

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## Indonesian Report

HORACE SUTTON's article, "Indonesia's Night of Terror" [SR, Feb. 4], heralds a new day for SR. This is a first-class piece of reporting on an important and timely topic. Congratulations.

EDWARD E. BOOHER,  
President

McGraw-Hill Book Company.

New York, N.Y.

UNDERLYING CAUSES of human behavior, as well as an almost unbelievable on-the-spot reporting job, are represented in Horace Sutton's article.

An outstanding value of this report, I feel, is its documentation of the influence of religions and ideologies on the behavior of the participants. But the indictment for inciting atrocities, such as Mr. Sutton has so thoroughly reported, should be brought against man himself. If we would make progress in devising a desirable climate for the habitation of this peculiar animal we must probe the depths of him to learn just what kind of being he really is.

ALTON WILLIAMS.

Little Rock, Ark.

THE INDONESIAN holocaust so superbly delineated by Horace Sutton is enough to cast serious doubt on the existence of that special spark in man so loosely referred to as "soul." The horrors meted out by the meek seem as excessive and manic as those of the most brutish among us.

Please keep Mr. Sutton traveling so that we can be regularly reminded that sainthood still eludes man's grasp and, alas, cannot be relied upon to keep the human house insulated against sword and fire.

NORMAN READER.

New York, N.Y.

## Peace Candidates

THEODORE C. SORESENSEN contradicts himself in his contribution to the editorial, "Do We Need Peace Candidates?" [SR, Feb. 4]. He says, for example: "The single most important fact for SR readers to grasp about the 1966 American 'peace politics movement' is that there was no such thing." Having thus denied the existence of the movement, Mr. Sorensen then proceeds to demolish it.

To demolish the nonexistent is, of course, a most difficult undertaking, but Mr. Sorensen flails away with extraordinary vigor, apparently unaware that he is battling a ghost or ghosts of his own creation.

CHARLES E. HILL.

Waynesboro, Va.

IN REFERENCE TO the two-part editorial, "Do We Need Peace Candidates?" It is embarrassing to me as an American to learn that a person as obviously intelligent and informed as Arthur I. Waskow would seriously advance the notion that there is emerging in our society a "new class" that ought quickly to organize into a national Peace party.

Can Mr. Waskow conscientiously doubt



"Just a minute—I'll get my husband. He's the opinionated one."

that the decision-makers at all levels of our federal government have made deep personal commitments to the cause of global peace? Does he seriously advocate a government composed of domestic specialists who would necessarily take the position that if we cease to bother with that ugly war on foreign soil perhaps the aggressor will go away?

HERMAN C. NEUBAUS.

Athens, O.

## The Unhappy Controversy

IN THE ARTICLE "The Private Grief of Public Figures" [SR, Jan. 21], J. H. Plumb seems to be contradicting himself. He tells us how kings of France dressed and undressed in public, then goes on to tell us about problems faced by Lloyd George.

Just because the press provided people with such material in the past doesn't mean that the public has the right to invade the Kennedys' inner privacy. That we know what dress Mrs. Kennedy wore during President Kennedy's assassination will make no contribution to history.

ISAAC SEHAYIK.

Kew Garden Hills, N.Y.

## Who or What Transpired?

ARTHUR KNIGHT, in SR GOES TO THE MOVIES [SR, Dec. 31], says of the movie *The Game Is Over* that "much of the action tran-

spires in a hot-house atmosphere." Surely SR knows, if Mr. Knight doesn't, that events happen and only vegetable matter *transpires*. What I mean is—how about a slogan: WRITES GOOD LIKE AN SR CONTRIBUTOR SHOULD?

FRANK P. TOWNSEND.

Newfoundland, N.J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Knight replies, "One dictionary definition of the word 'transpire' is 'to occur; happen; take place,' although another one is 'to emit or give off (waste matter, watery vapor, an odor, etc.) through the surface.' The latter, I think, indicates my opinion of 'The Game is Over' quite well."

## Thank Goodness

I WAS VERY HAPPY to learn that Goodman Ace in his trials, reported in the column headed "How Not To" [TOP OF MY HEAD, Dec. 17], escaped the fate of Lord Finchley, the first Do-It-Yourself man. If my memory serves me right, Hilaire Belloc put it this way:

Lord Finchley tried to mend the electric light,  
And was electrocuted—It served him right.

It is the duty of the rich man,  
To give employment to the artisan.

PHILIP ALBANESE.

Port Arthur, Ont.

# MYTH ON MEDITERRANEAN BEACH

## Venus Anadyomene as Logos

By ROBERT PENN WARREN

FROM left to right, she leads the eye  
Across the blaze-brightness of sea and sky

That is the background of her transit.

Commanded thus, from left to right,  
As by a line of print on that bright

Blankness, the eye will follow, but

There is no line, the eye follows only  
That one word moving, it moves in lonely

And absolute arrogance across the blank

Page of the world, the word burns, she is  
The word, all faces turn, Look! — this

Is what she is: old hunchback in bikini.

A contraption of angles and bulges, an old  
Robot with pince-nez and hair dyed gold,

She heaves along beneath the hump.

The breasts hang down like saddle-bags,  
To balance the hump the belly sags,

And under the belly-bulge, the flowers

Of the gee-string garland the private parts.  
She grinds along by fits and starts

Beside the margin of the sea,

Past children and sand-castles and  
The lovers strewn along the sand.

Her pince-nez glitter like contempt

For all delusion, and the French lad  
Who exhibitionistically had

Been fondling the American college girl

Loses his interest. Ignoring him,  
The hunchback stares at the horizon-rim,

Then slowly, as compulsion grows,

She foots the first frail lace of foam  
That is the threshold of her lost home,

And moved by memory in the blood,

Enters that vast indifference  
Of perfection that we call the sea.

How long, how long she lingers there

She may not know, somnambulist  
In that realm where no Time may subsist,

But in the end will again feel

The need to rise and re-enact  
The miracle of the human fact.

She lifts her head, looks toward the shore.

She moves toward us, bemused and slow,  
And as she moves, we watch, we know

How from the breasts the sea recedes,

How the great-gashed navel's cup  
Pours forth the ichor that had filled it up,

How the wavelets sink to seek, and seek,

Then languishing sink to lave the knees,  
And lower, kiss the feet, as these

Find the firm ground where they must go.

The last foam crisps about the feet.  
She stands forth free. She is complete

In Botticellian parody.

Bearing her luck upon her back,  
She turns now to take her lifeward track.

And lover by lover, on she moves

Toward her own truth, and does not stop.  
Each foot stumps flat with the big toe up,

But under the heel, the damp-packed sand,

With that compression, like glory glows,  
And glory attends her as she goes.

In rapture now she heaves along,

And the pince-nez glitter at her eyes,  
And flowers wreath her moving thighs,

For she treads the track the blessed know

To a shore far lonelier than this  
Where waits her apotheosis.

She passes the lovers, one by one,

And passing draws their dreams away,  
And leaves them naked to the day.

---

Robert Penn Warren recently was announced as the  
winner of the 1967 Bollingen Prize in Poetry.