

to our farms and businesses, and fishing at Thomson's Falls . . ."

I couldn't help it. "How?" I said.

He shrugged. "How do a few thousand Mau Mau get two million Kikuyu to protect them, and join them, and take their sickening Mau Mau oaths? By terror. It's so simple. Let us shoot a few hundred Kikuyu a week. They'll be more terrified of us than they are of the Mau Mau. It'll be over in months."

I was staggered. "Do you mean shoot them whether or not they're Mau Mau?"

"Of course," said the sweetest boy in all the world. "How did you handle the Indians?"

I was trying not to look at Anne. I was thinking, "What have I to say to this man? That we hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal? What do I, a man with that most valuable document on earth, an American passport, a man with an address on a quiet street in California—what do I know about survival, and the Aberdare forests, and pangas whistling in the night, and cows with their udders cut off, and black women with their intestines spilled out, and ancient hatreds and mortal fears?"

I heard Anne say, "Have you killed these people yourself?" I heard him laugh. "Fitz, please. Have you killed these people yourself?"

He was looking at his hands, and taking his time. "I don't know," he said slowly. "Since they aren't people, Anne, I don't quite know what to say."

"Please," she said. She was pale; she was struggling. "You know what I mean. Just tell me. How many have you killed?"

"I don't know," he said, and smiled. "Really, I couldn't care less."

Somebody in the back of the room called his name, and he rose. "Back in a minute." He disappeared.

Anne and I were looking at each other across the table. She must be forty by now, I thought. There'd be some gray if she let that copper hair grow out.

"Take me home," she said. "Quickly."

THE DOWNTOWN STREETS in Nairobi are brilliantly lighted these nights since the Emergency, but of

course empty. I was lucky and found a taxi, and I took her to the Norfolk at the edge of town. We stood for a moment by the bougainvillea. She said something about location in Uganda, and that she might not be seeing me. And then suddenly she flung her arms about me—because, I suppose, I was the only American around—and she fled to her cottage.

I returned to downtown Nairobi, and the whitened empty streets, and the New Stanley. Half a dozen heavily armed young men stood talking, quietly and with a kind of eagerness, on the steps. They seemed to

be waiting for something. I offered them my taxi, but they were expecting transport. I remembered the Ford salesman from Canada who had been killed on these steps a year or so ago.

My back room on the third floor smelled heavy and closed. I undressed, and locked the door, and took my radio to bed with me. Under the tall white shroud of my mosquito net, I listened to the Nairobi station until it signed off at eleven o'clock. It played "Hey, There," and "People Will Say We're in Love."

BROADWAY SPECULATIONS: *The E.A. in Theater*

MARYA MANNES

E.A. IS NOT a Greek political party or a new government agency. The letters stand for the new privileged class, the aristocracy of business: those whose pleasures are paid by an expense account.

With E.A. a mediocre musical can run for years. Without E.A. a good play can expire in weeks. Theater people estimate that thirty to forty per cent of the New York theater audience is an expense-account audience, and that this is the percentage between life and death.

What kind of a play do the E.A.s want to see? Well, they want to see a hit. They want to see stars. They want, of course, to be entertained—not stimulated, or depressed, or alarmed, but entertained. If Mr. Sampson, Western Sales Manager for the Cavity Drill Corporation, comes to New York on a business trip and is not taken to "The Pajama Game" or "Fanny" or "Silk Stockings," it is a reflection on Cavity Drill's Eastern management

and on Mr. Sampson's standing with the firm. A hit show is as much part of a business trip as a room with a bath.

Much out of Little

Now there is not the slightest implication intended here that a hit cannot be a good play, and vice versa. "Bus Stop" is a first-rate play, and so is "The Desperate Hours." "Anastasia," "The Bad Seed," and "Witness for the Prosecution"—all hits—are highly skillful and often exciting theater fare, worthy of a wide range of support. It is in the musicals, probably, that the fundamental character of E.A. patronage reveals itself, which is the worship of Production over Content. Given the particular American genius for taking little and making it much, material as fundamentally thin both in music and book as that of "Fanny," "Can-can," or "House of Flowers" can be made into a rousing hit with an indefinite run. It is rea-



sonably certain that with a hundred thousand dollars, several Names, pretty girls, and a top director, a producer would be assured of an inexhaustible audience for a musical version of Winchell's column. The E.A.s get a lot for their money, if "a lot" can be defined as a magnificent jewel-encrusted box with nothing in it.

Now you can say that if people are happy with empty boxes and willing to pay for them, it's their own fault: They are suckers. And knowing that the supply of suckers has been constant since time immemorial, it is the rare producer who does not profit by them.

The Sure Thing

Yet there is inevitably this question of standards. If you can get away so very profitably with the second-rate, why take a chance on the first-rate, in which there is always the element of risk? (Too intelligent for people? Too subtle for people? Too bold for people?) The "angels" will quite naturally gravitate toward the Sure Thing, serene in the knowledge that if you can get Joshua Logan to direct and Ezio Pinza to sing, the brokers will buy up blocks of seats for six months in advance regardless of what is directed or sung. On the other hand, the producer with a good script and no Names will think twice before he invites the harrowing ordeal of finding backers to gamble on it. Through their lack of discrimination, the E.A.s have made things tough indeed for the discriminating writer and producer.

They have made it even tougher for the discriminating playgoer. Since money is no object, since they do not pay out of their own pocket, expense-account theatergoers can buy up all the best seats at a show at any price the broker demands. The remaining sixty-five per cent of the audience who are not on expense account are either rich enough to pay twenty dollars apiece for brokers' seats or importunate enough to pay six or seven dollars apiece for inferior seats and wait several months to occupy them. Those who cannot afford the price or the far-off commitment, or will not tolerate the contemptuous indifference of the box office, simply do not see the play.

The Forgotten One Million

The number of theater lovers in New York itself (out-of-towners plan their trips months ahead and their tickets accordingly) who do not get to the theater should give pause to producers, even to the happy producers of hits. For they are the true potential supporters of a healthy theater; more interested in good acting and good writing than in the celebrity of actor or writer; people who could restore some sort of balance in an economy—profoundly unhealthy in any art—where only the wholly popular or wholly acceptable survives. It is estimated that there are potentially one million of these people in New York alone. They would buy tickets, if tickets were available and reasonable, to the kind of play that would



not necessarily amuse or impress Mr. Sampson of the Cavity Drill Corporation. And they could keep it going.

How to tap them, how to make seats available and reasonable? There is only one answer, and that is a statute comparable to the tacit code of English brokers (and there is no theater more flourishing and accessible than in London) prohibiting block buying of seats and abiding by definite and inalterable brokerage fees (a few shillings there) on all tickets.

And why is this not done here? The usual reasons: politics, profits, an administration too fearful to tangle with money and power, a citizenry too timid to assert its rights in common action.

There can be no broad democratic support of an art if there is no democracy in its economic practices. And there can be no real discrimina-

tion in theater if the privilege of attending it is a matter of money alone; someone else's money at that.

II. The Saint and Fry

In any group where theater is discussed someone will bring up "The Saint of Bleeker Street," and someone will wonder out loud why it is in such dire straits after some of the most magnificent reviews of the season and after a run of only three months. Ostensibly this Gian-Carlo Menotti opera has everything: great dramatic and musical excitement, a flawless production, dynamic pace. Menotti is probably the outstanding talent in the musical theater today. Thousands who would not be dragged to opera have been entranced by "The Medium," deeply affected by the major "Consul" and the minor "Amahl and the Night Visitors."

Admittedly, argues its young and brave producer, Chandler Cowles, "The Saint" may not be Expense Account meat: It is violent, disturbing, and starless. And indeed, the absence of the E.A. audience was marked. But where were those million potential supporters, the true lovers of theater? In spite of their possible fears to the contrary, seats were almost always available. What happened?

It is this reviewer's feeling that the trouble lay equally with the opera and the audience. Even to its most ardent admirers, the human motivations in "The Saint" were obscure and unconvincing. Yet such was the fervor and talent of their musical expression that this fault alone would not have put people off. I believe the real reason was that "The Saint of Bleeker Street" was a play with such intensely Catholic associations that it set up deep reactions, conscious or unconscious, among non-Catholics that ranged from upsetting to repellent. To these people, the simple girl who suffered the stigmata was not an adequate vessel for sainthood. Faith, pain, and sweetness are to many of us—and to the strictest Catholic understanding—not sufficient for a state of true holiness, which we recognize not as a divine accident but as the ultimate form of wisdom. We cannot care for Annina, and if we cannot care for

her, the play's passion—however gripping and admirable musically and dramatically—becomes an assault on the mind rather than an affirmation of the spirit. "The Saint" disturbs many of us, not because it makes us think but because it tries to make us feel what we cannot believe.

If there is some truth in this explanation, there is a clue in the estimate that seventy per cent of those who support theater arts in New York are Jewish (the same percentage, incidentally, that supports our museums and symphonies). The very Catholic "Saint" disturbs them, whether they admit it or not.

Now it is true that such racial generalizations can never be finite and that there were Jews who found nothing disturbing at all in "The Saint." Yet it is reasonable to assume that if the Jewish audience, large as it is, were supporting the opera, it would be playing to full houses nightly instead of only on weekends.

There is another interesting point. In spite of a highly favorable reception in the Catholic press, the Catholic audience of New York was conspicuously absent. I would hazard a guess here that while European Catholics continue to play an important role in the intellectual and artistic life of the continent, New York Catholics have not yet taken their full place in the intellectual and artistic life of the city.

Whatever the reason, a major work of contemporary theater is dying on its feet.

ONE WOULD have supposed, for quite other reasons, that "The Dark Is Light Enough," by Christopher Fry, would fare better than it has. Here is a play by England's leading dramatic poet, with two stars who should draw large groups of people: Katharine Cornell, the idol of serious and suburban theatergoers, and Tyrone Power, a favorite with millions of movie fans. But I think here that the "true supporters," not seduced by names, recognize (with justifiable irritation) that Mr. Fry does not make himself clear, that the play is badly constructed and poorly motivated, and that even Miss Cornell's familiar projection of mature radiance and Mr. Fry's often delightful way with words do not,

in the end, prevent the play from being a dragging riddle. They recognize, too, that Tyrone Power is



grossly miscast in a part that for its sheer unattractiveness few actors would want. Possibly with actors

playing in the same key as John Williams, who is the real star of the performance, "The Dark Is Light Enough" would have pace and wit enough to blur its faults. As it stands, it can please only those who will see Miss Cornell in anything or who believe that they understand what Mr. Fry is saying and like it because he says it.

Here indeed is the other end of the scale—the indiscriminateness of those who feel secure in their discrimination.

How Henry Regnery Got That Way

THOMAS D. PARRISH

IT IS POSSIBLE to argue that liberals are just as good at political name-calling as the most furious right-wingers. In fact, it's probably somewhat easier to get yourself called a fascist these days than to get a man to risk legal action calling you a Communist.

Imagine, then, the epithets that come the way of a publisher who has issued books that seem to attack academic freedom, praise and support Senator McCarthy, maintain that China was a free gift from the State Department to Stalin, and argue that German militarism was created by the French general staff.

Henry Regnery has published *God and Man at Yale*, *McCarthy and His Enemies*, *Back Door to War*, *The China Story*, and *The High Cost of Vengeance*—books that make among other points the ones enumerated above. Are dark forces crouching behind the Regnery imprint, as some have suggested, supplying the company with manuscripts and the money to publish them, but keeping carefully out of

sight? The fact is that Regnery is a rich man, and available evidence indicates that he has invested several hundred thousand dollars of his own money in his publishing venture. Even so, millionaires are apt to become highly suspect when they turn to publishing.

On the first page of the current Regnery catalogue I find listed a book on poetry by Louise Bogan; *The Three-Cornered Hat* (with woodcuts); Milton's *Areopagitica*; *The Paschal Mystery*, an analysis of Catholic Holy Week liturgy; and Plato's *Apology*. *America's Second Crusade* by William Henry Chamberlain is also there, to be sure, but all in all the catalogue is a pretty diverse list.

Not including reprints of classics, which are an important Regnery item, it carries a total of about 140 titles, which can be divided into three main groups. Forty-four books, including five novels, make up the miscellaneous category: literature and the arts, biography (nonpolitical), cookbooks, and even the Chicago White Sox Yearbook, a notably uncontroversial work. The most remarkable book here, without any doubt, is a biography of Benjamin Harrison "through the Civil War to the beginning of the Presidency." The other ninety-three titles involve either religion and philosophy (fifty-

