

Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

O Plus O Equals Ormandy and Ozawa

WHATEVER HAS HAPPENED to the fine art of program making? To judge from some examples offered recently in Philharmonic Hall by the resident New York Philharmonic and the visiting Philadelphia Orchestras, everything. Nor can it be related to anything so canonically forthright as experience vs. inexperience, or youth and age.

In the first bracket, Eugene Ormandy as conductor of the visiting ensemble from Philadelphia (about to celebrate its 70th anniversary, of which he has been music director for nearly half the total period) brought along the Temple University Choirs to share a program with Shirley Verrett as mezzo soloist. What he worked out—if “worked out” is the proper phrase—was a kind of choral sandwich on brown bread, with the *Egmont* Overture of Beethoven and the Second Symphony of Brahms as the outer matter, and works of Vaughan Williams (*Magnificat*), Brahms (*Alto Rhapsody*), and Reger (*Requiem*) as the filler.

The performance did not belie the promise that this would result in too many unconnected impressions within an all-too-short time period. Any hostess who offered a comparable menu could scarcely escape the accusation of being deficient in taste. As much must be said of the host at a symphonic feast who overlooks ordinary considerations of balance, progression, juxtaposition.

Perhaps if the ear had been assailed by one incandescent performance after another, the divisive factors would have been incinerated, the noncompatible elements fused into one molten mass of nourishment. But The Philadelphia Orchestra in its current condition under Ormandy may be relied upon, always, to glow comfortably, but rarely burst into flame. The relation of one with the other makes for an embracing surge of sonorities, if rarely the kind of abrasive interaction that gives rise to sparks.

In a way, then, Miss Verrett was the ideal soloist for this kind of music-making. She has the qualifications for producing a Philadelphia-beautiful sound in the music she sang, but neither the largeness of style nor the urgency of emotion to be, in fact, a solo voice rather than an element of the ensemble. In the Vaughan Wil-

liams *Magnificat* and the Reger *Requiem*—beautiful works, both, in their separate ways—the outcome did not suffer seriously because the role assigned to the solo voice is not all that important. But in the setting by Brahms of verses from Goethe's *Harzreise im Winter*, Miss Verrett offered beauty of sound in place of largeness of understanding, and an ingratiating kind of personality rather than the depth of feeling with which Brahms enriched the eloquent words. Actually the voice itself seems to be undergoing a transition in which the brilliant forceful top range is leaving behind the true mezzo character in the lower range, but a clever use of such resource could make much more of the opportunities in Brahms than Miss Verrett realized.

Should one look for a more applicable kind of consideration in the young, more “contemporary” Ozawa vis-à-vis the older Ormandy, the conclusion would have to be—look elsewhere. The appropriate generalization would be that, whatever separates an experienced conductor from a less experienced one, they are much more responsive to the larger unity that affiliates all conductors with all other conductors, as all actors are like all other actors. Put into simplest terms, that would be a concern for conductorial convenience rather than audience satisfaction. (East or West, here certainly the twain do meet.)

The Ozawa program was much involved with Orff's *Carmina Burana*, of which he is an ardent, accomplished exponent. It occupied about 60 per cent of the evening's playing time, suggesting that it could have been well-balanced by a shorter work of comparable substance. Ozawa chose to begin with Riegger's “Study in Sonority” for strings, followed by Ibert's equally lightweight “Divertissement.” In thus addressing himself to the superficial rather than the substantial, Ozawa wasted a wonderful opportunity to perform a service as well as to fill time. For that matter, neither the Riegger nor the Ibert was particularly well disciplined. In the Orff, which was, the collaborators included soprano Patricia Brooks, tenor Anastasios Vrenios, and baritone John Reardon, along with the Schola Cantorum and the Boys' Choirs from the Little Church Around the Corner and the Browning School.

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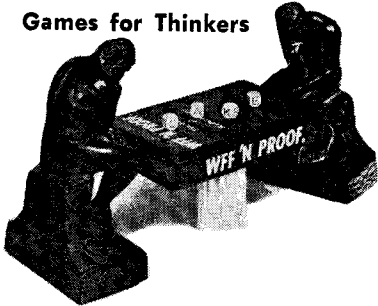
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MORROW

Green Berets

Continued from page 28

unleashed an investigation—the Army stated it was not unakin to a grand jury investigation—into the charges.

On the very same day, August 6th, either by coincidence or purpose, President Thieu, in the course of a general shift in staff officers, replaced Gen. Doan Van Quang, head of the Vietnamese Special Forces, and an old friend of Rheault's, with Brig. Gen. Lam Son. It was recalled that in Diem's day Lam Son once slapped the face of an American adviser and had to be shipped to the Philippines.

Now the rumors flew in Saigon. Although some theorists still insist that Thai Khac Chuyen was a triple agent, and some even that he was a peace emissary from Hanoi, there is at hand little evidence for such assumptions. Chuyen worked at three camps, all jump-off points for cross-border forays. If Hanoi were contacting the United States, there would seem to be other avenues much more available—across the table in Paris for example. If he had been Thieu's personal agent sniffing out the Green Beret operation, why would Thieu have admitted it by inquiring indignantly of Chuyen's whereabouts as one story insisted he did?

The South Vietnamese government officially disclaimed interest in the case, and in Saigon an interesting commentary on Vietnamese thinking appeared in an editorial in an English-language Vietnamese newspaper. Drawing a parallel between the victims of a civilian plane crash and the victims of war it said:

When a man dies in battle or is executed for an ideal by his enemies, we

feel this is the proper order of things ordained by a superior being. The very fact that the victim finds himself in the fatal circumstances results from his implicit dedication of his life to an ideal. This to us is the natural course of events.

On the American side, however, the old accusations were dusted off, to be hurled again. Was not Special Forces similar to the Waffen SS, the elite Hitlerian troops that fought with the Wehrmacht? Were they not, with their special uniforms and training and privileges, an incarnation of the Praetorian Guard of old Rome? Even a sophisticated American correspondent in Saigon, perhaps not given to such excesses himself, wondered if it were not strange that Rheault was so dedicated to his physical condition. What manner of man might he really be? Supposedly, during his time in Okinawa he ran two miles on the beach during his lunch hour and ordered everyone over forty to take a physical training test once a month instead of every six months as the rules prescribe. In Vietnam he did push-ups on his patio at high noon, all indications of a special breed.

It was recalled that the second in command at CIA headquarters in Washington was Lt. Gen. Robert E. Cushman, Jr. a marine who commanded the First Corps at Danang during the siege of Khesanh. Cushman and Abrams were in less than perfect harmony over the employment of troops at Khesanh. And there were still scores to settle between Cushman and Special Forces, whose camp at Long-vei, outside Khesanh, had been overrun.

A CIA man connected with the case wondered aloud about the curious interest of his own headquarters in



A camp transfer in Vietnam—"when the irregulars can run their own camp, Americans and Vietnamese pull out."

the demise of one double agent in view of the numbers alleged to have been killed under the auspices of his agency in Laos. Some of the people who were involved in Laos were in positions of CIA command in Saigon. On the other hand, a ranking spokesman for the agency told me in Saigon that "terminate with extreme prejudice"—the phrase the CIA was supposed to have sent back to Special Forces to indicate its recommendation in the Chuyen case—"is not a term we use." The CIA may terminate an agent every week, but that means terminate his employment, not his life. Hired by a man who uses an alias, a CIA-employed agent never knows his employer's true identity, and is given only the EEI—essential elements of information.

The CIA, as the agency is pleased to point out, occupies itself with high-level matters, such as the recent Trong case in which Thieu's trusted political adviser, an aide with a position roughly corresponding to Henry Kissinger's role with Nixon, was found to be part of a net stretching clear to Hanoi. The Green Berets, by CIA definition, work only on low-level matters. In the Chuyen case they came looking for advice. In the pre-trial investigation that followed the arrest of the Green Berets, the CIA station chief at Nhatrang was on the stand for two-and-a-half hours. Much of that time he demurred, pleading executive immunity.

Ten days before charges against the Berets were dismissed by the Army, the CIA in Saigon made it clear that CIA witnesses would plead executive immunity if a court-martial were to be held. It was also made clear by Henry Rothblatt, the celebrated criminal lawyer who had been engaged to represent three of the Berets, that it was not possible to show just "a little bit" of evidence. "The Supreme Court insists on all the evidence," he said. Moreover, without a corpse it would then be necessary to have proof that the body was destroyed. A confession is the weakest form of evidence, and a confession without a corpse is not enough. A witness without a corpse might be enough, but in this case the witnesses were also defendants. Moreover, there was the matter of command influence in which Abrams orders the arrest, the investigation, and the trial and appoints the officers to hear the case that he eventually reviews.

Some Washington sources have said that it was not a threatened miscarriage of justice that caused President Nixon to intercede, but rather the influence upon the President of Representative L. Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Commit-

PLAYBOY, COMING UP

NOVEMBER ISSUES

"Reader, suppose you were an idiot. And suppose you were a member of Congress. But I repeat myself."

Neither the late Drew Pearson nor U.S. Representative Richard C. Bolling is quite as withering as Mark Twain was about the intelligence of our national lawmakers, but both demonstrate, in their tandem articles in November's **PLAYBOY**, that the art of criticizing Congress remains a lively one. Pearson's *The Senate*—an appropriate parting shot after more than 40 years of spinning riders on his Washington Merry-Go-Round—excoriates what he calls "the stench of putrefying ethics that hangs over the Capitol today." *The House*, by the respected Missouri Democrat—a veteran of 21 years in the lower chamber—authoritatively indicts an archaic and often corrupt committee system that caters to special-interest groups at the expense of the electorate. Both men propose radical (yet practical) reforms designed to give all the people a fairer shake in the halls of power.

* * *

"There is now no Anglo-Saxon writer alive," Sybille Bedford wrote in her review of *The Comedians*, "who can tell a story better than Mr. Graham Greene"—a proposition we think you'll agree is confirmed by a delightfully contrasting companion to Greene's currently best-selling *Collected Essays*. It's a novel called *Crook's Tour*, and you'll find the first installment in **PLAYBOY**'s November issue. A meek British bank clerk in early retirement, his thoroughly surprising aunt and her African manservant are the principal characters in a rollicking *Our Man in Havana*-like tale permeated with—and every bit as heady as—*cannabis*. The emphasis this time is on humor, but the familiar Greene sense of urbane malignity is delightfully in evidence, too: It's as if Dostoevski had edited a P. G. Wodehouse story.

* * *

"He is a big man with an imperial manner. The head is leonine and the facial expression at once fierce and sullen. He was dressed, like a Mod black emperor, in a brilliantly colored dashiki, bell-bottom jeans and high-top country shoes. . . . For over an hour, he delivered a passionate sermon that described the black man's plight in white society. It was filled with street talk, down-home slang and quotations from The Bible—but its effect was Greek tragedy with soul."

Thus runs part of the introduction to November's *Playboy Interview* with the Reverend Jesse Jackson, the 27-year-old economic director of Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference and head of Chicago's Operation Breadbasket. Like our January 1965 conversation with Dr. King, whose pre-eminent place in the civil rights movement Jackson seems likely to inherit, the interview itself probes behind his "country preacher" oratory to the tough-minded political savvy—and the passionate humanity—of a powerful new black leader.

* * *

Alternatives to Analysis, by Ernest Havemann, a survey of the off-beat new regimens employed by post-Freudian therapists, and *Head Stone*, a cliché-free look at rock-'n'-Rolling Stone Mick Jagger by *Punch*'s Deputy Editor Alan Coren, are two other disparate elements in the November **PLAYBOY** mix—but that's enough for one short column. Enough, that is, to assure old friends that the new issue lives up to **PLAYBOY**'s catholic and literate standards—and enough, we hope, to make a few new friends as well. Like yourself?

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tee. Rivers, who was against a trial, has championed the White House stand on the ABM. When the released Berets returned to the U.S., they seemed, on the face of it, to deny the killing. In fact, they were denying a *murder* had been committed, saying in effect that in a war you can't "murder" the enemy. Rheault said, on returning to the United States, "There is no conclusive evidence that the individual was ever killed." The body, of course, was never recovered, thus no evidence exists.

Abrams's views about the Green Berets were made plain when he replaced Colonel Rheault with Col. Alexander Lemberes, who had won a record as a troubleshooter, but who was, in derisive Green Beret terminology, a "leg," which is to say, a soldier who has not qualified for airborne duty. Colonel Lemberes tried to rectify that by making five qualified jumps in one hour, but unfortunately broke his ankle on the fourth try.

For the second time in six weeks the Special Forces got a new commander when Lemberes was replaced with Col. Michael Healy, who had entered the Army as an enlisted man in 1945 and won his commission as a ninety-day wonder at Fort Benning. Called "Blind Mike" for the thick glasses he wears, Colonel Healy seems more like the friendly parish priest than a fighting soldier. Yet, he joined the Airborne Rangers in Korea in search of action, joined Special Forces in 1953 soon after it was formed, later commanded an airborne battalion in Vietnam. "Charge it all up to Irish inquisitiveness," he says.

Before his troops, Colonel Healy's rhetoric flows in old Knute Rockne, let's-win-this-one-for-the-Gipper style. In remembering the Special Forces dead, he says in ringing, quivering tones: "They set the standard. They made it what it is. Don't let 'em down." He addresses his command as "the most outstanding officers in the U.S. Army." The mood in the privacy of his office, however, is strictly down-play. "We're not a separate little army at all," he says, "we're part of the Army team. The Special Forces are special because they are volunteers, because they went to Ranger School, because they are airborne, trained in weapons and demolitions. We have bright, alert officers and we give them missions and they are special. But they are no better than any other good American soldier. My mission is a military mission. It has nothing to do with a lot of high-blown cloak-and-dagger stuff." Asked about B-57 operations, the Colonel clams up. "That's classified," he snaps.

The essence of deep-dyed Green Beret fundamental strategy, according to one field grade officer who has since left Special Forces and the Army, is to borrow from the successful Communist method of guerrilla warfare. Green Berets echelons cross-fertilized with the insurgents would, he thinks, form an effective force in fomenting people's wars of our own. Since we cannot use thermonuclear war, the United States has to resort to some form of guerrilla warfare to combat the encroachments of Communism. It is this confrontation between such forms of revolutionary warfare and the old system of strategy and tactics as employed by the Army, Navy and the State Department that is causing conflict in the forces, according to this theorist.

Guerrilla tactics are not new to America. They began in the French and Indian wars when Rogers' Rangers was formed from the New Hampshire militia to conduct unconventional warfare against the Indians. The Confederacy spawned Mosby's Guerrillas, who harried federal troops and once made off with a Union general without losing a man of their own. Merrill's Marauders performed effectively in Burma during World War II, not to mention Darby's Rangers, a free-wheeling force that trained in Northern Ireland, fought in Tunis, Sicily, and Italy. There is even a precedent for assassination that goes back to the American Revolution. Tories, according to North Callahan's book *The Royal Raiders*, who were captured by rebellious Americans were not given the status of prisoners of war, but were "tried as rebels, then executed in cold blood."

Despite its partisan adherents and despite its successes, guerrilla warfare by Americans has not always been successful, particularly in Vietnam. The Green Berets were caught by two Montagnard uprisings, one in September 1964 in which twenty-nine Vietnamese troops were reported killed, and another in December 1965. During *their* war in Vietnam the French organized an elite guerrilla force known as GOMA for Groupement de Commandos Mixtes Aeroportes. They mixed bands of 400 tribesmen with French noncommissioned officers, who sometimes married native girls to try to assure the loyalty of their tribe. Working along the China border, they had a telling effect on General Giap's forces, but the loyalty of these insurgents was ever in doubt, and in the end they were unable to cut Giap's long supply line to Dienbienphu.

Fighting counter-insurgency warfare with the attendant murky skills of black warfare, the Special Forces

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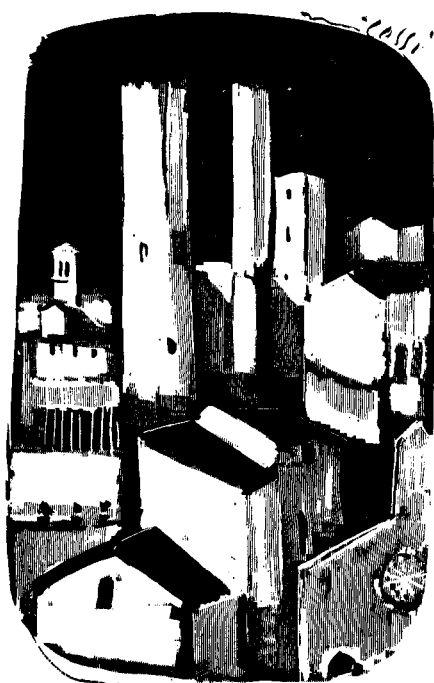
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often seems more of a political instrument than an arm of the military. Asked to perform arch deeds but subject to the Uniform Code of Military Justice, it remains in a position that is unprotected except for public opinion and, as in this case, executive intervention. It may now be the time, some Berets think, for the Forces to become a separate branch, perhaps under the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Whether this would make it an elite guard too similar to strongarm troops once in favor in Fascist countries is a question for a democracy to ponder.

Only a few days before it dropped its case, the Army convened the correspondents on the base at Longbinh for a long and wordy explanation of military justice. It droned on interminably while a judge advocate savored every golden word, and I elected, after an hour, to leave. Turning up a roadway called MacArthur Loop, I came by chance on a low green building where the Beret officers were interned. There was Colonel Rheault, stripped down to shorts, nose smeared with suntan cream, doing push-ups in the sun. "How is it going?" I shouted to him over the dry moat that separated us. He gave me a thumbs-up. "We shall overcome," he shouted back. I hitched a ride back to Saigon and walked through the dingy arcade on the way to my hotel. The fruit peddlers in their conical hats had already drawn up their baskets and bicycles in front of the Eden Theater, and awaited the customers for the afternoon show. I looked up at the garish posters. The Eden was playing *One Spy Too Many*.



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Supplement should be addressed to:
Education Editor, Saturday Review, 380
Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017*



The Public Schools' Public

The public schools are more directly dependent than most democratic institutions upon the continuing support of the American people. Yet, the way the public views its schools has rarely been the subject of more than limited and sporadic inquiry. Now, however, a continuing study has been launched. A recent public opinion survey charts in some detail "the attitudes of the American public toward the public schools in the year 1969." Conducted by Gallup International, and sponsored by CFK, Ltd., a Denver-based foundation devoted to education, the survey is the first in a projected series of annual assessments that should provide a cumulative basis for a more sophisticated analysis of the relationship of the schools and their public.

As awareness of the important role education plays in modern society has increased in recent years, public knowledge of school affairs has also grown. To be sure, when those participating in the Gallup/CFK poll were asked specific questions, 30 per cent admitted that they didn't know how many students dropped out of their high schools, a third didn't know the percentage of graduates going on to college, and 57 per cent had no idea how much it costs to educate a child each year in their local schools. But these are discrete facts that can easily be checked whenever necessity demands. Far more significant is the public's lack of knowledge about the nature of the educational process—in contrast to information about schools.

When those who were polled were asked what factors make for a "good" school, the answer given most often was one to which few would take exception: qualified teachers. But most were vague about just how that phrase should be defined. And the two factors cited next most often reflect a concern with the current wave of student dissent (discipline), and the

most visible measure of excellence (physical facilities).

On the other hand, two-thirds of those polled said that they would welcome more information about the schools. And when they were asked specifically what kind of information they would like to have, their answers dealt largely with the courses taught, innovations being introduced into the school system, requirements for college admission, and similar matters that come close to the heart of the educational process.

This gap between knowledge of the schools and the desire for information raises serious questions concerning the public's sources of knowledge about education—and the facts are not encouraging. When asked what they considered "the best source of information about the schools," those polled listed: the local newspaper (which necessarily is primarily concerned with news of school activities rather than educational issues); word of mouth from their own children, other students, and neighbors (notably poor sources for accurate information); school personnel (rarely seen by most citizens); radio and TV; meetings at school; and school publications. The message seems clear—the schools are still not telling their story effectively to their public.

This conclusion is borne out by the response to a question probing public willingness to vote additional funds for the local school. Of those polled, 45 per cent indicated their willingness to vote for additional funds, and 49 per cent said they would not. More significant, however, of all those who did vote in the last school bond election, the division for and against additional funds was exactly even.

Clearly the public schools have not persuaded their public. If education is as central a national concern as we believe it to be, its story must be told more effectively.

—J.C.