

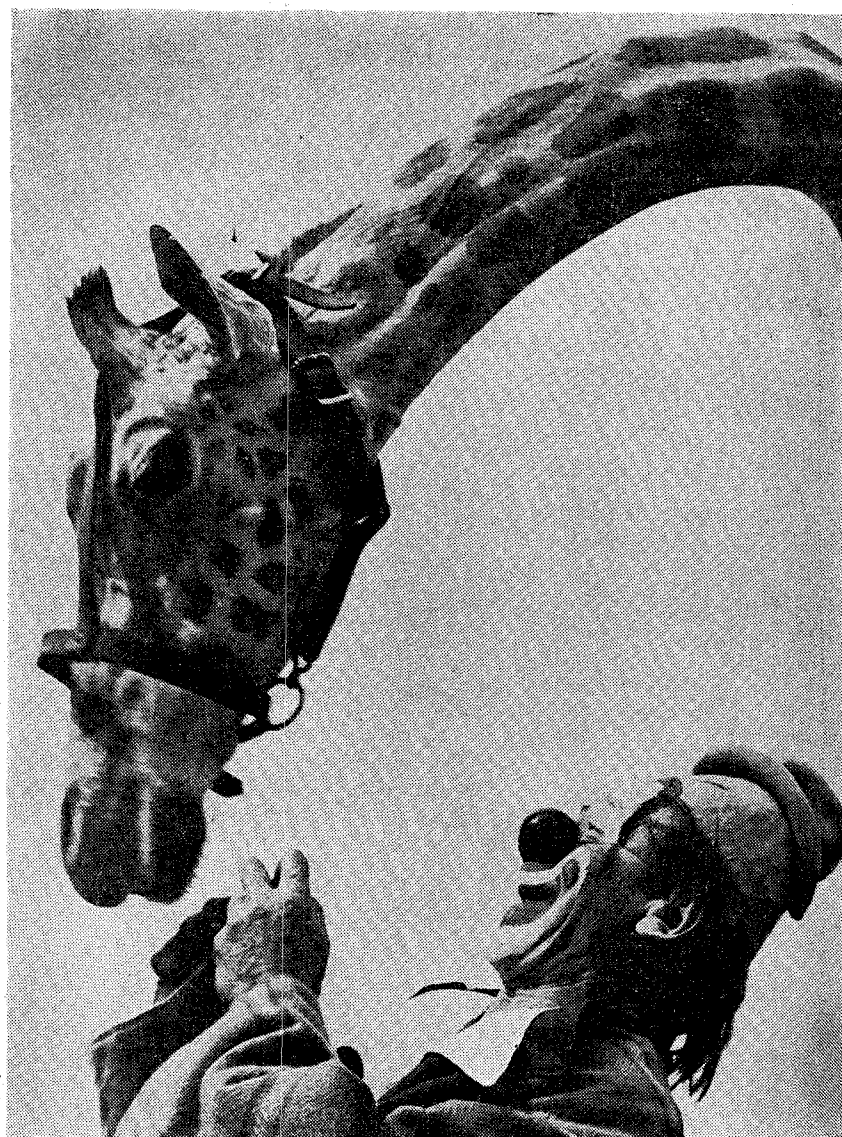
garden for planting but eats every seed before the ground is ready. Nothing comes out as it should. And the spectators are convulsed. But are they laughing only at Kelly? He doesn't think so. "By laughing at me they really laugh at themselves, and realizing that they have done this gives them a sort of spiritual second wind for going back into battle."

IN THE modern circus, remember, the clown works in pantomime, a medium vastly more difficult than the wit employed by the talking clowns of the past. Wit is often mere word-and-idea juggling; even the best wit is of the intellect only; of itself it has nothing to do with art. But clowning in pantomime is very nearly pure art. Its target is the same toward which, so he said, Molière aimed his plays: at the audience's vitals. At their emotions, the heartland of art. Sometimes the pantomime is unalloyed humor; oftener it is sardonicism. And if we are to believe H. W. Fowler, and we had better, because he is usually correct, the aim of the sardonic is self-relief, its province adversity, its method pessimism.

No artist works in a vacuum. For his materials he must look to his own experience. Granting that the clown is an artist, and his humor usually sardonicism, it would seem to follow that, other things equal, the clown who has nibbled many rinds of failure, many dregs of grief, will possess the richest treasure troves of slag to transmute into golden laughter. The clown must be melancholy, which is another way of saying he must be sensitive. Certainly every clown I have known, from little George Halpin to Red Skelton, has had a gentle, wistful quality; and this same wistfulness steals through the lines of Kelly's book. He is a success, but at the cost of so very many misadventures, traffic jams in a lumber truck, pratfalls. He is, in short, the hobo Willie, but with accolade of fame. Without the misadventures and the melancholy Willie could never have been born.

Two errors in "Clown" must be noted. Fred Buchanan was not a Missouri showman; he hailed from Des Moines. And the circus town of Granger was not in Missouri near the circus town of Lancaster; Granger is in Iowa, near Des Moines.

This book has laughs and it has tears; the description of the Ringling fire at Hartford is masterly. But the merit of this autobiography transcends the story of one clown's life and of the circus; Kelly has given us, quite unconsciously I am sure, a kind of montage of American life in this century. It is more than circus history; it is social history.



Kelly and friend—"a sort of spiritual second wind for going back into battle."

Albion Antics

UNDER THE BRITISH BIG TOP: Somebody now ought to do for the American circus what Mrs. Ruth Manning-Sanders has recently done for the English equivalent of the "Greatest Show on Earth." Her book, *"The English Circus,"* (British Book Centre, \$4.50) is a comprehensive, literate account of how the circus got its start in England, how it developed, and who were its great impresarios and "artistes." In addition to a wealth of historical material Mrs. Manning-Sanders includes chapters on many of the various types of performing acts, from clowns and acrobats to trapeze-artists and animal trainers. Much of the material and many of the great names will be unfamiliar to American readers, since the author writes exclusively for her compatriots and touches on American circus activities

only on those occasions when the English managers and stars ventured here to try their luck. Most of the great circus managers seem to have met as often with disaster as with success.

Not one of them apparently escaped the total destruction of his property by fire at one time or another. Mrs. Manning-Sanders makes it very clear that to survive in the circus requires more than a bit of pluck. No one even faintly interested in the circus—its history, traditions, and bizarre personalities—can fail to be interested in this detailed tribute, in spite of a rather uninspired writing style and the inclusion of material that is sometimes irritatingly fragmentary. Mrs. Manning-Sanders, however, more often than not manages to bring to life the glories of "the art that eternally contemplates the proud enchantment of its own perfection."

—WILLIAM MURRAY.

(1) The Pendulum of Dogma

"McCarthy and His Enemies," by William F. Buckley, Jr. and L. Brent Bozell (Henry Regnery. 413 pp. \$5). SR herewith publishes a debate on the book by two writers who have been prominently identified with opposing positions on the McCarthy issue. Though the editors have already taken their stand on the general position held by Mr. Schlesinger, they believe that the controversial nature of this book entitles the authors to a statement of their case by someone who is no less committed to their position than Mr. Schlesinger is to his. The editors have long since given up the notion it is possible to obtain a single "objective" review by an "uncommitted" authority on a blazing controversial bawl.

By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

IT was to have been expected that in time the effort would be made to render Senator Joseph R. McCarthy intellectually respectable. James Burnham and John Chamberlain have made passes at this interesting objective, and other writers have tried their hand; but not until "McCarthy and His Enemies" came along was a full-length, custom-built, fourteen-karat job available. The authors of this singular book are William F. Buckley, Jr., known for "God and Man at Yale" a few years back, and L. Brent Bozell, another Yale

graduate and a contributor to the right-wing newsletter *Human Events*.

Their first purpose is to examine the actual record and performance of Senator McCarthy, in an effort, as they would describe it, to disentangle what McCarthy actually has done from what the liberals (or, as they prefer to designate them, the Liberals) say that he has done. Their method is to analyze certain McCarthy cases, attempting to weigh the balance between truth and error in his contributions, and then to generalize from McCarthy's approach a more explicit philosophy for our times than McCarthy himself has been willing to articulate. Their deeper purpose is to administer to the liberals (or Liberals) chastisement for stupidity, self-righteousness, intellectual terrorism, and complicity in the Communist conspiracy.

The pose of the book is one of critical detachment. This enables the authors to dissent from numbers of McCarthy's specific charges or actions. But, while going through the motions of suspending judgment and considering evidence, they really accept McCarthy and his evidence at his own evaluation; this is the book's essential trick. Thus it is assumed throughout that McCarthy's genuine purpose is his stated purpose—i.e., to attack Communists. Yet, when one considers the number of anti-Communists he has attacked, from General Marshall to James Wechsler, from Bernard DeVoto to Leon Keyserling, from Wilson Wyatt to Archibald MacLeish, one is compelled to conclude either (a) Mc-

Carthy's main target is liberals and Democrats, pro- or anti-communist; or (b) he is so stupid and his aim is so bad that he ought not to be in the communist-hunting business at all.

And it is hard to persuade oneself that McCarthy is stupid. The evidence would suggest rather that McCarthy is no more genuinely anti-Communist than the Communists themselves were anti-Fascist—that he is eager to exploit widespread and justified popular feelings on behalf of sensation, confusion, and himself, and that anti-Communism, like the Communists' anti-Fascism, is the pretext at hand, rather than the principal objective. Bertrand Russell was surely right in suggesting that McCarthy is the one American politician who, as President, might do a deal with Malenkov.

IN their detailed analyses, Messrs. Bozell and Buckley apply the same convenient technique of assuming the truth of the charges which they are pretending to test. Thus they consistently cite Louis Budenz as a wholly reliable source. Yet they note that Budenz called Owen Lattimore a Communist, which Lattimore flatly denied; they note too that Lattimore was subsequently indicted for seven counts of perjury; but they characteristically fail to note that Lattimore was not indicted for false testimony in connection with his denial of Budenz's charge of Party membership. This would suggest that the Department of Justice has a somewhat lower opinion of Budenz's credibility than Messrs. Bozell and Buckley. In fact, the woods are full of people who have denied under oath Budenz's scatter-gun accusations that they were Party members; and none of them has ever been charged with perjury. Still, none of this deters our authors, who, while affecting to weigh evidence, blandly write that men and women who have



—Burck in the Chicago Sun-Times.

"Peek-a-Boo!"



—Justus in The Minneapolis Star.

"Bedtime Stories."



—Paige in The Louisville Courier Journal.

"Uncle Joe."