

BOOKS

Nonfiction

GENERALS VS. PRESIDENTS: NEO-MILITARISM IN LATIN AMERICA, Edwin Lieuwen. Praeger, \$4.50 (SR, Jan. 2)—An analysis of the recent coups in those countries where, "in the eyes of the military, governments exist to defend the armed forces..."

LATIN AMERICA: MYTH AND REALITY, Peter Nehemkis. Knopf, \$5.95 (SR, Jan. 2)—An appraisal of fundamental inter-American issues reminiscent of Senator Fulbright's attack last year on our foreign policy.

HALF-WAY TO THE MOON: NEW WRITING FROM RUSSIA, ed. by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$5.95 (SR, Jan. 2)—An unusually judicious presentation of post-Stalin writing.

THE KING AND HIS COURT, Pierre Viansson-Ponté, tr. by Elaine P. Halperin. Houghton Mifflin, \$5 (SR, Jan. 9)—With wit, irony, and insight, the authoritative political editor of *Le Monde* views the supremely self-aware de Gaulle at Elysée Palace and Colombey.

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE: THE BIOGRAPHY OF A MARRIAGE, Frances Mossiker. Simon & Schuster, \$6.95 (SR, Jan. 2)—Personal letters and diaries authenticate the story of a man who loved too well.

THE NEW MEANING OF TREASON, Dame Rebecca West. Viking, \$6.95 (SR, Dec. 26)—A sequel to the author's classic treatment of World War II spies and traitors with a new cast of postwar subversives added, including the Profumo players.

THE MARSH ARABS, Wilfred Thesiger. Dutton, \$6.50 (SR, Jan. 2)—An Englishman who spent seven enchanted years in wettest Arabia rues the impact of civilization on a rapidly disappearing culture of ornamented canoes and great Euphrates guest chambers.

QUEEN VICTORIA: BORN TO SUCCEED, Elizabeth Longford. Harper & Row, \$8.50 (SR, Jan. 23)—Biography that seeks to reveal what the Queen was rather than what people thought she was; it considers, among other questions, significance of the Queen's widowhood and seclusion.

Fiction

LATE CALL, Angus Wilson. Viking, \$4.95 (SR, Jan. 16)—The belated coming-to-life of an unassuming Englishwoman who learns at the age of sixty-five that the self matters very, very much.

THE FINAL BEAST, Frederick Buechner. Atheneum, \$4.50 (SR, Jan. 23)—A minister and a young woman parishioner exemplify aspects of the contemporary American experience in this urbane story of faith triumphant.

WHITE LOTUS, John Hersey. Knopf, \$6.95 (SR, Jan. 23)—History may be impervious to ifs, but literature is not—hence this absorbing tale of a young white girl enslaved in China in the Twenties, a strangely antique world yet untouched by Communism and civil war.

ART

Exhibitions

PIET MONDRIAN: RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION, Santa Barbara Museum of Art—Gathered entirely from American collections, this is the most comprehensive survey yet seen in the United States of Piet Mondrian, the peerless Dutch modern painter who made history with his uncompromisingly pure abstractions. Closes Feb. 21.

THOMAS COLE: PAINTINGS BY AN AMERICAN ROMANTICIST, Baltimore Museum of Art—In order to feature a recently acquired long-"lost" painting by Cole, the Baltimore Museum has borrowed a splendid group of canvases by the outstanding painter of the Hudson River School. Closes Feb. 28.

MASTER PRINTS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University—Ranging from 1899 to 1962, from Norway to Mexico, this show presents 166 prints. Opens Feb. 4.

LONDON: THE NEW SCENE, Walker Art Center, Minneapolis—Varying from figurative works to hard-edge abstractions, the exhibition includes eighty-five paintings and sculptures by thirteen young British artists, some never seen before in this country. Opens Feb. 6.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Publications

OUR SAN FRANCISCO, Diablo Press, \$12.50—Forty-nine square miles of "old traditions and new cultures, tied together by wisps of fog, strands of steel, and a cable car bell," are captured in text and photos by ten appreciative natives—among them Ernest Braun, Jerry Stoll, Jacqueline Paul, Kenneth Rexroth, and Herb Caen.

Exhibitions

PEACE ON EARTH, Hallmark Gallery, New York—Based on the book of the same name (see SR, Dec. 5), a dramatic installation of Magnum photography effectively illuminates the spirit of Pope John XXIII's Encyclical. (Through Apr. 2).

THEATER

MAN AND SUPERMAN (SR, Dec. 27)—Fine revival of Shaw comedy, with *Don Juan in Hell* scene included.

THE NEW PINTER PLAYS (SR, Dec. 27)—*The Room* and *A Slight Ache* moodily explore the danger areas around two complacent marriages.

WAR AND PEACE—A handsome theatrical mounting of dramatic and significant moments from the Tolstoy novel.

GOLDEN BOY (SR, Nov. 7)—Sammy Davis, Jr., is a man between two worlds in a play excitingly produced.

TINY ALICE (SR, Jan. 16 and 30)—Edward Albee's confounding parable of man and the universe.

And, again . . . **THE FANTASTICKS, HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING, THE KNACK, DUTCHMAN, THE TROJAN WOMEN, THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES**. If you can get tickets: **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF** and **LUV**.

MOVIES

NOTHING BUT A MAN—Believable and human, this is the work of new film-makers about a young Negro couple's ordeal in the South.

ZORBA THE GREEK (SR, Jan. 16)—Vivid realization of the Kazantzakis novel, with Anthony Quinn as Zorba. Superbly written, directed, and produced by Michael Cacoyannis.

MISCELLANEOUS

Poetry Center, New York

C. DAY LEWIS, Mon., Feb. 8, 8:30—British poet, critic, and publisher, 1965 Norton Professor of Poetry at Harvard; admission \$1.50.

KARL SHAPIRO, Sun., Feb. 28, 8:30—Poet, author of *The Bourgeois Poet* (Random House), reading with commentary; admission \$1.50.

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the Soviet Union doesn't decrease the ideological and military danger from Russia but may actually strengthen it. Conversely, upgrading of living conditions—especially in view of the modifications that are required to achieve it—add to the chances for durable peace. The American search for effective disarmament agreements, therefore, is a genuine one.

Meanwhile, a parallel fallacy about the American economy has existed for many years among Soviet planners. For if the United States thought it could crack the Soviet economy by stepping up the arms race, the Soviet Union thought it could crack the American economy by ending it. More recently, however, Soviet leaders appear to be unburdening themselves of that particular fallacy. No longer are they committed to the view that disarmament in the United States would touch off a massive depression. Their economists have undertaken detailed studies of the American economy and now believe that the conversion possibilities are substantial and would offset the downward effects of cutback and dislocation. They realize that the continuation and extension of the nuclear arms race would lead to a holocaust that would be just as real to them as it is to us. And they are less inclined today to see the question of disarmament in terms of ideological or economic gain or loss than they are in terms of their own national survival. In this respect, the changed thinking in both countries provides a broader base for constructive and useful dialogue than has previously existed.

The great hope for the future, as in the past, lies in the fact of change. The question is not whether history is moving in the direction of sparing modern man from nuclear incineration but whether modern man can recognize auspicious change when he sees it.

—N.C.





Bad Movies Are Born, Not Made

be epigrams that seem to give off a clinking sound as they are enunciated by Miss Turner, Cliff Robertson, and Hugh O'Brian in turn.

The film's message is that neither money nor sex brings happiness, but after about two hours of total dullness Lana Turner is gored in the belly by a runaway bull, and this brings about her regeneration. How could such a script have possibly been cleared for production, what possessed Alexander Singer to direct it with such solemn seriousness? These are questions stockholders of the Columbia Pictures Corporation might well ask.

BAD film-making knows no boundaries, however, and for proof there is *Contempt*, written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard, who has the facility for skipping lightly from one foolishly insouciant effort to another. This one deals with a French film writer who imagines he will lose his soul and his wife (Brigitte Bardot) if he takes a commission to work for an American film star-producer on a production of Homer's *Odyssey*. By the picture's end, he has lost his wife, after winning her contempt, and M. Godard has focused his lens several times on rear views of Miss Bardot's nude form. Godard is almost as bad a writer as the above-mentioned Marguerite Roberts, and he is just about equal to Alexander Singer in his ability to achieve boredom—at least as exemplified in this case.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

ONCE *Tom Jones* had proved itself so sensationally at the box office, it was only to be expected that films of the same general category, if not quality, would attempt to follow its ribald and successful trail. Paramount is hoping to enthrall us soon with *The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders* (with Kim Novak as Moll), and an Italian film, in the same genre, although not based on a classic novel, has already arrived. It is called *White Voices*, its setting is eighteenth-century Rome, and, in an anything-goes spirit, it derives its dubious inspiration from those historic musical oddities, the castrati of Italian eighteenth- and nineteenth-century opera. But historical and musical purposes are far from the minds of the numerous screenwriters who concocted this bawdy mélange, and the direction by Festa Campanile emphasizes only its coarsest aspects.

The story's hero is an Italianate sort of Tom Jones whose name is Meo, a poor but scoundrelly son of a poverty-stricken family of chamber-pot makers. The French have taken to enameling and decorating chamber pots, thus bringing ruin to those who manufacture the unadorned variety. Meo first tries to sell his young brother to a training school for male sopranos, then is recruited himself, making sure, however, to bribe the surgeon into allowing him to retain his maleness. And gleefully the film puts Meo into a variety of situations where he is considered "safe" but in actuality can have the time of his life. The sexual innuendoes fly thick and fast, until as last the ironies of fate catch up with Meo, and he is turned into a more genuine castrato. I detail the movie's events to this degree only as a public service to those who might otherwise be influenced by publicity and overly chuckling reviews.

For, to be summary about it, the film is simply dreadful, not because it leers and winks and makes sly, poking jokes—although all that is hard enough to take—but because it is an out-and-out commercial attempt to exploit what its producers assume is a prevalent contemporary taste. It may well be that millions went to see *Tom Jones* because they heard it was—well, you know, that eating scene, and that part where he covers the camera lens with his hat. . . . On the other hand it did have skill, and consummate acting. It came very close to catching the spirit of a comic masterpiece, and, as for its bawdiness, it contained both genuine humor and satiric flavor.

There are almost none of the latter qualities in *White Voices*, although the photography in color is handsome and some of the settings are understandably nice to look at, as are several attractive women who appear for brief moments. Beyond that, the film is mainly bad taste, bad jokes, and totally commercial intentions.

But in the case of *White Voices* it at least is possible to discern a motivation for its having been produced. A new Columbia film with Lana Turner, *Love Has Many Faces*, seems to seek not to amuse, not to imitate, not to entertain, but, if anything, only to be one of the worst films ever made. It takes place in Acapulco, and has to do with a rich, selfish woman who is attempting to hang on to her present husband after causing the suicide of a beach boy because of her heartlessness. One has to go back to the Gloria Swanson movies of the early Twenties to find anything like it, but at least those films were soundless, while this one has dialogue by Marguerite Roberts, who seems to have modeled her style on the lesser Rod Serling and episodes of *Route 66*. No one talks straight, and the prevailing mode of communication is by means of teeth-grating would-

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and Yetta Arenstein

PREPOSITION PROPOSITION

Each of the prepositions below introduces a well-known piece of literature, and each of the dashes following the preposition stands for one word in the title. Ruth C. Clark of Plainview, Texas, who also supplies the names of the authors, asks only that you complete the titles by filling in the missing words. Answers on page 44.

1. Across _____
2. After _____
3. Around _____
4. Before _____
5. Between _____
6. Beyond _____
7. For _____
8. From _____
9. In _____
10. Of _____
11. Out _____
12. Through _____
13. Under _____
14. Unto _____
15. Up _____
16. Within _____

Bernard de Voto
Aldous Huxley
Jules Verne
Jack London
Virginia Woolf
Eugene O'Neill
Ernest Hemingway
James Jones
Alfred Lord Tennyson
John Steinbeck
Walt Whitman
Lewis Carroll
Thomas Hardy
Paul Green
Booker T. Washington
Sean O'Casey