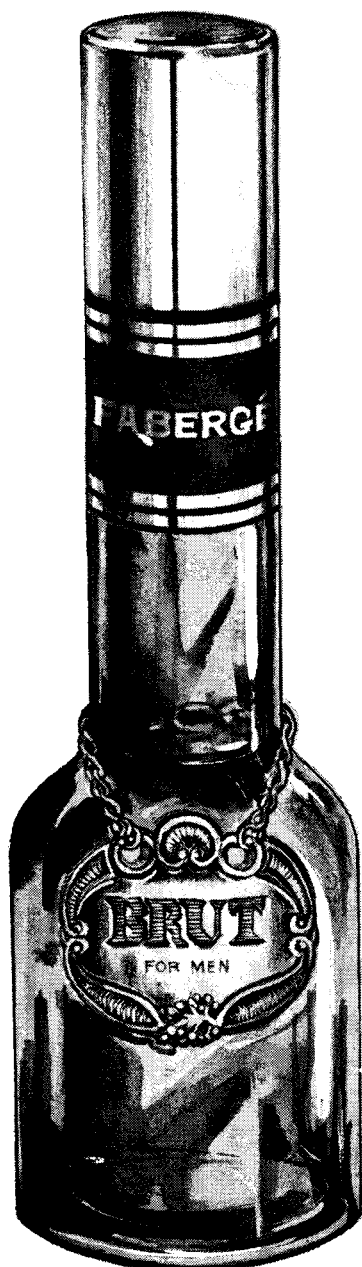


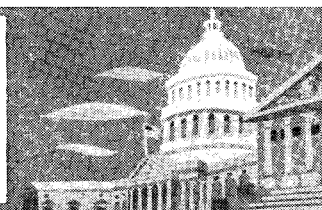
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any doubts  
about yourself,  
try something else.**



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## State of Affairs



### Hope in Vietnam

WASHINGTON.  
NEW EFFORTS to bring the war in Vietnam to the conference table are now under way behind the scenes and the prospects for finding at least a starting point for negotiations look a little better than they have up to now, although it may take months of secret and patient probing before any results will be shown. One of the main reasons for some hope is that attitudes are changing both in Moscow and Washington. The United States has begun to define its aims in Vietnam in greater detail—though they still remain fuzzy, as shown by the discrepancies between Ambassador Goldberg's speech before the United Nations Assembly of September 22 and the Manila communiqué.

Mr. Goldberg called for a phased withdrawal "of all external forces, those of North Vietnam as well as those of the United States and other countries aiding South Vietnam." The Manila communiqué, referring to the allied forces, said: "they shall be withdrawn, after close consultation, as the other side withdraws its forces to the North, ceases infiltration, and the level of violence thus subsides. Those forces will be withdrawn as soon as possible and not later than six months after the above conditions have been fulfilled." What remains unclear is what is meant by "external forces." Does this include the irregulars from the North or only the regular, organized troops?

But perhaps this will be initially less important if, as a first step, conditions can be agreed upon that would lead to a halt in the bombing of North Vietnam. There is reason to assume that President Johnson will not order another "pause" in the bombing unless he has more definite reassurances that it would lead to negotiations. There is also every reason to think that the North Vietnamese will not enter into negotiations unless the bombing has stopped. Before the President initiated a pause the last time, various eastern European "informed" sources hinted that some negotiations could be expected. But nothing followed, and in retrospect the President considers this thirty-seven-day pause a big mistake which he does not want to repeat. The immediate problem, therefore, is to get more definite signals from Hanoi as to whether it is willing to negotiate.

Until recently, another obstacle to progress was the categorical refusal of

the Soviet Union to use its influence to persuade North Vietnamese leaders to modify their unyielding position. This refusal was at least partially based on the belief that the United States was not sincere in its protestations about wanting peace, and that it could lead only to embarrassment if the Soviet Union talked Hanoi into negotiations which then proved abortive. However, since Mr. Gromyko's visit to Washington, the Kremlin may be less suspicious of President Johnson's desire for peace. At the same time, Soviet officials have dropped hints that their influence in Hanoi has improved.

Nobody as yet knows whether there is also a change in the attitude of the North Vietnamese leadership. But it would be surprising if the extraordinary internal upheavals that are shaking the Communist regime in Peking have not disturbed the men in Hanoi. They have certainly shocked virtually all Communist parties throughout the world and led many of them to openly criticize the Chinese brethren—though, to the surprise of many experts, these developments do not lead to the kind of condemnation of China that had been expected to emerge from the recent Communist party summit meeting in Moscow.

Still, it would be surprising if the pro-Chinese forces in the Hanoi regime have not lost ground lately. Mr. Kosygin has openly accused China of having failed to support the North Vietnamese war effort, and he even went further by saying that due to this lack of cooperation the war cannot be won. Thus both Moscow and Washington are now saying that the war cannot be won by either side. Kosygin has not drawn the obvious conclusion that, if the war cannot be won, an attempt should be made to bring about negotiations, but that is in effect the logic of his remarks.

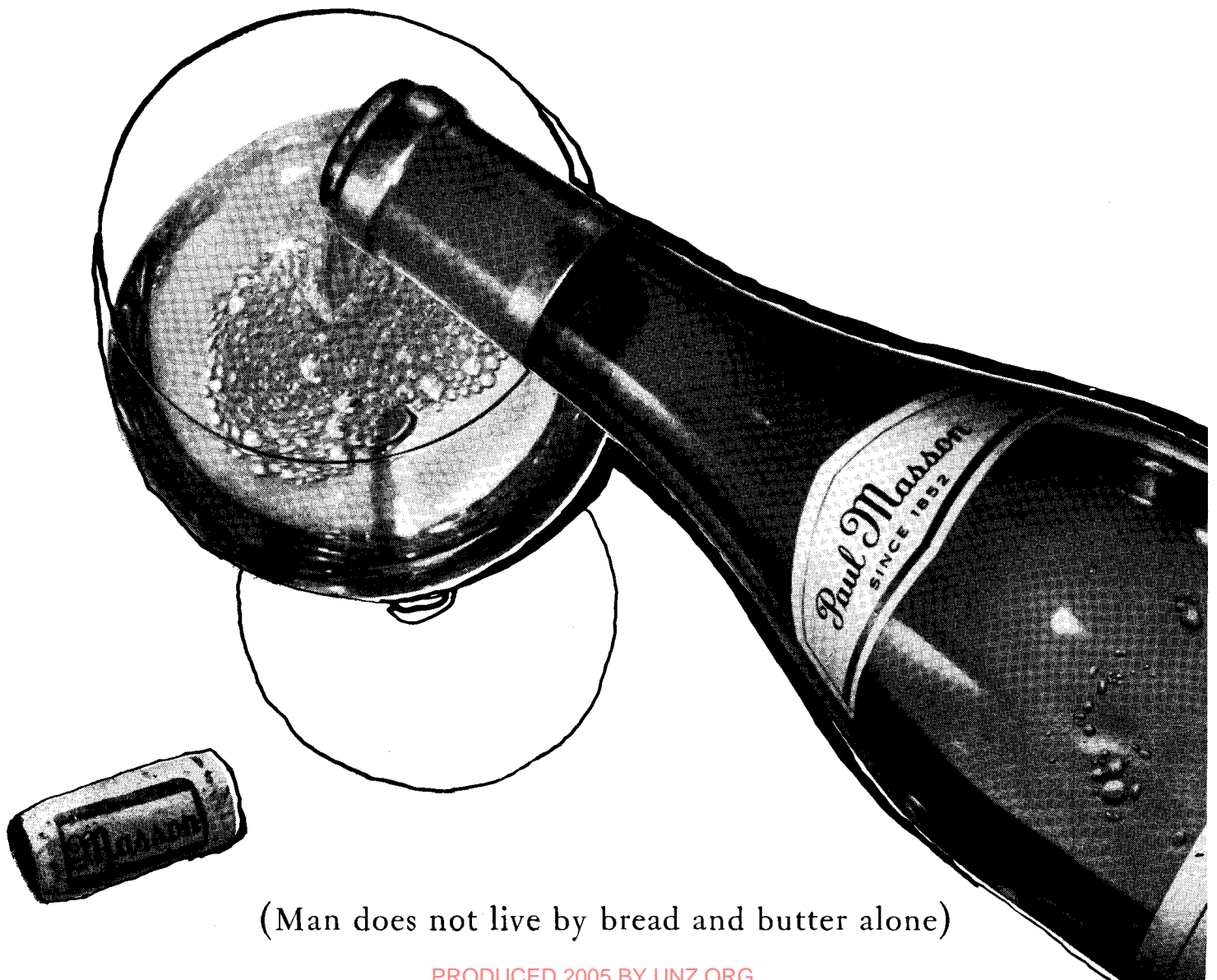
There have even been hints from Hanoi that North Vietnamese leaders are trying to revise their attitude toward Peking. A recent article in *Hoc Tap*, the mouthpiece of the North Vietnamese Communist party, criticized "some comrades" who, it said, are unable to grasp "the realities of the Vietnamese Revolution" and thus show "a tendency to learn solely from foreign experiences without going deeply into . . . our own country's real situation and experiences." The "lack of independent thinking," the article

# What to do until the waiter comes back.

We refer to that pleasant time when you would just as soon sit a bit before you order. There are a number of things you can do besides eating the bread and wondering what it is that the lady in the green dress is having that looks so good:

- 1) Drink the bottle of wine you ordered when the waiter came by. Why wait to enjoy life? Have a glass now.
- 2) "Yes," you might say, "but I haven't decided what I'm going to eat yet!"
- 3) Who says you can't do it the other way around?
- 4) The more we think about it (ordering the food to suit the wine) the better idea it seems. Perhaps we should copyright it.

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(Man does not live by bread and butter alone)

FIRST I TURN TO STEPHANIE HARRINGTON, SALLY KEMPTON, AND SUSAN BROWNMILLER TO FIND OUT WHAT'S NEW WITH POT, PORNOGRAPHY, AND THE WOMEN'S HOUSE OF DETENTION. THEN I TURN TO BARBARA LONG FOR THE LATEST IN SPORTS. AFTER THAT I SWITCH TO THE CULTURAL SECTION TO GET ANDREW SARRIS' VIEWS ON WHY PREMINGER IS MORE TALENTED THAN FELLINI; AND TO READ JONAS MEKAS EXPLAIN WHY THIS WEEK'S UNDERGROUND MOVIE THAT EVERYBODY WALKED OUT ON WAS REALLY A **TEST** TO SEE IF WE DARED FACE THE **TRUTH**. NEXT I CHECK THE THEATRE PAGE TO SEE IF MICHAEL SMITH IS FEELING ALL RIGHT. THEN I READ NAT HENTOFF TO SEE WHO SOLD OUT, FOLLOWED BY JACK NEWFIELD'S LATEST EXPLANATION OF THE NEW LEFT, FOLLOWED BY IRVING HOWE'S CORRECTION OF NEWFIELD. THEN I READ THE MAIL WHICH CORRECTS HARRINGTON, KEMPTON, BROWNMILLER, LONG, SARRIS, MEKAS, SMITH, HENTOFF, NEWFIELD, AND HOWE. THEN I CHECK FEIFFER TO SEE IF HE'S LEARNED HOW TO DRAW YET. I USUALLY FINISH WITH THE EDITORIAL ON DE SAPIO. THEN I WRITE MY LETTER ACCUSING THEM OF GOING ESTABLISHMENT.



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cle continued, resulted from an "inferiority complex" on the part of those comrades. It urged that the achievements of "brother parties" be studied in a "critical and discriminating manner." If nothing else, these convoluted arguments seem to indicate that Hanoi is striving for some sort of a neutral stance in the Sino-Soviet dispute.

The next three months may be crucial. If the prospects for negotiations prove to be deceptive, if most officials in Washington are very skeptical, if nothing new develops—then the pressures on the President to intensify the war are bound to increase. If the road to negotiations looks impossible to travel, a mood of desperation could lead to further escalation.

This is one reason why President Johnson has encouraged one or two foreign statesmen to explore with the Russians the minimum terms acceptable to both sides. What is needed in the initial phase is a firm signal from the enemy that another pause in the bombing of North Vietnam would definitely lead to negotiations. These signals need not be overt and public, but they must be of the kind that would make it clear that they come directly from Hanoi—some sort of informal message accompanied by, say, a reduction in the scale of Hanoi's military activities in South Vietnam, as Ambassador Goldberg has suggested.

Furthermore, President Johnson's speech on European policy on October 7 was probably not only an attempt to bring new motion into East-West affairs, but perhaps also an effort to make it easier for the Soviet Union to play the role of conciliator. It has been clear from the very beginning that the road to a settlement of this war goes via Moscow. Unfortunately, this road has been blocked up to now. But if the United States is trying to unfreeze East-West relations—if President Johnson is able to create more confidence in his "vision of peaceful engagement"—then it ought to become easier to move the Vietnamese war, which has poisoned American-Russian relations, to the conference table.

A few months ago it looked as if the Kremlin was tempted to take advantage of the new trends engendered in Europe by President de Gaulle—a feeling of alienation from the United States, a nascent European nationalism, a rising lack of confidence in American intentions. Whether this is still the dominant attitude is difficult to know, but there must be a debate in the Kremlin as to whether or not it would be better to return to the original policy of direct negotiations with the United States. The outcome of this debate may have a direct bearing on the Vietnamese war, for it is within the power of both the Soviet Union and the United States to find ways of ending it.

—HENRY BRANDON.

SR/November 19, 1966



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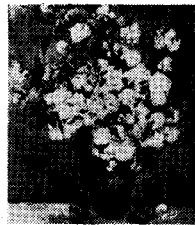
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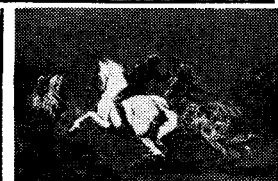
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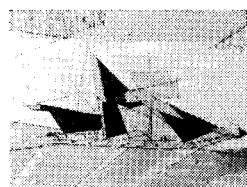


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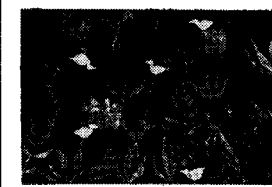
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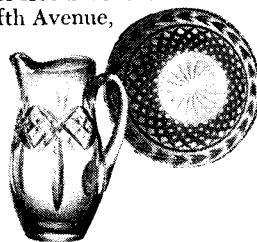
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Someday I'll marry

*I like Paul.  
Sometimes we sit and dream.  
What about?  
About nothing.  
We just dream.  
Sometimes Paul dreams about . . . oh,  
I forgot, but  
I know what I dream about.  
I dream about beautiful things.  
Like mom giving me Waterford crystal  
when I get married.  
She promised it to me.  
And I'm going to promise it to my  
little girl.  
When I have a little girl.*

(Editor's note: Too many of today's things are born for the moment. Waterford is born to live many lifetimes. It is a link with the past and a tie with tomorrow. Every piece is cut by hand, with love, in Ireland, just the way historic Waterford was made over 200 years ago. Write for free brochure to Waterford, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010.)



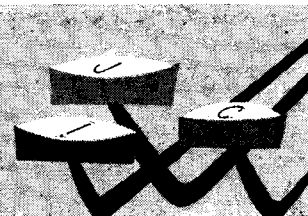
*Oh, I just remembered.  
Paul dreams about catching a million  
fireflies.  
He likes fireflies.  
He puts them in a bottle.  
His mother once asked him what  
are you going to do with bottled fireflies.  
I'm going to light up my room, he said.  
When I get married, I'm going  
to light up my room  
with Belleek china.*

(Editor's note: If you'd like to read the romantic story of Belleek Parian China, write to Belleek, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010.)



*Sometimes I wonder.  
When I get married, will  
my dreams come true?  
If they do, will I  
stop dreaming?*

## Manner of Speaking



### Introspections

#### ON THE POET AS A DAMNED POOR THING

I adored her and she giggled and I adored her.

It was entirely summer in her fleshdom  
and she her own breeze through it, tittering leaves  
that trembled round her bearing. Lemons glowed  
on reaches of her tousling. Honeydews  
bent light rays round her like a gravity.  
She shucked like new corn. Was it to bed or table  
she let me spill her, giggling as I nibbled  
cherries and flesh of pears and bursting grapes?

I wrote gold reams of nothing that could say  
how she lay by me, sleeping as I watched  
what Raphael forgot the light could do  
when he ran out of angels to stand in it.  
Hers was the lit face of the stupidest angel,  
too lost in its own bliss to think of being,  
apart from all but its own representation.

That child-head lay adrift above her body  
like a small separate soul above the Spheres  
of Dante's walk across the universe.  
"Beatrice!" I thought nights when I sweated to write her.  
But when I crossed at last the swollen Eden  
where she stood lit in her gold choruses,  
that face of floating heaven knit its brows:  
"Alighieri?" it said. "Ah, yes, you're Gemma's husband. . .  
What's all this you've been writing about me?"

It should have been vision enough to warn off visions.  
But pens are hypodermic, and she was the drug  
addiction is the dream of. I heard her giggle  
floating above us like a face in a cloud,  
or blind and separate as a *putta* smirking  
from a gilt cornice over a Roman bed  
where a boy cardinal knelt, burning in prayer  
to all of her sprawled summer in his arms.

Nothing could save his soul from incoherence.  
He swore to make her shudder as he had  
for wasting visions, but a vision came:  
she was a peach tree, an Ovidian soul  
trapped in a golden bearing all might eat  
and none might change a leaf of but the wind  
that tittered through her. Rising in a rage,  
he leaped into her branches to shake down  
one fruit of her locked soul. But though he hurled  
whole tempests at her, not one gold globe fell. . .

I was the only windfall in that dream,  
a lump among the stubble at her roots,  
hearing the separate breeze her green sprays toyed with  
in their own climate, above the death of mind.

She giggled and I died and still she giggled.