love for the dance and his hope for its future. His observations are keen and often biting. It might be that many readers on finishing the book will put it aside and snort: "Well, who and what does he like?" And they might have a point, for Mr. Hall is a severe critic whose standards are somewhat stratospheric.

But we need critics with high standards; and Mr. Hall's book, if read with an open mind, will raise many pertinent questions about the esthetic policy of many living choreographers, and about the artistic policies of many companies. He even throws an alarming light on so apparently stable an organization as Sadler's Wells. Artistic direction is something that interests him intensely, and Mr. Hall points the moral that a company generally fails because of the inadequacies of its directors.

This reviewer will go out on a limb by saying that, even with its faults, this is the most provocative, adult, objective book of its kind that has appeared in America. It is most refreshing to come across a balletomane who is completely unimpressed by reputations, who ignores all the fashionable, à la mode thought about the subject, who hates the chi-chi elements that have penetrated the art, and whose basic esthetics are sound. He may occasionally sound a Cassandra note; but, when we look around and see the sorry state of ballet in this country who shall say that Mr. Hall is wrong?

## Ballet Note

BALLET HODGE-PODGE: Cornelius Conyn, not too well known in this country, was a ballet and art critic in Paris for the Dutch press and since the war has lived in Australia. His "Three Centuries of Ballet" (Elsevier Press, \$6.50) was originally published there in 1948. The present edition is augmented, with considerable revision.

Mr. Conyn has intended this book for the beginner, to those "who are interested in the story of the development of various dance styles throughout the last three centuries." Well and good; but such a scheme demands a degree of integration that the author does not possess. He skips from subject to subject in what can be described only as a haphazard fashion. Plenty of facts are present, nearly all of them accurate; but the way they are organized leaves one rather dizzy.

It may be that Mr. Conyn has attempted too much. The reader is left at the end with a mass of uncorrelated names, dates, works: a big tapestry without a unifying design.

### ARMS AND THE MAN



General Dean at Freedom Village - "acquiring an education."

## The General Who Survived

"General Dean's Story," as told to William L. Worden (Viking Press. 305 pp. 85), is Major General William F. Dean's account of his three years as a prisoner of the North Koreans. Below it is reviewed by Gordon Harrison, military critic of the Detroit News.

By Gordon Harrison

THE FULL QUALITY of "General Dean's Story" is savored slowly. It is first of all a fascinating narrative of what happened to America's most famous prisoner of war told fluently by a man who has evidently no interest but to remember truly.

Fortunately, General Dean remembers a lot more than just what happened. In the bitterest days of his captivity he remained a keen observer of the country and the people he was forced to live with for three years. Even the men who submitted him to prolonged and brutal questioning shortly after his capture emerge as remarkably defined individuals. For one, a Colonel Kim, General Dean confesses an undying

hatred for reasons which the account makes quite clear, yet Colonel Kim is not hated to the exclusion of being understood. The lesser characters that peopled the half-world of flight and prison are seen with humor and compassion. Although the series of little portraits—of farmers, guards, small boys, jeep drivers-does not pretend to be a picture of the Korean people, General Dean, without effort and seemingly without art, has taken a novelist's sampling of an alien culture. Since the Korean mind is one of the imponderables with which American policy must reckon for some time to come, the light here thrown on its working by itself makes "General Dean's Story" important reading.

For most readers, however, the truly rewarding experience will be the privilege of getting to know General Dean himself—a warm, honest, completely unassuming man. In October 1947 he was sent to Korea as military governor, a post he held until the occupation officially ended in the summer of 1948. When, almost two years later, he was ordered back to fight as commander of the 24th Divi-

sion, he comments with characteristic directness: "I knew quite a bitalthough not as much as I thought -about the Korean people and geography." He went into war with a certain cockiness of a general well trained for his task, tough and brave. and backed by the American tradition of victory. He carried with him, too. the humility of a thoughtful man with a sense of humor. As it turned out, that quality of mind served him better than the stars. For a few days he was a general fighting against odds to stem the North Korean invasion. For three years he was Dean surviving and acquiring an education.

Some generals have won and told how; some have lost and said why. General Dean has added a new dimension to generalship and the literature of generalship by writing almost 300 pages in which there is not one word of self-justification. He is anxious to establish the record on only one point: that he did not willingly surrender. The point is fully made by an unvarnished account of the facts. After thirty-five days of wandering behind enemy lines, mostly by himself, he was betrayed and overpowered. Thereafter, when escape might have been feasible he was too sick to make the attempt. Even his portion of the adventure General Dean refused to make heroic. Of the early days of the trek to get back o United Nations lines when he was eccompanied by a Lieutenant Tabor, Dean writes: "I know we had no ood and that we did keep going, but he rest is just a haze of weariness. rying to get to my feet and failing vithout help, and everlasting stumoling along one trail after another. Tabor must have kept us both going by will power, because I don't re-

nember having any."
The general comments freely on is own blunders with an amused xasperation. He boasts of his prowss with a fly swatter and at chongun, a Korean chess game he learned o play with his guards. But the courge with which he endured his fate, esisted intimidation, and preserved is large love for his fellow man reeives no emphasis of any kind, even he emphasis of self-conscious depreation.

The modesty of General Dean is natched by that of his literary colaborator. William Worden insists that is contribution has been little more ian to remove the pauses and repetions from the general's dictation. Thatever in fact Mr. Worden was alled on to do, the collaboration is ompletely successful. There are no dse notes of style or substance to sterrupt the conversational flow of eminiscence



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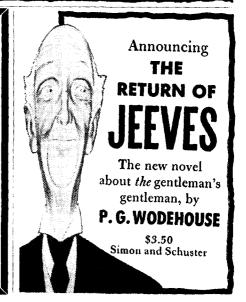


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## Blunders in Korea

"From the Danube to the Yalu," by Mark W. Clark (Harper. 369 pp. \$5), continues the report, begun in "Calculated Risk," of the man who commanded our occupation forces in Austria, served as chief of staff, and headed the U.N. command in Korea. Brig. Gen. S. L. A. Marshall, who reviews it here, is military editor of the Detroit News.

By S. L. A. Marshall

COMEWHERE along in his travels D between the Danube and the Imjim-he didn't get to the Yalu, really -Gen. Mark W. Clark lost the gift for seeing things penetratingly and writing of them pointedly which was his when he marched between the Tiber and the Po contemplating the writing of "Calculated Risk." The two end products are as unsatisfyingly different as if in his Italian campaigning he knew he would some day write a book and had best prepare for it, whereas in his Far Eastern experience the book was an afterthought.

"Calculated Risk" moved with almost military precision. Its judgments were clear even when controversial. The case for what he said was always tidily packaged, with efficient economy of language, sound organization of ideas, and a satisfying balance between straight reporting and philosophical reflection upon it. There were few loose ends left dangling.

None of these virtues may be unqualifiedly claimed for his latest

summing up. It gets off to a beautifully brisk start as he describes how he gave Marshal Konev the strongarm treatment during his time in Austria. Thrilling momentarily to the old Clark pace, the reader settles back. Thereafter, for most of its length, the book wallows around.

That is a great pity, for Clark as a soldier is one of the more significant figures of our day. The least reticent of our high commanders, he is also outstanding for the variety of his missions pertinent to the continuing world struggle. In the Far East he became the first commander forced to settle for a peace without victory; of the Washington attitude toward this in both Democratic and Republican Administrations, he says he was never asked what it would take to win but only how the war could be terminated.

Here is a background relatively qualifying an American to analyze the nature of the opposition and speak out on what must be corrected in us. But Clark doesn't get even half way through the thicket.

"I began dealing with the Russians," Clark writes, "confident that I would be able to get along with them though others failed. In this I was not alone."

The illusion was shattered by the lesson of firsthand experience. "There is no fair play in the Russians. They are liars, murderers, and cheaters and will stoop to anything to gain world domination." He said it of the Russians in Europe, and after dealing with Korean and Chinese Communists in the Far East, he became convinced that they are made of the same im-



General Clark gets directions in Livorno, Italy-"one of the more significant figures."