

will be measured more accurately when he is gone.

Lacouture's short biography, if that is the word for it, reflects this uncertainty. The book is a series of essays in the best French stylistic tradition, without scholarly impedimenta, references, documentation, or bibliography. It begins, properly enough, with de Gaulle's childhood and educational influences (including his schoolmaster father and the philosopher Henri Bergson); discusses his frustrating career as a farsighted and largely ignored military intellectual in the shabby Thirties; expounds on the unparalleled national disaster of 1940; explores the dramatic and all but incredible emergence of the indomitable General as the leader of the Free French and of freed France, and ends with de Gaulle in supreme power today.

The de Gaulle saga is, objectively speaking, a fantastic story, worthy of the pen and labors of a great biographer, which Lacouture is not. Apart from the fact that the author has not followed the true biographer's art, including a meticulous examination of available evidence, he has been quite obviously defeated by his elusive subject. In all fairness, however, it must be said that de Gaulle has so far eluded everybody else, too, just as he has always managed to outwit his rivals and opponents. He towers alone, in a kind of nonplussing, befogging, ironic grandeur. A "great Jacobin cardinal," the author calls him.

There are unforgettable descriptive flashes in Lacouture's *De Gaulle*. Here

is how the elongated General looked as he appeared at the Hotel Matignon early in June 1940 to become Undersecretary of State for National Defense in Paul Reynaud's cabinet at the moment of France's catastrophic collapse: "a great, solitary wolf, awkward and morose, two stars on the army kepi, a flinty eye, a disdainful cigarette, a pair of white gloves in one hand." Look at him four years later, during the invasion of Normandy, as he bobbed up at Bayeux and Isigny, his stiff gait, excessive height, imperious nose disconcerting those who had known him only through the London wartime radio: "the nocturnal, demanding voice was the voice of this giant in an earth-colored jacket who strode through their midst, surveying the ruins of his country with an air that was at once sad and proud." And see him now as he appears on television, which he uses systematically as a powerful instrument of his dominion over France:

The de Gaulle of television is an eye, a mask, forearms, and hands. The eye of an elephant, of ruse and rancor, glittering with enormous wisdom or with cold rage; the mask, in which age has ceased to carve its lines and begun to smooth over the planes, hardens abruptly when he is angry, relaxes again for the paternal or bantering words. And then there are the forearms, which he hurls out in front of him like tanks on the slopes of Abbeville or a sword at the feet of Caesar.

He is full of paradoxes. A monarchist who saved French republicanism; a pro-

fessional soldier who has scant respect for most of his colleagues; a nationalist who looks beyond Europe; an anti-Communist who is on the friendliest terms with the Soviet Union; an authoritarian who respects independent ideas, even those that criticize or ridicule him—these seeming contradictions could be multiplied. Actually there is an inner consistency to the man. He is moved by two overriding motives: power and France.

HE has a sense for and of power and knows how to use it in all its ramifications. In the pursuit of his political objectives, whatever they may be at any given time, de Gaulle is as icily cynical as Richelieu and as wily as Mazarin. This, indeed, places him in the great tradition of French politics. Like his famous predecessors in the craft of statesmanship—put in the service of France—de Gaulle is totally unmoved by the twentieth century's obsession with "consensus," opinion surveys, or public affection. He will court votes but not love. Public approval, whether it is called plebiscite or election, has only one function—to put him in power and keep him there. Once on the republican "throne," his wielding of power is determined solely by his own conceptions of the needs, interests, pride, and honor of the nation. Nothing else matters.

For France, de Gaulle has a special kind of feeling and love, a compound of mysticism and romanticism. France to him is not merely a *patrie*; it is a mystique with which his soul is identified. His deep sense of country defies ordinary logic, which is peculiar in that he is otherwise a coldly realistic and intellectual person. France, de Gaulle says simply, is not France without greatness. The debilitating corruption of the Third Republic and the cowardice of so many of his countrymen during World War II came as a shock to this proud man. His all-consuming goal now is to restore France's pride and power.

De Gaulle has done much already to bring back to the French a feeling of self-respect and dignity among nations. But a restoration of France's ancient power and leadership in Europe under modern conditions, may well be a mirage. Perhaps de Gaulle suspects that he is cultivating a national illusion, but it is part of his eminence that he is trying to do so. Whatever the judgment of posterity, it is clear, from Lacouture's excellent book and others, that the de Gaulle character and charisma are such that legends about him will grow and accumulate with the years.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

NAME PLAY

It has often been an author's whim to name his characters by their characteristics. It is now the whim of Marjorie Wihtol of Middletown, N. J., to collect a dozen such names from famous books and plays and to ask you to remember in which one each of the names appears. Answers on page 56.

- | | |
|------------------------|---|
| Squire Allworthy () | 1. <i>Around the World in Eighty Days</i> |
| Harry Anguish () | 2. <i>Graustark</i> |
| Richard Dauntless () | 3. <i>Hard Times</i> |
| Stephen Dedalus () | 4. <i>Measure for Measure</i> |
| Tony Lumpkin () | 5. <i>The Rivals</i> |
| Mrs. Malaprop () | 6. <i>Roderick Random</i> |
| Mr. M'Choakumchild () | 7. <i>Ruddigore</i> |
| Mistress Overdone () | 8. <i>The School for Scandal</i> |
| Passepartout () | 9. <i>She Stoops to Conquer</i> |
| Lord Quiverwit () | 10. <i>Tom Jones</i> |
| Dr. Slop () | 11. <i>Tristram Shandy</i> |
| Lady Sneerwell () | 12. <i>Ulysses</i> |

Coming November 19
SR's Reference Book Number

How Little I Know

Continued from page 31

life on earth is inherently anti-entropic, for it negotiates the chemical sorting out of the earth's crust's chemical-element inventory and rearranges the atoms in elegantly ordered molecular compound patternings.

Of all the biological anti-entropics—i.e., random-to-orderly arrangers—Man's intellect is by far the most active, exquisite, and effective agent thus far in evidence in the universe. Through intellect, Man constantly succeeds in inventing technological means of doing ever more orderly—i.e., more efficient, “better sorted-out”—local universe, energy tasks with ever less units of investments. To guarantee his and their anti-entropic functioning, the intellectual-integrity universe that has designedly arranged Mankind and all the other living species, has its ultra-shortsighted, built-in “desire” drives, its romantic-conception ambitions and protectively colored self-deceits, as well as its longer distance “needs,” all of which cause each specie to pursue its particular “honey” with its particular rose-colored glasses as does the bumblebee, which at the same time inadvertently and unconsciously performs myriads of other tasks, designed with fabulous scientific capability by Nature—which inadvertent intercoordinate tasks are all essential to realization of the regenerative continuance of the much larger survival-support conditions for the generalized ecological system of all life. It is part of the comprehensively anticipating design science of life that the bumblebee's self-unviewed, unwitting, stumbling tail bumps into and knocks off male pollen, which it later and, again, inadvertently, knocks off upon the female botanical organs, thus unconsciously participating in a vastly complex ecological interaction of the many energy-processing biochemical “gears” of the total life system, dynamically constituted by all living species.

THE myriad inadvertencies of all the living species have sum-totally provided a metabolically sustaining and regenerative topsoil process which, it is realized now—but only by our retrospectively gained knowledge—has kept Man regeneratively alive on earth for at least 2,000,000 years, while ever improving his physical survival advantages and increasing his longevity. This vast “game-playing” of life has also indirectly occasioned not only the regenerative multiplication of human beings but also a progressively increasing percentage who survive in conditions of ever improving physical advantage.

I think Man is very properly concerned about that which he does not

understand. I don't think that it is the machine *per se* that bothers Man; it is just not understanding anything that disturbs him. When an accident bares portions of human organs familiar only to doctors, those organs look foreign and frightening to people. Stick your tongue way out before a mirror. It is a strange-looking device. If, existing originally and transcendently as psyches only, individuals had to choose and assemble their own sets of organic parts, having been assured of mortal incarnation and of mortal “honey-chasing” experiences after successful selection and completion of the assembly, and these individuals were endowed as psyches only with an esthetic sense of selectivity—being devoid of any understanding of either the separate or integrated functions of those parts—no humans would merge those cooperatively functioning parts into mortal beings, for no part of the “guts” would be chosen. Nature had to skin over the regenerative chemistry and physics controls with an esthetically intriguing, pseudo-static, sculptural babydoll unity in order to trick the immortal psyches into the problem-beset, temporary occupation of such humid-process regenerative machines as those of the humans.

I have learned that Man knows little and thinks he knows a lot. When any man can tell us just how and why he is handling and disposing the energies of his breakfast; or when any man can tell us that he is deliberately pushing each of his million head-hairs out through his scalp at specifically preferred rates and in specifically controlled shapes for specific purposes, we may say that this man knows a little. But I don't know of any man who can tell me so little, even, as why we have hair.

I am the most unlearned man I know. I don't know anyone who has learned how little one knows as have I. But that does not belittle the little I seem to know, and I have confidence in the importance of remembering how little we know and of the possible significance of the fact that we prosper, and at some times even enjoy life in Universe despite the designed-in littleness that we have to “get by with.” Despite their billionfold numbers, babies and very young children soon after their arrival on earth have uttered and continue to utter spontaneous comments and questions concerning life on earth and in Universe which are so economical and uniquely fresh in viewpoint and formulation as to be pure poetry, proving, apparently, that poetry is inexhaustible; to which their sophisticated and surprised, off-guard adult audience cliché unpoetically, “Oh, how cute.”

I have learned that truth is an omnipresent, omnidirectional, evolutionary awareness, one of whose myriad multiplying facets discloses that there are no

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"absolutes"—no "ends" in themselves, no "things"—only transitionally transformative verbing. It seems possible to me that God may be recognizable in Man's limited intellection only as the weightless passion-drive which inspires our progressive searching for the momentarily only, and only most-truthful-thus-far-possible comprehension of all the interconnections of all experiences. It seems, then, to me, that the nearer we come to understanding, the nearer we come to the orderly, omni-interrelationships of all the weightless complex of all generalized principles which seem to be disclosed to us as so important as to be tentatively identified as God. For it is the integrable interrelationships of all the generalized laws which apparently govern the great verb "universe," of the

vastly greater—because comprehensive-ly anticipatory—verb-intellecting which verb of optimum understanding may be "God."

IT seems that truth is progressive approximation in which the relative fraction of our spontaneously tolerated residual error constantly diminishes. This is a typical anti-entropy proclivity of Man—entropy being the law of increase of the random element. Heisenberg's indeterminism, in which the act of measuring always alters the measured, would seem entropic were it not for the experimentally realized knowledge that the successive alterations of the observed diminish as both our tooling and instrumentation continually improve; *ergo*, intellection's effect upon measurement

and the measured is a gap closing, and the pursuit of more truthful comprehension is successfully anti-entropic. Before Heisenberg, T. S. Eliot said, "Examination of history alters history." And Ezra Pound and earlier poets reported their discoveries that in one way or another the act of thinking alters thought itself.

When we ask ourself, "What have we learned?" we feel at first that the answer is, "Nothing." As soon as we say so we recall exceptions. For instance, we have learned to test experimentally the axioms given to us as "educational" springboards, and we have found that most of the "springboards" do not spring and some never existed. As, for instance, points, holes, solids, surfaces, straight lines, planes, "instantaneous," "simultaneous," things, nouns, "congruence," "at rest." The words "artificial" and "failure" are meaningless, for what they aver is experimentally "nonexistent." If Nature permits a formulation it is natural. If Nature's laws of behavior do not permit the formulation, the latter does not occur. Whatever can be done or occurs is natural, no matter how grotesque, boring, unfamiliar, or unprecedented. In the same way, Nature never "fails." Nature complies with its own laws. *Nature is the law*. When Man lacks understanding of Nature's laws and a Man-contrived structure buckles unexpectedly, it does not fail. It only demonstrates that Man did not understand Nature's laws and behaviors. Nothing failed. Man's knowledge or estimating was inadequate.

STEP to the blackboard. Write out a number so lengthy it has never been written before. The pattern of numbers constitutes a new form. The number is a doodle, and I cannot accredit novel form as creativity of Man. The number of relationships between items is always $\frac{N^2 - N}{2}$. The relationships between four or more items are always greater in number than the number of items. *Ergo*, there are always more chords than notes. And chords by themselves are not music. It takes two to make a baby. But it takes God to make two.

I assume that the *physical universe* is *definite*, and the *metaphysical universe* is *finite*. What men have called infinite I call finite. And what men called finite I call definite—i.e., definitive. By my philosophy the finite, but imponderable, metaphysical universe embraces the definite, ponderable, physical universe. *Finite* is not conceptual. *Definite* is conceptual. I have mathematical proof that the difference between the sums of all the angles around all the surface vertices of any conceptual, definitive physical system and the finite but nonconceptual metaphysical universe is always 720 degrees. Or a difference of only one *definitive tetrahedron*. Therefore, the

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combined physical and metaphysical universe is finite.

You can't buy anything worthwhile, like spontaneous *love* or *understanding*. Though metaphysically finite, these are imponderables. The absolute would be non-transformable, static, and weighable. *Ergo*, experimentally meaningless. Infinity is only local, and occurs within definite systems, as for instance, a circle around the sphere, which may be followed experimentally only as long as intellect follows.

Not being simultaneous, Universe cannot consist of one function. Functions only coexist. Universe, while finite, is not definable. I can define many of its parts, but I cannot define the non-simultaneously occurring aggregate of experiences whose total set of relationships constitutes the whole universe, though the latter, as an aggregate of finites, is finite.

There is strong awareness that we have been overproducing the army of rigorously disciplined, scientific, game-playing, academic specialists who, through hard work and suppressed imagination, earn their Ph.D.'s, only to have their specialized field become obsolete or by-passed in five years by evolutionary events of altered techniques and exploratory strategies. Despite their honor grades, they prove not to be Natural Philosopher Scientist-Artists,

but just deluxe quality technicians or mechanics. And what they lack to adapt themselves to change has now been pronounced in Washington as "creativity."

Philip Morrison, head of Cornell University's Department of Nuclear Physics, talks about what he calls "left-hand" and "right-hand" sciences. Right-hand science deals in all the proven scientific formulas and experiments. Left-hand science deals in all of the as yet *unknown* or *unproven*—that is, with all it is going to take intellectually, intuitively, speculatively, imaginatively, and even mystically, by inspired persistence, to open up the as-yet unknown.

The great scientists were great because they dealt successfully with the unknown. All the "greats" were left-hand scientists. We have been governmentally underwriting only the right-hand science, making it bigger and sharper. How could Congress justify appropriations of billions for dreams? So the billions went only for the swiftly obsoleting, bigger, faster, and more incisive modifications of yesterday's certainties by Ph.D. specialists. Everything that constitutes science is unteachable. Scientific routines for specialized technicians, and scientific formulas for their reference, alone are teachable.

The American Academy of Sciences, studying the few American scientists who have made historical breakthroughs,



The chances for Tommy Red Eagle are pretty slim. Unless you help.

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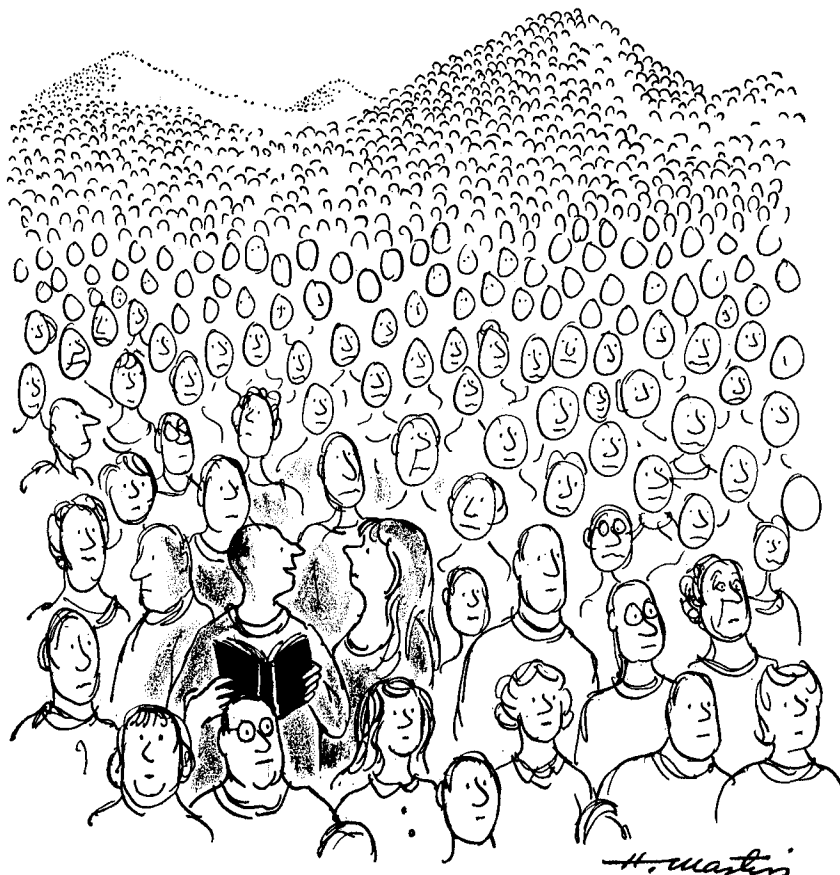
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"Listen to this. A writer way back in 1966 predicted that our generation would have one person to every square foot."

SR/November 12, 1966

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hoping thereby to develop more of the same, found out in the early 1950s that the first thing to be looked for is the university attended. It is interesting, therefore, that the California Institute of Technology and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology did not make the first twenty; Reed College is the top U.S. source of first-rank capability scientists. The outstanding observation is that "great scientists" are all graduates of small, liberal arts colleges rather than of powerful scientific establishments. The National Science Foundation asked the great "breakthrough" scientists what they felt to be the most dominantly favorable factor in their educational experience. The answer was almost uniformly, "Intimate association with a great, inspiring teacher."

TEACHING is not done with a needle or a pump. It can best be accomplished through the informed leadership of meticulously self-disciplined individuals who have invincibly loving faith in the integrity of universal evolution and of the indispensability of Man's functioning, unknown though it may be, in the realization of totality. To be with a great scientist at his research work can give the highest inspiration to an unimpaired student who must take the initiative in disciplining himself. Look for opportunities for the young to work with the loving pioneers—when they are as yet pioneering; to see the whole world picture of science as a part of a complete creative need—as an artist's need to articulate.

Kepes, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, made a beautiful demonstration. He took hundreds of 8 x 10-inch, black-and-white photographs of modern paintings and mixed them thoroughly, like shuffled cards, with photographs taken by scientists through microscopes or telescopes of all manner of natural phenomena—sound waves, chromosomes, and such. The only way you can classify photographs with nothing recognizable in them is by your own spontaneous pattern classifications: Group the mealy, the blotchy, the striped, the swirly, the polka-dotted, and their subcombinations. The pattern-classified groups of photographs were displayed. The artists' work and the scientists' were indistinguishable. Checking the "back-mounted" data, it was found that the artist had frequently conceived his imagined pattern before the scientist had found it in nature. Science began to take a new view of artists.

Loving mothers prohibit here and promote there—often in ways irrelevant or frustrating to brain-coordinated, genetic evolution, often suppressing a child's profound contribution trying to emerge. We have to look on our society as we look on the biological world in general,

recognizing, for instance, the extraordinary contributions of the fungi, the manures, the worms, *et al.*, in the chemical reprocessing and fertility upgrading of the earth. We must learn to think of the functions of the trees' roots as being of equal importance to the leaves' functions. We tend to applaud only the flower and the fruit, just as we applaud only the football player who makes the touchdown, and not the lineman who opened the way. What society applauds as "creative" is often isolated out of an extraordinary set of co-equal evolutionary events, most of which are invisible. Evolutionary "touchdowns" are unpredictable—sometimes centuries apart. Who knows which child is to make the next breakthrough?

In the next decade society is going to be preoccupied with the child because through the behavioral sciences and electrical exploration of the brain we find that, given the right environment and thoughtful answers to his questions, *the child has everything he needs educationally right from birth.* We have thought erroneously of education as the mature wisdom and over-brimming knowledge of the grownups injected by the discipline pump into the otherwise "empty" child's head. Sometimes parents say "don't" because they want to protect the child from getting into trouble. At other times when they fail to say "no" the child gets into trouble. The child, frustrated, stops exploring. It is possible to design environments within which the child will be neither frustrated nor hurt, yet free to develop spontaneously and fully without trespassing on others. I have learned to undertake reform of the environment and not to try to reform Man. *If we design the environment properly*, it will permit child and man to develop safely and to behave logically.

Order is achieved through positive and negative magnitude and frequency-controlled alteration of the successive steering angles. We move by zigzagging control from one phase of physical universe evolution to another. The rudder



concept of social law is most apt. The late Norbert Wiener chose the word *cybernetics*, derived from Greek roots of "rudder," because Wiener, Shannon, and others in communication theory were exploring human behaviors and their brain-controlled "feedback," etc., as a basis for the design of computers—and it became evident that the human brain steers Man through constant change.

No sharp cleavage is found which identifies the boundary between life and nonlife, between the heretofore so-called "animate" and "inanimate." Viruses—the smallest organized structures exhibiting "life"—may be classified as either crystalline or "cellular" forms. This is the level also at which the DNA/RNA genetic coding has elucidated the basic life design. The genetic code is essentially a structural pattern integrity. Such pattern integrities are strictly accountable only as mathematical principles. Pattern integrities are found at all levels of structural organization in Universe. The DNA/RNA, is a specialized case of the generalized principle of pattern integrity found throughout life and nonlife. *All pattern integrity design is controlled by angle and frequency modulation.* Life is not strictly "animate" at any point. Given that the "ordering" of life is accomplished through such codings as DNA/RNA which are essentially angle and frequency modulation, then we may go on to suggest that "life," as we customarily define it, could be effected at a distance—it may be radiated from a remote source. Life could be "sent on."

Within the order of evolution as usually drawn, life "occurred" as a series of fortuitous probabilities in the primeval sea. It could have been sent or "radiated" there. That is, the prime code or angle and frequency-modulated signal could have been transmitted from a remote stellar location. It seems more likely (in view of the continuous rediscovery of Man as a fully organized being back to ever more remote periods) that the inanimate structural pattern integrity which we call human being was a frequency modulation code message beamed at earth from a remote location. Man as a prime organizing "principle" construct was radiated here from the stars—not as primal cell, but as a fully articulated high-order being.

All that is weighable in respect to life is physical. All that is weightless in respect to life is metaphysical. I am not the 1,000 tons of physical elements which I have progressively processed cellularly in hair, skin, flesh, and bones and progressively discarded for reformulation and articulation by other lives of any species.

You and I are essential functions of Universe. We are exquisite anti-entropy. I'll be seeing you! Forever.

Homely Recipe

Continued from page 64

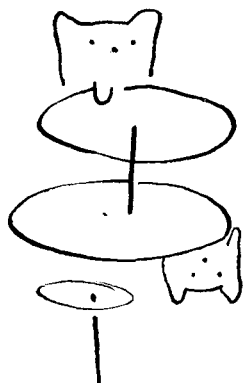
satisfied. It isn't a meal, but it's good and tasty.

This new collection follows the original Golden recipe. A little wisdom, a pinch of wit, a spice of laughter, nostalgia to taste, and a little pepper for tang. Unlike too many other columnists, Mr. Golden isn't afraid to take an unpopular or controversial stand. He may try to serve his principles in a more acceptable way, but he won't bend them to please his audience.

Who else but Harry Golden could browse through the right-wing journals of William Buckley, the John Birch Society, Billy James Hargis, and the rest and reach this eye-opening conclusion: "The reformed Communist is the most trustworthy American patriot of our times"? Or see in the vicious attacks on atheist Madalyn Murray a symptom of what is happening to our churches and synagogues today? The ministers and rabbis now are judged on how well they perform "interfaith work" and the like, and the laymen run the congregations. So, "Harassing Madalyn Murray is the new piety."

I especially enjoyed his defense of a popular culprit, movie tycoon Louis B. Mayer. Bosley Crowther and Mayer's other detractors charge that Mayer was uncouth, lascivious, avaricious, tough, and a boor to boot, for keeping his immigrant father around with his broken English and inviting him to fancy social gatherings. Mr. Golden feels Mayer did pretty well for a former junk dealer, and other children should treat their old parents as well. "Some of the folks I interviewed . . . complained that Louis B. Mayer once propositioned Myrna Loy and Jeanette MacDonald," Golden says. "This too is considered bad? In fact, it was precisely at this moment that I acquired an affection for that old immigrant who was trying so desperately to be an amateur Gentle."

So eat, eat, my children. Mr. Golden is famous for his *nosherei*.



—Vic Volk.



WHEN MR. JACK started making his whiskey, he called it by different names. Jack Daniel's was the one he finally settled on.

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San Francisco—Festival Rising

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR* continues its coverage of major 1966 film festivals.

SAN FRANCISCO.

WHEN SHIRLEY TEMPLE, now a San Francisco matron, resigned her position as chairwoman of the selection committee of the city's tenth annual film festival during a dispute over the inclusion of the Swedish film, *Night Games*, a publicity coup of the first magnitude resulted. Suddenly the festival became news, and *Night Games* became the hottest ticket in town for its one-night stand.

Miss Temple stuck by her guns. She termed the offending film "pornography for profit," gave new fuel to the pending anti-smut legislation in California, and could hardly have done the festival a greater favor. At the end of the film a television camera was set up in the lobby of the Masonic Auditorium, where showings were held, and members of the audience were asked their opinions of the movie—already notorious because at the recent Venice festival the showing had been limited to the jury and press. A good many of those interviewed thought there was far rougher stuff playing in the local cinemas, not to mention the topless vogue in the city's night spots.

True enough, *Night Games* wasn't much of an erotic shocker. As directed by Mai Zetterling, it is more arty than artistic, artificial in its structure, and given to hints and peeks at moral corruption rather than any head-on examination of Swedish night games. Its assumption is that a man in his thirties, made sexually impotent by his mother's baroque escapades—which he witnesses as a child—can exorcise his private demons by returning to the old mansion and recapturing the fateful memories. The Freudian atmosphere is heightened by the presence of his bride-to-be, a girl whose face resembles that of his now dead mother. During the memory sequences—somewhat Bergmanesque in technique—the child is seen viewing his mother giving birth to a dead infant during a weird "childbirth party," and he runs afoul of some early incestuous impulses, in part because the beloved mother (Ingrid Thulin) has unwittingly aroused him.

Most of this only slightly gamy material is suggested through dark, moody photography. When, now and then, Miss Zetterling provides a more graphic moment—such as a sequence in which the boy peers curiously beneath his mother's

skirts, or one in which the covers are flung back to reveal the boy in auto-manipulation—it is striking mainly because of its novelty on the screen. As dramatic material, however, it seems to have an all too obvious derivation from a psychoanalyst's notebook. But the fact that a film attempts to deal seriously with erotic behavior does not necessarily make it erotic, and certainly not pornographic. Miss Temple was obviously not acquainted with either the legal definition or the forms that film pornography can take.

There were better films to be seen at the festival, among them the German *Young Torless*, an atmospheric and literate adaptation of Robert Musil's pre-World War I novel. As in the novel, the setting is a boys' school, presumably in Germany rather than Musil's Austria. The sadism practiced by the schoolboys on a student misfit, and the attitudes of the professors, are, of course, lent a baleful significance by the subsequent course of German history. Even though the novel was a remarkable foreshadowing, while the film is aftershadowing, so to speak, *Young Torless* seems to indicate that Germany may be regaining its lost vitality. An early film by Pasolini, *Mama Roma*, also was shown, and, again offered a mixture of the director's Marxist-Christian intellectual preoccupations. While it was strengthened by one of Anna Magnani's earthily magnificent performances, it was, unfortunately, weakened by too many contrivances.

THE festival film choices—twenty-one, plus as many short subjects—were, in the main, more satisfying than those of the recent New York festival, even though they included a few already shown at Lincoln Center. But the duplicates were among the few noteworthy ones of that festival: *The Shameless Old Lady*, *Hunger*, and *The Hunt*. The work of Jean-Luc Godard was notably absent from the program, and just as well in view of the weakness of his recent output. Japan returned to the festival field with two films, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia were well represented, and the Netherlands, Denmark, India, and Switzerland added to what seems to be the festival's main purpose—the presentation of as wide a spectrum of film-making as is possible.

Afternoons at the Masonic auditorium, a new and excellent hall for film showings, were devoted to retrospectives, and to screenings of the work of new directors of promise. George Cukor was pre-

sent to comment on clips taken from his work, and so were such relative youngsters as Monte Hellman and Juleen Compton, whose films, made independently, revealed growing skill.

Previously, San Francisco's festival was under private sponsorship, and so low had its prestige dipped that the community considered dropping its already small support. The greater San Francisco Chamber of Commerce decided to make a study of the situation and appointed a committee headed by William C. Boyd to make recommendations. Boyd and others traveled to Cannes on a field trip, conferred with George Stevens, Jr., of the USIA, and Ralph Hetzel of the Motion Picture Association of America, and eventually decided a film festival would serve worthwhile cultural purposes. But they drastically revised its structure in 1965, and the result is a very worthwhile festival. Public support has been aroused, volunteers have done the major share of the work, and, under Boyd's administration, with Albert Johnson's scholarly assistance, a program of cultural value has emerged.

Boyd also made it his purpose to enlist some Hollywood participation, a most difficult task, as other festivals have long found. Somehow, United Artists was persuaded to open the program with its *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, and a large contingent of Hollywood personalities was flown up to help launch the social side of the festivities. These were glittering indeed, and the society columns of the local papers covered them avidly. A large press contingent came, too, and gave the festival more coverage than formerly.

Boyd, who is undoubtedly the spark-plug of the event, demonstrated that an intelligent specialist in public administration can learn the ins and outs of international cinema in a remarkably brief span. One thing he learned was that not all films requested can be obtained, even for noncompetitive screening. He persisted, however, and got the power structure of the city to lend its aid. And Boyd has more plans for the future. He intends to get more participation from foreign industries by bringing in official delegations from abroad, and he intends to "sew up" important films for showing.

The city itself makes a good setting for a festival. It is neither too large nor too small, and it appeals to natives and foreigners alike as a good place to visit. San Francisco, said Peter Ustinov, who also took part in the festival, "is regarded as the most beautiful city in America even by those who have never been here." The problem for the future may well be finding more "Shirley Temple-type" incidents to intrigue people into learning what all the fuss is about.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.