



Some Fancy Cape Work

LAST week, as you will recall if you've been following the story with care, we told you about the writer's colony that flourishes each summer in the glades of Truro, a rustic and perhaps a curious settlement on Cape Cod not ten miles from Provincetown, a burg in which true Truroites rarely set foot.

Except for such renegades as Edward Hopper, who is located in South Truro, and a handsome trove of art works called the North Truro Art Gallery, which takes its name from its location, the artist's preserve is surely Provincetown. Peasants walk along the street up there carrying wet oil paintings, some sixteen art galleries are displaying art in one form or another, there are 400 registered members of the Provincetown Art Association, and it is estimated that another 400 artists work outside the association. Some of them are at art school by day and spend their evenings waiting tables. So much art is on display in Provincetown during the summer season that collectors come up from New York to shop in the galleries. Last year the Art Association, which holds regular showings of its members' works, sold \$5,000 worth of sculpture, prints, water colors, and oils,

but it got off to a resounding start early in 1962 when it sold a Chaim Gross for \$1,500, the first sale of the season.

Art schools have been flourishing on the Cape since Charles Hawthorne opened the first one back in 1899. He continued painting and teaching until he died in the Thirties. A disciple of his, Henry Hensche, continues today, and at his Cape School practitioners and learners paint away the summer days in a pleasant, shaded garden behind his studio.

Rather similar to the evolution that came about in Greenwich Village, the artists of Provincetown were followed by the Bohemians, especially those in the thong-sandal and silver-jewelry brigade, Massachusetts division. The same jewelers are on hand here making their free-form silver pendants, pins, and earrings, and so are the craftsmen who turn out the thick sandals, the heavy calf handbags and belts. Behind them have come the trippers out to browse the shops and tour among the strange types. What they find are places like The Print and Portrait Shop which paints portraits while you wait, dark nests where lobster pots hang from the ceiling and hi-fi floods the ear. Lucille



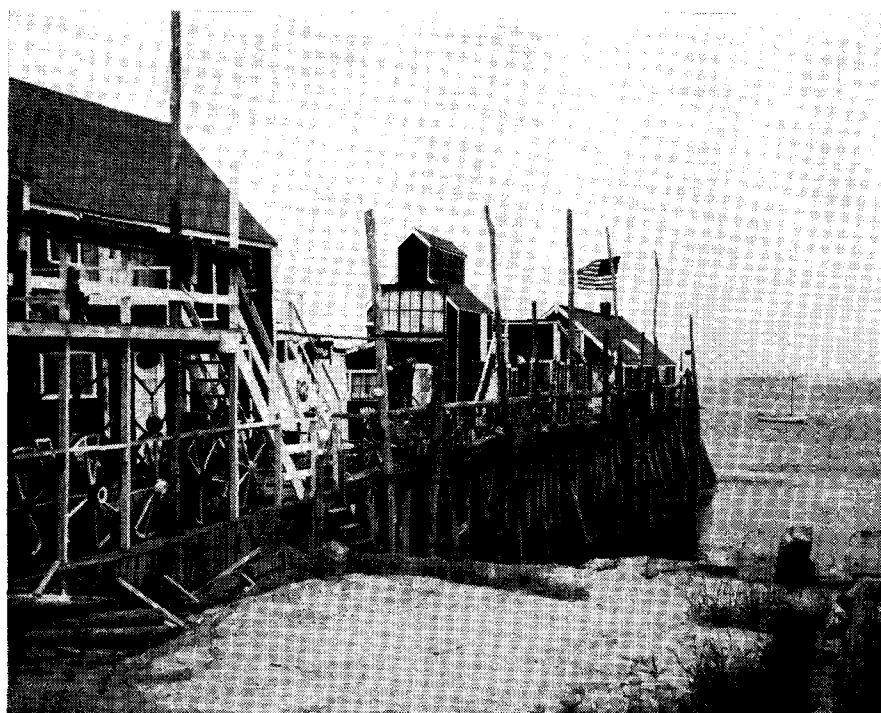
—American Airlines.

Pilgrim Monument.

and Vivian's place, selling sportswear and jewelry, offers a husband's bench outside the shop. A house at 436 Commercial Street which has lots of dust collectors in its windows has posted a sign on its door which says: NOT A SHOP.

The Portuguese who came as fishermen have left their mark here on the politics and the kitchen. A local soup said to be favored by the Portuguese features a spicy sausage called linguica, kidney beans, and kale. Linguica also comes in a toasted roll, but you can stay true to old-line New England with crabburgers, brought shredded on a bun with cheese on top. There is *Ciro* and *Sal's* and *La Cucina del Re* for home baked lasagna and *Ho Hum* for Chinese food, but an establishment called *Alsum's* on Commercial Street holds the heritage line with cans of minced clams, beach plum jelly, baked Indian pudding, and lobster which they put up in cans and dispatch about the country. Inside each package they slip a Cape Cod cook book spreading the gospel of Forefather's Day Succotash, Provincetown Clam Pie, and Fried Hasty Pudding.

There are tours of the immense dunes of Provincetown that reveal a world of unreality, a boat that cruises to Boston, and a walk out on the long pier to buy a lobster or throw a nickel to divers who tread water and shill for coins. And then there is the Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., Museum, which charges a dollar to see its collection of Van Goghs, Gauguins, Cezannes, Renoirs, Corots, and statues by Rodin. As a friend said, it is probably the world's greatest collection of second-rate paintings by world famous artists. But the



Provincetown artists at home—"followed by . . . the thong-sandal and silver-jewelry brigade."

—American Airlines.

Chrysler's most popular work of art is John Kearney's Emancipated Woman, an outlandish tin female riding a bike who, upon the push of a button, heaves her yellow tin bosom, shakes, quivers, and bounces up and down on her spring joints.

Provincetown at one time drew writers, too, among them John Reed who wrote "The Ten Days That Shook the World," Sinclair Lewis, and, of course, Eugene O'Neil, whose early works were produced on a wharf here in 1916. After one season the company moved to Greenwich Village and became the Provincetown Players. Later another troupe called the Barnstormers appeared on the creaking boards in Provincetown, and a Wharf Theatre was founded in 1923. It lasted until a storm blew it out to sea in 1940. I dropped in one night this summer to see its replacement, the Provincetown Playhouse, which has occupied an original whaling wharf since 1940. It traditionally opens the season with O'Neil, frequently obscure O'Neil—it was "The Rope" and "Ile" this year—and bounces along on a program of dusty classics. The night I was there the company was doing Noel Coward's dusty "Present Laughter," and as untried as it was, the cast did manage to pull some present-day laughter out of the horseplay opera of the past.

The Playhouse had cooked up, I found out after arriving there, a packaged arrangement this summer with the Crown and Anchor, a hotel next door. Under the rules of play one could have dinner at the Crown and Anchor and see the play on the old whaler's wharf and pay \$5.45 for both. The Crown and Anchor had renovated all its thirty-two rooms, a feat which didn't impress me half as much as its perspicacity in booking Bobby Short for a prolonged engagement at the house piano.

With all this going on, I never did get over to the monument put up to mark the arrival of the *Mayflower* at Provincetown. It's a hideous thing anyway, and is supposed to be a copy of the Torre del Mangia in Siena. What that has to do with the Pilgrims I'm not sure I understand, but President Theodore Roosevelt laid the cornerstone for it, President Taft presided at its dedication, and it is 255 feet high. A ramp will bring you to the top should that be your pleasure.

If I was remiss in my attentions to the Pilgrims in Provincetown, I atoned for it later by making the journey to the city of Plymouth, where the colony first pitched camp. The Rock on which the party stepped ashore was suitably protected by a canopy, but new and more poignant remembrances have been installed. For one thing, the full-

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scale replica of the *Mayflower*, which, as you recall, was built in England and sailed to America in 1957, was tied up at a wharf and open to public inspection. Alongside her rode a copy of the shallop, the small boat the Pilgrims had knocked down and carried to the New World on their voyage in 1620. After the Pilgrims had learned how to grow corn, they sailed the shallop to Maine and traded the ears to the Indians for furs. The first were sent to England to help pay for the cruise they had already taken.

Mayflower I had sailed the short route across the North Atlantic against the prevailing winds. It had taken her sixty-six days before she hove to in Provincetown Harbor. *Mayflower II* rolled south off the Iberian peninsula, picked up the trades off the Canary Islands, and although she took a longer route and was becalmed in the doldrums between Africa and the West Indies, she came into port ten days earlier than the Pilgrim ship. *Mayflower I* had crammed 102 souls aboard, carried twelve cannon to ward off pirates, and packed enough stores to keep the party through the winter. It is difficult to imagine the voyage, especially since the ceiling was raised a foot on the replica. Even now, with the *Mayflower* tied at dock, she heaves mightily in the face of a northeaster.

After the Pilgrims had decided at last to settle in Plymouth, they began building a townsite. On January 2 they set to work dividing the plot of ground, each man assigned to build his own house. William Bradford, who was to become governor and leave a diary, fell ill; two Pilgrims were lost in the woods; John Goodman was attacked by "two great wolves"; a heavy wind damaged the houses; the roof of the sick bay caught fire; and the visits from Indians were frequent. Pilgrims died two and three a day, and half were gone before the first winter was done.

Two miles from Plymouth Harbor a replica of the Plimoth Plantation, the first settlement, has been begun. So far seven houses have been built, and although the location is not precise, the Plantation offers a compelling, if perhaps a somewhat romanticized version of life among the Pilgrims. At a saw pit fitted into the side of a hill, the settlers sliced planks out of logs. Log cabins were a Swedish invention with which they were likely unfamiliar. Wooden pegs, called trunels or tree nails, fitted the beams together, and bundles of bullrushes from the salt marshes provided thatch for the roof. Pit-sawing, basket-weaving, the preparation of herbs, and the brewing of beer (an exhibit supplied by commercial interests) are among the Pilgrim endea-

vors being worked these days on Plimoth Plantation. Wax figures in Governor Bradford's house show the governor signing a nonaggression pact with Chief Massasoit, a simple document worked out in the interests of mutual coexistence.

ON a cost accounting basis it takes \$25,000 to recreate a Pilgrim house. First Street, which had twenty-two houses, awaits its eighth house, that of Myles Standish whose heirs have not yet subscribed the necessary funds. It costs money to be a *Mayflower* descendant, although the foundation will accept donations from those with no social professions of lineage at all. Probably the last house to be built on First Street will be John Billington's. He was the first man in the colony to be hanged for murder, and his son had tried to blow up the ship's powder store on the way over, thereby becoming the first juvenile delinquent. So far there is only \$20 in the Billington kitty, donor unknown.

Still the new colony will grow, though perhaps not as fast as the original which took heart and root and became in this slight way the beginning of a country. "As one small candle may light a thousand," Governor Bradford wrote, "so the light kindled here has shown unto many, yea in some sort to our whole nation . . . we have noticed these things that you might see the worth and not negligently lose what your fathers have obtained with so much hardship." Hello, out there.

—HORACE SUTTON.



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war is a necessary element in political and social advance is much more dubious. In the usual view, the Russian Revolution actually began with Alexander II's emancipation of the serfs in 1861, a voluntary recognition by the autocracy (not unlike the abdication of the Tokugawa Shogunate) that times were changing and that the legally established power structure in Russia would have to be modified accordingly. The process thereafter continued, haltingly, not without a good deal of violence on the part of government and revolutionaries alike, but rather steadily.

Even imperial Russia had within it the potentialities of necessary change; and many believe that the autocracy would have undergone a relatively peaceable "constitutionalization" of the new power relationships—rather as happened in Britain and was happening in Germany—except for World War I. The Russo-Japanese War of 1904-05 no doubt pushed the autocracy along the avenues to modernization; but World I simply paralyzed and finally destroyed it, leaving it as helpless to promote as it was to resist the change which was overdue. Power passed by default into other and more ruthless hands, who built and imposed a new power structure, one which was at least somewhat more responsive to the realities than the Czarist system had been, though hardly an ideal case of political and social evolution. World War I, in this view, was not necessary to political and social change in Russia; all that it did was to distort this change into extreme, and generally inefficient, forms.

ORGANIZED war and violent domestic revolution have thus been closely associated, historically, with the processes of political and social change. But the exact nature of the association is not too clear; and it is not easy to be dogmatic about the probable effect of the removal of one, organized war, from the global order. One may hazard some guesses. In the absence of international war, certain processes of violent internal change could not go on as they have done. Revolutionaries, for example, would have less chance of acquiring small arms and financial and propaganda support from rival outside powers than they have today. At the same time, they would have less to fear from outside intervention. To revert to the eighteenth-century examples, another American Revolution could not count on the assistance rendered by France as a strategic move in her war with Britain; another French Revolution

would not have to face the coalition of powers joined in defense of the *ancien régime*.

It is not easy to strike a plausible balance between such possibilities; but so far as the present great organized power centers are concerned, it seems reasonable to predict that the abolition of organized war among them would not seriously affect the problem of necessary change. After all, at the end of World War I, the Western Allies attempted to intervene with armed force in the Russian revolutionary situation, in a way they could not do in a world disarmed by assumption. Their lack of success at least suggests that the presence or absence of national armaments would not greatly affect such basic reorganizations of the power structure as were then taking place.

Perhaps the real question lies not with the great and relatively stabilized power systems, but with the less-organized areas. How far will a warless world order try to limit the more sporadic disorder and violence that one must expect here? In a generally disarmed world one may expect the simple absence of the hypertrophied weapon systems to supply an adequate equivalent for a global "monopoly of legal force." The want of the necessary weapons systems will generally forbid resort to violence by any of the great power centers. (The argument, it must be remembered, is based on the assumption that the weapons systems have been *voluntarily* laid aside and destroyed.)

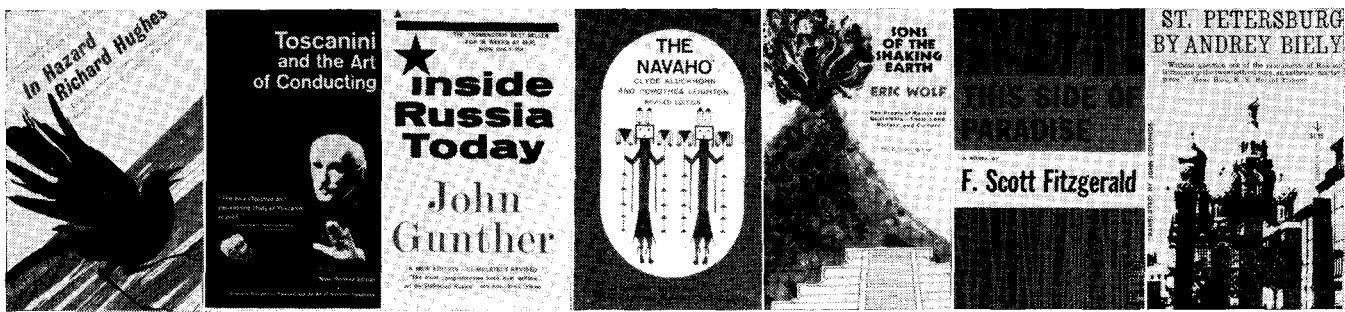
But with the survival everywhere of national police forces, there will be no lack of at least light weapons in the world, accessible to bold or desperate men and to their followers. Riots and mob violence, the more organized use of such weapons as plastic bombs, the even more highly organized forms of guerrilla war, will still be possible. The military coup d'état will still be possible through the manipulation of the national police. (Indeed, most of the "military" forces which have participated in such affairs have amounted to little more than what one would expect the national police in a warless world to be.)

How far will a warless order, through its international police force, attempt to control all these forms of residual violence? It seems improbable that the attempt will go very far. The assumed elimination of major organized war must, after all, eliminate the one great danger in current minor wars and violence—the danger of escalation into a great-power conflict. It seems evident that the warless order must have not merely an international but a supranational (that is, veto-free) police force to control disarmament and to ensure


that rearmament does not take place. But a supranational, veto-free police force can take on reality only as its empowerment (authority) as well as the physical force at its disposal is strictly limited to that requisite for its police functions. It is difficult to envisage an international or supranational police force as a great army, capable of coercing the states which must support it and overawing the national police forces which they will retain. One sees this force rather as comparable to the American Federal Bureau of Investigation, which wields very great power within the American system, but does so precisely because its weapons are of negligible importance and its empowerment strictly limited. The FBI obviously could not wage a successful armed battle with any state or municipal police force. It has other means of ensuring its power in state and municipal police circles; and it seems obvious that the real power of the supranational police force vis-à-vis the remaining national police forces with which it must work will rest on similar bases.


THE concept of an "international police power" has a long, though generally unfortunate history. Experience seems to demonstrate that while some power of the kind is necessary to avert extremes of savagery, violence, and irresponsibility, it can succeed in this much only if it refrains from itself trying to settle or decide the power struggles out of which the violence arises. One may compare the U.N. "police action" in Korea with that which it was driven by circumstance to take in Palestine and the Congo. The attempt in the first case was to intervene in a major power struggle, and it ended, as probably it could only have ended, in a fairly major international war. In Palestine and the Congo the attempt has been to limit the savagery as far as possible, without authority to decide the power struggles involved. It seems probable that the patterns along which a supranational police force in a warless world order would tend to develop are to be found in the Congo, not in Korea. For its problems would, in a real sense, be police and not military problems.

Perhaps what was first advanced as the easy answer is the right answer as well. Assuming the removal of the organized war system, the political and social institutions reflecting the underlying power organization of the world, of its peoples, states, classes, communities, and groups, would continue to grow and change much as they are now doing in fact, but without the corroding fear of catastrophe which today complicates and distorts every real problem of international politics.



PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

 Macfadden Books, who struck it rich with Senator Barry Goldwater's "The Conscience of a Conservative," now in its eighteenth printing, is busily plowing those same Washington fields. Capitol Hill Books, a new series of original paperbacks, will call on the talents of Congressmen who like to write nearly as much as they like to talk. Off the presses this month are Texas Senator John G. Tower's "A Program for Conservatives" (50¢) and "Inside the New Frontier" (50¢), by Senator Vance Hartke, a Democrat from Indiana. Forthcoming authors: Senators William Proxmire, Robert S. Kerr, and Eugene McCarthy. . . . Publishers pride themselves on being up-to-the-minute, and Pyramid felt especially pleased that their new edition of John Gunther's "Inside Russia Today" (95¢) went off to the printers complete with the newest exchange rate for rubles, the current roster of Presidium members, and the latest—so they thought—space news. In a whirlwind stop-the-presses routine, editors were able to cram into the index two new names: Nikolayev, Andrian G. and Popovich, Pavel R.

 If you had a billion dollars and invested it in a business that lost a thousand dollars a day, how long would it take you to go broke? Practically speaking, no one cares except maybe Paul Getty. Still, the answer to that, along with lots of other mathematical brainteasers, can be found in Jerome Meyer's "Fun with Mathematics" (Premier, 50¢). Oh yes, Mr. Getty may be reassured to know it would take 2,000 years. . . . That word "payola" is still around. In fact, it's the subject of a Signet original novel called "The Golden Platter" (50¢) all about the payoff in the popular music world. The author is Joe Greene, the composer of "Across the Alley from the Alamo" and "Her Tears Flowed Like Wine." The word is that since news of Mr. Greene's novel has gotten around, he's been approached by some nervous musical types, anxious to learn if they figure in the book. One, he says, has left the country. Slow boat to China, maybe.

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

FICTION

Like many other American writers, Hamlin Garland was both attracted and repelled by the countryside he knew as a boy. Born in Wisconsin in 1860, he traveled East to Boston, where he studied and thought about the Midwest. Later he returned and wrote about it in his first collection of short stories, "Main-Travelled Roads" (Signet, 60¢), a harshly realistic portrayal of farm people and the drudgery that was their life. His autobiography, "A Son of the Middle Border" (Macmillan, \$1.95), written in 1917, caused William Dean Howells to write: "Hereafter no one who wishes to know what the conditions of the Middle West were fifty years ago, or the conditions of well nigh all America throughout its beginnings have been, can ignore this very unexampled book."

Andrey Biely's "St. Petersburg" (Evergreen, \$1.95), published in 1913, tells about the 1905 rebellion and of a son who is given the task of assassinating his czarist father. Described as "a mixture of Rabelais and Dostoevsky," it is the first of Biely's works to be published in English. The translator is John Cournos, who is also the editor of a highly seasoned potpourri, "A Treasury of Classic Russian Literature" (Capricorn, \$2.45). This neatly organized anthology samples such literary writings as Dostoevsky's account of his meeting with Turgenev ("He puts on monstrous airs"), short stories from Pushkin to Ivan Bunin, comic sketches, and poetry.

F. Scott Fitzgerald's throbbing story of Amory Blaine, "This Side of Paradise" (Scribners, \$1.45), has happily been released in paperback.

Among the contemporary novels, Lynne Reid Bank's "The L-Shaped

Room" (Pocket Books, 35¢) is first-rate: a smoothly written story about a young unmarried woman who is going to have a child by a man she doesn't love. J. R. Salamanca's "Lilith" (Bantam, 75¢) is another love story, but in this highly charged and imaginative tale the hero is obsessed with a beautiful and completely mad inmate of a private sanatorium. Then there's Elleston Trevor's "Squadron Airborne" (Ballantine, 50¢), a literate, skilfully constructed tale of British heroism during World War II. A suspenseful sea tale "In Hazard" (Harper, \$1.50), is by Richard Hughes, author of the recently published "The Fox in the Attic." John Updike's "Rabbit, Run" (Crest, 60¢) is about a young angry, and irresponsible man. The prose is highly poetic, but sometimes there's just too much of it.

OTHER PEOPLE

During the Bronze Age, when other civilizations were trying to figure out how to use a pickaxe, the Minoans on the island of Crete were enjoying a splendid and highly sophisticated culture. R. W. Hutchinson's "Prehistoric Crete" (Pelican original, \$1.95) reports in detail on archeological findings which in recent years have revealed new knowledge about that golden time. British Egyptologist W. B. Emery took part in the "dig" at Sakkara, the tombs outside the ancient city of Memphis. In his book "Archaic Egypt" (Pelican, \$1.45) he tells of the amazingly complete ruins that were unearthed, relics of an opulent life on the banks of the Nile.

Sabatino Moscati's "The Face of the Ancient Orient" (Anchor, \$1.45) discusses the many cultures that comprised the area we now know as the Near East. In recent years important archeological discoveries have shed new light on the way the Assyrians, Canaanites, and other Biblical peoples lived. Well written and amply illustrated, with emphasis on art and lit-