the war. This researcher by using innovation instinct endeavours to dig out the internal feelings rooted in an individual's psyche. The inaccessible part of our personality; what little we know of it we have learnt from our study of the dream-work and of the construction of neurotic symptoms, and most of that is of a negative character and can be described as a contrast to the ego.

We approach the id with analogous; we call it a chaos, a cauldron full of seething excitations. It is filled with energy reaching it from the instincts, but it has no organization, produces no collective will, but only a striving to bring about the satisfaction the instinctual needs subject to the observance of the pleasure principle. The logical laws of thought do not apply in the id, and this is true above all of the laws of contradiction. From the above citation, we claim that discussion is the dark aspect which is hidden in our psyche. Unlike ego, it only endeavours to seek pleasure which is mainly relationship. Without consulting social norms and values, id tries to fulfill

its satisfaction and acts according to the pleasure principle. Carlo Rizzi was punk sore at the world. Once married into the Corleone Family, he'd been shunted aside with a small bookmaker's business on the Upper East Side of Manhattan. He'd counted on one of the houses in the mall on long beach, he knew the Don could move retainer families out when he pleased and he had been sure it would happen and he would be on the inside of everything. But the Don wasn't treating him right. The Great Don he thought with scorn. An old Moustache Pete who'd been caught out on the street by gunman like any dumb small-time hood. He hoped the old bastard croaked. Sonny had been his friend once and if Sonny became the head of the family maybe he'd get a break, get on the inside. Different characters in the novel seem to be moved by violating social norms and orders. In such depressed situation people knowingly or unknowingly compelled to distort social norms and values. He reached out and felt Connie's soft spreading buttocks .She smiled at him and he said contemptuously, "you got more ham than a hog."(124). It pleased him to see the hurt look on her face, the tears springing into her eyes. She might be daughter of the great Don but she was his wife, she was his property now and he would treat her as he pleased. It made him feel powerful that one of the Corleones was his doormat. From the childhood he had believed in permanence, and yet he had longed for it. Always he used to make others happy. It is because of war no one can believe in permanence and can't prophet what will happen tomorrow. This is a story of organized crime in the 1940's that revolves round the Corleone family.

Don Vito Corleone is the head Of a New York Mafia family. Problems arise when a gangster supported by Another Mafia family Solozzo, announces his intentions to start selling drugs over New York. Don vito hates the idea of drugs as he is quite happy with his hotel and gambling business. Don is shot by Sollozzo's men. Sollozzo then kidnapps one of Don's advisors ,Tom Hagen and tries to make him force Don's eldest son, Sonny to agree to sell drugs, but the plan goes

on wrong When Sollozzo finds out that Don Corleone is still alive. Only forty years of professional mourning kept the overwhelming frustration and hatred from showing on Amerigo Bonasera's face. His beautiful young daughter was still in the hospital with her broken jaw wired together; and now these two animals went free? It had all been a farce. He watched the parents cluster around their darling sons. Oh, they were all happy now, they were smiling now. The black bile, sourly bitter rose in Bonsera's throat, overflowed through tightly clenched teeth. He his white linen pocket handkerchief and held it against his lips. He was standing so when the two young men strode freely up the aisle, confident and cool eyed, smiling, not giving him so much as a glance. He let them pass without saying a word, pressing the fresh linen against his mouth. The parents of the animals were coming by now, two men and two women his age but more American in their dress. They glanced at him, shamefaced, yet in their eyes was an odd, triumphant defiance. Out of control, Bonasera leaned forward toward the aisle and shouted hoarsely, you will weep as I have wept- I will make you weep as your children make me weep- the linen at his eyes now. The defence attorneys bringing up the rear swept their clients forward in a tight little band, enveloping the two young men, who had started back down the aisles if to protect their parents. A huge bailiff moved quickly to block the row in which Bonasera stood. But it was not necessary.

All his years in America, Amerigo Bonasera had trusted in law and order. And he had prospered thereby. Now, though his brain smoked with hatred, through wild visions of buying a gun and killing the two young men jangled the very bones of his skull, Bonasera turned to his still uncomprehending wife and explained to her, "they have made fools of us." He paused and then made his decision, no longer fearing the cost. "For justice we must go on our knees to Don Corleone." In a garishly decorated Los Angeles hotel suite, Johnny Fontane was as jealously drunk as any ordinary husband. Sprawled on a red couch, he drank straight from the bottle of scotch in his

hand, then washed the taste away by dunking his mouth in a crystal bucket of ice cubes and water. It was four in the morning and he was spinning drunken fantasies of murdering his trampy wife when she got home. If she ever did come home. It was too late to call his first wife and ask about the kids and he felt funny about calling any of his friends now that his career was plunging downhill. There had been a time when they would have been delighted; flattered by his calling them at four in the morning, but now he bored them. He could even smile a little to himself as he thought that on the way up Johnny Fontane's troubles had fascinated some of the greatest female stars in America. Gulping at his bottle of scotch, he heard finally his wife's key in the door, but he kept drinking until she walked into the room and stood before him. She was to him so very beautiful, the angelic face soulful violet eyes, the delicately fragile but perfectly formed body. On the screen her beauty was magnified, spiritualized. A hundred million men all over the world were in love with the face of Margot Ashton. And paid to see it on the screen. Where the hell were you? Johnny Fontane asked. Out on the party, she said. She had misjudged his drunkenness. He sprang over the cocktail table and grabbed her by throat. But close up to that magical face, the lovely violet eyes, he lost his anger and became helpless again.

She made the mistake of smiling mockingly, saw his first draw back. She screamed, "Johnny, not in the face, I'm making a picture" she was laughing. He punched her in the stomach and she fell to the floor. He fell on top of her. He could smell her fragrant breath as she gasped for air. He punched her on the arms and on the thigh muscles of her silky tanned legs. He beat her as he had beaten snotty smaller kids long ago when he had been a tough teenager in New York's hell's kitchen. A painful punishment that would leave no lasting disfigurement of loosened teeth or broken nose. But he was not hitting her hard enough. He couldn't. And she was giggling at him. Spread-eagled on the floor, her brocaded gown hitched up above her thighs, she taunted him

between giggles. “Come on, stick it in. Stick in it, Johnny, that’s what you really want. Johnny Fontane got up. He hated the women on the floor but her beauty was a magic shield. Margot rolled away, and in a dancer’s spring was on her feet facing him. She went into a childish mocking dance and chanted, “Johnny never hurt me, Johnny never hurt me”, Then almost sadly with grave beauty she said, You poor silly bastard, giving me cramps like a kid. Ah, Johnny, you always will be a dumb romantic guinea, you even make love like a kid. You still screwing is really like those dopey songs you used to sing. She shook her head and said, “Poor Johnny. Good-bye, Johnny”. She walked into the bedroom and he heard her turn the key in the lock. Johnny sat on the floor with his head in his hands. The sick, humiliating despair overwhelmed him. And then the gutter toughness that had helped him survive the jungle Hollywood made him pick up the phone and call for a car to take him to the airport .There was one person who could save him. He would go back to New York. He would go back to the one man with the power, the wisdom, he needed and a love he still trusted. His Godfather Corleone. The father of the bride, Don Vito Corleone, never forgot his old friends and neighbors though he himself now lived in a huge house on Long Island. The reception would be held in that house and the festivities would go on all day. There was no doubt it would be a momentous occasion.

The war with the Japanese had just ended so there would not be any nagging fear for their sons fighting in the army to cloud these festivities. A wedding was just what people needed to show their joy. And so on that Saturday morning the friends of Don Corleone streamed out of New York City to do him honor. They bore cream-colored envelopes stuffed with cash as bridal gifts, no checks. Inside each envelope a card established the identity of the giver and the measure of his respect for the Godfather. A respect truly earned. Don Vito Corleone was a man to whom everybody came for help, and never were they disappointed. He made no empty promises, nor the

craven excuse that his hands were tied by more powerful forces in the world than himself. It was not necessary that he be your friend, it was not even important that you had had no means with which to repay him. Only one thing was required. That you, you yourself, proclaim your friendship. And then, no matter how poor or powerless the supplicant, Don Corleone would take that man's troubles to his heart. And he would let nothing stand in the way of a solution of that man's woe. His reward? Friendship, the respectful title of "Don", and sometimes the more affectionate salutation of godfather. And perhaps, to show respect only, never for the profit, some humble gift—a gallon of homemade wine or a basket of eppered taralles specially baked to grace his Christmas table. It was understood, it was mere good manners, to proclaim that you were in his debt and that he had the right to call upon you at any time to redeem your debt by some small service. Now on this great day, his daughter's wedding day, Don Vito Corleone stood in the doorway of his long beach home to greet his guests, all of them known, all of them trusted. Many of them owed their good fortune in life to the Don and on this intimate occasion felt free to call him Godfather to his face. Even the people performing festal services were his friends. The bartender was an old comrade whose gift was all the wedding liquors and on his own expert own expert skills.

The waiters were the friends Of Don Corleone's sons. The food on the garden picnic tables had been cooked by the Don's wife and her friends and the gaily festooned one- acre garden itself had been decorated by the young girl-chums of the bride. Don Corleone received everyone—rich and poor, powerful and humble—with an equal show of love. He slighted no one. That was his character. And the guests so exclaimed at how well he looked in his trux that an inexperienced observer might easily have thought the Don himself was the lucky groom. Standing at the door with him were two of his three sons. The eldest, baptized Santino but called Sonny by everyone except his father, was looked at askance by the older Italian men; with admiration by the younger. Sonny Corleone was

tall for a first-generation American of Italian parentage, almost six feet, and his crop of bushy, curly hair made him look even taller. His face was that of a gross cupid, the features even but the bow-shaped lips thickly sensual, the dimpled cleft chin in some curious way obscene. He was built as powerfully as a bull and it was common knowledge that he was so generously endowed by nature that his martyred wife feared the marriage bed as unbelievers once feared the rack. It was whispered that when as a youth he had visited houses of ill fame, even the most hardened and fearless put a pin in, after an awed inspection of his massive organ, demanded double price. Here at the wedding feast, some young matrons, wide-hipped, wide-mouthed, measured Sonny Corleone with coolly confident eyes. But on this particular day they were wasting their time Sonny Corleone, despite the presence of his wife and three small children, had plans for his sister's maid of honor, Lucy Mancini. This young girl, fully aware, sat at the garden table in her pink formal gown, a tiara of flowers in her glossy black hair. She had flirted with Sonny in the past week of rehearsals and squeezed his hand that morning at the altar. A maiden could do no more. She didn't care that he could never be the great man his father had proved to be. Sonny Corleone had strength, he had courage. He was generous and his heart was admitted to be as big as his organ. Yet he didn't have his father's humility but instead a quick, hot temper that led him into errors of judgement. Though he was a great help in his father's business, there were many who doubted that he would become the heir to it.

The second son, Frederico, called Fred or Fredo, was a child every Italian prayed to the saints for. Dutiful, loyal, always at the service of his father, living with his parents at the age thirty. He was short and burly, not handsome but with the same Cupid head of the family, the curly helmet of hair over the round face and sensual bow-shaped lips. Only, in Fred, these lips were not sensual but granite like. Inclined to dourness, he was still a crutch to his father, never disputed with him,

never embarrassed him by scandalous behaviour with women. Despite all these virtues he didn't have that personal magnetism, that animal force, so necessary for a leader of men, and he too was not expected to inherit the family business. The third son, Michael Corleone, didn't stand with his father and his two brothers but sat at the table in the most secluded corner of the garden. But even there he couldn't escape the attentions of the family friends. Michael Corleone was the youngest son of the Don and the only child who had refused the great man's direction. He didn't have the heavy, cupid shaped face of the other children, and his jet black hair was straight rather than curly. His skin was a clear olive brown that would have been called beautiful in a girl. He was handsome in a delicate way. Indeed there had been a time when the Don had worried about his youngest son's masculinity. A worry that was put to rest when Michael Corleone became seventeen years old. Now this youngest son sat at a table in the extreme corner of the garden to proclaim his chosen alienation from father and family. Beside him sat the American girl everyone had heard about but whom no one had seen until this day. He had, of course, shown the proper respect and introduced her to everyone at the wedding, including his family. They were not impressed with her. She was too thin, she was too fair, her face was too sharply intelligent for a woman, her manner too free for a maiden. Her name, too, was outlandish to their ears; she called herself Kay Adams. If she had told them that her family had settled in America two hundred years ago and her name was a common one, they would have shrugged.

Every guest noticed that the Don paid no particular attention to this third son. Michael had been his favourite before the war and was obviously the chosen heir to run the family business when the proper moment came. He had all the quiet force and intelligence of his great father, the born instinct to act in such a way that men had no recourse but to respect him. But when World War 2<sup>nd</sup> broke out, Michael Corleone volunteered for the Marine Corps. He defied his father's express



command when he did so. Late in 1945 army veteran Michael Corleone brings his fiancée Kay Adams to meet his family on his sister's wedding day. His family, however, is a little different from most families. His father Don Vito Corleone a powerful Mafia boss known as the "Godfather". His brothers Sonny and Fredo are soldiers in the organization and Sonny is the most feared enforcer in New York. His adopted brother Tom Hagen is the lawyer who handles the financial details of the family business. Scattered around the wedding reception are such luminaries as legendary hit man Luca Brasi, world-famous singer Johnny Fontane, and Mafia Capo Dominic Clemenza. After the reception Don Vito, Sonny and Tom meet with Virgil Sollozzo, a drug smuggler who wants them to become partners in his business. Though Sollozzo offers attractive terms, Don Vito declines the offer. When a few days later, the Don is cut-down and seriously wounded by a pair of assassins, the violent Sonny is tapped to take the reins of the family and vows to avenge his father. In the midst of the resultant gang war, college-boy Michael volunteers to kill Sollozzo and Captain McCluskey his police protection. Meeting with the two in a small restaurant, Michael slays them both with a hidden pistol. While Michael heads to exile in Sicily Sonny continues the gang-war, now battling both the other five New York Families and the police.

When Sonny dies in a hail of gunfire. Don Vito returns from his convalescence to forge a new peace with the other families and even manages to arrange for someone else to be convicted of the murders Michael committed, allowing his youngest son to come home. When the Don is finally felled by a heart attack and Fredo is sent to consolidate the families' power in Los Vegas, Michael is called upon to take control of the family business and take revenge on his enemies. Don Corleone had no desire, no intention, of seeing his youngest son be killed in the service of a power foreign to himself. Doctors had been bribed, secret arrangements had been made. A great deal of money had been spent to take the proper precautions. But Michael was twenty-one years of age and nothing

could be done against this own willfulness. He enlisted and fought over the Pacific Ocean. He became a captain and won medals. In 1994 his picture was printed in life magazine with a photo layout of his deeds. A friend had shown Don Corleone the magazine and the Don had grunted disdainfully and said, "He performs those miracles for strangers"(82). When Michael Corleone was discharged early in 1945 to recover from a disabling wound, he had no idea that his father had arranged his release. He stayed home for a few weeks, then, without consulting anyone, entered Dartmouth College in Hanover, New Hampshire, and so left his father's house. To return for the wedding of his father's house. To return for the wedding of his sister and to show his own future wife to them, the washed- out rag of an American girl. Michael Corleone was amusing Kay Adams by telling her little stories about some of the more colorful wedding guests. He was, in turn, amused by her finding these people exotic and, as always, charmed by her intense interest in anything new and foreign to her experience. Finally her attention was caught by a small group of men gathered around a wooden barrel of homemade wine. The men were Amerigo Bonasera, Nazorine the baker, Anthony Coppola and Luca Braci. With her usual alert intelligence she remarked on the fact that these four men didn't seem particularly happy. Michael smiled. "No they're not," he said. "They're waiting to see my father in private. They have favours to ask". And indeed it was easy to see that all four men constantly followed the Don with their eyes.

As Don Corleone stood greeting guests, a black Chevrolet sedan came to a stop on the far side of the paved mall. Two men in the front seat pulled notebooks from their jackets and, with no attempt at concealment, jotted down licence numbers of the other cars parked around the mall. Sonny turned to his father and said, "Those guys over there must be cops". There were now hundreds of guests in the huge garden some dancing on the wooden platform bedecked with flowers, others sitting at long tables piled high with spicy food and gallon jugs of black, homemade

wine. The bride, Connie Corleone, sat in splendor at a special raised table with her groom, the maid of honor, bridesmaids and ushers. It was a rustic setting in the old Italian style. Not to the bride's taste but Connie had concented to a guinea wedding to please her father because she had so displeasured him in her choice of a husband. The groom, Carlo Rizzi, was a half- breed, born of a Sicilian father and the North Italian mother from whom he had inherited his blond hair and blue eyes. His parents lived in Nevada and Carlo had left that state because of a little trouble with the law. In New York he met Sonny Corleone and so met the sister. Don Corleone, of course, sent trusted friends to Nevada and they reported that Carlo's police trouble was a youthful indiscretion with a gun, not serious, that could easily be wiped off the books to leave the youth with a clean record. They also came back with detailed information on legal gambling in Neveda which greatly interested the Don and which he had been pondering ever since. It was part of the Don's greatness that he profited from everything. Americans possess a certain strange fascination with sordid stories of malicious and violent acts of crime. Some even argue that man is naturally disposed to succumb to the dark side in order to satisfy his inherent greed and selfishness. While most people control or resist the urge to deviate everyone is intrigued by evil. The immense popularity of the Godfather, a mafia themed novel detailing the life and crimes of the Corleone family, highlights the American public's fascination with crime and deviant behaviour.

Mario puzo's desperate need to provide financially for his family, combined with his intellect talent and harsh upbringing in an area controlled by gangsters , provoked him to write The Godfather, a novel in which Puzo exposes the Violent and malicious ways of the mafia. However as the novel illustrates how the power, wealth and success can be gained through illegal actions, it gave the wrong impression that some Mafia families are respectable. When considered against the corrupt and unjust world of modern American society, the Mafia's illegal power seems justifiable

and necessary. While Puzo's work is by no means considered a literary masterpiece, the book's compelling plot, as well as Puzo's exciting style of writing the novel. A meeting of family officials determines that Sollozo, the drug dealer, will stop at nothing to kill the Don. In this endemic hypocrisy of American society, the narrators observes that "the Don got the idea that he ran his world much better than his enemies ran the greater world which continually obstructed his path"(72). Puzo suggests that to combat the corrupted officials in America, the officials must themselves be controlled. When he is contracted by the authorities about his daughter; involvement in the mafia, the reader would expect him, a minister, to explode with rage at his daughter. This system provides Don Vito an army of people who will at any time give whatever assistance they can upon his request. In fact, the book was so popular that three movies were based on its stories. He is a man who is simultaneously loved and feared. Vito remains in control of his family and restores peace and order among the other gangs. Puzo illustrates that the evil and corrupted are the ones who hold power in America, while making the reader question if these leaders, maliciousness is necessary in America, and if their actions truly harm American society. Puzo's novel enjoyed such great success largely due to its exciting, fast-paced plot. He would later write four more books about the Mafia, but none became as renowned as the Godfather.

The novel makes the Don's action seem nothing less than angelic, while the people who oppose him are evil and deserve what they get due to their moral weakness. Puzo's response to the numerous flaws in the Godfather that it isn't and expose. It's a romantic novel. Connie Corleone wasn't quite pretty girl, thin and nervous and certain to become shrewish later in life. But today, transformed by her white bridal gown and eager virginity, she was so radiant as to be almost beautiful. Beneath the wooden table her hand rested on the muscular thigh of her groom. Her Cupid-bow mouth pouted to give him an airy kiss. Don Corleone, notoriously straitlaced in such

matters, though his stout wife was screaming joyfully with the others, disappeared tactfully into the house. Seeing this, Sonny Corleone made his way to the bride's table and sat down beside young Lucy Mancini, the maid of honor. They were safe. His wife was in the kitchen putting the last touches on the serving of the wedding cake. Sonny whispered a few words in the young girl's ear and she rose. Sonny waited a few minutes and then casually followed her, stopping to talk with a guest here and there as he worked his way through the crowd. All eyes followed them. The maid of honor, thoroughly Americanized by three years of college, was a ripe girl who already had a reputation. All through the marriage rehearsals she had flirted with Sonny Corleone in a teasing, joking way she thought was permitted because he was the man and her wedding partner. Now holding her pink gown up off the ground, Lucy Mancini went into the house, smiling with false innocence, and ran lightly up the stairs to the bathroom. She stayed there for a few moments. When she came out Sonny Corleone was on the landing above, beckoning her upward. The mimicry of the Don was so extraordinary, so unexpected, that Hagen and Johnny were startled into laughter.

Don Corleone was pleased. For a moment he reflected on how much he loved this godson. How would his own three sons have reacted to such a tongue lashing? Santio would have sulked and behaved badly for weeks afterwards. Fredo would have been cowed. Michael would have given him a cold smile and gone out of the house, not to be seen for months. But Johnny, ah, what a fine chap he was, smiling now, gathering strength, knowing already the true purpose of his Godfather. Don Corleone went on. You took the woman of your boss, a man more powerful than yourself, than you complain he won't help you. What nonsense. You left your family, your children without a father, to marry a whore and you weep because they don't hit her in the face because she is making a picture, then you are amazed because she laughs at you. You lived like a fool and you have come to a fool's end. Between the head of the family, Don Corleone, who dictated policy, and

the operating level of men who actually carried out the orders of the Don, there were three layers, or buffers. In that way nothing could be traced to the top. Unless the Consiglieri turned traitor. The Sunday morning Don Corleone gave explicit instructions on what should be done to the two young men who had beaten the daughter of Amerigo Bonasera. But he had given those orders in private to Tom Hagen. Later in the day Hagen had, also in private without witness, instructed Clemenza. In turn Clemenza had told Pauli Gatto to execute the commission. Pauli Gatto would now muster the necessary manpower and execute the orders. Pauli Gatto and his man wouldn't know why this particular task was being carried out or who had ordered it originally. Each link of the chain would have to turn traitor for the Don to be involved and though it had never yet happened, there was always the possibility. The cure for that possibility also was known. Only one link in the chain had to disappear. The Consiglieri was also what his name implied. He was the counselor to the Don, his right handed man, his auxiliary brain. He was also his closest companion and his closest friend. On important trips he would go out and get the Don refreshments, coffee and sandwiches, fresh cigars. He would know everything the Don knew or nearly everything, all the cells of power. He was the one man in the world who could bring the Don crashing down to destruction. But no Consiglieri had ever betrayed a Don, not in the memory of any of the powerful Sicilian Families who had established themselves in America. There was no future in it. And every Consiglieri knew that if he kept the faith, he would become rich, wield power and win respect. If misfortune came, his wife and children would be sheltered and cared for as if he were alive or free. He kept the faith.

In some matters the Consiglieri had to act for his Don in a more open way and yet not involve his principal. Hagen was flying to California on just such matter. He realized that his career as Consiglieri would be seriously affected by the success or failure of this mission. By family business standards whether Johnny Fontane got his coveted part in the war movie, or didn't, was a

minor matter. Far more important was the meeting Hagen had set up with Virgil Sollozzo the following Friday. But Hagen knew that, to the Don, both were of equal importance, which settled the matter for any good Consigliori. The piston plane shook Tom Hagen's already nervous insides and he ordered a martini from the hostess to quiet them. Both the Don and Johnny had briefed him on the character of the movie producer, Jack Woltz . From everything that Johnny said, Hagen knew he would never be able to persuade Woltz. But he also had no doubt whatsoever that the Don would keep his promise to Johnny. His own role was that of negotiator and contact. Lying back in his seat, Hagen went over all the information that is given to him that day. Jack Woltz was one of the three most important movie producers in Hollywood, owner of his own studio with dozens of stars under contract. He was on the President of the United States, Advisory council for war information, Cinematic Division, which meant simply that he helped make propaganda movies. He had dinner at the White house. He had entertained J. Edgar Hoover in his Hollywood home. But none of this was as impressive as it sounded. They were all official relationships.

Woltz didn't have any personal political power, mainly because he was an extreme reactionary, partly because he was a megalomaniac who loved to wield power wildly without regard to the fact that by so doing legions of enemies sprang up out of the ground. Hagen sighed . There would be no way to handle Jack Woltz. He opened his briefcase and tried to get some paper work done, but he was too tired. He ordered another martini and reflected on his life. He had no regrets, indeed he felt that he had been extremely lucky. Whatever the reason, the course he had chosen ten years ago had proved to be right for him. He was successful, he was as happy as any grown man could reasonably expect, and he found life interesting. Tom Hagen was thirty- five years old, a tall crew -cut man, very selender, very ordinary -looking. He was a lawyer but didn't do the actual detailed legal work for the Corleone family business though he had practiced law for three years

after passing then bar exam. At the age of eleven he had been a playmate of eleven year old Sonny Corleone. Hagen's mother had gone blind and then died during his eleventh year. Hagen's father, a heavy drinker, had become a hopeless drunkard. A hard – working carpenter, he had never done a dishonest thing in his life. But his drinking destroyed his family and finally killed him. Tom Hagen was left an orphan who wandered the streets and slept in hallways. His younger sister has been put in a foster home, but in the 1920s the social agencies didn't follow up the cases of twelve-year old boys who were so ungrateful as to run from their charity. Hagen, too, had an eye infection. Neighbours whispered that he had caught or inherited it from his mother and so therefore it would be caught from him. He was shunned.

Sonny Corleone, a warmhearted and imperious eleven –year-old, had brought his friend home and demanded that he be taken in. Tom Hagen was given a hot dish of spaghetti with oily rich tomato sauce, the taste of which he had never forgotten, and then given a metal folding bed to sleep on. In a crime tale laced with plenty of surprise, twists, Puzo examines the underbelly of high society and paints an ugly portrait of greed in America. Don Vito Corleone, a newly single former model looking for an excuse to leave the advertising industry, finds his opening. After wrestling with his conscience Don accepts the assignments and immediately gets swept up in a complicated plot involved betrayal and murder. This intoxicating and intelligent tale of corporate corruption feels as authentic as a true crime chronicle but Don first- person narration ensures that it is much more entertaining. Take a big purse and stop at your local convenience store on the way. Mass market paperbacks- the ones that you find on the revolving displays at the drugstore, or on displays by the hundreds at your local big box department store-lend themselves for impulse buying. Got something long and boring on the horizon like a plane ride, afternoon at the beach or court-ordered marriage counseling? Grab a paperback? The price of admission is relatively low, so if the books



turns out to be a dud, you haven't invested much; they don't take up a lot of room; and they can be held with one hand and if you're practiced and dexterous enough, you can turn the page with your thumb. And once a while, you take a chance and find a treasure like a *The Godfather* by Mario Puzo. The opening gambit of *The Godfather* would be only mildly interesting in the hands of a writer with lesser ability than Don. Don Vito is a former model currently stuck in an advertisement job that he has come by degrees to abhor, and he is still reeling from the abrupt end of the relationship with the love of his life. It is ironic that he is also a part-time relationship expert, being the author of a monthly column on the subject for a women's magazine. *The Godfather* would be a great book if it was only a subtle reworking of indecent proposal. But it's much more involved than divorce settlement machinations. And indeed what seems to be a fairly straightforward storyline takes some curves and turns that leave you smiling, shaking your head in wonder and most importantly reading.

*The Godfather* has a complex plot, Mario is such a masterful writer that it doesn't seem so involved. Puzo is in no hurry here, he takes his time guiding the reader through a few labyrinths, but does so with a sure-footed assurance that never permits the plot to drag or droop. Surprises abound practically to the last page, which contains a surprisingly satisfying ending and a tantalizing promise of more to come: "I for one, will be waiting. In the most natural way, without a word being spoken or the matter discussed in any fashion, Don Corleone had permitted the boy to stay in his household. Don Corleone himself took the boy to a special doctor and had his eye infection cured. He sent him to college and law school" (102). In all these the Don acted not as a father but rather as a guardian. There was no show of affection but oddly enough the Don treated Hagen more courteously than his own sons, didn't impose a parental will upon his. It was the boy's decision to go to law school after college. He had heard Don Corleone say once, "A lawyer with his briefcase

can steal more than a hundred men with guns”(52). Meanwhile, much to the annoyance of their father, Sonny and Freddie insisted on going into the Family business after graduation from high school. Only Michael had gone on to the college, and he had enlisted in the Marines the day after Pearl Harbour. After he passed the bar exam, Hagen married to start his own family. The bride was a young Italian girl from New Jersey, rare at that time for being a college graduate. After the wedding, which was of course held in the home of Don Corleone, the Don Corleone, the Don offered to support Hagen in any undertaking he desired, to send him law clients, furnish his office, start him in real estate.

Tom Hagen had bowed his head and said to the Don, I would like to work for you. The Don was surprised, yet pleased. “You know who I am?” he asked. Hagen nodded. He hadn’t really known the extent of the Don’s power, not then. He didn’t really know in the ten years that followed until he was made the acting Consigliori after Genco Abbandando became ill. But he nodded and met the Don’s eyes with his own. “I would work for you like your sons,” Hagen said, meaning with complete loyalty, with complete acceptance of the Don’s parental divinity. The Don, with that understanding which was even then building the legend of his greatness, showed the young man the first mark of fatherly affection since he had come into his household. He took Hagen into his arms for a quick embrace and afterwards treated him more like a true son, though he would sometimes say, “Tom never forget your parents,” as if he were reminding himself as well as Hagen. There was no chance that Hagen would forget. His mother had been near moronic and slovenly, so ridden by anemia she couldn’t feel affection for her children or make a pretense of it . His father Hagen had hated. His mother’s blindness before she died had terrified him and his own eye infection had been a stroke of doom. He had been sure he would go blind. When his father died, Tom Hagen’s eleven – year-old mind had snapped in a curious way. He had roamed the streets like an animal waiting for

death until the fateful day Sonny found him sleeping in the back of a hallway and brought him to his home. What had happened afterwards was a miracle. But for years Hagen had had nightmares, dreaming he had grown to manhood blind, tapping a white cane, his blind children behind him tapping with their little white canes as they begged in the streets. Some mornings when he woke the face of Don Corleone was imprinted on his brain in that first conscious moment and he would feel safe. But the Don had insisted that he put in three years of general law practice in addition to his duties for the family business. This experience had proved invaluable later on, and also removed any doubts in Hagen's mind about working for Don Corleone. He had then spent two years or training in the offices of a top firm of criminal lawyers in which the Don had some influence.

It was apparent to everyone that he had a flair for this branch of the law. He did well and when he went into the full time service of the family business, Don Corleone had not been able to reproach him once in the six years that followed. When he had been made the acting Consigliori, the other powerful Sicilian Families referred contemptuously to the Corleone family as the "Irish gang". This had amused Hagen. It also taught him that he could never hope to succeed the Don as the head of the family business. But he was content. That had never been his goal, such an ambition would have been a disrespect to his benefactor and his benefactor's blood family. It was still dark when the plane landed in Los Angeles. Hagen checked into his hotel, showered and shaved, and watched dawn come over the city. He ordered breakfast and newspapers to be sent up to his room and relaxed until it was time for his ten A. M. appointment with Jack Woltz. The appointment had been surprisingly easy to make. The day before, Hagen had called the most powerful man in the movie labor unions, a man named Billy Goff. Acting on instructions from Don Corleone, Hagen had told Goff to arrange an appointment on the next day for Hagen to call on Jack Woltz, that he would hint to Woltz that if Hagen wasn't made happy by the results of the interview, there could be

a labor strike at the movie studio. An hour later Hagen received a call from Goff. The appointment would be at ten A. M. Woltz had gotten the message about the possible labor strike but hadn't seemed too impressed, Goff said. He added, "If it really comes down to that, I gotta talk to the Don myself." "If it comes to that he'll talk to you," Hagen said. By saying this he avoided making any promises. He was not surprised that Goff was so agreeable to the Don's wishes. The Family empire, technically, didn't extend beyond the New York area but Don Corleone had first become strong by helping labor leaders. Many of them still owed him debts of friendship. But the ten A.M. appointment was a bad sign. It meant that he would be first on the appointment list, that he wouldn't be invited to lunch. It meant that Woltz held him in small worth. Goff hadn't been threatening enough, probably because Woltz had him on his graft payroll. And sometimes the Don's success in keeping himself out of the limelight worked to the disadvantage of the family business, in that his name didn't mean anything to outside circles. His analysis proved correct.

Woltz kept him waiting for a half hour past the appointed time. Hagen didn't mind. The reception room was very plush, very comfortable, and on a plum-colored couch opposite him sat the most beautiful child Hagen had ever seen. She was no more than eleven or twelve, dressed in a very expensive but simple way as a gown woman. She had incredibly golden hair, huge deep sea-blue eyes and a fresh raspberry-red mouth. She was guarded by a woman obviously her mother, who tried to stare Hagen down with a cold arrogance that made him want to pounce her in the face. The angel child and the dragon mother, Hagen thought, returning the mother's cold stare. Finally a exquisitely dressed but stout middle-aged woman came to lead him through a string of offices to the office-apartment of the movie producer. Hagen was impressed by the beauty of the offices and the people working in them. He smiled. They were all shrewdies, trying to get their foot in the movie door by taking office jobs and most of them would work in these offices for the rest of their lives

or until they accepted defeat and returned to their home towns. Jack Woltz was a tall, powerfully built man with a heavy paunch almost concealed by his perfectly tailored suit. Hagen knew his history. At ten years of age Woltz had hustled empty beer kegs and pushcarts on the East side. At twenty he helped his father sweat garment workers. At thirty he had left New York and moved West, invested in the nickelodeon and pioneered motion pictures. At forty-eight he had been the most powerful movie magnate in Hollywood, still rough-spoken rapaciously amorous, a raging wolf ravaging helpless flocks of young starlets. At fifty he transformed himself. He took speech lessons, learned how to dress from an English valet and how to behave socially from an English butler. When his first wife died he married a world-famous and beautiful actress who didn't like acting. Now at the age of sixty he collected old master paintings, was a member of the president's advisory committee, and had set up a multimillion-dollar foundation in his name to promote art in motion pictures. His daughter had married an English lord, his son an Italian princess.

Hagen listened patiently. He had expected better from a man of Woltz's stature. Was it possible that a man who acted this stupidly could rise to the head of a company worth hundreds of millions? That was something to think about since the Don was looking for new things to put money into, and if the top brains of this industry were so dumb, movies might be the thing. The abuse itself bothered him not at all. Hagen had learned the art of negotiation from the Don himself. "Never get angry," the Don had instructed. "Never make a threat. Reason with people." The word reason sounded so much better in Italian, *ragionare*, to rejoin. The art of this was to ignore all insults, all threats; to turn the other cheek. Hagen had seen the Don sit at a negotiating table for eight hours, swallowing insults, trying to persuade a notorious and megalomaniac strong-arm man to mend his ways. At the end of the eight hours Don Corleone had thrown up his hands in a helpless gesture and said to the other men at the table, "But no one can reason with this fellow", and had stalked out of

the meeting room. The strong-arm man had turned white with fear. Emissaries were sent to bring the Don back into the room. An agreement was reached but two months later the strong-arm man was shot to death in his favourite barber shop. Woltz greeted Hagen on a glass-panel air – conditioned porch. The producer was informally dressed in a blue silk shirt open at the neck, mustard – colored slacks, soft leather sandals. Framed in all this color and rich fabric his seamed, tough face was startling. He handed Hagen an outsized martini glass and took one for himself from the prepared tray. He seemed more friendly than he had been earlier in the day. He put his arm over Hagen’s shoulder and said, “We have a little time before dinner let’s go look at my horses”. As they walked towards the stables he said, “I checked you out, Tom; You should have told me your boss is Corleone. I thought you were just some third rate hustler Johnny was running in to bluff me. And I don’t bluff. Not that I want to make enemies, I never believed in that. But let’s just enjoy ourselves now. We can talk business after dinner.

Surprisingly Woltz proved to be a truly considerate host. He explained his new methods, innovations that he hoped would make his stable the most successful in America. The stables were all fire- proofed, sanitized to the highest degree, and guarded by a special security detail of private detectives. Finally Woltz led him to a stall which had a huge bronze plaque attached to its outside wall. On the plaque was the name “Khartoum”. Woltz, as if he had been waiting for such a moment, let himself get angry. “I understand perfectly” He said. “That’s the Mafia style, isn’t it? All olive oil and sweet talk when what You’re really doing is making threats. So let me lay it on the line. Johnny Fontane will never get that part and he’s perfect for it. It would make him a great star. But he never will be because I hate that pinko punk and I’m going to run him out of movies. And I’ll tell you why. He ruined one of my most valuable protégées. For five years I had this girl under training, singing, dancing, acting lessons, I spent hundreds of thousands of dollars. I was going to make her a

star. I'll be even more frank, just to show you that I'm not a hard-hearted man, that it wasn't all dollars and cents. That girl was beautiful and she was the greatest piece of ass I've ever had and I've had them all over the world. She could suck you out like a water pump. Then Johnny comes along with that olive-oil voice and guinea charm and she runs off. She threw it all away just to make me ridiculous. A man in my position, Mr. Hagen, can't afford to look ridiculous. I have to pay Johnny off." While waiting in the floodlit colonnade of the mansion for his car, Hagen saw two women about to enter a long limousine already parked in the driveway. They were beautiful twelve-year-old blonde girl and her mother he had seen in Woltz's office that morning. But now the girl's exquisitely cut mouth seemed to have smeared into a thick, pink mass. Her sea-blue eyes were filmed over and when she walked down the steps towards the open car her long legs tottered like a crippled foal's. Her mother supported the child, helping her into the car, hissing commands into the ear. The mother's head turned for a quick furtive look at the Hagen and he saw in her eyes a burning, hawk-like triumph. Then she too disappeared into the limousine. So that was why he hadn't got the plane ride from Los Angeles, Hagen thought. The girl and her mother had made a trip with the movie producer. That had given Woltz enough time to relax before dinner and do the job on the little kid. And Johnny wanted to live in this world? Good luck to him, and good luck to Woltz.

Paulie Gatto hated quickie jobs, especially when they involved violence. He liked to plan things. And something like tonight, even though it was punk stuff, could turn into serious business if somebody made a mistake. Now, sipping his beer, he glanced around, checking how the two young punks were making out with the two little tramps at the bar. Paulie Gatto knew everything there was to know about those two punks. Their names were Jerry Wagner and Kevin Moonan. They were both about twenty years old, good looking, brown haired, tall, well built. Both were due

to go back to college out of town in two weeks, both had fathers with political influence and this, with their college student classification, had so far kept them out of the draft. They were both also under suspended sentences for assaulting the daughter of Amerigo Bonasera. The lousy bastards, Paulie Gatto thought. Draft dodging, violating their probation by drinking in a bar after midnight, chasing floozies. Young punks. Paulie Gatto had been deferred from the draft himself because his doctor had furnished the draft board with documents showing that this patient, male, white, aged, twenty six, unmarried, had received electrical shock treatments for a mental condition. All false of course, but Paulie Gatto felt that he had earned his draft exemption. It had been arranged by Clemenza after Gatto had “made his bones” in the family business.

It was Clemenza who had told him that this job must be rushed through, before the boys went to the college. Why the hell did it have to be done in New York, Gatto wondered. Clemenza was always giving extra orders instead of just giving out the job. Now if those two little tramps walked out with the punks it would be another night wasted. Paulie Gatto jumped into the car and started the motor. The two big men were beating Moonan to jelly. They did so with frightening deliberation, as if they had all the time in the world. They didn't throw punches in flurries but in timed, slow-motion sequences that carried the full weight of their massive bodies. Each blow landed with a splat of flesh splitting open. Gatto got a glimpse of Moonan's face. It was unrecognizable. The two men left Moonan lying on the sidewalk and turned their attention to Wagner. Wagner was trying to get to his feet and the two men had to work faster now. They clubbed Wagner to his knees. One of the men took his arm and twisted it, then kicked him in the spine. There was a cracking sound and Wagner's scream of agony brought windows open all along the street. The two men worked very quickly. One of them held Wagner up by using his two hands around Wagner's head like a vise. The other man smashed his huge fist into the fixed target. There



were more people coming out of the bar but none tried to interfere. Paulie Gatto yelled, "Come on, enough." The two big men jumped into the car and Paulie gunned it away. Somebody would describe the car and read the license plates but it didn't matter. It was a stolen California plate and there were one hundred thousand black Chevy sedans in the New York City. Tom Hagen went to his law office in the city on Thursday morning. He planned to catch up on his paper work so as to have everything cleared away for the meeting with Virgil Sollozzo on Friday. A meeting of such importance that he had asked the Don for a full evening of talk to prepare for the proposition they knew Spillozzo would offer the family business.

Hagen wanted to have all little details cleared away so that he could go to that preparatory meeting with an unencumbered mind. The Don hadn't seemed surprised when Hagen returned from California late Tuesday evening and told him the results of the negotiations with Woltz. He had made Hagen go over every detail and grimaced with distaste when Hagen told about the beautiful little girl and her mother. He had murmured "infamita", his strongest disapproval. He asked Hagen one final question. "Does this man have real balls"? Hagen considered exactly what the Don meant by this question. Over the years he had learned that the Don's values were so different from those of most people that his words also could have a different meaning. Did Woltz have character? Did he have a strong will? He most certainly did, but that was not what the Don was asking. Jack Woltz always slept alone. He had a big bed enough for ten people and a bedroom large enough for a movie ballroom scene, but he had slept alone since the death of his first wife ten years before. This didn't mean he has no longer used women. He was physically a vigorous man despite his age, but he could be aroused now only by very young girls and had learned that a few hours in the evening were all the youth of his body and his patience could tolerate. Wolt was not a stupid man, he was merely a supremely egotistical one. He has had mistaken the power he wield in his world to be more potent

than the power of Don Corleone. He had merely needed some proof that this was not true. He understood this message. That despite all his wealth, despite all his contacts with the president of the United States, despite all his claims of his claims of friendships with the director of the FBI, an obscure importer of Italian olive oil would have him killed. Would actually have him killed! Because he wouldn't give Johnny Fontane a movie part he wanted. It was incredible. People didn't have any right to act that way. There couldn't be any kind of world if people acted that way. It was insane. It meant you couldn't do what you wanted with your own money, with the companies you owned, the power you had to give orders. It was ten times worse than communism. It had to be smashed. It must never be allowed. Woltz let the doctor give him a very mild sedation. It helped him calm down again and to think sensibly. What really shocked him was the casualness with which this man Corleone had ordered the destruction of a world- famous horse worth six hundred thousand dollars. And just for opener. Woltz shuddered. He thought of this life he had built up. He was rich. He could have the most beautiful women in the world by crooking his finger and promising a contract. He was received by kings and queens. He lived a life as perfect as money and power could make it. It was crazy to risk all this because of a whim. May be he could get to Corleones. Hagen opened the folder that held his notes. The notes were in no way incriminating, merely cryptic reminders to make sure he touched on every important detail. Sollozzo is coming to us for help, Hagen said. He will ask the family to put up at least a million dollars and to promise some sort of immunity from the law. For that we get a piece of the action, nobody knows how much.

Sollozzo is vouched for by the Tattaglia Family and they may have a piece of the action. The action is narcotics. Sollozzo has the contracts in Turkey, where they grow the poppy. From there he ships to Sicily. No trouble. In Sicily he has the plant to process into heroin. He has safety-

valve operations to bring it down to morphine and bring it up to heroin if necessary. But it would seem that the processing plant in Sicily is protected in every way. The only hitch is bringing it into this country, and then distribution. Also initial capital. A million dollars cash doesn't grow on trees. Hagen saw Don Corleone grimace. The old man hated unnecessary flourishes in business matters. He went on hastily. Don Corleone smiled. "How do I know until I hear the percentages and other details? Besides I have to have time to think over the advice given here tonight. After all, I'm not a man who does this thing rashly." As he went out the door he said casually to Hagen, "Do you have in your notes that the Turk made his living from prostitution before the war? As the Tattaglia family does now. Write that down before you forget." There was just a touch of decision in the Don's voice and Hagen flushed. He had deliberately not mentioned it, legitimately so since it really had no bearing, but he had feared it might prejudice the Don's decision. He was notoriously straitlaced in matters of sex. Out in the street the early winter light was failing. Freddie leaned casually against the fender of the heavy Buick. When he saw his father come out of the building Freddie went out into the street to the driver's side of the car and got in. Don Corleone was about to get in on the sidewalk side of the car when he hesitated and then turned back to the long open fruit stand near the corner. This had been his habit lately, he loved the big out of season fruits, yellow peaches and oranges, that glowed in their green boxes. The proprietor sprang to serve him. Don Corleone didn't handle the fruit. He pointed. The fruit man disputed his decisions only once, to show him that one of his choices had a rotten underside.

Don Corleone took the paper bag in his left hand and paid the man with a five dollar bill. He took his change and, as he turned to go back to the waiting car, two men stepped from around the corner. Don Corleone knew immediately what was to happen. The two men wore black overcoats and black hats pulled low to prevent identification by witnesses. They hadn't expected

Don Corleone's alert reaction. He dropped the bag of fruit and darted towards the parked car with startling quickness for a man of his bulk. At the same time he shouted, "Fredo, Fredo." It was only then that the two men drew their guns and fired. The first bullet caught Don Corleone in the back. He felt the hammer shock of its impact but made his body move towards the car. The next two bullets hit him in the buttocks and sent him sprawling in the middle of the street. Meanwhile the two gunmen, careful not to slip on the rolling fruit, started to follow in order to finish him off. At that moment, perhaps no more than five seconds after the Don's call to his son, Frederico Corleone appeared out of his car, looming over it. The gunmen fired two more hasty shots at the Don lying in the gutter. One hit him in the fleshy part of his arm and the second hit him in the calf of his right leg. Though these wounds were the least serious they bled profusely, forming small pools of blood beside his body. But by this time Don Corleone had lost consciousness.

Freddie had heard his father shout, calling him by his childhood name, and then he had heard the first two loud reports. By the time he got out of the car he was in shock, he hadn't even drawn his gun. The two assassins could easily have shot him down. But they too panicked. They must have known the son was armed, and besides too much time had passed. They must have known the son was armed, and besides too much time had passed. They disappeared around the corner, leaving Freddie alone in the street with his father's bleeding body. Many of the people thronging the avenue had flung themselves into doorways or on the ground, others had huddled together in small groups. Freddie still had not drawn his weapon. He seemed stunned. He stared down at his father's body lying face down on the street, lying now in what seemed to him a blackish lake of the blood. Freddie went into physical shock. People eddied out again and someone, seeing him start to sag, led him to the curbstone and made him sit down on it. A crowd gathered around Don Corleone's body, a circle that shattered when the first police car sirened a path through them.

Directly behind the police was the Daily News radio car and even before it stopped a photographer jumped out to snap pictures of the bleeding Don Corleone. A few moments later an ambulance arrived. The photographer turned his attention to Freddie Corleone, who was now weeping openly, and this was a curiously comical sight, because of his tough, cupid-featured face, heavy nose and thick mouth smeared with snot. Detectives were spreading through the crowd and more police cars were coming up. One detective knelt beside Freddie, questioning him but Freddie was too deep in shock to answer. The detective reached inside Freddie's coat and lifted his wallet. He looked at the identification inside and whistled to his partner.

In just a few seconds Freddie had been cut off from the crowd by a flock of plain clothes man. The first detective found Freddie's gun in its shoulder holster and took it. Then they lifted Freddie off his feet and shoved him into an unmarked car. As that car pulled away it was followed by the Daily News radio car. The photographer was still snapping pictures of everybody and everything. Phillips said quickly without preamble, "Somebody shot your father outside his place. Fifteen minutes ago. He's alive but hurt bad. They've taken him to French Hospital. They got your brother Freddie down at the Chelsea precinct. You better get him a doctor when they turn him loose. I'm going down to the hospital now to help question your old man, if he can talk. I'll keep you posted."

### III. Mobwar and its Effects

This researcher digs out the issue of fight between the gangsters of mafia family in America. Two members of the another mafia gangsters shot Don Corleone. Don Corleone is hurt on some parts of the body and he is taken to the hospital by his sons for the cure. Sonny nodded. His mother bowed her head for a moment. Then she went back into the kitchen. Sony followed her. He watched her turn off the gas under the panful of peepers and then go out and up to the bedroom. Counting the driver, there were four men in the car with Hagen. They put him in the back seat, in the middle of the two men who had come up behind him in the street.

Sollozzo sat up front. The man on Hagen's right reached over across his body and titled Hagen's hat over his eyes so that he could not see. "Don't even move your pinkie," he said. It was a short ride, not more than twenty minutes and when they got out of the car Hagen could not recognize the neighborhood because darkness had fallen. They led him into a basement apartment and made him sit on a straight-backed kitchen chair. Sollozzo sat across the kitchen table from him. His dark face had a peculiarly vulturine look. Finally Hagen's mind was working. For the first time he really believed that Sollozzo didn't mean to kill him or hold him as a hostage. The sudden relief from fear that flooded his body made him flush with shame. Sollozzo watched him with a quiet understanding smile. Hagen began to think things out. If he didn't agree to argue Sollozzo's case, he might be killed. But then he realized that Sollozzo expected him only to present it and properly, as he was bound to do as a responsible Consigliori. And now, thinking about it, he also realized that sollozzo was right. An unlimited war between the Tattaglias and the Corleones must be avoided at all costs. The Corleones must bury their dead and forget, make a deal. And then when the time was right they could move against Sollozzo. But glancing up he realized that Sollozzo knew exactly what he was thinking. The Turk was smiling. And then it struck Hagen. What had happened to

Luca Brasi that Sollozzo was so unconcerned? Had Luca made a deal? He remembered that on the night Don Corleone had refused Sollozzo, Luca had been summoned into the office for a private conference with the Don. But now was not the time to worry about such details. He had to get back to the safety of the Corleone Family fortress in Long Beach. I'll do my best," he said to Sollozzo. "I believe you're right, it's even what the Don would want us to do." Sollozzo nodded gravely. "Fine," He said. I don't like bloodshed, I'm a businessman and blood costs too much money." At that moment the phone rang and one of the men sitting behind Hagen went to answer it. He listened and said curtly, "Ok, I'll tell him." He hung up the phone, went to Sollozzo's side and whispered in the Turk's ear. Hagen saw Sollozzo's face go pale, his eyes glittered with rage. He himself felt a thrill of fear. Sollozzo was looking at him speculatively and suddenly Hagen knew that he was no longer going to be set free. That something had happened that might mean his death. Sollozzo said, "The old man is still alive. Five bullets in his Sicilian hide and he's still alive." He gave a fatalistic shrug. "Bad luck," he said to Hagen. "Bad luck for me. Bad luck for you."

When Michael Corleone arrived at his father's house in Long Beach he found the narrow entrance mouth of the mall blocked off with a link chain. The mall itself was bright with the floodlights of all eight houses, outlining at least ten cars parked along the curving cement walk. Two men he didn't know were leaning against the chain. One of them asked in a Brooklyn accent, who're you? He told them. Another man came out of the nearest house and peered at his face. "That's the Don's kid," he said. "I'll bring him inside." Mike followed this man to his father's house, where two men at the door let him and his escort pass inside. The house seemed to be full of men he didn't know, until he went into the living room. The Caporegime's face was impassive, but he was sweating and the cigar in his hand glistened slickly black with his saliva. Clemenza came to wring his hand in a consoling way, muttering, "Your mother is at the hospital with your father, he

Is going to be all right.”Paulie Gatto stood up to shake hands. Michael looked at him curiously. He knows that Paulie was his father’s bodyguard but didn’t know that Paulie had stayed home sick that day. But he sensed tension in the thin dark face. He knew Gatto’s reputation as an up-and-coming man, a very quick man who knew how to get delicate jobs done without complications, and today he had failed in his duty. He noticed several other men in the corners of the room but he didn’t recognize them. They were not of Clemenza’s people. Michael put these facts together and understood Clemenza and Gatto were suspect. Thinking that Paulie had been at the scene, he asked the ferret-faced young man, “How is Freddie? He’s ok?” “The doctor gave him a shot,” Clemenza said. “He’s sleeping.” Sonny flushed and he didn’t answer for a moment. Then he said, “We had a meeting a few months ago, Sollozzo came to us with a proposition on drugs. The old man turned him down.

But during the meeting I shot off my mouth a little, I showed I wanted the deal. Which is absolutely the wrong thing to do; if there’s one thing the old man hammered into me it’s never to do a thing like that, to let other people know there’s a split of opinion in the family. So Sollozzo figures he gets rid of the old man, I have to go in with him on the drugs. With the old man gone, the family power is cut at least in half. As a matter of business I would go in with him, just in case. But he also knows that once I accepted the deal the other families would never let me start a war a couple of years later just for revenge. Also, the Tattaglia Family is behind him.”Michael shifted uneasily in his chair. He looked at his older brother. He remembered Bob could take care of themselves, especially with Luca behind them. At that moment they heard a woman scream in the living room. Oh, Christ, Michael thought, it sounded like Tom’s wife. He rushed to the door and opened it. Everybody in the living room was standing. And by the sofa Tom Hagen was holding



Theresa close to him, his face embarrassed. Theresa was weeping and sobbing, and Michael realized that the screen he had heard had been her calling out her husband's name with joy. As he watched, Tom Hagen disentangled himself from his wife's arm and lowered her back on to the sofa. He smiled at Michael grimly. "Glad to see you, Mike, really glad". He strode into the office without another look at his still-sobbing wife. He hadn't lived with the Corleone Family ten years for nothing, Michael thought with the queer flush of pride.

Some of the old man had rubbed off on him, as it had on Sonny, and he thought, with surprise, even on himself. It was nearly four o'clock in the morning as they all sat in the corner room of the hospital Sonny, Michael, TomHagen, Clamenza and Tessio. Theresa Hagen had been persuaded to go to her own home next door. Paulie Gatto was still waiting in the living room, not knowing that Tessio's men had been instructed not to let him leave or let him out of their sight. Tom Hagen relayed the deal Sollozo offered. He told how after Sollozzo had learned the Don still lived it was obvious that he meant to kill Hagen. Hagen grinned. "If I ever plead before the Supreme Court, I'll never plead better than I did with that goddamn Turk tonight told him I'd talk the family into the deal even though the Don was alive. I told him I could wrap you around my finger, Sonny. How we were buddies as kids; and don't get sore, but I let him get the idea that maybe you weren't too sorry about getting the old man's job, God forgive me"(73). He smiled apologetically at Sonny, who made a gesture signifying that he understood, that it was of no consequence. Michael, leaning back in his armchair with the phone at his right hand, studied both men. When Hagen had entered the room Sonny had come rushing to embrace him. Michael realized with a faint twinge of jealousy that in many ways Sonny and Tom Hagen were closer than he himself could ever be to his own brother. Tom Hagen looked him directly in the eye.

“Sonny, sure you outfight him. The Corleone Family has the power. You have Clemenza and Tessio here and they can muster a thousand men if it comes to an all-out war. But at the end there will be a shambles over the whole East Coast and all the other Families will blame the Corleones. We’ll make a lot of enemies. And that’s something your father never believed in.”

Michael watching Sonny thought he took this well. But then Sonny said to Hagen, “What if the old man dies, what do you advise then, Consigliori? Hagen said quietly, “I know you won’t do it, but I would advise you to make a real deal with Sollozzo on the drugs. Without your father’s political contacts and personal influence the Corleone family loses half its strength. Without your father, the other New York families might wind up supporting the Tattaglias and Sollozzo just to make sure there isn’t a long destructive war. If your father died, make the deal. Then wait and see.” Sonny was white-faced with anger. “That’s easy for you to say, it’s not your father they killed”(94). Hagen said quickly and proudly, “I was as good a son to him as you or Mike, maybe better. I’m giving you a professional opinion. Personally I want to kill all those bastards”(56). The emotion in his voice shamed Sonny, who said, “Oh Christ, Tom, I didn’t mean it that way.” But he had, really. Blood was blood and nothing else was its equal. Sonny brooded for a moment as others waited in embarrassed silence. Then he sighed and spoke quietly. “Ok, we’ll sit tight until the old man can give us the lead. But, Tom, I want you to stay inside the mall, too. Don’t take any chances. Mike, you be careful, though I don’t think even Sollozzo would bring personal family into the war. Everybody would be against him then. But be careful. Tessio, you hold your people in reserve but have them nosing around the city. Clemenza, after you settle the Paulie Gatto thing, you move your men into the house and the mall to

replace Tessio's people. Tessio, you keep your men at the hospital, though. Tom, start negotiation over the phone or by messenger with Sollozzo and the Tattaglias the first thing in the morning. Mike, tomorrow you take a couple of Clemenza's people and go to Luca's home and wait for him to show up or find out where the hell he is. That crazy bastard might be going after Sollozzo right now if he's heard the news. I can't believe he'd ever go against his Don, no matter what the Turk offered him." Hagen said reluctantly, "Maybe Mike shouldn't get mixed up in this so directly." "Right," Sonny said. "Forget that, Mike. Anyway I need you on the phone here in the house, that's more important" (35). Michael didn't stay anything. He felt awkward, almost ashamed, and he noticed Clemenza and Tessio with faces so carefully impassive that he was sure that they were hiding their contempt. He picked up the phone and dialed Luca Brasi's number and kept the receiver to his ear as it rang and rang.

Peter Clemenza slept badly. In the morning he got up early and made his own breakfast of a glass of grappa, a thick slice of bread which was still delivered to his door as in the old days. But as he padded about the house in his old bathrobe and red felt slippers he pondered on the day's work that lay ahead of him. Last night Sonny Corleone had made it clear that Paulie Gatto was to be taken care of immediately. It had to be today. Clemenza was troubled. Not because Gatto had been his protégé and had turned traitor. This didn't reflect on the Caporegime's judgment. After all, Paulie's background had been perfect. He came from a Sicilian Family, he had grown up in the same neighborhood as the Corleone children, had indeed even gone to the school with one of the sons. He had been brought up through each level in the proper manner. He had been tested and not found wanting. And then after he had "made his bones" he had received a good living from the family, a

percentage of an East Side “book” and a union payroll slot. Clemenza had not been unaware that Paulie Gatto supplemented his income with free –lance stickups, strictly against the family rules, but even this was a sign of the man’s worth. The breaking of such regulations was considered a sign of high-spiritedness, like that shown by a fine racing horse fighting the reins. And Paulie had never caused trouble with his stickups. They had always been meticulously planned and carried out with the minimum of fuss and trouble, with no one ever getting hurt: a three-thousand-dollars Manhattan garment center payroll, a small chinaware factory payroll in the slums of Brooklyn. After all, a young man could always use some extra pocket money. It was all in the pattern. Who could ever fore tell that Paulie Gatto would turn traitor? What was troubling Peter Clemenza this morning was an administrative problem. The actual execution of Gatto was a cut and dried chore. The problem was, who should the Caporegime bring up from the ranks to replace Gatto in the family? It was an important promotion, that to “button”man, one not to be handed out lightly. The man had to be tough and he had to be smart.

Clemenza had several times spoken to the Don about better rewards for the all important button man who was first in the front line when trouble arose, but the Don had put him off. If Paulie had been making more money, he might have been able to resist the blandishments of the wily Turk, Sollozzo. Clemenza finally narrowed down the list of candidates to three men. The first was an enforcer who worked with the colored policy bankers in Harlem, a big brawny brute of a man of great physical strength, a man with a great deal of personal charm who could get along with people and yet when necessary make them go in fear of him. But Clemenza scratched him off then list after considering his name for half an hour. This man got along too well with the black people, which hinted at some

flaw of character. Also he would be too hard to replace in the position he now held. The second name Clamenza considered and almost settled on was a hard working chap who served faithfully and well in the organization. This man was the collector of delinquent accounts for Family-licensed shylocks in Manhattan. He had started off as a bookmaker's runner. But he was not quite yet ready for such an important promotion. Finally he settled on Rocco Lampone . Lampone had served a short but impressive apprenticeship in the Family. During the war he had been wounded in Africa and been discharged in 1943. Because of the shortage of young men, Clemenza had taken him on even though Lampone was partially incapacitated by his injuries and walked with a pronounced limp. Clemenza had used him as a black-market contact in the garment center and with government employees controlling OPA food stamps. What Clemenza liked about him was his good judgment. He knew that there was no percentage in being tough about something that would only cost a heavy fine or six months in jail, small prices to pay for the enormous profits earned. He kept the whole operation in a minor key, which was exactly what was needed.

To wrap up, *The Godfather* presents mob war as the motivating power behind political engagement which has been proved through the mafia families. Don was in the mission of establishing peace, prosperity and happiness in New York. It happens bad luck on the side if the Don Corleone and he is shot badly on many parts of the body and he is hospitalized. Finally, we can confidently argue that through the writing of the novel, Puzo expresses his dark experiences and he transforms reality into poesy as a creative writers used to do. Lastly it is the mafia family members who compel them to be rivals and lead their life separately.

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