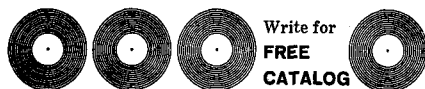


# **NOW RENT** **SPOKEN** **LP** **RECORDS**

at 10c per disc per day . . . then buy them if you wish. Relax and listen to complete novels, plays, poetry and documentaries . . . languages and instruction . . . from Listening Library's collection of more than 700 LP records and tapes. Ideal for the literary . . . for the eye-weary . . . for teachers, students, drama groups . . . adult parties . . . children . . . self improvement. Free 52-page catalog describes records and membership plan. Write or visit Listening Library, Inc., Dept. R6, 10 East 44 St., New York 17, N. Y.





**SIX HAND-PRINTED POSTERS**  
American 19th Century

*Unusual Collection—Decorative—in Color*

- #1 - \$100,000 REWARD FOR MURDERER OF LINCOLN with illustrations of three assassins.
- #4-CIVIL WAR-CAVALRY RECRUITMENT, charging stallion.
- #5-THE GOLD RUSH, TRAVEL VIA RIVERBOAT, old sidewheel boat.
- #3-T. Roosevelt, election #2-Jesse James, theatrical #6-Snuff, commercial.

1st Edition limited to 750 numbered posters—An unusual gift! Of interest to discriminating buyers for library, den, living room, office.

Hand-printed on fine vellums—beautifully illustrated in color—large (2x3 feet)—Collector's registration certificate. Each poster \$4.50, 6 for \$22.50 or send for Free Prospectus.

FLAGHOUSE, INC., 2910R 3rd Ave., N.Y.C. 28

**USE POSTAL**  
**ZONE NUMBERS**  
**ON**  
**ALL YOUR MAIL**

the question, and this interplay is itself the point. But Mr. Hare, like a husband asking what the ladies really stand for, keeps searching for a consistent point of view. And in this search he is inevitably drawn to statements about groups—Jews, Slavs, revolutionaries, Europeans—and about institutions, such as autocracy, Roman Catholicism, pan-Slavism. Now Dostoevsky, as it happened, completely lost his reason when he wrote about groups and institutions; his rantings are of interest

only for the limited insight they offer into the pathology of a great artist. Dostoevsky was supremely a novelist, and it is in his supernatural understanding of people—in his eloquent pleas for a pregnant mother driven to attack her stepdaughter by forces she could not understand or in the lovely scene from *The Brothers Karamazov* of Alyosha and the children at the grave of a persecuted little boy—it is in moments such as these that what is unique and essential in his views can be found.

## The Ides of May

JOSEPH KRAFT

**L**ES 13 COMLOTS DU 13 MAI, by Merry and Serge Bromberger. Available at the *Librairie de France*, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York. \$4.60.

To millions of Frenchmen all military coups are variants of Napoleon's 18th Brumaire (1799), popular fronts mean *le 6 février* (1934), and de Gaulle is the man of the 18th of June (1940). Distant and largely irrelevant, the historic dates survive and play a part in events like fixations in the mind of the neurotic; and their number mounts. This year, for the first time, France was *en fête* for the "Ides of May."

On May 13, 1958, the Algiers mob sacked the Government General, opening the way to the third coming of Charles de Gaulle and the fourth death of a French republic. Rich in incident and color, the revolution of *le treize mai* was conveniently located and became one of the best-covered incidents in journalistic history. Still, a certain fishiness, an aura of men playing parts already well rehearsed, suffused the drama, inspiring an inquest that now includes more than a dozen testaments. Of these, the best by far is *Les 13 Complots du 13 Mai*, by the Bromberger brothers, a pair of skilled reporters with impressive contacts on both sides of the Mediterranean. Their verdict on the contentious points is that the revolution was made, not born, then filched from its makers and turned to Gaullist account.

"Thirteen plots" is of course an exaggeration, for the reason that toward the end virtually everybody was *dans le coup*. At the beginning, in 1956, two main groups hoped to use Algeria as an icebreaker against the Fourth Republic. The Gaullists (Jacques Soustelle in the National Assembly; Jacques Chaban-Delmas at Defense; Michel Debré in the Senate; Léon Delbecque in Algiers) kept tempers feverish in public, and in private worked for a change in the top military command. Their idea was that new generals in Algiers would take a stand against Paris, forcing the politicians to call in de Gaulle as the one man able to bring the army to heel. De Gaulle himself, "the best-informed man in France," did not lift a finger: "I don't want to hear about anything," he said once when Soustelle sought his blessing. No D-Day was ever set for the Gaullist plot—if, indeed, so strong a word can be used—and on May 13 the principal leaders were in France playing Alphonse and Gaston as to who should descend on Algiers while Delbecque, though on the spot, was hours behind events.

**T**HE PACE was set by a group of local European activists in Algiers, dedicated to the proposition that Algeria should stay French and keen to win the army to their cause. Convinced (probably wrongly) that Pierre Pflimlin was certain to be invested as French premier, and be-

lieving (with more reason) that once he was in office he would negotiate with the Moslem nationalists, they found occasion for action in a mass rally, called for May 13 to commemorate three soldiers executed by the nationalists. On the night of May 12—and this is the principal Bromberger revelation—seven of the activists swore at a secret meeting to convert the rally into an assault on the Government General: “We must face the army with the choice,” one said, “of either joining us or firing on us.”

The army did not fire, and an hour and a half after the assault began, the activists were in command. Generals Raoul Salan and Jacques Massu, seeking to bring order out of chaos, placed themselves at the head of the mob. Both generals, by a curious irony, had been earmarked for replacement in the original Gaullist plan. Thus the Gaullists, outmaneuvered, were in trouble.

They rallied smartly. By midnight on the thirteenth, Delbecque was in touch with Salan, trying to mend fences. De Gaulle's press conference of the fifteenth set up an additional pull on the commander in Algiers. Still, on the seventeenth, when Soustelle, eluding the Paris police, reached Algiers, his reception was cool and it was a near thing whether he would be allowed to stay. In the next week Salan broke up a Soustelle-Delbecque maneuver to install a Gaullist directorate over Algeria. The Gaullist riposte was to organize, with help from Massu, a drop of paratroopers from Algiers on Corsica. By that step, Salan “without even knowing it, crossed the Rubicon.”

In Paris, the Pflimlin government, its investiture assured by the events of May 13 which won over the Communist vote, had also been wooing Salan. The premier was in daily contact with him, had given him full powers over Algeria, and maintained the flow of food, arms, and men across the Mediterranean. Corsica made further co-operation impossible; and by that time it was too late to fight. The Paris workers, heroes of half a dozen uprisings from Bastille Day to the Commune, now preferred the weekend in the country. All of the higher rungs of the administra-

tion were hostile to “the system.” General Maurice Challe, as assistant to the chief of staff, supplied troop transports to Algiers to make possible a paratroop assault on Paris; and when a new chief of staff was named, the replacement served Salan and de Gaulle as go-between. President Coty (and this is another major revelation) had sounded out de Gaulle as early as May 5, while Antoine Pinay on the Right and Guy Mollet on the Left were both also in touch with the general. At a cabinet meeting on May 27, René Pleven offered this analysis of the government:

“Minister of defense—The army no longer obeys him.

“Minister of interior—He has no more police.

“Minister of Algeria—He can't go to Algeria.”

IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES the only question was whether the government would jump or be pushed. Thanks to de Gaulle's passion for legality, the army held its hand. The Fourth Republic, as Tocqueville wrote of Louis Philippe's monarchy, “was not overthrown. It was allowed to fall.”

“The revolution of May 13,” the Brombergers write, “was the deliverance of Gulliver.” A brilliant parallel, but requiring the added point that in this case the giant was bound by average men and freed by Lilliputians. For three weeks, the men of May 13 lived and breathed Algeria, but at no time did any of the actors put forward a plan or program, or even address themselves to real problems. Soustelle apart, they were amateurs in politics, and like all dabblers more interested in themselves than in their work. It is not irrelevant that many first achieved prominence as athletes. Chaban-Delmas was a Rugby star; Robert Abdessalem (a Moslem Gaullist) was a Davis Cup player. Soustelle's escape was effected by Mme. Dufour, wife of a French golf champion.

May 13 is what happens when democratic governments have to cope on a mass basis with amateurs and adventurers who suddenly are drawn into the world of politics. On such occasions something is sure to be set loose. Not always a de Gaulle.

## WHO ARE THE SLEEP- WALKERS ?

They are men of genius . . . men who dared push human knowledge to its outermost limits, then leapt beyond, into the unknown dark . . . evolving new concepts of the universe . . . moving from truth to unimagined truth . . . attaining their goals with the uncanny and unerring intuition of sleepwalkers . . .

Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Newton . . . these are the sleepwalkers whose mental processes are brilliantly interpreted and assessed by Arthur Koestler in this major work that was four years in the writing.

In the lives and achievements of these great men Koestler sees the origins of what has become a tragic and potentially disastrous schism between scientists and humanists . . . between reason and faith . . .

Intellectually challenging and stimulating, *The Sleepwalkers* presupposes no extensive technical knowledge on the part of the reader . . . but it does address itself to minds that are open, alert and inquisitive . . .

“... a brilliant and provocative book . . .” — A. C. B. Lovell,  
The Saturday Review

## THE SLEEP- WALKERS by ARTHUR KOESTLER

Author of *Darkness at Noon*,  
*The Age of Longing*, *Reflections*  
*on Hanging*  
with an Introduction by Herbert Butterfield  
Illustrated \$6.50

Macmillan

## BOOK NOTES

**C**ONVERSATIONS WITH IGOR STRAVINSKY, by Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft. Doubleday. \$4.

Stravinsky is seventy-six now, and still the angry arguments continue that have met his every change of style, his every invention. But as with Picasso, no argument can any longer affect the world's recognition of his stature. The quality of his achievement is based on the fact that from the very start everything he has composed has been disciplined, ordered, and formed to an exceptional degree by intelligence. Nothing—no melody, no emotion—has ever been allowed to drift into shapelessness or repetition. From the folk music of *Petrouchka* through the primitive violence of the *Sacre du Printemps* to the Latin *Mass* and the *Lamentations*, and whether the rhythms are those of the dance or the solemn modes of prayer, there has never been any relaxing of authority. The primacy of the intellect that characterizes Stravinsky's great body of work shows too in this brief volume of his conversations with Robert Craft. There is none of the looseness that talk can lead to. Here everything is sharp, brisk, and clear: "I would like to admit all Strauss operas to whichever purgatory punishes triumphant banality." On D'Annunzio: "Then, suddenly it was discovered that his execrable taste in literature went together with Mussolini's execrable taste in everything else. He was no longer a 'character' and no longer amusing." And on the question of whether one must be a believer to compose religious music: "Certainly, and not merely a believer in 'symbolic figures,' but in the Person of the Lord, the Person of the Devil, and the Miracles of the Church." Stravinsky as a child raised his hat and bowed to the Czar of all the Russias. That seems a long time ago. *Petrouchka* was performed in Paris before the First World War. A long time ago. Stravinsky's friends Debussy and Ravel are long since dead. But what this old man has written is still of our times.

**N**OW OR NEVER: The Promise of the Middle Years, by Smiley Blanton, M.D., with Arthur Gordon. Prentice-Hall. \$4.95.

What? Half-alive at thirty-five? Kick that Serutan habit, and let Dr. Blanton, septuagenarian, golfer, colleague of Norman Vincent Peale (in a religio-psychiatric enterprise he modestly terms "The Grand Alliance"), and no mean yeasayer himself, point out that you are

entering the warm high noon of living, the magnificent middle years. Consider! Youth is largely a waste of time, and the uncertainties of old age still are far ahead. Your education is complete and your earning power should be rising to a point where you are freed from the privations of early life. You can lift your untroubled, fully educated nose from the grindstone of daily living and serenely contemplate the magnificent panorama of art, music, literature. It's really quite nice. You can say what you think about modern art. You can be creative yourself: bake cakes, paint the porch steps. The only tools you need are a working knowledge of the forces controlling human personality, a little insight born of experience, a pinch of wisdom, perhaps, and a conviction that the love forces in people occasionally need shoring up.

**D**OCTOR SAX, by Jack Kerouac. Grove Press (Evergreen Original). \$1.75.

Banned books, a court trial, earnest analyses in earnest magazines, even recollections of how it all started that day in San Francisco—the vogue of the beat writers has had all the trappings of an important literary movement, lacking only important literature. Now comes what may be the last step in all the fun: the issuing of early, previously unpublished works. *Doctor Sax*, which was completed by Jack Kerouac in Mexico in 1952, is a series of reminiscences of the author's boyhood and adolescence in the French-Canadian community of a New England mill town. Its young hero, Jack Dulooz, recalls the early warming experience of his family, his friends, his games, and his town. At the same time he is somehow bedeviled and educated by Doctor Sax, a fantasy figure who hovers over the darker and more incomprehensible passages of the book and whose dark-caped, sinister lineaments are drawn from comic books, radio shows, and, possibly, the Sandeman Wine advertisements. Doctor Sax has something to do with guilt and sex and evil and knowledge and growing up, but it is not easy to know *what* he has to do with them, in this book which begins with an imitation of Joyce, proceeds through Thomas Wolfe ("O Lost"), and ends up with a pseudo-Blakean apocalyptic vision complete with spiders, monkeys, howling voids, and strategically placed ampersands. Amid the eclecticism, sentimentality, pretentiousness, and verbal hysterics there are, here and there, clear and moving scenes of boyhood. These turn up in descriptions of Jack's relationship to his mother, of his ball games in a sand lot, of a daydream of being a horse-racing magnate, and in a section called "The Night the Man with the

Watermelon Died." Jack Kerouac can indeed write well about boys and baseball bats and the river Merrimac. The Lamb of God and the Forces of Darkness are beyond him.

**T**HE YEARS WITH ROSS, by James Thurber. Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$5.

A more accurate title for this book would have been "How I Gave Unstintingly of My Artistic and Editorial Genius in Order to Save the *New Yorker* from the Dumb Slob Who Founded It." Our hero was occasionally compelled to right the wrongs Ross had perpetrated during the day by breaking into his office late at night and forging the editor's initial on re-edited manuscripts before they went to the printing plant. It was a tough fight against terrible odds, but most of the time the good guys won.

Nonsense. Harold Ross cannot have been as lacking in imagination as he liked to appear, and as Mr. Thurber seems to believe he was. The magazine he created would not have been as good as it was—and still is nine years after his death—if Ross were no more than the humorous cartoon that appears in this book. Mr. Thurber, who has known what it is to be a good writer, seems never to have fully understood what it is to be a great editor. Ross's querulous "Who he?" in the margin of a proof represented much more than a bumpkin's ignorance; clarity was always his goal, and he paid his readers the compliment of assuming that they knew nothing but could understand anything.

To be sure, Ross was rudely obsessive. His constant search for an *alter ego* often resulted in a waste of time, money, and talent. He was certainly not, as he sometimes protested, surrounded by idiots, but apparently he could never quite rid himself of the craving to be surrounded by Rosses. Mr. Thurber himself had a brief fling at the job of doing what Ross, with a straight face, called "running the magazine," and he is candid enough to admit that he had faults. The two men who, next to Ross himself, contributed most heavily to the magazine's development in its formative years were probably E. B. White and Wolcott Gibbs. Two other early stars, A. J. Liebling and Joseph Mitchell, are still going strong, and the present editor, William Shawn, is certainly a worthy inheritor of the great tradition. But maybe Ross's most notable failure is to be found in his success. It's a little bit like the New York Yankees. Once victory becomes a habit, the urge to strive after perfection all too often disintegrates into a mere fear of failure, a tendency to do things the way they always have been done—and not to take any chances.