

the author recognizes that it requires strict cultivation. In the interaction between certain personalities and milieus, it occasionally eludes control. Such was her own case in Hollywood, where she went to study the effect of social organization on movie content. She found her work unsatisfactory, partly because of the inability to surmount her private attitudes and ideology.

Unfortunately, we never learn exactly what these personal feelings are, nor do we see them tested in encounter. Her declared intent is to show us "how the anthropologist feels as well as what he does," to "look inward as well as outward." But a lifetime of trained objectivity, encumbered by a lack of literary gift, thwarts self-examination. Modest, shrewd, warmly friendly, and undicted to introspection, Dr. Powdermaker clearly meets her own definition of the anthropologist as one who has "a sense of compassion and of a common humanity with all men"; yet her inner life remains closed to us.

Our interest must be aroused, then, by the character of the societies she explores. Her stay in Indianola, Mississippi, in the mid-Thirties is the most vividly rendered section of the book and has, of course, a special relevance to present social movement. In this rural community in Sunflower County, where twenty years later the White Citizens' Council was to be formed, she peels away the layers of guilt, phantasy, and insecurity that comprise Southern racism. Moving easily and with complete integrity between the black community, with its many stratifications, and the more rigid white society, the author is sharply observant and, indeed, prophetic. In the self-mockery of the blacks as they acted out their role of false humility, she sensed the confidence of victory. She perceived the lack of middle-class tradition in the whites and their substitution of a fanatic pretension to an aristocratic heritage.

In an epilogue, Dr. Powdermaker deplores the "emulation of the natural sciences by social scientists." She ventures the provocative theory that this trend developed in the work of those born between 1915 and 1930, who found increased economic opportunities in their profession, and whose preference for definite answers and formal rules reflects the temptations of acceptance by the cultural and academic apparatus. In the younger generation she sees signs of a return to a more humanistic view (her own), in which ambiguity and probabilities are recognized as inherent in the anthropologist's subject: man. This probing of generation-differences, a reliable technique in her field work, may be pondered by the thoughtful reader as he considers other aspects of our contemporary situation.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

- BLIND SPOT. By Joseph Harrington. Lip-pincott. \$3.95.
THE HOSTAGES. By Charles Israel. Simon & Schuster. \$4.95.
SIX DAY WEEK. By Alan Gardner. Coward-McCann. \$4.50.
SOME AVENGER. RISE! By Lesley Egan. Harper & Row. \$4.50.

Current Affairs

- BURN, BABY, BURN!: The Los Angeles Race Riots, August 1965. By Jerry Cohen and William S. Murphy. Dutton. \$5.95.
SECRETS OF ELECTRONIC ESPIONAGE. By John M. Carroll. Dutton. \$3.95.
WHEN CHINA WAKES. By Robert Guil-lain. Walker. \$5.95.

Fiction

- THE BOGEYMAN. By Margaret Forster. Putnam. \$4.95.
FEVER. Stories by J. M. G. LeClézio. Atheneum. \$4.95.
RETIEF'S WAR. By Keith Laumer. Doubleday. \$3.95.
RULERS OF DARKNESS. By Frederick J. Lipp. World. \$6.95.

History

- THE ABDICATION OF KING EDWARD VIII. By Lord Beaverbrook. Edited by A. J. P. Taylor. Atheneum. \$4.50.
CHICHESTER TOWERS. By L. P. Curtis. Yale Univ. Press. \$5.
CUSTER'S GOLD: The United States Cavalry Expedition of 1874. By Donald Jackson. Yale Univ. Press. \$5.
THE FIVE STAGES OF THE JEWISH EMAN-CIPATION. By Josue Jéhouda. Barnes. \$3.50.
THE HABSBURGS. By Dorothy Gies Mc-Guigan. Doubleday. \$6.95.
A HOUSE OF KINGS: The Official History of Westminster Abbey. Edited by Edward Carpenter. John Day. \$16.
JOHN THE FEARLESS: The Growth of Burgundian Power. By Richard Vaughan. Barnes & Noble. \$7.50.
THE PEOPLE INTO PARLIAMENT: A Con-cise History of the Labour Movement in Britain. By W. T. Rodgers and Bernard Donoughue. Viking. \$8.95.
THE REIGN OF EDWARD IV. By Eric N. Simons. Barnes & Noble. \$7.
SCIENCE AND POLITICS IN THE ANCIENT WORLD. By Benjamin Farrington. Barnes & Noble. \$4.50.
STANKEVITCH AND HIS MOSCOW CIRCLE, 1830-1840. By Edward J. Brown. Stanford Univ. Press. \$5.
THEY SAW IT HAPPEN IN EUROPE: An Anthology of Eyewitnesses' Accounts of Events in European History, 1450-1600. Edited by C. R. N. Routh. Barnes & Noble. \$7.50.

Ideas

- KNOWLEDGE AMONG MEN: Ten Essays on Science, Culture and Society Com-memorating the 200th Anniversary of the Birth of James Smithson. Simon & Schus-ter/Smithsonian Institution. \$5.95.
POETRY AND POLITICS, 1900-1960. By C. M. Bowra. Cambridge Univ. Press. \$4.95.

Literary History, Criticism

- DOSTOIEVSKY. By A. Steinberg. Hillary House. \$3.
ESSAYS ON STYLE AND LANGUAGE: Lin-guistic and Critical Approaches to Literary Style. Edited by Roger Fowler. Humanities Press. \$6.50.
HEINE. By Meno Spann. Hillary House. \$3.
PIRANDELLO. By Oscar Büdel. Hillary House. \$3.
POIESIS: Structure and Thought. By H. D. F. Kitto. Univ of California Press. \$7.50.

Miscellany

- THE ALIEN ANIMALS: The Story of Im-ported Wildlife. By George Laycock. The Natural History Press/Doubleday. \$4.95.
LANGUAGE OF BALLET. By Thalia Mara. World. \$4.95.
THE LEISURE WASTERS. By Connie O'Connor. Barnes. \$5.95.
THE NEGRO IN AMERICA: A Bibliography. Compiled by Elizabeth W. Miller. Harvard Univ. Press. \$5.
SOUTH OF THE MOON: On Stanley's Trail Through the Dark Continent. By Blaine Littell. Harper & Row. \$6.95.
THESE ENTERTAINING PEOPLE: A Guide to Elegant Entertaining. By Florence Prit-chett Smith. Macmillan. \$7.50.

Personal History

- THE EMINENT TRAGEDIAN, WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY. By Alan S. Downer. Harvard Univ. Press. \$10.
THE LIDDELL HART MEMOIRS: The Later Years, Vol. II. Putnam. \$7.50.
MARY BAKER EDDY: The Years of Dis-covery. By Robert Peel. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$7.50.
THROUGH THE BAMBOO CURTAIN. By Beryl Grey. Morrow. \$3.95.
TRUJILLO: The Life and Times of a Caribbean Dictator. By Robert D. Crass-weller. Macmillan. \$8.95.
WOMAN OF VIOLENCE: Memoirs of a Young Terrorist, 1943-1948. By Geula Cohen. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$5.95.

Religion, Philosophy

- THE FOURTH SESSION. By Xavier Rynne. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$5.50.
PRINCIPLES OF CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY. By John Macquarrie. Scribners. \$7.95.
WHO'S WHO IN THE GOSPELS. By H. A. Guy. St. Martin's. \$2.95.

Sociology

- BEYOND CIVIL RIGHTS. By John Selby. World. \$6.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. mouth. 2. mind. 3. eyes. 4. sin. 5. folly. 6. meddling. 7. peace. 8. trust-eth. 9. God. 10. wise. 11. laughter. 12. darkness. (1-8: *Proverbs*. 9: *Psalms*. 10-12: *Ecclesiastes*.)

FILM FESTIVALS—1966

1. New Faces at Berlin

EDITOR'S NOTE: SR this month reports on three major European film festivals—Berlin, San Sebastian, and Cannes. Reports on other festivals will follow in subsequent issues.

BERLIN.

FOR A FEW DAYS during the twelve-day Berlin International Film Festival, which ended July 5, the skies became leaden and poured down rain, and festival films being shown in the handsomest cinema of the city, the Zoo-Palast, matched this mood. Whether French, Spanish, Swedish, or German in origin, the movies dealt with vaguely defined anguish, dull despair, lacerations of the spirit.

Then the skies cleared, and the first of the official American entries—*Lord Love a Duck*—came along. The reaction to this strained attempt at satirical comedy was more enthusiastic than it deserved. Not that it was expected to take any prizes, with the exception, perhaps, of one for Lola Albright's performance as a rabbit-tailed cocktail waitress; but at least it moved along at a sprightly clip, and offered an abundance of modern American backgrounds (in this case, California), which Europeans generally appear to enjoy, even when they are being mocked. In fact, if the festival-opener, *The Russians Are Coming The Russians Are Coming*, had been entered in the competition the chances are that it would have been seriously considered at prize-giving time. American comedy, when it is good, is a welcome change from the glum and often deadly serious tone espoused by so many of the newer European film-makers, who often seem to make their films for festival showing and hope thereby to enlarge their reputations.

To this all-encompassing generalization an exception must be noted. The Italian entry was a sort of comedy, *A Question of Honor*, starring that agreeable actor, Ugo Tognazzi. But what a comedy! It tells of a man attempting to live by the age-old codes in Sardinia and forced, in the end, to shoot the wife he so dearly loves. Even the wife agrees that this must be her fate. This black comedy was made in bright techni-

color, and there was very little laughter at the "joke."

Berlin as a festival place is off the pattern in that it is not a resort, has no beaches except for the overcrowded Wannsee, and has no center around which the activity revolves. The closest thing to a center is the *Kurfurstendamm*, with its terrace cafes, and the landmark for festival-goers is the ruined bell-tower of the Kaiser-Wilhelm Memorial Church, which is just about the last ruin left (deliberately) in West Berlin. From the church, if one's compass sense is set properly, the Zoo-Palast can be easily found in five minutes.

THIS year I participated in the festival as a member of the international jury, and as a result found my way incredibly smoothed. I was booked into the Park Hotel Zeller Mayer, quiet and somewhat removed from the busier Hilton and Kempinski, where most of the film dignitaries are lodged. Four chauffeured Mercedes cars and three interpreters were at the constant service of the nine jury members.

We eventually settled on three languages—German, French, and English. As the saying goes, we communicated, and how pleasurable to discover that standards, principles, and judgments did not differ radically, a tribute not to ourselves, but to the film medium with its transcendence of boundaries. The jury this year, though, was heavier than usual with critics, writers, and journalists, balanced by two producers and two directors. One of the directors was Pier Paolo Pasolini, the current Italian wonder, who always reacted with soft understanding to the human aspects of any film, even if it lacked technique or artistry.

A reaction to the Jean-Luc Godard mystique was in evidence at the festival, and not only among the jury members. His *Masculin-Feminin* was no longer an innovation, but a repetition of his previous methods, virtually a formula by now. A boy, a girl, much talk, shots held well beyond the point of boredom. What does it all mean? "See the film ten years from now," Godard seems to be saying. "For the moment I only pre-

sent a boy and a girl of today." And there is the nagging suspicion that his supercilious technique may be only a cover-up for a profound lack of storytelling ability.

"Why don't they use the medium they have inherited?" asked Lars Forssell the Swedish jury member. And it was true; these new European directors took small subjects and tried to make them larger, or reduced large subjects to triviality (as in the case of Godard). Three of the films dealt with hunting and shooting, a trend of a kind. The Spanish film, *The Hunt*, showed three older businessmen revealing their futility and failure in a hunt for rabbits on an old Civil War battleground. The Swedish film, *The Manhunt*, undoubtedly had its unrevealed symbolic aspects, dealing as it did with two manhunters who wound an escapee in a snowbound forest, care for him in a hut, but refuse to bring him back to justice. The implication is that he will die, but at least he will die free. Cold comfort for both the criminal and the audience.

The German entry, *Off-limits for Foxes*, was the work of a very new director, Peter Schamoni. A young literary malcontent spends weekends at the estate of his friend's father where there are continual shooting parties. He and his friend despair, for the older people are mushy with nostalgia for the past, and how can the young participate in the present, if the present has been built by these same spiritually soiled elders? A perfectly relevant theme, but the exploration of a theme alone provides little engagement for an audience. It wants people and involvement.

When a Greek film, *Fear*, came along, lurid, melodramatic, contrived, but forceful and vivid in its direction, the audience responded with cheers, and the German newspaper critics railed at it. The theme was fear and guilt; the body of a raped and murdered deaf-mute girl rises to the surface of a lake, and retribution comes. . . . None of this goes down well with the younger intellectual Germans, for, presumably, they are tired of guilt, and of being reminded of guilt. But the director, Manoussakis, will be watched, if only because he did something so many of the others were unable to do: involve his audience.

The festival had its most distinguished film evenings with Satyajit Ray's *The Hero* and Roman Polanski's *Cul de Sac* (a British entry), and the jury argued long and hard before handing *Cul de Sac* the Golden Bear grand prize, eventually deciding that this time around Polanski's hard brilliance had the edge over the milder but more human Ray. Ray, however, was consoled with an Award of Honor for the body of his work. The Silver Bear for direction went to Spain's Carlos Saura,