

can discover the accurate story, receives some detailed description in the book, but not in terms that square with information this reviewer has obtained from a highly reliable source (as they say in the intelligence business). It is enough to make one wonder whether Marchetti possessed full clearance for the Penkovsky project, and it seems likely he did not. At another point in the book the authors have Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson dismantling the State Department's intelligence organization and refusing to "read other people's mail"—this in 1939, some ten years after he disbanded the group, fully six years after he left the Department.

There remains the largest question raised by this book. Did Marchetti have, as he claims, a constitutional right to publish what he wished about the CIA, its operations, agents, fronts? The CIA's success in partly censoring the book, and its ability to win in court a permanent injunction against Marchetti's writing

and speaking on intelligence matters without submitting his text to CIA scrutiny, rested on the government's argument that Marchetti had signed an agreement with the CIA to remain silent about his work and what he learned in the course of his employment in the agency. Like all employees of the intelligence agencies Marchetti regularly, several times each year, reread and signed a digest of security rules and a pledge of secrecy. He took the CIA's money for fourteen years, promising discretion and reliability all that time, and then quit the agency dissatisfied. The courts, including the highest court in the land, have agreed that the questions involved were contractual, not constitutional, and that is likely to be the final word. It is disconcerting, to say the least, when Marchetti in his opening confession complains that the CIA has been unethical in attempting to suppress his book.

It would be easier to respect Marchetti and Marks despite the failings of their

book, despite their silly-serious stand for the First Amendment and against secret sin, if they did not hope to profit by writing a potboiler. But here one has a feeling of satisfaction, of sin found out and punished. The likely profits of the book are too small to sustain the two of them for many years. They have long since given up their government jobs, and even if the book sells well, as much as 50,000 to 70,000 copies, they cannot anticipate a pre-tax income of more than \$65,000 to \$100,000 to split between them. One wonders, without undue concern, what they will do next. They hardly write well enough to make careers as, say, contributing editors to *Ramparts*; and no one with a secret is likely to hire them now. Perhaps they should pool their capital and form a novelty company, manufacturing and selling T-shirts, pencils, balloons, and stuffed toys imprinted with appropriate slogans: "We had a secret." "We led one-and-a-half lives." "We kiss and tell...." □

Brudnoy's Film Index

■ **Amarcord:** Fellini's magnificent reminiscence of his 1930s boyhood. A lusty, loving, wry, and tender ramble through the four seasons and the many conditions of humankind. No sloppy sentimentality, but much sentiment. No holds barred, yet without the excesses of retrospective of his most recent film before this, *Roma*. A joy throughout.

■ **Amazing Grace:** A mournfully awful farce starring the irrepressible Moms Mabley, whose wicked charms are utterly buried in this embarrassment.

■ **Andy Warhol's Dracula:** From the folks who brought you *Andy Warhol's Frankenstein*, and with virtually the same cast, the same overdose of blood-letting, and the same "humor." Either you dig the macabre done up as camp, or you don't. It *does* add a dimension to the old Bela Lugosi part....

■ **Earthquake:** This month's disaster film, full of the most outrageous effects and a cast of zillions. Plus an added delight: the destruction of Los Angeles. Serves 'em right, too. The acting is as heavy as the falling buildings, but the buildings falling are the real stars. It comes in "sensurround," a sort of feelie technique that should please Aldous Huxley's ghost, so expect to jostle a bit in your seat.

■ **The Klansman:** Richard Burton, Churchill's friend, as friend of the blacks in a town which, seemingly, has written the book on bigotry. *Klansman* tries to compress every outrage against Negroes into two hours.

■ **Lacombe, Lucien:** An absolute triumph from Louis Malle, the story of a young

French peasant who becomes a collaborator in 1944, finds happiness doing the Nazis' dirty work and more happiness with a Jewish girl, then.... Beautifully done, non-preachy, powerfully communicating its message by example, subtly, brilliantly.

■ **Lenny:** Dustin Hoffman as the liberals' scourge, Lenny Bruce, here transformed into a liberal saint. Somewhere, deep within, there's an important message: don't stifle your eccentrics; let 'em be. But the film buries Lenny under the weight of its own reverence, shows us only a bit of the Lenny who skewered every convention, who made fun of everybody and everything, who rewrote the score on bad taste. Hoffman is superb, as is Valerie Perrine playing his wife, Honey. Some of the material is remarkably well transposed directly from Bruce's routines to this movie, though much of it is too chopped up to have much power. *Lenny* is only part of the real Bruce, and that not the least attractive, though it is unattractive enough.

■ **The Little Prince:** Antoine de Saint-Exupery's joyfilled tale of adult awareness of realities as seen through the eyes of a child. Here transformed into a musical so bombastic that the poor tyke is buried beneath it. One saving grace: Bob Fosse as the snake, undulating, vamping, hissing his way right into your heart. The rest goes to your stomach, like a bad matzo ball.

■ **The Memory of Us:** "The most important picture ever," the ads instruct us. Hardly, but a perceptive analysis of a

marriage in shreds, with Ellen Geer, Will Geer, and Rosemarie.

■ **The Phantom of Liberty:** Another extended dig at the bourgeoisie, from Luis Bunuel. Everything turned upside down, every convention shattered, all connective tissue severed, until at the end, suddenly, one realizes that—one doesn't understand a bit of it. But every Bunuel film is an extended dig at the bourgeoisie, this must be too.

■ **Scenes from a Marriage:** Ingmar Bergman's investigation of a modern alliance gone sour, distilled from a lengthy six-part TV series into a massively jarring movie starring Liv Ullmann. Claustrophobic photography, sophisticated and chilling dialogue, a phenomenally fine work. Not for those whose marriages are on the rocks.

■ **The Trial of Billy Jack:** Installment #3 in the profitable exploitation series on the modern saint, half-breed Billy, and his gal friend and her freedom school. Husband-wife team Delores Taylor and Tom Laughlin milk every drop of bathos from the ludicrous adventures of our hero.

■ **A Woman Under the Influence:** The finest American film of the year, without a doubt. John Cassavetes' unnerving, devastating examination of a woman distraught beyond repair, with Peter Falk ("Columbo") as Nick Longhetti and the absolutely fabulous Gena Rowlands as his wife Mabel. It is to the American film of the '70s as Bergman's *Scenes from a Marriage* is to the Swedish: the rule breaker, the pathfinder, the new standard of honesty. Not to be missed. □

The Perils of Poetry

I had never dared hope I would one day see M. published, that I would hold his books in my hands, make notes in the margins, correct mistakes in the texts, and feel that joy of knowing that the work of my life is done: the books are there, and though some things are lost, the bulk is preserved and exists. Who could have ever hoped for so much....

Nadezhda Mandelstam dared to hope for so much, and for her efforts, another chapter in the horror story of the development of the Soviet state has been preserved. Nadezhda Mandelstam is not optimistic about the future of her country. Indeed, she seems somehow anxious that her life should end. She has fulfilled her mission—the preservation, for future generations, of a great part of her husband's work. Osip Mandelstam's work has been published in the West, and after a "qualified" rehabilitation and many years of expectation, a volume of selected poems appeared in the Soviet Union in 1974.

Nadezhda Mandelstam is in her eighth decade, now residing in Moscow, a city where she was once forbidden to live for many years after her husband's death. Few are left in the Soviet Union who have witnessed, much less been intimately involved in the cruel machinations of the Soviet state from its earliest days. She has known hope for the new regime, and she has witnessed the initiation and tightening of the stranglehold on the people. She has lived through "thaws"—and she has lived through periods of repression unparalleled in modern history. She has been a part of a literary elite, and she has fought against the

extinction of its work. She has seen her friend turn informer, and has seen loved ones disappear never to be heard from again. She has treasured friendships of some of twentieth century Russia's greatest literary minds. She has known a good marriage, and she has devoted a lifetime to her husband's memory. She has known cold, hunger, rotten living conditions, and isolation. This is the material of which *Hope against Hope* and *Hope Abandoned* are written.

Hope against Hope traces the life of

Hope against Hope

By Nadezhda Mandelstam
Atheneum (1970) \$10

Hope Abandoned

By Nadezhda Mandelstam
Atheneum (1974) \$13.95

Osip and Nadezhda Mandelstam from a knock on the door which announced their separation, to Osip's death sometime in 1938. *Hope Abandoned* covers a wider period of time, tracing the couple's life together, and includes Nadezhda Mandelstam's observations on the present-day conditions of the Soviet state. Both are remarkable books. The simple fact that they exist and that we are able to read them is remarkable. As the character of the so-called open regime became known, literature and poetry were forced underground, extraordinary individuals committed hours and hours of work to memory, and Nadezhda Mandelstam must be considered the foremost among them. Both of her books today circulate only in *samizdat* (the illicit distribution of manuscripts typed or handwritten one-at-a-time by individuals), not exactly a sign that the system is any more open than it was under Stalin.

The books are remarkable as well because of what we can learn about twentieth century Russia. Not only does Nadezhda Mandelstam write well, but she is a gifted critic of her husband's work and the works of a host of other literary giants who were friends of the couple. Akmatova, Pasternak, and Mayakovski all come under her knowledgeable scrutiny. She is an excellent historian though her method is quite unchronological. As a political commentator, she paints an unforgettable picture of the nature of totalitarian government. Her memory is incredible. Nothing has escaped her watchful eye. With brilliance and candor she describes the suffering of the Russian people since 1917.

Nadezhda and Osip date their meeting

from 1919, but they did not live together until 1922, when the Civil War ended. Osip's early work had been well received, and he became associated with a group of poets called the Acmeists, who rejected the other-worldly projection which had characterized Russian poetry for more than a decade. Soon it became clear to the Mandelstams who the victors of the Civil War were, and as always, "people were bowing and scraping to them." Henceforth, Osip was in constant trouble with the Soviet regime.

Osip's troubles began in 1923, when he was blacklisted and it became difficult for him to publish or to find work. In 1925, he stopped writing original poetry. He resumed writing five years later, and his "hard core, a deep bedrock of principles which set him apart from anyone of his own or later generations" also caused him to lash out again at the regime which was destroying a people he loved. As a result, he was arrested in 1934, after reciting a poem in which he referred to Stalin as a murderer and a "peasant slayer." The secret police interrogated Osip about the poem, but Bukharin—then a member of the Party's Central Committee and later executed after one of the great show trials in Moscow—intervened to save him from death. Instead, Osip was exiled to Voronezh, where Nadezhda joined him. Through her he was able to keep contact with Akmatova and other friends. In 1937, they were allowed to return to Moscow, but were denied housing because of Osip's previous arrest. On May 1, 1938 Osip Mandelstam was arrested once more, never to be seen by his wife again.

For the rest of her life, Nadezhda Mandelstam was devoted to the memory of her husband. Anna Akmatova, probably Russia's greatest woman poet, was to say to her, when learning of Osip's death, "Now you are all we have left of Osip."

To their life together, Osip Mandelstam gave firm direction. It was almost as if he knew what the future was to hold, and he was determined to preserve as much as he could through his devoted wife. He was insistent on molding her in his image. He and Akmatova taught her to appreciate and understand poetry, and she became a gifted critic. Of their relationship, she says, "In shaping himself, he shaped me as well, the two things went together." Though she often recoiled from his dominance, she has no regrets about the life they lived together. She would be content "to sit at his side, never saying a word or interrupting." Her mission in life sustained her and without it she believes she would have long ago fallen by the wayside. It has been a long and hard fight and Nadezhda often wonders about the suffering they had to endure.

Poets Need Not Apply

In the aftermath of an unfortunate encounter that our erstwhile production manager had with a small Egyptian cobra, which our editor has been entertaining as a house guest. The Alternative has an immediate opening for a production manager. Of course, in conformity with all the abstruse canons of constitutionality vouchsafed us by our judicial seers we shall consider any idiot who staggers into the office, but we would like to suggest that it is commendable for all applicants to have a vague familiarity with the English language, some curiosity about public affairs, the ability to type, read proof, and do layout and pasteup.

If you are interested in the above mentioned patriotic service please contact Baron Von Kannon at P.O. Box 877, 102 W. Sixth Street, Bloomington, Indiana 47401. Telephone: (812) 334-2715.