

elusive art of all and acting is its most accidental factor." It proceeds from a knowledge of self, he says; "it is a giving-over of the ego." The great "moments" in acting that audiences note and remember are not "moments" for the performer; "they are the result of what the actor does. They cannot be planned; they cannot be fixed."

He cannot lose himself in his part: "No good actor ever forgets that he is a workman performing in a play on stage." Nor can he be the character; the character is a conscious blend of the actor's personality and his understanding of the character. What Mr. Redfield has to say about acting comes from long years of pondering the unanswerable question, what is acting? Many people know bits and pieces of it; some of them have a vocabulary to define it. But no one understands the whole mystery.

Mr. Redfield throws in his comments on acting as asides in his pungent narrative of the Burton *Hamlet*. Most of the cast were experienced professionals. Burton had played the role in three productions. But this is an account of a band of actors who instinctively began at the beginning as if the whole thing were new, and proceeded tentatively through rehearsals and preliminary performances, hoping that they were going to be good but never sure.

Mr. Redfield is a case in point. After a few rehearsals Sir John Gielgud and Mr. Burton expressed particular enthusiasm for his Guildenstern. Their admiring attitude never changed. But as the opening performance drew nearer the more panicky Mr. Redfield became. He finally petitioned Hume Cronyn for advice; he desperately needed to know whether he was dealing in reality or illusion. His thirty years of experience gave him no self-confidence. Incidentally, Mr. Cronyn, the pint-sized Polonius, emerges from this book as the most admirable and intelligent professional in the troupe.

In New York the Burton *Hamlet* set a record by playing 185 performances to capacity audiences. Not because of the acting, however. In my opinion (exempt Mr. Redfield from this paragraph) the performance was consistently shiftless and destitute of revealed talent. But in those halcyon days all of North America was in a state of ecstasy over the most notorious cat-fight in modern history: having discarded one used husband (hers) Elizabeth Taylor had snatched another (Mrs. Burton's). Naturally, throngs of transfixed citizens lined up every night to see one or both of these gilded people leave the stage door. Of the thousands who filled the inside of the theater only one man booed.

Mr. Redfield's lively, knowledgeable book is the best thing to emerge from that bumbling production.

All the News That's Safe to Print

The Pentagon: Politics, Profits and Plunder, by Clark R. Mollenhoff (Putnam. 450 pp. \$7.95), and ***Washington Exposé***, by Jack Anderson (Public Affairs Press. 486 pp. \$6), look behind the scenes of the military and other establishments. Frederick L. Holborn is a research associate and lecturer at the School of Advanced International Studies at Johns Hopkins University.

By FREDERICK L. HOLBORN

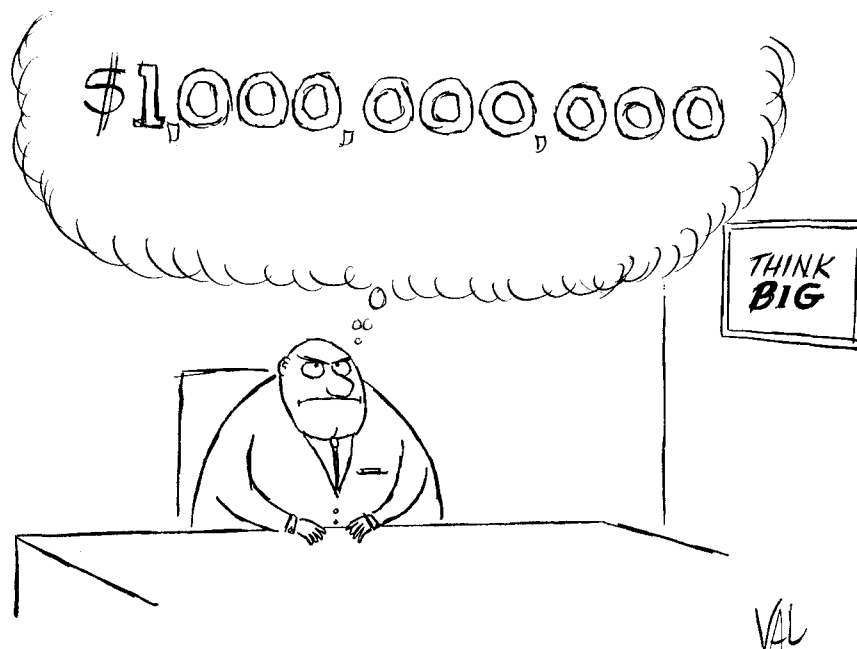
AN EDITOR once described the journalist's technique as that "of the steady dripping that wears away the stone rather than of the thunderbolt that cleaves it." Clark Mollenhoff and Jack Anderson in these, as in their previous writings, try to defy so demure a description of their craft. To them, open hostility between press and government is a natural condition, and instant disclosure their sacred trust.

However, the combustible ingredients of daily journalism are easily snuffed out between book covers. Each of these volumes contains little more than old silage, even though there is much new writing in Mr. Mollenhoff's. That the reporter, drawing on his daily work, can be a historical draftsman and critic has

been recently illustrated in *Lyndon B. Johnson: The Exercise of Power* by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, and *Lyndon B. Johnson and the World*, by Philip Geyelin. In contrast, Mollenhoff and Anderson have produced highly perishable commodities.

Some of the trouble arises from the fact that the contents and announced missions of each book do not synchronize. Mr. Mollenhoff, we are led to believe, will illuminate the structure and power of the Pentagon. This he hardly attempts in any systematic fashion. If we leave aside some superficial forays into such subjects as the operations of the War Department in the Civil War and of the Navy Department in World War I, along with ritual recognitions of Lieutenant William Sowden Sims and Billy Mitchell, his is really a book that views the Pentagon through the eyes of several Congressional investigating committees.

Mr. Anderson avowedly deals with the "real Washington." His "exposé" has already received free display advertising from Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, who carried it about the corridors of Congress during his brief sojourn in Washington last January. Mr. Anderson believes that a Washington chronicler should "prick the powerful and deflate the pompous." To accomplish these incisions it is apparently necessary to make excursions into such topics as genocide and the terrorism of



Moslems and other minorities in Sinkiang and Inner Mongolia, Nazism in South America, torture in Korea, and the defection of Americans to Communist lands. Nothing holds the book together except the genial tolerance of the Public Affairs Press and recurrent warnings about the dangers of suppression of information in all branches of the government.

This lies at the heart of the Mollenhoff volume as well, though almost all the villainies he scores are executive, and none are greater than Robert McNamara's. A veteran reporter for the Cowles Publications, Mr. Mollenhoff is in the Washington press corps the acknowledged theologian of open disclosure and "freedom of information." To him "executive privilege" is a demonic invention of recent times, and the Congressional investigation is an essential purification rite in our democratic process. Such servants of the public interest as emerge from this book are legislative — Senator John McClellan, Senator Harry Truman, Committee Counsel Robert Kennedy, Congressmen F. Edward Hébert, Porter Hardy, John Moss, and H. R. Gross.

Mr. Mollenhoff makes no attempt to conceal his contempt for most of his colleagues who cover military affairs on Capitol Hill or in the Pentagon. "The work of a courageous few," he writes, "is overwhelmed and inundated by the mass of stories flowing from sycophant journalists who depict key Pentagon civilians as supermen." He then describes in about two dozen chapters what he believes to be a rising tide of

centralized power, terror, and incompetence. Some seem peripheral to an understanding of either the politics or the inner strains of our defense system. Some reach back into the prehistory of the modern Defense Department, such as the war contract scandals involving Congressman Andrew Jackson May, Major General Bennett E. Meyers, and Howard Hughes. Others date from the Eisenhower Administration: Secretary of the Air Force Harold E. Talbott's interest in a management consultant firm, the Army-McCarthy hearings.

THE second half of the book is angrier and somewhat better written. Each of the succeeding case studies seeks to establish the dangers of Defense Secretary McNamara's "arrogance," of "arbitrary authority," of a "power-laden" Pentagon. The centerpiece is an account of the awarding of the multibillion-dollar TFX warplane contract to General Dynamics, though investigations had established that Boeing could produce a cheaper and better plane. If in the end Mollenhoff did not persuade me that this was a story of unqualified iniquity, he at least forced me to look again at the transcript of the hearings and the accompanying documents.

For the rest, the chapters form a mélange of material quite varied in its significance. The closing of the Springfield Armory, the misuse of Defense Department "confidential cash" by John Wylie and William Hermann Godel, and the combat readiness of the Army are all treated as if they were matters of roughly equal importance. There is

never a clear synthesis of analysis and conclusion.

Nor does Mr. Mollenhoff ever follow through on his own prescriptions. What if we had pushed ahead with the RS-70 bomber, nuclear carriers and other vessels, Skybolt, and an even more intensified re-equipment of the Army and its Reserve forces? What if we were to allow more "competition" among the three services? What if the freedom of dissent after the announcement of a decision by both military and civilian leaders were much enlarged?

Mollenhoff makes much of false economy and spurious "cost effectiveness" in current defense doctrine. Yet his own formulae seem to invite uncontrolled costs and a much deeper penetration of military influence into our national life. Even in a work of exposure one has a right to expect some measurement and assessment of the Defense Department's accomplishments in recent years — in crisis management, in realistically relating our defense posture to our foreign policy, in the mobility and training of our ground forces, in the application of the tools of management and science to the administration and forward planning of a massive enterprise.

At a few points Mollenhoff seems to be approaching an analysis of the inner mechanisms and processes of the Pentagon. But then he is off again, hanging effigies. I do not quarrel with the effort to go against the grain of fashionable attitudes. But this book has neither the merits of a good, sustained polemic nor of a controlled, logical argument.

Of *Washington Exposé* little need be said. Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson may sometimes be cataclysmic at the breakfast table, but the diet does not sustain itself as a book. Almost everything about it is sophomoric—the hasty writing, the frequent italicizing, the solemn reproductions of "daring" documents, the shoddy index, and the lack of a unifying theme. Perhaps those who never read Mr. Anderson in the press will find a few interesting morsels, such as his account of the Senator Dodd affair, in which he himself is now a principal actor.

Indisputably, Messrs. Pearson and Anderson have long been a felt presence in Washington. Not infrequently meetings in the Capitol come to an abrupt halt when someone asks, "How would that look in Pearson's column?" The two newsmen even exercise a certain subliminal influence on the conduct of government. But compared to Pearson and Allen's *Washington Merry-Go-Round*, published in 1931, this book is a sad disappointment. The first was pungent, witty, acerbic, and often penetrating. *Washington Exposé* is soggy and shapeless, and will do nothing to establish Mr. Anderson's claim to the succession.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

MEN OF NOTE

Just so we don't get into a rut, M. D. and Maureen Morris of New York City propose a quiz on Italian composers: You are to assign to each his correct given name(s) and one composition. The record is straightened out on page 43.

Amilcare ()	1. Donizetti	<i>Cavalleria Rusticana</i> ()
Antonio ()	2. Leoncavallo	<i>La Campanella</i> ()
Ermanno ()	3. Mascagni	<i>Don Pasquale</i> ()
Gaetano ()	4. Menotti	<i>Feste Romane</i> ()
Giacomo Antonio	5. Paganini	<i>The Four Seasons</i> ()
Domenico Michele		
Secondo Maria ()		
Gian Carlo ()	6. Ponchielli	<i>La Gioconda</i> ()
Gioacchino ()	7. Puccini	<i>The Jewels of the Madonna</i> ()
Giuseppe ()	8. Respighi	<i>Nabucco</i> ()
Niccolò ()	9. Rossini	<i>I Pagliacci</i> ()
Ottorino ()	10. Verdi	<i>Semiramide</i> ()
Pietro ()	11. Vivaldi	<i>The Telephone</i> ()
Ruggiero ()	12. Wolf-Ferrari	<i>Turandot</i> ()