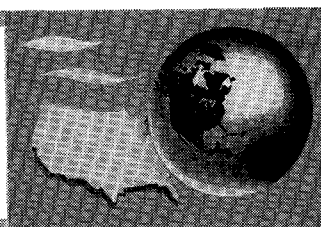


# As Others See Us



**EDITOR'S NOTE:** *The morning after the State of the Union Message, a Canadian newspaper commented editorially that President Johnson's words had "transcended national boundaries to encompass the world." Moreover, the editorial went on, "the world listened." But the manner in which it listened showed pronounced variations. In general, the countries of the free world appraised the message as reassuring and hopeful, while the Communist countries viewed it with cynicism and suspicion. The first three of the following excerpts from the world's press are representative samples.*

—J.F.F.

## TOKYO:

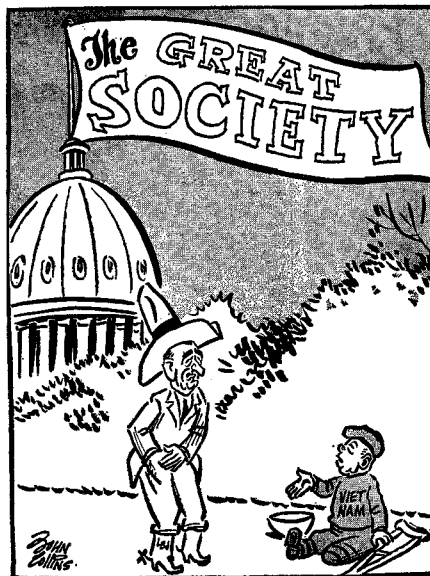
### *The Threat of Progress*

PRESIDENT JOHNSON in his State of the Union Message made interesting reference to the nature of some present-day problems. "In 1965," he said, "we begin a new quest for union. We seek the unity of man with the world he has built—with the knowledge which can save or destroy him—with the cities which can stimulate or stifle him—with the wealth and machines which can enrich or menace his spirit. We seek to establish a harmony between man and society which will allow each of us to enlarge the meaning of his life and all of us elevate the quality of our civilization."

This statement would seem to show that the President fully realizes that man's inner life and happiness are in danger of being threatened by the material progress he has created and that this fact has called into being many problems that must be faced courageously. Mr. Johnson, however, insisted that the desired harmony could not be realized in isolation. "Today the state of the union," he said, "depends, in large measure, upon the state of the world." Consequently we find a large part of the Presidential message devoted to international affairs and their repercussions on the American nation...

The Presidential message contained a timely reference to the United Nations, now subject to a threat of withdrawal from Indonesia. "We renew our commitment to the continued growth and effectiveness of the United Nations," it said. "The frustrations of the United Nations are a product of the world we live in, not of the institution which gives them voice. It is far better to throw these differences open to the assembly of nations than permit them to fester in silent danger."

Firmly believing that the United Nations can continue to fulfil its role of promoting peace and human betterment, despite its current difficulties, we are glad to observe this note of assured con-



—Montreal Gazette.

"It loses something in the translation."

fidence from the top executive of the United States, a country that has done so much to keep the international organization effective.

—Japan Times.

## MOSCOW:

### *Words and Deeds*

ONE WISHES TO NOTE and pay tribute to the fact that President Johnson's message contained no few words about peace, the spirit of friendship, and the desire for mutual understanding. . . . What is important, however, is not merely wishes. Those who heard the President were interested in exactly what the USA intends to do to ensure universal peace and establish cooperation among countries and peoples living in different social systems. The sincerity of the wish to achieve this will inevitably be tested by the actual steps, deeds, and proposals aimed at settling important internal problems, at strengthening and developing the moves in the direction of relaxing international tension. . . .

On the other hand, some things were said that cannot fail to put us on guard, that cannot but arouse a negative reac-

tion. One of the sections of the President's message was headed "America and the Communist Countries." If it had dealt only with the relations between the U.S. and the states of the world socialist system, this would have been natural. But the remarks on this topic are plentifully flavored with the usual and hoary anti-Communism. As so often in the past, sober analysis was replaced by impossible hopes of a weakening of the links among the socialist countries. The idea that has become current in the U.S. of late, of "building bridges" between the U.S. and the socialist European countries, was repeated. But the proposed "bridges" are rotten. The peoples of the socialist countries know this full well, and strengthening their friendship will make certain that those who like imperialist intrigue realize the hopelessness of their designs.

—Izvestia.

## HALIFAX:

### *Hopeful Beginning*

NO MAN IN HISTORY was ever better situated than Lyndon Johnson to strive for what he calls "the Great Society"—an age in which poverty, prejudice, ignorance, and disease have been banished, and in which material and spiritual values flourish.

These may well be Utopian goals, but whether they are impossible ones remains to be seen. President Johnson intends to find out. Certainly he is no idle dreamer. The epitome of the politician, he knows that the Great Society will not be brought about by speeches exhorting men to elevate themselves to a state of grace. But he also knows that conditions were never better for making an all-out assault on the age-old enemies of man.

Politically, President Johnson stands in a unique position. The recipient of the greatest popular-vote victory in American history, and with an overwhelming majority in both houses of Congress supporting him, he holds unparalleled power to enact his program into law. But he intends to use this power judiciously. He does not intend to make the mistake of doing more good than the country can bear. The Great Society will remain an unshakable goal, but the way will be carefully reconnoitered for land mines. The "President of all the people" (except Southern diehards) intends to remain just that for as long as possible.

This will require all the considerable skills he possesses. The coalition which he heads, of Easterners and Westerners, liberals and conservatives, labor and management, civil rights militants and gradualists, farmers and city dwellers, cannot hold together indefinitely. Defections will take place; slips will be made; Congress sooner or later will become recalcitrant. But by that time the statute

books may well be full of milestones which lead to his Great Society.

—*Chronicle-Herald*.

## MANCHESTER:

### *The Future of Vietnam*

NINE MONTHS AGO Senator Fulbright urged his compatriots to dare to think unthinkable things about their foreign policy—that China is ruled by Communists, for instance—but even he did not suggest at that time that the United States should withdraw from the war in Vietnam. That was altogether too unthinkable. It is so no longer. No less an authority than Mr. Dean Rusk agreed the other day that obviously, if there are problems of unity within the political life of South Vietnam, there are certain kinds of assistance that are simply not feasible. He was answering a question whether the United States Government was thinking of curtailing or withdrawing its aid.

Such hints lead to the sort of prophecy that tends to be self-fulfilling. If South Vietnamese soldiers and politicians believe that in two years Americans will no longer be there, they will act accordingly; and no doubt they have long been doing so. Almost certainly, lines of communications exist, or can readily be rigged up, between the National Liberation Front and exalted official circles in Saigon. A settlement between Vietnamese is possible. It is hard at present to say what kind of settlement, except that it could hardly bring more distress to the wretched people of the country than the war is doing. One reason why a withdrawal from Vietnam has hitherto

been unthinkable in the United States has been the theory that if one country succumbs to Communism, the rest of Southeast Asia will follow. This theory no longer seems to command such unquestioning fidelity as it once did. People understand better now that each country will react according to its own history and current circumstances.

—*Manchester Guardian*.

## HAMBURG:

### *The Flow of Ideas*

SINCE THE DAYS of Napoleon, a nation has been the vessel in which politics are born and carried out. In Napoleon's days people were not so skeptical as we of today; they even said the "holy vessel." Pride was taken in one's nation; its development was viewed as personal fate; pride of the fatherland was worn like a badge of honor. If need be, one was willing to sacrifice his life for the good of his country.

In Germany, where such emotions were thoroughly misused, there is no longer any particular attachment to concepts of nationality. To many it appears that we are giving up nothing if we strip ourselves of the honor previously worn and join our neighbors and those of the same opinion as we to form a greater Europe.

That is much more difficult for our partners in Europe. However, even in America many people are having difficulty separating themselves from old concepts. Goldwaterism was an obvious though fortunately fleeting proof of uneasiness in the face of new ideas.

The English, too, are having troubles

getting used to the idea of an MLF project. . . . Ships that fly the flags of their own countries on the high seas are the incarnation of all national feeling for the "island dwellers" far more than for other peoples. The "navy" and the "fleet" are words that increased the heartbeat of every Englishman for centuries. They were concepts that were at the peak of the value scale of the nation. And this nation is now asked to conceive of ships that will ride the waves once controlled by Britannia—ships that will be manned only by a few Britons and a large number of aliens. That is asking a lot.

But whether or not these diversely manned ships sail the seas and England withdraws her maritime prerogatives and the French do away with their cult in which the General celebrates the nation like a mass, the day will come when the nation for each will be too tight a vessel.

It has, in fact, already dawned. We are much farther ahead than we think. The eruption of national egoism that we experienced during the last two years is only a reaction to the dying out of certain powers. That is why the alliance is so fitting for its times. It is the most adequate form for our epoch—at least for Europe. Otherwise there would be no living space between the two giants.

The switches were set a long time ago. Developments have long ago created facts that can now only obey their own rules. No one can reverse the process. . . . A mere glance at the economic, military, and technical situation will show this.

The intellectual, the mental relationships between the two continents, particularly Germany and the U.S., have become closer and closer in the last three decades, much closer than in the last three generations. The thousands of specialists, university professors, doctors, architects, and others who fled Hitler's Germany have but added to the U.S. After 1945 a stream of inspirations and know-how, of knowledge and ideas, came flowing back to our country.

Severing or even reducing the fabric of relationships with the U.S. today would not bring back new national impulses, which, according to certain romanticists, represent the wellspring of power of a people. It would only lead to the side street of provincialism.

Both continents impregnate each other in an enduring manner. It must not be overlooked that about 80 per cent of today's relevant literature on science, politics, and strategy stemming from the West originates in the U.S. Without that country, the old continent—which has had to forfeit its boldness, a good portion of its initiative, and its belief in itself—would run the risk of going under intellectually.

—*Die Zeit*.

**Eye on the White House:** Two members of the current American Congress will be watched with great interest—Senators Robert and Ted Kennedy.

The cohesion and ambition of the Kennedy family is known to everyone. While John F. Kennedy was struggling to win the Presidency, and while he was in office, he received such united support from his family that people began referring to the Kennedys as a "clan." There was never any doubt, even while he was a Senator, that his principal ambition was the White House.

His two brothers are likely to feel the same way. They were brought up in the same atmosphere and traditions. Both have shown themselves just as determined to play a major part in American politics.

To suppose that the two Senators Kennedy do not have an eye on the White House would be to suppose that they are not ambitious, for the White House is in the thoughts of every ambitious American politician.

The question, then, will be not do they hope that one of them can become President, but what are the chances of one of them becoming President? And the chances seem good, perhaps better than for any other member of the Democratic party except Vice President Hubert Humpfrey.

Both men are national figures. Both are young, hard-working, and intelligent. Both have drawn prestige from the career of their assassinated brother. They are at present a long way from the White House. But they are near enough to justify a close interest in their careers.

—*Montreal Gazette*.



## Dilemma of Success

Continued from page 19

the dichotomy by which he is possessed will he take another upward step on his always ascending and descending spiral.

The average contemporary "serious" novelist lacks this realization. He can only look down, never up. I can count almost on the fingers of one hand those of our novelists who meet that test. I would name Conrad Richter, John Hersey, Louis Auchincloss, J. F. Powers, James Gould Cozzens, and a newcomer, John Stewart Carter, as definitely belonging in such a category. There may be a couple of others, but I am still too uncertain of their quality to name them. The most touted names in contemporary fiction—Saul Bellow, William Burroughs, James Jones, James Baldwin, Katherine Anne Porter, John O'Hara, Norman Mailer, Mary McCarthy, Paul Bowles—the novelists our bewildered critics write most about, choose to walk down a one-way street. They have nothing to say to us that we do not already know, and they write half-truths only.

I like an honest realism, and it was for that reason that I have twice defended in court the right of a publisher to issue and distribute John Cleland's *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* (better known as *Fanny Hill*), but the writers I have just named seem to me either intellectually dishonest or myopic.

I am fed up with being asked to attend while a husband and wife debate for two pages about the technique of using a contraceptive; leave that to the medical journals. Any day now I expect an invitation, possibly from James T. Farrell, the most boringly repetitious writer in American literary history, to

join him in careful examination of his hero's bowel movement. No friend of mine, or of anybody else, asks me to stand by while nature's little imperatives are performed, but our "serious" novelists seem to think I am interested in hearing about them. Mr. Baldwin apparently expects me to be moved when he describes the writhing of two male homosexuals on a bed; I may be moved when he recalls the indignities of a Negro childhood, but the performance of his unfortunate perverts disgusts me.

Any hunger for beauty, any form of aspiration, any recognition of man's duality, is suspect among the "serious" writers of fiction, with such exceptions as I have noted. Moreover, since we live in an increasingly chaotic world, the Samuel Becketts seem to say, we must try to reflect it in chaotic fashion. The lives most of us live make little sense, so our prose must make still less—otherwise it is impossible to drive home the present deplorable human condition. This, the truest form of escapism, is bilge water, and not only the so-called *avant-garde*, but numerous best-sellers as well, float in it.

I sense that I have mounted a different soapbox than the one I first climbed upon; suppose we return for a moment to the cult of personality. I think the exploitation that accompanies it presents real dangers for young writers in particular. I remember the veteran publicity director of one of our most notable publishing houses saying to me once in a confessional mood that she regarded her function as potentially one of the most corrupting to which a young writer, particularly if he had scored an early success, could be exposed.

Consider what has happened to such talented writers as Norman Mailer and

James Jones; if either ever writes another book carrying the impact of their first novels, I shall be surprised. Even *The Naked and the Dead* and *From Here to Eternity*, for all the driving force that made them readable, rested on an insecure base of immaturity. The hand-picked backgrounds of Mailer's G.I.s put American life into false focus; Jones's women characters, especially his sentimentalized prostitute, were adolescent daydreams. He followed his first book, with its occasional flashes of power and veracity, with the dullest novel in a decade of publishing. Following that, he returned to the army, the only area of life in which he seems at home. Mailer searches frantically for a vital theme.

Excessive praise acted as a backlash for these men, and it is excessive praise, repeated in papers and magazines, that is currently the weakest feature of our book review mediums. Where can we go when John O'Hara describes Hemingway as the greatest writer since Shakespeare, when that tedious and venom-ridden book, *Ship of Fools*, is hailed as a masterpiece of the twentieth century, when a clever writer like Mary McCarthy produces such a mish-mash of vulgarity as *The Group*, which was greeted as a social document of prime importance?

We stand in need of a critical journal of uncompromising honesty, clear-eyed in its assessments, unswayed by ephemeral literary fashions, savage in its attack on the phony, the pretentious, the muddled, and the degenerate. Whatever its shortcomings, the *New York Times Book Review* remains the best publication in its field; *Saturday Review* has widened its appeal and is no longer primarily a literary journal; the *Herald Tribune's* book section has been starved to death. There were those who thought the recently launched *New York Review of Books* might provide an answer to this problem. To me it has been a disappointing venture: narrow in its sympathies, crassly and pretentiously authoritative.

The publishers must bear part of the blame for our present literary predicament. They have let the lure of a rising market encourage them to publish tons of mediocrity and rubbish; every week they underwrite books that have no excuse for being. This is not true of all houses, but there are more than enough irresponsible firms to substantiate the accusation. I could use a four-letter word to describe much of this output, but magazine usage will not permit.

This, we all know, is as much the age of publicity and of critical pussy-footing as it is "the age of anxiety." The air is full of buncombe and bilge, and the scent it carries is one that stinks. We need some powerful astringents and antiseptics, but who is to provide and administer them?

## Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and Yetta Arenstein

### ANAGRAMS ALL THE WAY

Below are a baker's dozen of anagrammed titles, each with its matching anagrammed author, of recent publications (some top-sellers) assembled by Marjorie Wihtol of Middletown, New Jersey. Order restored on page 65.

- |   |                     |
|---|---------------------|
| 1. <i>Quixote</i>                               | Rosanne G. Sciafa   |
| 2. <i>Anabel Belton</i>                         | Bud Sewall Emming   |
| 3. <i>Dig the Ratio</i>                         | E. T. St. Roux      |
| 4. <i>Fear in Dakong</i>                        | Berla Crime         |
| 5. <i>Merrie Anglairs</i>                       | Ned Goshan          |
| 6. <i>Brigadoon Ganther</i>                     | Dr. Mal de Chassa   |
| 7. <i>Around the O. T. N.</i>                   | Jan Honiker         |
| 8. <i>A Mexico-N.Y. Tour, 1965</i>              | Lars Sjek           |
| 9. <i>Pay It by Uhoogram</i>                    | Phil la Schrance    |
| 10. <i>The Woses in Wales</i>                   | Dan O'Lerrygh       |
| 11. <i>Voters Fight in May</i>                  | Theodor S. R. Grody |
| 12. <i>Wags to the Cribbing</i>                 | Sam dePuy, Jr.      |
| 13. <i>Tend Those Loony L*a*w R*e*f*o*r*m*s</i> | Rose Elton          |

SR/January 30, 1965