

the film in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. If this move proves financially successful, it will probably do the same elsewhere.

### Neutralism Is Impossible

It is quite evident, then, that the current anti-American trend in Japan is not just an inevitable swing of the pendulum but is largely the result of deliberate, concerted agitation by the Communist-supported pacifists and the Communists themselves. Such agitation can hardly be expected to die down as long as the present tension between East and West continues unabated, and as long as Japan finds itself enmeshed in the struggle.

Admittedly, the task of finding effective countermeasures to check the growth of anti-Americanism is primarily up to Japan itself. It will not be easy, in view of the head start the pacifists and the Communists have been allowed to gain. But a determined effort to combat anti-Americanism will be favored by the fact that the arguments of the anti-American elements are largely based on fear and sentimentalism rather than on a realistic appraisal of Japan's best interests.

Though the solution rests first or all with Japan, American co-operation can certainly make its achievement easier. As a Japanese, the writer would not presume to suggest the precise form and extent of this co-operation. He would merely like to proffer the opinion that the more it is based on a spirit of confidence and equal partnership and the less it takes the form of direct and obvious pressure, exemplified by the Dulles and Knowland admonitions to rearm posthaste, the greater will be the chances of reversing the anti-American trend of Japanese opinion.

One thing is certain. Because of its situation—geographical, economic, political, and strategic—Japan cannot stand neutral as the Japanese pacifists advocate. Its alienation from the American camp would inevitably lead to its absorption within the Red orbit.

That is why neither Japan nor the United States can afford to sit back and let the pacifist-Communist propaganda effort succeed by default.

## VIEWS & REVIEWS

# Any Resemblance . . . Waste Product

MARYA MANNES

SHE IS one of the defenseless, Henrietta; having harmed no one, yet being the object of harm; helpless in a society which helps itself; acutely single in a plural world. What pretenses she has are directed toward herself, in the name of survival.

Where will you find her? Oh, in many places in a big city. You will pass her in the street wherever you walk. You will see her in the park, almost hidden by pigeons, with only her feet and the hands that are reaching into the paper bag visible through the gray flutter. You will see her through the plate-glass windows of a big, brilliantly lit cafeteria, eating—at five in the afternoon—her dinner of chicken à la king or cream cheese on date bread. And—if you are so inclined—you may spot her at one of those meetings in a bare rehearsal hall where a young man with a soft white face speaks of “Joy” and “Peace” and “Other-Living.”

THERE WILL be something about her clothes and her walk that will arrest your eye, and, after you have passed, will stir your pity or derision, depending on your disposition. She may be talking to herself or shaking her head or frowning or smiling. She is one of many thousands, and you cannot miss her.

Certainly you cannot miss Henrietta. The back of her matted, frizzy hair is rusty with dye, the front a grizzled brown. Everything she has on but her shoes is green: pot hat with felt flowers, perched on top of her bushy pate; checked green coat

of no style; green earrings, dangling; and around her neck some green beads and a scarf with a lot of green in it. The greens do not match. Her tan lisle stockings are twisted around her ankles and her shoes are dusty oxfords, cracked at the joints of her toes and gaping around the instep. She carries parcels in brown paper bags (food for the pigeons?) and a large plastic carry-all handbag. Henrietta is not actually freakish, but she is certainly bizarre. You might call her “not quite there.”

You would be quite right, Henrietta is not quite there. But it is hard to say where she is. No one has really known ever since Henny was a little girl in upstate New York.

HER FATHER was the community's hardware merchant—kind, reliable, completely preoccupied with business. Her mother came from a “good family” and was a hypochondriac—querulous, silly, and turned in on herself. They had two children, of whom the boy, Fred, was their pride and joy, and Henrietta, the elder, their chronic distress. Not that she wasn't a good child—she

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was very good, very obedient and quiet. But she was very slow at school — backward, really — and no good at anything but drawing flowers. Tiny flowers. She would lie down in the grass in summertime—even when she was sixteen—and make minute drawings of the smallest blossoms and grass forms she could find. Her mother was embarrassed by these efforts.

As Henny grew into adolescence, her parents found they could do nothing about her appearance. She was untidy and not too clean, and her clothes were—in the eyes of her schoolmates—outlandish. Or rather, she wore them in an outlandish way. She was always either too quiet or too giggly or too weepy. Her brother was sorry for her, but also repelled; he teased her about boys, pretending that they were madly in love with her.

At one point her parents consulted their doctor about her. He admitted that Henny was not quite—well—up to her age, but said she'd grow out of it. He prescribed certain tonics and advised plenty of air and exercise. "She must see more people of her own age," he said, presumably unaware that people of her own age did not want to see her. In those days and in that community there was no psychiatry, although a friend of Henny's father suggested that maybe she needed mental help. Her mother rejected this thought with

violence. "Mental" was a word of horror. She clamped down hard on the memory of her grandmother, who had been committed to a "place" fifteen years before.

As HENRIETTA reached her twenties, without friends, beaux, or the capacity to work, her parents were desperate. Poor silly Henrietta, what could she do in the world, looking as she did, acting as she did? It wasn't that she was crazy—just strange and confused, except for certain things; birds and flowers and saving money, for instance. And in any case the dreadful strain of having her in the house was telling on her mother's health.

Then something happened to rescue Henrietta. An eccentric uncle, who had seldom seen her but who must have been guided by a compassionate intuition, left Henrietta all his money when he died. It was enough to allow her an income of about two thousand a year; certainly enough to save Henrietta from that Worst which no one ever dared define.

Henny's cloudy, distant mind understood what this meant: freedom. One day while her parents were out of the house she threw some things in a bag, went to the highway, and flagged a bus. That was the last her parents ever saw of her. They got a letter three days later, smudged and scrawled and misspelled, saying that

she was all right in the city and very busy. She gave no address. Her parents told each other that they must try and trace her, but they never did. To others they said that Henny was doing fine in the city and seemed happy at last. They might have been right.

Now, thirty years later, Henny is indeed very busy. What with the pigeons and Joy and Peace and keeping accounts, she has barely a moment to herself. She has so many things to do that she has to make lists of them every day. If you should see Henrietta in a bus, for instance, you will notice her taking slips of paper out of her big, stuffed bag and examining them. If you look over her shoulder you will see that they are covered with writing, like messy shopping lists. If you look closer you will find that the writing does not mean anything at all. It is empty scribble, letterless.

Then Henrietta will fumble for a pencil and start to cross off the items by drawing a line through them. She will do this until all the pieces of paper, back and front, are covered with canceled scribble.

Then, if you watch her closely, she will start writing a new list—and then cross the items on *that* off. It is wonderful for Henrietta to have so much to do. Everybody in the city has so much to do. It keeps a person from being lonely, doesn't it?



# Two Envoys:

## 1. Bowles in India

ROBERT SHAPLEN

AMBASSADOR'S REPORT, by Chester Bowles. Harper's. \$4.

**P**ERHAPS at no time and nowhere was a great world power so peculiarly perplexed as we were in Asia after V-J Day. At first the perplexity was the result of the war's abrupt end and of certain unavoidable problems of military occupation. But it was soon followed by less pardonable miscalculations—political, psychological, social, and economic.

The tendency nowadays is to blame all our failures and shortcomings on our unawareness of Communist imperialism. But it was much more complicated than that. What we faced in each Asian nation was different, and it was all different from what we faced in Europe. No one policy and no one man—neither Stettinius, Byrnes, Marshall, Acheson, nor Dulles—can be blamed for what was done wrong or not done at all. And comparisons with Europe only confound matters; what worked in Greece, for example, would never have worked in China.

Will we do any better in India than we have done elsewhere in Asia? This is the crucial question with which *Ambassador's Report* is concerned.

**M**R. BOWLES has filled his book with graphic information, lively but carefully considered opinions, and the sort of direct, positive thinking one might expect from a former captain of the advertising industry. Endowed with a sound liberal outlook, a deep sense of political responsibility, and a rare mixture of sophistication, humility, and zeal, Mr. Bowles was determined when he undertook his job as Ambassador to India (which he thought would last a lot longer than the year and a half it did) to stay out of striped pants and streamlined cars and to learn as much as he could about India. He was also determined to make learning a two-way process by clearing

up many of the misconceptions Indians have acquired about America through ignorance and Communist propaganda.

One does not have to agree with everything Mr. Bowles says to comprehend the transcendent importance of India to the United States. He has done a great deal to explain the mysterious, provocative, and often maddening subcontinent to his fellow citizens, many of whom, as he says, are ahead of their bureaucrats in their thinking. He has done this, in part, by forcing us to look back as well as ahead.

Unlike in Europe, it has invariably taken a crisis to stir us to action in Asia. In Europe, in the face of misery and despair, we have acted out of hope, toward rebuilding. In Asia, in the face of misery and hope,

we have acted out of despair, toward mere shoring up. We've been largely motivated by ideas in Europe, by improvisation in Asia.

Will we now respond to India in time? Mr. Bowles does not exaggerate when he says that India's ability to surpass, by democratic means, China's accomplishments under dictatorship will determine *in the next few years* the future of all of Asia. Peking and New Delhi are the poles of attraction. India may offer us our last chance to have friends instead of enemies on the Asian mainland.

### 'Pilot Plants' Are Not Enough

There are several facets to the problem as Bowles puts it. What have we done to date? What is already, under the Republicans, being undone? What does India need most? What will India let us do?

Mr. Bowles considers the Point Four program—which he notes has already been cut almost out of existence—as “the most creative idea of our generation.” If we give it up, he adds, “It would be one of the most tragic mistakes in the history of American policy.”

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