

The Literary Sampler

EXCERPTS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING SPRING TITLES

All the News That's Fit to Eat

IF YOU really want to know why the newspaper industry is in difficulties (do you mind stifling that yawn? We newspapermen care even if you don't), it's because we haven't yet woken up to the fact that the Northcliffe Revolution has been superseded by the Kellogg Revolution. As a means of mass communication, the newspaper is giving place to the cereal packet.

In the old days when family life was mystic and wonderful everyone sat silent round the breakfast table while Dad struggled through the morning newspaper. "Have you seen this?" he would demand occasionally (and how could anyone have seen anything, you unspeakable old bore, while you've still got the paper?). "A man walked into a Chingford, Essex, post office yesterday and handed over a pair of postman's trousers. He had found them lying neatly folded outside his front door. Fantastic, isn't it?"

In these less autocratic days, however, the newspaper is canceled and the whole family reads the cereal packets. For a start, there is an important technological difference between the two media which has not been sufficiently stressed.

The newspaper offers at the most only two reading surfaces at a time—and one of those is the back or sports page, a section which it has been scientifically proved is never read, though no one in the newspaper industry can bring himself to believe it. The cereal packet, however, offers four reading surfaces which stand up in the centre of the table without assistance from the marmalade jar, and which provide simple entertainment for all four sides of the table.

—From *"The Day of the Dog,"* by Michael Frayn, to be published by Doubleday in May.

The Compleat Politician

THERE are a dozen justifications for fishing. Among them is its importance to the political world. No political aspirant can qualify for election unless he demonstrates he is a fisherman, there being twenty-five million persons who pay annually for a license to fish.

In Roman times the people formed

their political auguries by observing the flights of birds and the entrails of dead sheep. I have recently been fishing. In the long time between bites I have come to the firm conclusion that today fish take the place of the flight of birds and the entrails of sheep.

Also, I should inform you that from an augury point of view, there are two kinds of fish: There are the host of species of common or garden fish which are the recreation of the common man. There are also the rare species of fish sought by the aristocracy of fishermen. They require more equipment and more incantations than merely spitting on the bait. Politically speaking, these fish can be ignored since they are only landed the hard way and have no appeal to most voters.

A few years ago a press photograph showed my friend, the late Senator Taft, awkwardly holding a common fish. It was taken from many angles for all the common men to see. I knew without other evidence that he was a candidate. Some years ago my friend, General Eisenhower, burst into photographs from all angles, gingerly holding three very common fish. The augury was positive. —From *"Fishing for Fun—And to Wash Your Soul,"* by Herbert Hoover, published this month by Random House.

War by Surprise

I HAVE been pondering over this war in the last few weeks and it astonishes me more and more that Chamberlain had the courage to declare war on Germany. He certainly didn't want to do so. Had he any clear idea of the military strength of the Germans? I am sure that he hadn't. He didn't think that the British Empire could be assailed, and he had a firm belief in the French Army. He would not have acknowledged that he was banking on the French Army to give us time to get ready. But that was what he was doing. He also had no idea of the length of time that it took to make all the material required for a modern army. He did not know that you had to train after you had the equipment. He was completely unmilitary. He didn't realize that the military leaders had had no experience in leading large armies. Company commanders had been dealing with 20 and 30 men in a company instead of 250, and all the technical

troops were short. I am sure that the Cabinet did not ask the War Office if they thought they were ready for war. I didn't take over C. I. G. S. until the day war was declared. I am sure that the Cabinet did not ask any soldier's advice. Mine certainly never was asked. None of them reckoned that the French Army was largely served by horsed transport and that their Air Force was very inferior in both bombers and fighters. We could not replace this deficiency in the Air Force.

Did Chamberlain realize that we had allowed the Empire to get dangerously weak? I am sure that he didn't. Did he realize that we were in for a political struggle in which we were staking the Empire? I am sure that he didn't. He was a typical British businessman and couldn't realize that the Empire was in danger. He didn't realize that Hitler was out to down us. He couldn't believe it. His courage was certainly there, but I wonder if he realized all the mistakes that he and his party had made in the years since it became certain that Germany was preparing for war?

—From *"Time Unguarded: The Ironside Diaries 1937-1940,"* edited by Colonel R. Macleod, D. S. O., M. C., and Denis Kelly, published this month by McKay.

Bohemian Beat

DESPITE its cosmopolitan population, Montparnasse until now had been a closely knit community with its cafés, studios and intrigues. It was like a provincial town with its inhabitants; but mostly painters, sculptors, writers, and students. Casual tourists were few, most of them infesting the other end of Paris, Montmartre, with its all-night clubs and champagne. One day an enterprising ex-jockey with backing opened a night place in the heart of Montparnasse. He called it the Jockey. In an old one-story building, situated at the other end of the street where I had my studio, the outside walls were decorated by the American painter, Hilaire Hiler, with stylized figures of Indians and cowboys, the inside plastered with old posters. For the opening a group of the better known habitués were photographed in front of the club, all in more or less affected poses: myself holding a useless little Kodak, Tristan Tzara with his monocle, Jean Cocteau and his black-and-white knitted gloves, Pound in his false-bohemian getup. But the main attraction, besides other singers and the American jazz band, was Kiki and her naughty French songs, delivered in an inimitable deadpan manner. She passed the hat around afterwards, browbeating the customers into making generous donations which she divided amongst

the less favored performers. When not singing she sat at my table, or we danced on the few feet of crowded floor.

—From “Self Portrait,” by Man Ray, published this month by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

A Tranquil Trevelyan

THERE is no liberation on earth like knowing that one is of no consequence. It sets the heart suddenly free from a thousand shackles. One is like a tramp on the grassy bank of some out-of-the-way lane . . . at liberty to come and go; to stop and look at the way the clouds are forming and reforming; to breathe the summer-laden air, right into the bottom of the lungs, and to breathe it out again in consciousness; to do what life demands of one without fuss or any inner friction — and all because one blessedly doesn't matter. It is like a secret brotherhood to which one is admitted, and though it is secret, everyone who belongs recognizes other members instantaneously, because everyone who knows he is not important has been given not only the freedom of the city, but the freedom of the world, and that makes everyone very gay, inconsequent, and delightful-to-be-with. It needed a really heavy knock over the head to let me know that I was of no importance, because, being brought up in a family who had for at least three generations been putting the world to rights in politics, splendid social service, and literature, my whole upbringing tended to make me think that the individual mattered vitally.

—From “Through Mine Own Eyes: The Autobiography of a Natural Mystic,” by Katharine Trevelyan, published this month by Holt, Rinehart & Winston.

Rights and Prejudice

THAT equality is a good thing, a fine goal, may be generally accepted. What is lacking is a sense of the *monstrosity of inequality*. Seen from the perspective of prophetic faith, the predicament of justice is the predicament of God.

Of course, more and more people are becoming aware of the Negro problem, but they fail to grasp its being a personal problem. People are increasingly fearful of social tension and disturbance. However, so long as our society is more concerned to prevent racial strife than to prevent humiliation, the cause of strife, its moral status will be depressing, indeed.

The history of interracial relations is a nightmare. Equality of all men, a platitude to some minds, remains a scandal to many hearts. Inequality is

the ideal setting for the abuse of power, a perfect justification for man's cruelty to man. Equality is an obstacle to callousness, setting a limit to power. Indeed, the history of mankind may be described as the history of the tension between power and equality.

Equality is an interpersonal relationship, involving both a claim and a recognition. My claim to equality has its logical basis in the recognition of my fellow men's identical claim. Do I not forfeit my own rights by denying to my fellow men the rights I claim for myself?

—From an essay by Rabbi Abraham J. Heschel in “Race: Challenge to Religion,” edited by Mathew Ahmann, published this month by Regnery.

Fish 'n' Flips

SOME solitary [dolphins] after several days in the pool literally sank in despair, drowning or suicidally ramming their heads into the wall. However, when two or three captives were together, each gained morale and accepted food after a fast of five or six days. They would eat only fresh sardines—the most expensive fish on the market. The keeper of the tank, Etienne Gastaldi, rewarded them with a sardine for bumping a balloon into the air. I could not help thinking that the dolphins did this cynically, despising their slavery. The keeper introduced cheaper pay in the form of whittings. The dolphins would not eat them. Gastaldi

showed a sardine to a dolphin. The animal headed the balloon into the air and raced back to collect his salary. By sleight-of-hand, the keeper substituted a whiting for the sardine and the animal gobbled it. The dolphin gave Gastaldi a look and splashed water furiously on him with its flippers, sending him away drenched.

This self-respecting species, *Delphinus delphis*, has a bottle-nosed cousin, *Tursiops*, that dearly loves show business and often stars in oceanariums. *Delphinus* is equally intelligent, but despises captivity. When we understood that, we liberated them into the sea. Falco was the happiest of us all to see them go back home.

—From “The Living Sea,” by Captain J. Y. Cousteau with James Dugan, published this month by Harper & Row.

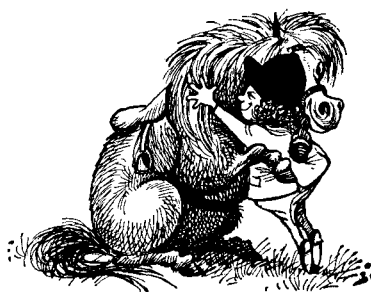
Change and Challenge

ULTIMATELY, all law begins and all law ends with the man in the street. At the least his needs, and at the most his faith, are communicated to judges and legislators and heighten their sense of accountability. They must heed his voice, because in essence they merely bring their expertness to bear upon his notions of justice and values. But the man in the street will raise his voice only at rare intervals, only when his sense of security is threatened because the values he expects his system

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COMPLETE GUIDE TO EQUITATION

is the subtitle to Norman Thelwell's *A Leg at Each Corner* (Dutton, \$2.95). The British riding expert has compiled a manual for the younger, or pony, set, with detailed instructions on how to choose the right pony (“he will find you”); the correct seat, equine mastery (achieved by subtlety rather than force), and how to deal with the numerous ills that horseflesh is heir to.



Where strangers are honored guests

India's legends and true-life stories are rich with anecdotes of hospitality—wholeheartedly given and gracefully accepted. When a stranger stood at the threshold, he became an honored guest of the house. The tradition of centuries is even stronger today. The people of India wish to welcome visitors from other lands, and to share with them, even if briefly, the Indian way of life. To make it easier for you to meet them a special program has been developed.

The idea is simple and gracious—and, of course, costs nothing. Let's say you are a businessman, a teacher, a lawyer, a doctor, or just a person who wishes to meet Indians with interests similar to your own. Before you leave for India, call upon the Government of India Tourist Office at 19 East 49th Street in New York City; 685 Market Street in San Francisco; 177 King Street W. in Toronto. Or after you arrive in India, upon the Government of India Tourist Offices in Bombay, Delhi, Calcutta or Madras. Tell them your likes, your hobbies, your special interest in India. They will be happy to help you choose your Indian friends from a list of persons who will be looking forward to welcoming you in their homes, and to making your visit as full and as rewarding as they can.

Once in India, meet with your new friends, accept their invitation to tea or a meal with them in their home. There you will meet other members of their family, exchange ideas and glimpse their particular brand of humor. You may enjoy seeing the local sights with your new friends, or playing a round of golf at an elegant country club. Perhaps a day at a sunny beach or a cricket match, the cinema or a dance recital. Simple delights which heighten in pleasure when you enjoy them in the company of your Indian friends.

The people of India are very much like you, proud of their country and their traditions. They have a lively interest in knowing more about *your* country, how *you* feel about today's world and everything in it. Come to India—maybe this year, maybe the next—your Indian friends will wait for you.



BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Dawn for the Dominicans

BACK in the winter of 1946 and 1947, when energy could be summoned on command and one's youthful engine operated on any kind of fuel, I was invited to embark on my first journalistic quest beyond my native shores. By native shores, I mean those of Manhattan Island, for up until that time I had been obliged to gather columns about far places for the New York *Post* by the rather indirect method of interviewing foreign travel officials who had opened postwar offices in New York.

This first trip was to take me in one overnight leap from New York to Puerto Rico, and then, in what Pan American was calling its "open-jaw flight," westward through the Caribbean islands to the Dominican Republic and on to Haiti and Miami. It was high adventure.

When the airplane landed in the Dominican Republic on the second leg of my journey, every passenger was required to have his temperature taken. It was a mark of progress instituted by El Benefactor, Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, who had then been in power for sixteen years and, from the busts and portraits of him which I was to see all over town, was by then firmly entrenched and heavily on the take. I recall all of us, the whole planeload, sitting there on benches outside the terminal with thermometers in our mouths, while the white-coated attendants bustled about checking the readings. Worse yet, we were able to express indignation only with our eyes. My temperature passed muster, I being, as I say, an indestructible dog in those days, but there was some fuss over some magazines I happened to be carrying, which without my knowledge had been printing some dastardly accountings of the presidential operations of El Benefactor.

The city, as I had been told I would find it, was clean and orderly, and the Hotel Jaragua, a recent benefaction, was the gem of the Caribbean, a favorite with overnighing crews who could splash in its pool, sleep comfortably in its air-conditioned rooms, and wake to sunlit views of the sea. After all, the Caribe Hilton was still years away, Haiti had nothing but the mellow old Splendid, the last word in Havana was the Nacional, and Jamaica was getting along on the Myrtle Bank, which, as far as I can determine, was built in the reign of George III. The Jaragua was

so popular that it had lost my reservation, and I was required to bunk in with the manager. I soon fell into the hands of the national travel office, which I was rather appalled to find being promoted by Americans. They were eager to dispel the dictatorial trappings—the marble busts, the portrait hanging in the gambling casino, the submachineguns in front of Trujillo's mother's house, the roadblocks in the country, the row upon row of fake warplanes lined up at the airport, which one was forbidden to photograph—with splendid tales of accomplishments and comparisons with other Latin countries. More than ten years later I was even more startled when the wife of a high American diplomat whose husband had been posted to the Dominican Republic had urged me to take a more tolerant attitude. "Some countries," she informed me, as one explains simple logic to a child, "need dictatorships."

I never set foot in the Dominican Republic again save for one brief interlude years later when my plane from Haiti bound for New York stopped briefly in Ciudad Trujillo. The same lines of warplanes were still there on the runway, the first row real, the others canvas-and-wood mock-ups. When I opened my camera, a soldier blocked me with his rifle.

On the night of May 30, 1961, ten patriots riding in two cars gunned down Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina. It took some time before Trujillo's legates could be pushed out of control, but at last, in February of this year, democratic elections brought Juan Bosch, who had spent many of the interim years in exile, to the presidency, and the Dominican Republic could at last survey the ruins.

THE other morning, with the sun barely up over Manhattan and my eyes barely open, I scurried, breakfastless, to the airport to catch Pan American's direct flight to Santo Domingo de Guzman, known until May of 1961 as Ciudad Trujillo. How sophisticated the voyage had become. Instead of those little packages on a lap tray, the hostesses set the table with hotcakes and browned sausages, fresh orange juice, crisp breads and crumb cakes, and coffee—and this in economy class. The all-economy plane with room for 159

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