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... Day of Pigs invasion. FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, he writes, has "a dubious reputation." "Hoover did not catch Burgess or Maclean; he did not catch (another Russian spy Rudolph) Abel for years; he did not even catch me."

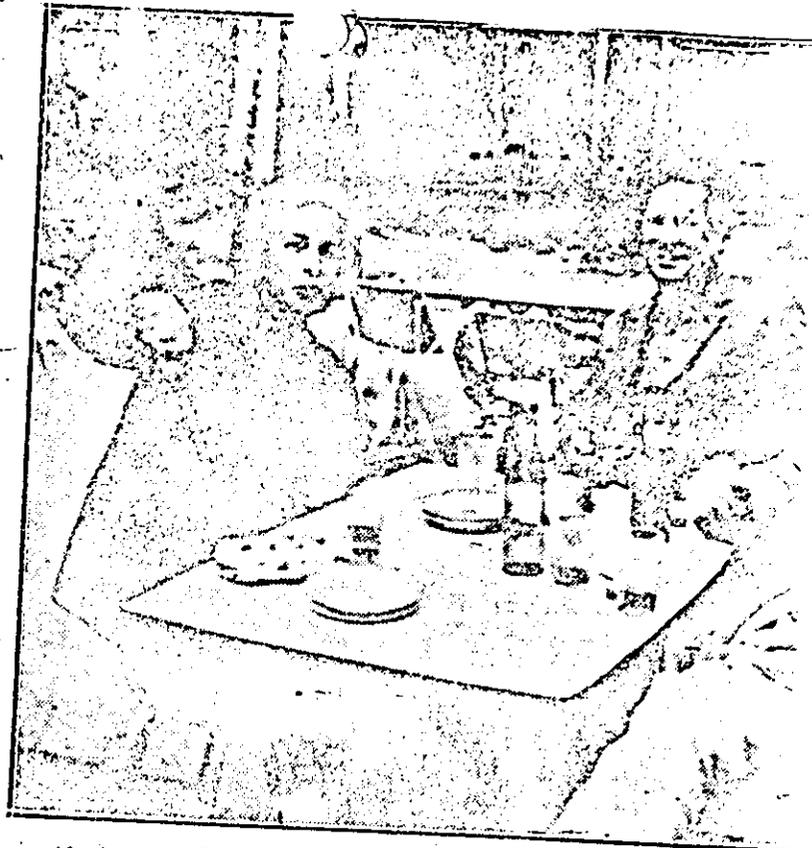
Philby rates the CIA as superior to the FBI—in social graces at any rate. The G-men he dismisses as stolid, country-bumpkin types, gruff of speech and insensitive to the nuances of wine selection. The CIA boys, on the other hand, at least knew that Burgundy is served at room temperature.

Philby says he once asked Hoover what he thought of the spy-catching ability of the late Sen. Joseph McCarthy, and that Hoover replied, elliptically: "I often meet Joe at the race track, but he has never given me a winner yet."

So much for the drollery. The fact remains that Philby gave his Soviet masters just about every winner we had in the stable, all safe bets. It is tempting to do *anything* to prevent this happening again.

Perhaps it would be better to say "anything the law allows," for as Le Carre notes, "Philby is the price we pay for being moderately free."

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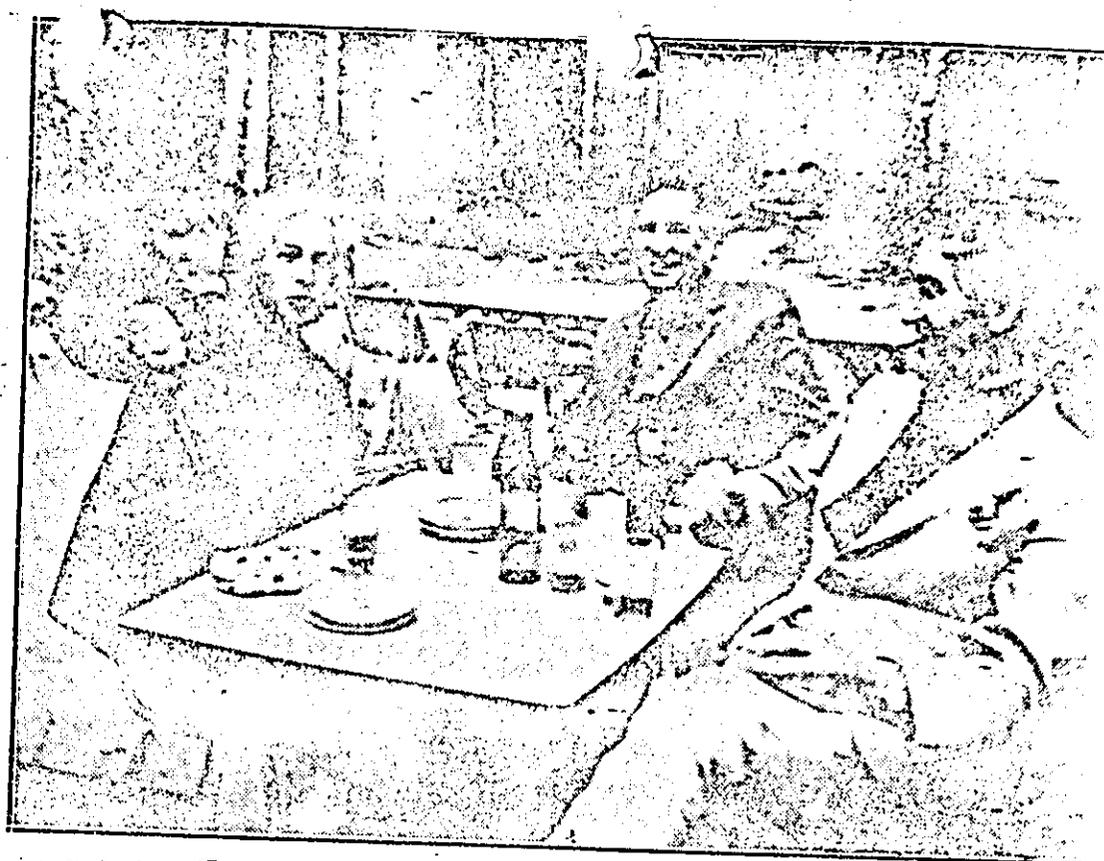
Kim Philby (l), spy and traitor, pictured in Moscow last year. With fourth wife, Melinda, he lounches (r) with son-in-law.



Kim and Melinda. She's ex-wife of Philby's fellow-traitor, Maclean.



London Times Newspapers' photos
Behind bottle barricade, Kim poses for his granddaughter.



Kim Philby (l), spy and traitor, pictured in Moscow last year. With fourth wife, Melinda, he lounches (r) with son-in-law.



She's ex-wife of Philby's fellow-traitor, Maclean.



London Times Newspapers' photos
Behind bottle barricade, Kim poses for his granddaughter.

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LONDON (UPI)--MAJ. GEN. SIR STEWART MENZIES, BRITAIN'S WORLD WAR II SPY CHIEF AND A PROBABLE MODEL FOR SPYMASTER "M" IN THE JAMES BOND STORIES, DIED THURSDAY. HE WAS 78. *deceased*

MENZIES HEADED M. I. 6, WHICH DIRECTS BRITISH ESPIONAGE, FROM 1939 UNTIL HIS RETIREMENT IN 1951.

LIKE FORMER M.I.6 CHIEFS, HE LIVED IN SECRECY AND SIGNED HIMSELF ONLY AS "C" IN HIS WORK. ONE OF HIS WARTIME EMPLOYEES WAS THE LATE IAN FLEMING. FLEMING WAS SAID TO HAVE DRAWN AT LEAST SOME OF HIS "M" CHARACTER FROM MENZIES.

MENZIES RAN M.I.6 AT THE TIME WHEN HAROLD (KIM) PHILBY, A BRITISH SPY FOR THE KREMLIN, BECAME THE AGENCY'S CHIEF OF ANTI-SOVIET ESPIONAGE. MENZIES WENT INTO RETIREMENT AT THE TIME OF THE FLIGHT TO MOSCOW OF BRITISH DIPLOMAT DONALD MACLEAN, WHO STOLE ATOMIC SECRETS FROM THE UNITED STATES, AND GUY BURGESS, A DIPLOMAT AND A FORMER M.I.6 EMPLOYEE.

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WASHINGTON CAPITAL NEWS SERVICE

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The painting that made a marriage legal

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Not one person in a thousand suspects the real meaning of this famous double portrait by Jan van Eyck. Actually, it portrays a wedding, and all the fascinating details are symbolic references to the sacrament of marriage.

As John Canaday points out in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum Seminars in Art, the little dog symbolizes faithfulness; the discarded sandals, humility; and the single candle, the presence of God. Above the mirror, which signifies purity, are the words, "Jan van Eyck was here, 1434," in script proper, to a document. For the painting really is a document: a painted marriage certificate!

If you had come across this painting in a museum, would you have understood what the artist was trying to tell you? Or would you have missed the hidden meanings that make his work so valued and respected?

A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot so far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they stand before a respected work of art and see nothing but its surface aspects. It was to help such persons that New York's Metropolitan Museum and John Canaday, art critic of *The New York Times*, created the Seminars in Art, a unique program of assisted self-education in art appreciation.

Page 24

Each seminar comes in the form of a handsome portfolio, the core of which is a lecture devoted to one aspect of painting. Each is illustrated with many black-and-white pictures and contains twelve large separate full-color reproductions of notable paintings. As you compare these masterpieces side by side, Mr. Canaday's lectures clarify their basic differences and similarities, and so reveal what to look for in any painting you may see.

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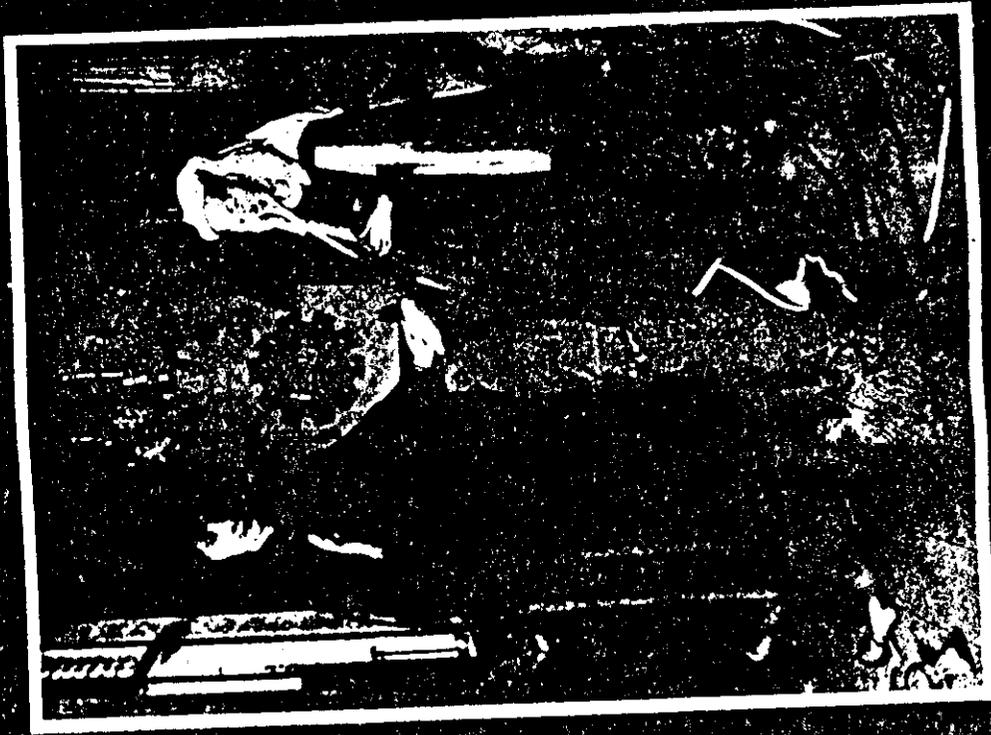
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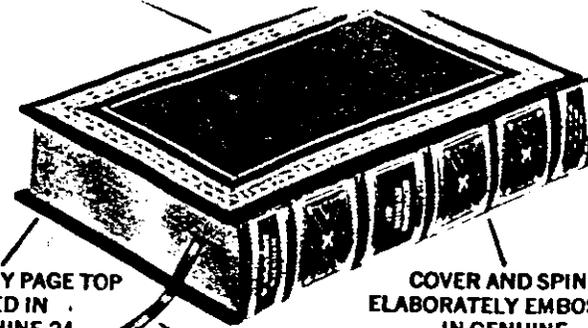


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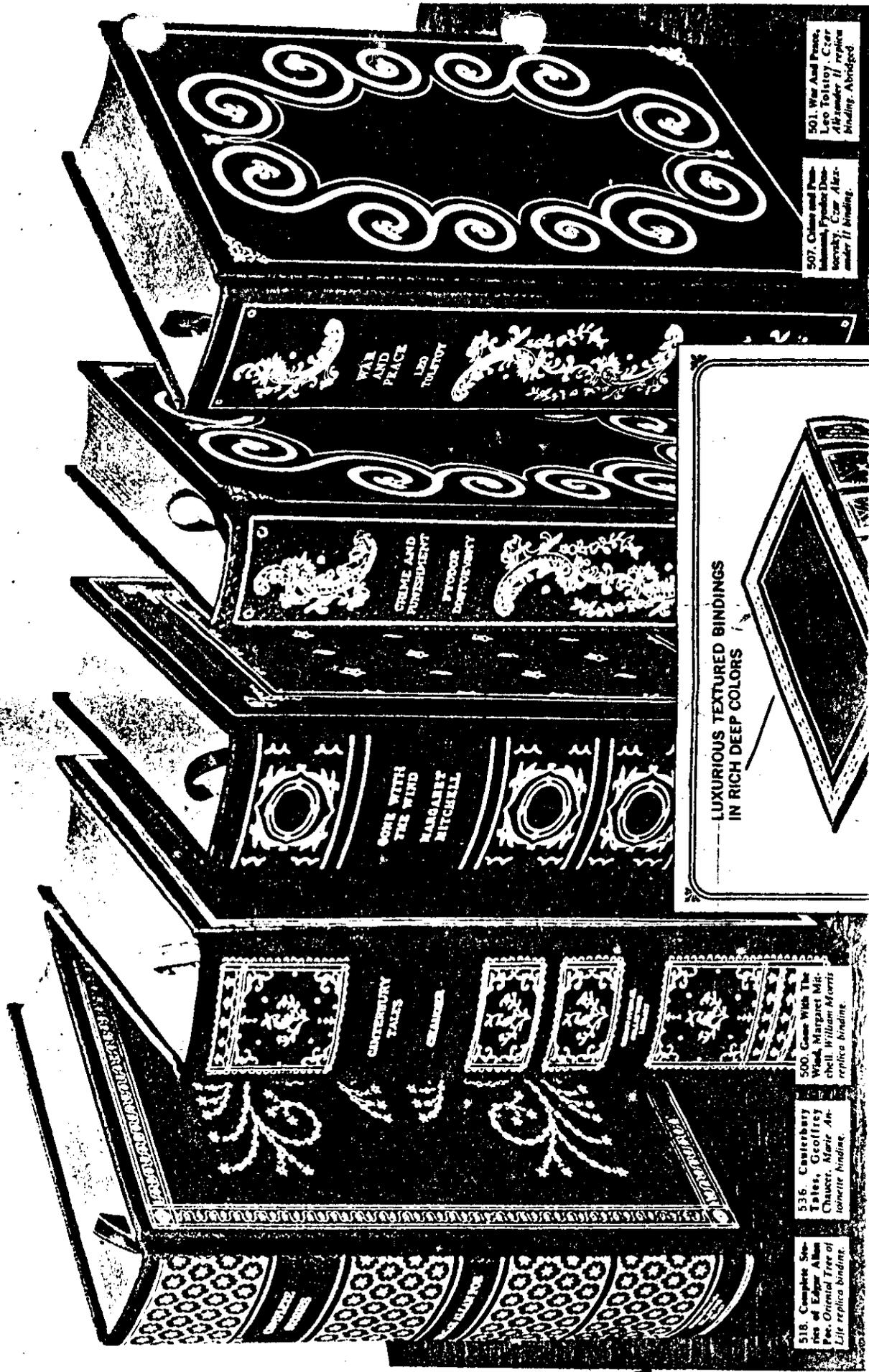
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... both fashionable and demotic (it could have arrived one or the other, but not both) and is being sampled to death by hordes of status seekers and audience participants alike.

Along with Professor Kahler, I am not against the new. In the Battle of the Books of two centuries ago, I could have been at least as much on the side of the moderns as on that of the Ancients. But the battle of the books has become a battle against the books. Books are becoming nonbooks — catalogues like the *nouveau man*, boxes of interchangeable sheets, cut-outs and step-ups; music is becoming pure noise or impure fence; painting and sculpture, children's and anthropoids' games, or accumulations of bric-à-brac and tritium; and similarly with the other arts. Worst of all are the mixed media, which can be defined as a bunch of pseudo-arts forced to perform orgies in public to an audience of voyeurs.

Erich Kahler's *The Disintegration of Form in the Arts* is a series of three helpfully illustrated lectures: "The Forms of Form," "The Preliminary Stages of Disintegration" and "The Triumph of Incoherence." In the first lecture, we proceed from a brace of definitions: form is "structure manifesting itself as shape" and "art is form created by a human, intellectual act." It is shown that "even in works with 'open form' it

... in *Simon* is the movie critic of *The New Leader* and *Commonweal* and Hudson Review.

OK WORLD May 12, 1968

... as pivoting around the complex, paradoxical relationship between consciousness and the unconscious." First rationalism took over from religious dogma, and the work of the Devil became a sphere of instinctual error and superstition to be examined by a budding empirical psychology. This led, by reaction as much as by linear descent, to a "speculative romantic inquiry into the irrational and transrational" which, in turn, led to a more scientifically analytical study of the unconscious, applying "rational methods to empirical search."

Reaction set in again, and the "unconscious no longer remained a mere *object* of conscious acts of exploration; it seized upon the artistic *act itself* and emerged as the very *enactor* of artistic creation, as . . . in 'beat' literature and action painting." Finally, we reach the state of affairs that "John Cage . . . explicitly recommends: a purposeful purposelessness." What all this leads to is beautifully chronicled in the third lecture, which contains the meat of the book. But precisely because it is so pregnant with horrible examples and cogent conclusions and caveats drawn from them, it resists adequate synopsis.

What Kahler traces in "The Triumph of Incoherence" is, first, the growing insecurity of language and communication. He sorts out three phases of, to be sure overlapping, linguistic disintegration. First, the divorce of language from all emotional significance; second, the reduction of language to prehuman, animalistic gesture; third, the breaking up of words into sounds

consciousness. Kahler peremptorily attacks that "intellectual demagogue" McLuhan, who confounds raw perception with meaningful consciousness, the accumulation of data with synthesis. Our arts make of the cleavage between original reason and functional, technological rationality a programmatic schism. At the extremes lie things like "creative vandalism" and "programmed panic" — the announced aims of various groups at the recent International Destruction of Art symposium in London.

Kahler shows how in its ultimate stages this dehumanization reaches the physical constitution of man: the very megalopolitan noises that threaten our health are reproduced and further magnified by art. Consciousness is not expanded but exploded, with the final winner being advertising, which turns all this into means of moneymaking. And, as the author perceptively notes, the devaluation of words reflects on the feelings behind them, which become accordingly undermined, making of our arts not just a disaster area but a chain reaction, a self-perpetuating cataclysm.

One may disagree with certain details of the presentation; one can find occasional lapses in the diction, perhaps even a slight general grayness. But the basic argument is so well thought out and so sagely marshaled that this third lecture deserves to be reprinted by a foundation (or perhaps by UNESCO, if that organization isn't defunct) and distributed free of charge, wherever people convene — at street corners, if necessary — as a giant anti-happening.

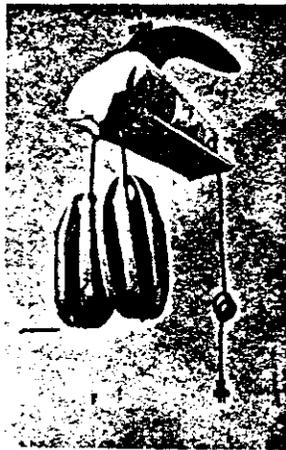
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Nonbooks, nonmusic, nonpainting and nonsense



Charlotte Moorman wears gas mask while playing cello with 24" ruler



Claes Oldenburg's Soft Blender, 1965—sculpture made of vinyl, wood, kapok and cord



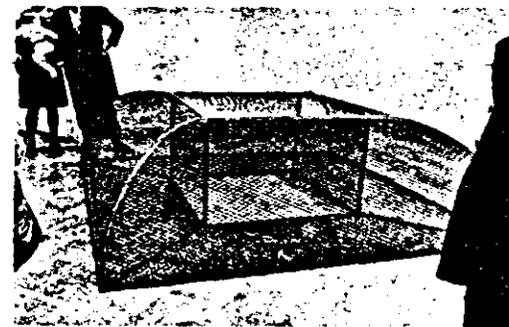
Hermann Nitsch performs his "Circus Mutilation" act



Physical Things, a plastic wind tunnel by artist Steve Paxton



Composer John Cage presents his "Variations VII," in the so-called mixed electronic media



A wire construction by Robert Morris

THE DISINTEGRATION OF FORM IN THE ARTS. By Erich Kahler. Braziller. 133 pp. \$5; paperback, \$2.95.

By John Simon

This may be the dark night of the arts. Never before has so much unequivocal trash passed for art, and been extolled as such both by experts who should know better and by a large public that, before, knew at least that it didn't know and stayed out of it. But we have reached the stage where the new is good because it is new, not because it is good, and where art delights the masses with much the same thrills as drag races, put-

is some at least half-conscious effort toward perfection of form, which means closed form, that makes them artistic." But things have changed: "In all previous transformations of humanity, the breaking up of old forms was immediately linked with the creation of new forms; it was, in fact, partly at least, produced by the creative process. Today, however, the processes of disruption by far outstrip those of new consolidation, indeed the creative processes themselves cannot help producing disjunction." He "who speaks of wholeness, coherence, form, is *eo ipso* considered a romantic reactionary."

In the second lecture, the disintegrative process is

and letters in arbitrary arrangements. Quite rightly, Kahler associates this with the rise of science and technology, and the longing for the safety of mathematical formulas.

There are other reasons, too, which Kahler does not examine — economic, social, political. But at least he does sharply analyze the technological shift of communication away from the center of human beings to the periphery, to areas of specialization. And he points out how, both by trying to mimic this process and by attempting ineptly to escape it, art becomes a new, artless, scientifically tinged art for art's sake. There is a destruction of coherence, a conscious expunging of

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creased concentration of power in the Federal government.

Citing growth of "national" problems, decline of state loyalties and war, is listing results instead of naming the cause. The reason is that the Federal government has usurped the least offensive and most lucrative forms of taxation and left property and sales taxes to state and local jurisdictions.

Until a method is devised to share the proceeds of the withheld income taxes and hidden excise and corporate taxes with the states our citizens will be compelled to seek answers in Washington — not because the problems and solutions are national — but because that is where the money is . . . and tolerate the inefficient and unresponsive complexity of big government as well.

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 Lake Forest, Illinois

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BOOK WORLD May 12, 1968

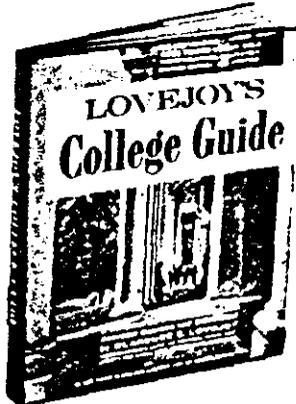
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LETTERS

Quote, unquote "Poor Lyttelton," said Dr. Johnson, with Olympian disdain, "he wrote to thank the reviewers!"

Much as I stand in awe of even the Great Cham's shade, I will risk its contempt by showing my gratitude to Mr. Anthony Burgess by directing him to the "epitaph or epigram" which, in his review of my *Dictionary of Quotations* [April 21], he said he had sought in vain.

It is by Sir Henry Wotton and is entitled "On the Death of Sir Albert Morton's Wife." With masculine assurance Mr. Burgess had assumed that it was the husband who had shown such memorable constancy. But it was the wife. The lines read:

He first deceased: she for a little tried

To live without him, lik'd it not, and died.

He will find it on page 155 of the *Dictionary of Quotations*.

BERGEN EVANS
Northfield, Illinois

Why Washington?

It is amazing that both the author and the reviewer of the book *Storm Over the States* [February 11] fail to recognize the true reason for the increased concentration of power in the Federal government.

Citing growth of "national"



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...ing out it makes an important point: The Negroes have tried petitions, lawsuits, marches, sit-ins, threats, violence, appeasement, alliance with whites and finally black nationalism in an effort to secure their rights, but through it all they have met resistance and denial. That must be some kind of record too.

Justin Kaplan's great biography, *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain*, which won both the National Book Award and the Pulitzer Prize after hard-cover publication two years ago, is available in paperback at last (Pocket Books, \$1.25). The book is so deeply researched and so intelligent that it stands as the definitive Clemens biography and it is almost as rich and readable as Twain himself.

As the title implies, you don't have to be a Chicagoan to read Studs Terkel's *Division Street: America* (Avon, \$1.25), an evocative series of interviews with 70 real urban Americans, salts of the new earth and the old, funny, angry, philosophical, disturbed and always, in talking to Studs, humanly re-

BOOK WORLD May 12, 1968

leader of a ring of freelance, secret-selling double agents, and toward the end he stuffs our boy into a futuristic underground freeze-dry room.

A little closer to the path beaten in the pre-Bond era, Stephen Marlowe's *Drum Beat*—Marianne (Gold Medal, 50¢) takes international private eye Chester Drum into an adventure involving a fortune in old Spanish gold, the kidnapping of the only girl Drum ever really wanted and two seductive female agents who help Drum to make do.

My wife thinks *The Home Medical Encyclopedia* by Paul Kuhnc, reissued by Gold Medal, is worth many times the 95¢ it costs and she has been using it in her unlicensed home medical practice for years. I opened it once and found that it's true what they say about medical books: Whatever you read about, you've got, and it's even worse when you find out it has a hideous name like psittacosis or tularemia.

—CLARENCE PETERSEN

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Page 19

712

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PAPERBACKS

On the record

The 1968 edition of the **Guinness Book of World Records** (Bantam, \$1) is out, and once again we are reassured that the year just past was not in vain. Donald Campbell set a new speed-on-water record of 328 m.p.h., Sir Francis Chichester set a new single stage on solo circumnavigation record of 14,750 miles in a 119-day voyage and Dr. Barbara Moore set a new greatest-distance-ever-walked-non-stop record of 168 miles in 41 hours and 40 minutes. There were new records also in tightrope walking, rolling-pin throwing, needle-threading and go-go dancing, but if all this tumultuous upheaval and overthrow makes you uneasy, then take comfort in the fact that the record for the longest period in which any volunteer has been able to withstand total deprivation of all sensory stimulation still stands at 92 hours, as it has since 1962.

Three hundred and fifty years of Negro-American protest and agitation are documented in a new Premier book, **Black Protest: 1619 to the Present** (95¢), edited and with introduction and commentary by Joanne Grant. The book is neither threatening nor reassuring but it makes an important point: The Negroes have tried petitions, lawsuits, marches, sit-

vealing beyond ordinary limitations.

In **The Terrible Choice: The Abortion Dilemma** (Bantam Extra, 95¢) the medical facts and the ethical issues are explored by doctors, psychiatrists, lawyers, clergymen, social scientists and others who participated in last September's International Conference on Abortion; with 16 pages of photographs of the development of the human embryo by Lennart Nilsson.

Bertrand Russell waited more than 50 years to tell the story of the first 42 years of his life in the **Autobiography of Bertrand Russell** (Bantam, \$1.25) and the result was a stunning work of art, a sensual as well as an intellectual history of a man so gifted, so many-faceted and so alive that as a fictional character he would be put down as unbelievable. Bantam is also reissuing Russell's **Marriage and Morals** (1929) and **The Conquest of Happiness** (1930) in 95¢ editions.

The Eliminator by Andrew York (Lancer, 75¢) is one Jonas Wilde, a new entry from the James Bond cold killer-hot lover school of spy fiction. His antagonist is a blind but lethal leader of a ring of free-lance, secret-selling double agents, and toward the end he stuffs our boy

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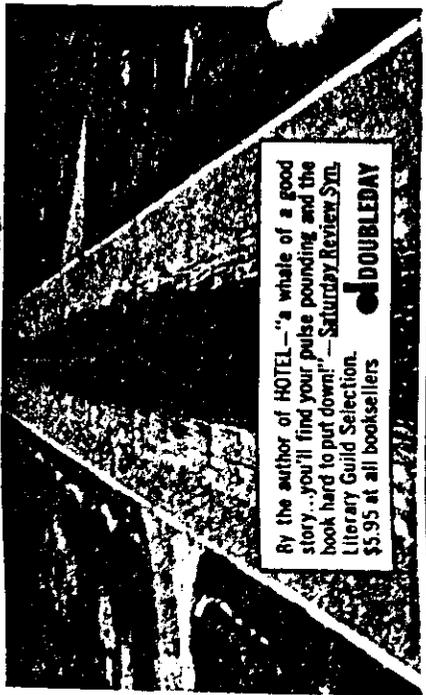
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DOUBLE DAY

tolerance of cattle-trade evils. Dykstra believes that sentiment for prohibition of alcohol, for instance, has been much underestimated. During the early 1880s, Kansas generally was taking the lead in the campaign against liquor sparked by the hatchet of Carrie Nation and the election of a Prohibition party governor, John P. St. John. Dodge City succeeded in ignoring state-wide prohibition for a while, but eventually such reform came even to the cattle towns.

It is also Dykstra's thesis that the bitterness of local political battles has been ignored by boosters who like to believe that all their fellow citizens put their shoulders to the wheel for uninterrupted community progress. "The local history taboo on social conflict," Dykstra says, "comes down to us from nineteenth-century amateur writing, but professional scholarship perpetuates it... External conflict with farmers and their internal warfare — business factionalism and moral reform politics — demonstrated anything but a thoroughgoing solidarity." ❦

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Page 18

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BOOK WORLD May 12, 1963

Your name is
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 commit.**

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 would have hanged you in the
 town square.**

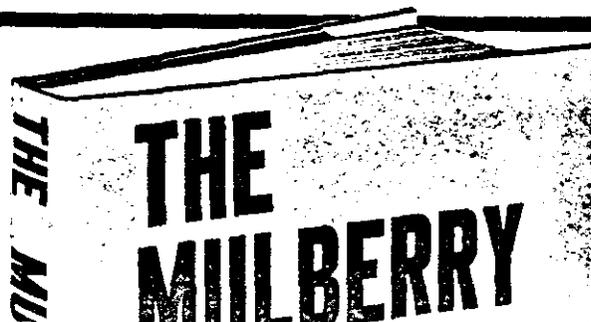
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—*James T. McDermott, Judge,
 State of Pennsylvania*



The West

(Continued from page 16)

carriers of splenic fever—it was not yet known that a cattle tick was the culprit—and while the longhorns seemed immune, losses were heavy among domestic cattle. For this reason, cattle trails were continuously pushed westward by law, but not quite as rapidly as farmers were pushing westward in this period. There was also the damage done by trail herds that had no respect for a farmer's planted fields. Some communities tried to guarantee pay for such damage, and to route trails away from the sodbusters' holdings. But as farm population increased, so did the conflict between town and country.

For those who had nothing to gain from the cattle trade, there were other objectors to its continuance, notably its accompanying violence. Even if the violence was exaggerated at the time for political effect as well as by later romanticists, it did exist, and local taxpayers footed the bill for law enforcement mainly against transients. Gambling and prostitution, centering in numerous saloons, were other undesirable elements. They were defended, not only as necessities of the trade, but also because licenses and fines contributed considerably to the costs of government. As time passed, a growing respectable element demanded an end to the tolerance of cattle-trade evils.

Dykstra believes that sentiment for prohibition of alcohol, for instance, has been much underestimated. During the

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10 Christy, by Catherine Marshall
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GENERAL

- 1 Between Parent and Child, by Dr. Haim G. Ginott
A new approach to talking with children 21
- 2 The Naked Ape, by Desmond Morris
A pop anthropological study of man as primate 13
- 3 "Our Crowd," by Stephen Birmingham
How New York's Jewish "One Hundred"
rose to fabulous wealth and financial power 36
- 4 The Double Helix, by James D. Watson
Fun and games and the discovery of DNA 5
- 5 Nicholas and Alexander, by Robert K. Massie
The last years of Imperial Russia 34
- 6 Gipsy Moth Circles the World,
by Sir Francis Chichester
A 65-year-old Englishman's solo voyage 6
- 7 The English, by David Frost and Antony Jay
Diagnosis and cure for ailing Britain 6
- 8 The Way Things Work: An Illustrated
Encyclopedia of Technology
Everything from atomic clocks to zippers 11
- 9 Tolstoy, by Henri Troyat
A biography of the great, tormented Russian novelist 18
- 10 Kennedy and Johnson, by Evelyn Lincoln
J.F.K.'s personal secretary tells all 1

LOOK WORLD May 12, 1968

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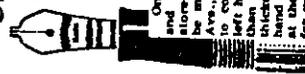
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BEST SELLERS

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Week's Score	FICTION	Weeks Listed
1	Airport, by Arthur Hailey Drama behind the scenes in a busy airport	6
2	Myra Breckinridge, by Gore Vidal A man and a woman	10
3	Vanished, by Fletcher Knebel Intrigue and scandal on the eve of a Presidential election	14
4	Couples, by John Updike The hero as lover	3
5	The Tower of Babel, by Morris West The Middle East on the brink of the six-day war	9
6	Topaz, by Leon Uris A novel about international diplomatic maneuverings	30
7	Tunc, by Lawrence Durrell Word-intoxicated adventures of an inventor	2
8	The Triumph, by John Kenneth Galbraith Counterrevolution, State Department style	1
9	The Confessions of Nat Turner, by William Styron The story of the only effective, sustained revolt in the annals of American Negro slavery	29
10	Christy, by Catherine Marshall A young schoolteacher in the Tennessee of 1912	26

GENERAL

Time for a change?

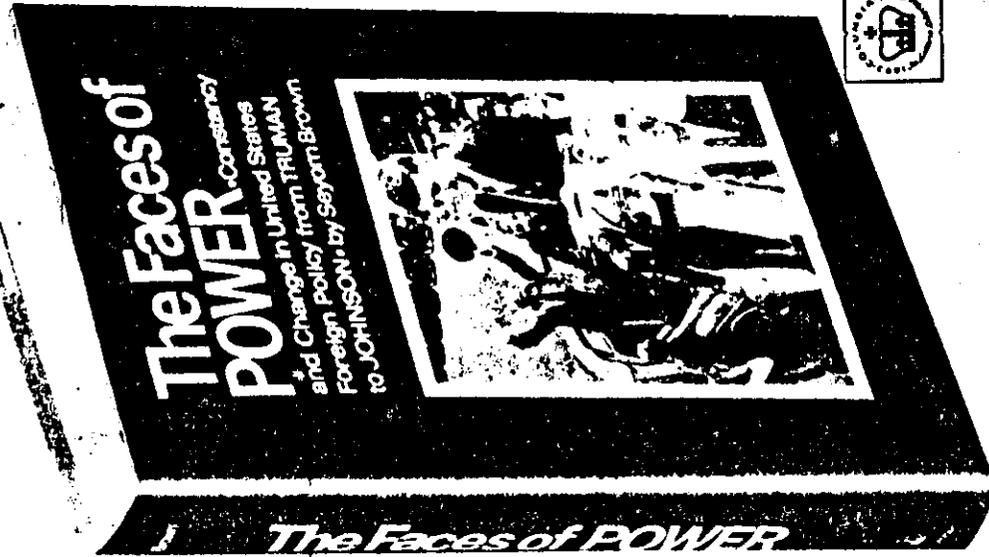
This incisive account of the formulation and implementation of U.S. foreign policy extends from the Greek-Turkish stand and establishment of the Marshall plan, to the present administration's handling of Vietnam and the Dominican situation. While finding that postwar U.S. policy has not been the amorphous, ineffectual thing many have thought it, Mr. Brown thinks that the time for new directions is at hand. \$8.95

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1817

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have generally assumed that these communities deserved their reputations. Professor Dykstra's computer, however, comes up with this startling statement: "The average number of homicides per cattle town trading season amounted to only 1.5 per year." That would hardly last an honest television series through its pilot film. In corroboration of this finding is documentary evidence that Wild Bill Hickok performed the duties of street commissioner in Abilene in addition to those as marshal.

The pattern was similar in each of the cattle towns studied. Abilene was first, and much attention has been given to the efforts of Joseph G. McCoy to induce the railroad, in the post-Civil War years, to make that town a shipping point and then in persuading Texans to drive their herds there. As long as the cattle trade was a principal source of outside income, it was welcomed by a majority of residents, but even from the beginning there were some objectors. Texas longhorns were reputed
(Continued on page 18)

Don Russell, a Chicago writer, is the author of *Lives and Legends of Buffalo Bill*.

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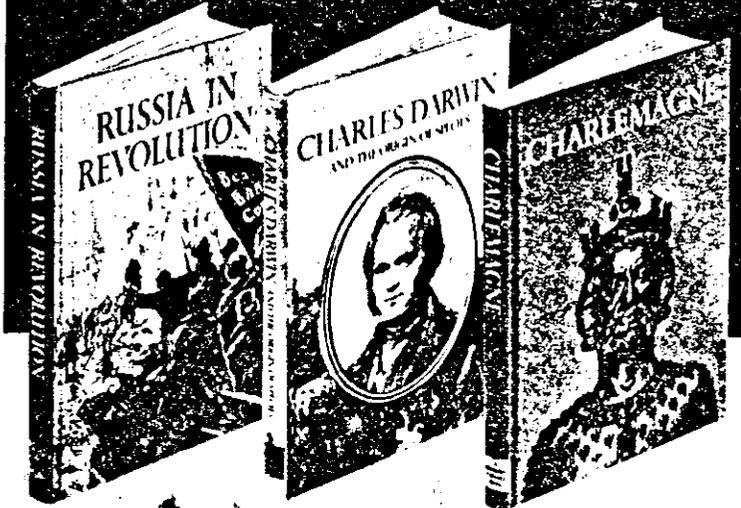
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— (starred) *Library Journal*

The way the West was

THE CATTLE TOWNS. By Robert R. Dykstra. Illustrated. Knopf. 386 pp. \$7.95.

By Don Russell

Anyone who turns on a television set more than occasionally is familiar with the Kansas cow towns of the great gun-fighters. They were the setting for thousands of Western dime novels and movies, long before they fell into the untender hands of the tv quickie dramatists. While we readily recognize most of this as fiction, we continue to regard these towns, or some of them, as existing in a never-never land that embodies the frontier tradition.

Now, in this important book, one that may well set off a good deal of rethinking by writers on the West, Professor Dykstra has put the towns of Abilene, Ellsworth, Wichita, Dodge City and Caldwell under the microscope. He has run them through a computer and analyzed the chemistry of their politics. And they emerge from this process no more romantic historically than Lima, Ohio.

That there was some violence in these cattle towns cannot be denied, and serious historians have generally assumed that these communities deserved their reputations. Professor Dykstra's computer, however, comes up with this startling statement: "The average num-

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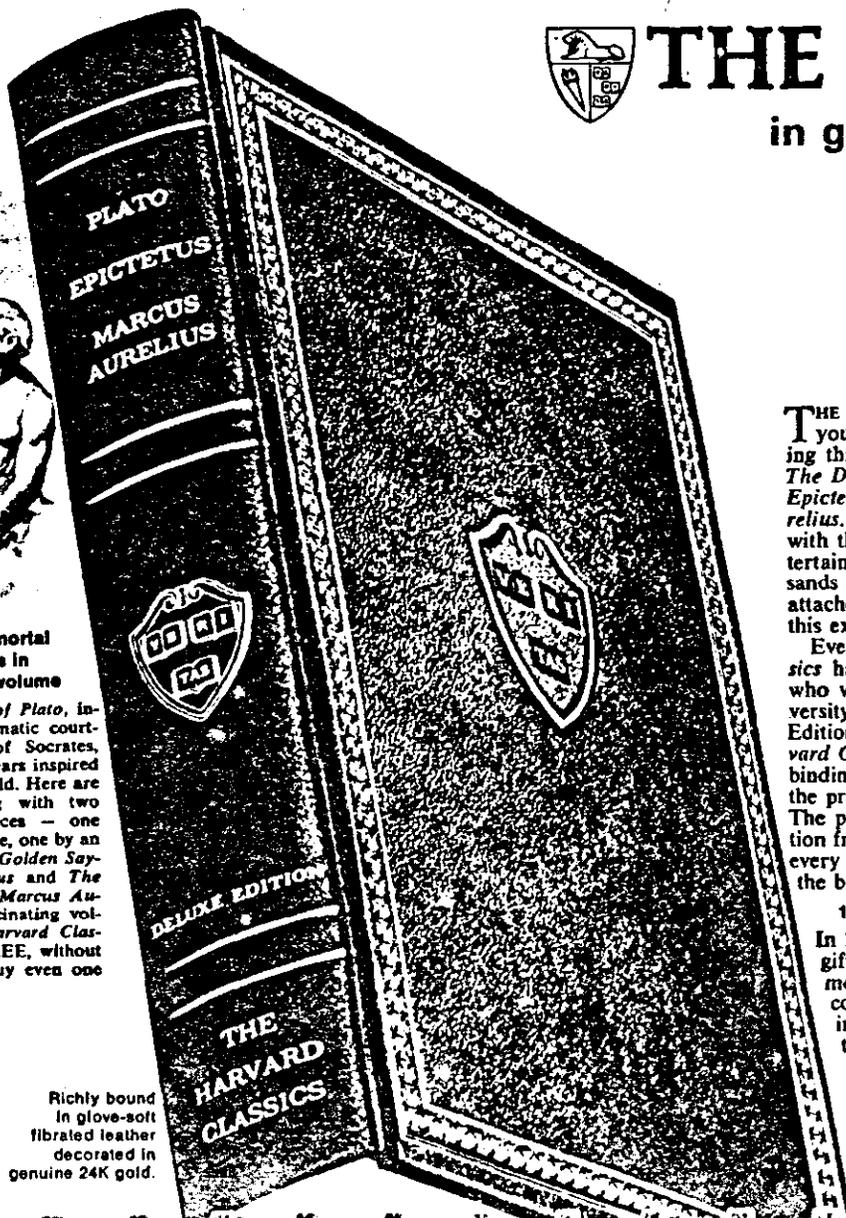
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PRACTICES, UNNATURAL ACTS

By Donald Barthelme

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Page 14

Page 10

pre-industrial England. We are reminded that such a 17th-century swell as Lord Guilford thought little of "installing a pump to drive the piled ordure from his cellar into the street." However elegant the façade, we are made aware of the onflowing sewage through the years until we come to industrial Manchester, grimly pumping it into the polluted Irk. However full the earlier centuries may be of beautiful people we are not spared their plumbing failures — or their cruelties: How they filled papal effigies with live cats "to make them scream realistically when burnt . . ."

Yet if these times before the spinning jenny had their harsh side, their dominant texture lies for Sir Arthur in clear and graceful landscapes, in good diets, in an easy social structure where class wasn't caste, nor discrimination snobbery. The people are vigorous and poetic, tough, jealous of reputation, sporting, extravagant and — of course — fiercely Protestant.

Edwin M. Yoder Jr. writes frequently for Book World.

fining a bit too sharply. Of course we are told today that history so defined—history with a theme, especially nationalistic—is "romantic." Themes, we are warned, are devices of art not history and are best left to the vanities of patriotic and genealogical societies.

If Sir Arthur Bryant knows of this fusty academic war cry he ignores it, and for that we may be thankful. The grim men at the computers have their own style of historical falsity, if falsity is at issue.

I miss only one thing. As he has shown elsewhere, with portraits of great figures like William the Conqueror and Thomas Becket, Sir Arthur has a Daudier-like genius for caricature. Great characters are largely missing here, and their absence is felt. The narrative perks up when he introduces Lord Palmerston, the mid-Victorian Prime Minister; but this is the only major portrait essayed. I wish there were more of such portraits. But that is a trivial complaint about a beautifully textured, entertaining book.

devastation, holocaust. Forty-three killed. White man. Black man. Sniper and cop. Bystander and arsonist. Who were they? Why did they have to die? What makes law-abiding citizens burn their own city down around them?

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Donald Barthelme's stories in **UNSPEAKABLE PRACTICES, UNNATURAL ACTS**, are without doubt the most original, indeed the most revolutionary in American today. They resemble the traditional short story—so highly refined in this country—about as much as the movies of Fellini and Antonioni resemble "Gone With the Wind" or kinetic art resembles Impressionist painting. Barthelme's stories explode the limits of the form, and of the language itself. In the main, the stories deal with various aspects of the struggle—sometimes ludicrously comic—to be human in a world that seems hell bent toward complete depersonalization. But they should not be interpreted; they have to be read. \$4.95

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**UNSPEAKABLE
PRACTICES,
UNNATURAL**

***How England's
paradise was lost***

SET IN A SILVER SEA. By Sir Arthur Bryant. Doubleday. 359 pp. \$5.95.

By Edwin M. Yoder Jr.

Sir Arthur Bryant's kind of English social history begins with Lord Macaulay prowling the battlements of Londonderry for detail and continues by way of the Trevelyan into our time. This book is true to the great tradition: detailed yet well-shaped; objective in tone, yet almost dotting in its evocation of character and landscape.

Sad to say, we produce nothing quite like it—or haven't since Henry Adams and John B. McMaster tried passable colonial imitations. Perhaps we could, if the taste and power of Samuel Eliot Morison could be blended with the appetite for detail of magazine journalism.

Sir Arthur is in Macaulay's line, and he turns Macaulay upside down. Macaulay was a Whig—a "progressive." Bryant is a nostalgic with a Tory's love of the junk in the national attic. This survey of England from the Restoration through Victoria takes as its theme the trauma of industrialism, the fall of England from rural innocence.

But Sir Arthur does not minimize the rudeness or ugliness of pre-industrial England. We are reminded that such a 17th-century swell as Lord Guilford

Each national type is pictured: A rich squire, despite his high income, stalks waterfowl "all night on the ice stark naked." Pitt, Castlereagh, Canning, Wellington and Peel all fought duels in high office to confirm that they were gentlemen. "Long Robinson," a gamey cricket player, "had two of his fingers struck off . . . [but] had a screw fastened to one hand to hold the bat." Extravagance? There is a peek into Lord Derby's colossal dining room. "Pray," asked a guest, "are those great doors to be opened for every pat of butter that comes into the room?"

But when Sir Arthur encounters the age of steam and rail his tactics change. Technicolor dims to monochrome; the ordure that was a sporting nuisance in Lord Guilford's day is a health hazard; the ease of the 18th-century squirearchy gives way to the Regency's inanity, its dandyism, its vicious snobbery. ("A bit of straw on a lady's petticoat, implying that the wearer had been forced to resort to a hackney coach, would set a room of fine people tittering.")

Doubtless I make Sir Arthur's portrayal of the decline of Merry England sound more schematic than it is. This is, after all, social history in the classic mold: sharply defining, sometimes defining a bit too sharply. Of course we are told today that history so defined—history with

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WORLD MAY 12, 1968
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a towering literary event

In 1948, Norman Mailer was thrust into early fame by his first novel, *The Naked and the Dead*. In the years since, his reputation has waxed and waned while his books and personal life have become subjects of bitter dispute between those who think his later work is superior and those who believe he has squandered his powers.

Twenty years later, to the day, New American Library is publishing *The Armies of the Night*—a book that will settle many arguments. Responses of readers to the portions printed in *Harper's* and *Commentary* have been overwhelming in their intensity. Some are calling *The Armies of the Night* a masterpiece. Many are saying it is his best work, better than *The Naked and the Dead*, a proper culmination of twenty years in Mailer's literary life. It is.

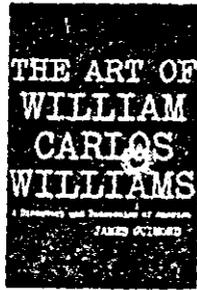
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Robert E. Keeton, Jeffrey O'Connell,
and John H. McCord, eds.

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Robinson, a Negro. As Robinson somewhat bitterly points out: "Being a *Negro Triple Crown* winner was, I knew, not going to make me rich." (He did, in fact, make less than \$10,000 in the off-season of 1966-67, while Yaz' earnings, a year later, were considerably higher.)

Carl Yastrzemski, who now talks to Presidents, is the son of a Polish Long Island potato farmer. His father was a semi-pro shortstop, who never advanced beyond the eighth grade in school. But Pop Yastrzemski delighted in seeing his son wind up at Notre Dame, the big leagues and then, last fall, on "Yaz, Sir, That's My Baby" buttons all over the New England landscape.

Frank Robinson was born in Beaumont, Texas, the last of ten children. His father was part owner of a funeral parlor and a grocery store. But, as Robinson tells it, "he wasn't a real father to me." (When Frank was four, the family moved to Oakland, California and he never saw his father again.)

Cepeda, whose full name is Manuel Orlando Cepeda Pennes,

Ray Robinson is articles editor for *Good Housekeeping*.

Robinson feels baseball's owners are victims of social lag in their unwillingness to invite Negroes into the front office and into such non-playing posts as managers and coaches. But he insists there is "a lot less self-consciousness about race now" than when he first broke into the minors in 1953. A fiercely combative man, Robinson probably would be a carbon copy of Leo Durocher as a manager, if given the chance he doesn't think he will ever get. But he thinks and feels like Durocher.

"I hate all the fellows around the league who are wearing the other uniform," he writes. "I'm for hard-nosed, no-nonsense baseball . . . it's all that really matters to me."

There are many rewarding and constructive "inside" tips for youngsters in these autobi-

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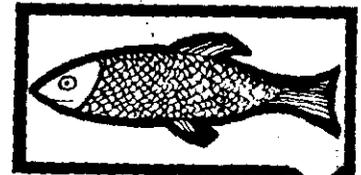
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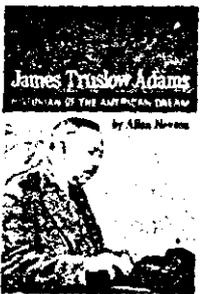
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THE ART OF WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Three men in the catbird seat

YAZ. By Carl Yastrzemski with Al Hirschberg. Illustrated. Viking. 183 pp. \$4.95.

MY UPS AND DOWNS IN BASEBALL. By Orlando Cepeda with Charles Einstein. Putnam. 192 pp. \$3.95.

MY LIFE IS BASEBALL. By Frank Robinson with Al Silverman. Doubleday. 225 pp. \$4.95.

By Ray Robinson

A few years ago a friend of mine, who has provided ghost-writing help to several outstanding athletes on their autobiographies, agreed to do a book with a former baseball star. The two men met, ate, talked and presumably exchanged confidences.

Several months after the book was finished, the ballplayer, asked about his ghost-writer, replied, "Who's he?"

The three prominent baseball players featured in these books — Carl Yastrzemski, hero of the underdog Boston Red Sox American League champions of 1967; Orlando Cepeda, Most Valuable Player of the runaway National League champs, the St. Louis Cards, in 1967; and Frank Robinson, Baltimore's triple-crown winner in 1966—shouldn't have such difficulties in remembering their respective collaborators.

If most players of yesteryear seemed to hail from the sweltering swamps, farms and gas stations of the Deep South, while now a majority appear to be descended from sun-baked Californians, the game today truly

was born in Puerto Rico. His father, Perucho, once was recognized as the greatest baseball player in Puerto Rican history. Though Perucho once played for \$3.50 a week, plus board, in Puerto Rico, he adamantly refused to come to the United States to play. A proud and stubborn man, he was furious that discrimination was practiced against Puerto Rican players in the United States.

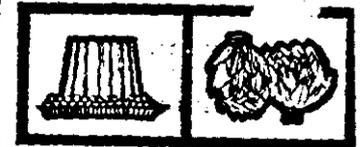
Born with a right leg that was malformed, Cepeda inherited the name of "paralítico"—the cripple. On Cepeda's fifteenth birthday, a doctor broke the bone in his leg and set the foot so it would point correctly. The leg looked normal—but Orlando wound up with an "acquired gait" and a totally spurious reputation for "not going all out." In his years with the San Francisco Giants, where he became one of baseball's legitimate sluggers, he never convinced even his teammates that he wasn't limping around unnecessarily. Traded to the Cards in 1966, he literally began life all over again.

It would be hard to find three more diverse backgrounds and environments, yet all three men are today full-fledged American sports icons. True, Yaz, being white, probably was able to reap greater commercial dividends out of his American League Triple Crown than Frank Robinson, a Negro. As Robinson somewhat bitterly points out: "Being a Negro Triple Crown winner was, I knew, not going to make me rich." (He

perhaps is, recorded by Yastrzemski, who underwent a happy experience of see boyhood idol, Ted Williams' last 400 hitter into his chief batting when he came to the Red Sox in 1961.

"You have to remember things," Williams barbed his protégé and successor, "One, you watch the ball. Three the ball through the middle. Four, be quick."

Last year, right through World Series, Yaz followed Williams' counsel to perfection. On the final day of the season riddled the Minnesota Twins with four hits to win the pennant for Boston's 100-1 shots—even though, as he confesses to M. Hirschberg, he couldn't sleep wink the night before.

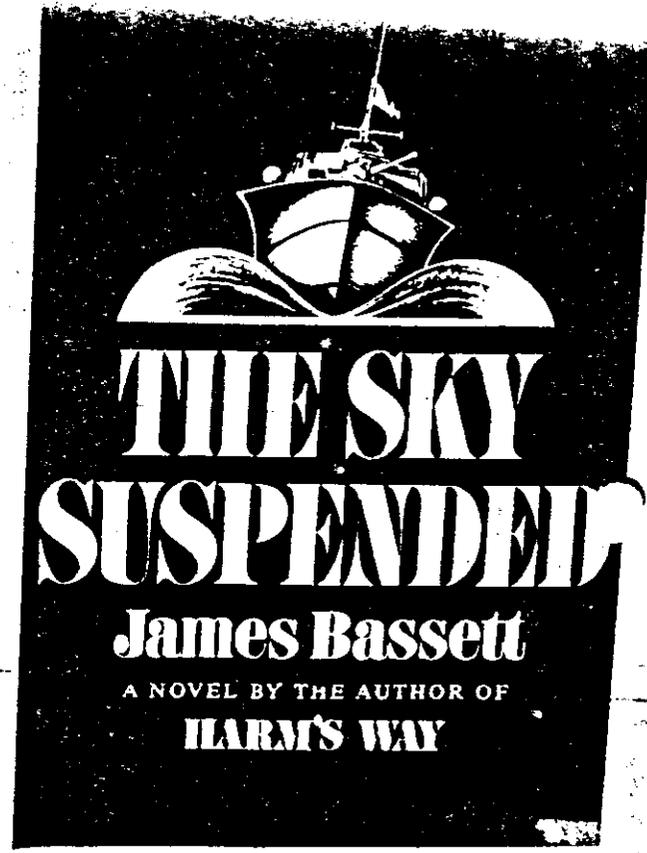


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A cool look at Washington's mistakes

GULLIVER'S TROUBLES, OR THE SETTING OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY. By Stanley Hoffmann. McGraw-Hill, 386 pp. \$11.95.

He...
 contradictions involved in trying, for different purposes, to be friendly with many different (and often mutually hostile) countries. Add American ideology, and the course of world politics is likely to affect home opinion either as a disappointment or a shock. As William Vaughan Moody put it:

Lies! Lies! It cannot be! The wars we wage
 Are noble, and our battles still are won
 By justice for us, ere we lift the gage.
 We have not sold our loftiest heritage.
 The proud republic hath not stooped to cheat
 And scramble in the market-place of war...

Stanley Hoffmann, in a brilliantly interesting book, has analyzed these contradictions, and the mistakes and the disappointments that attend them. He would like to see an American foreign policy that is a little less ideological in content, a little more coherent in its choice of objectives and a little more skillfully handled at the bureaucratic level. His general message, in fact, might be summed up as "Take it easy!" The atmosphere of excitement in the Washington bureaucracy surround-

Anthony Hartley is the editor of *Interplay*, a new magazine of foreign affairs.

ing the progress of any particular policy generates, so he believes, undue hopes. If the policy fails, there is nothing left to do but make even louder noises about it. This is an...
 United States is not the only country where this sort of thing happens. The skeleton of the British 19th-century policy of "guarding the road to India" lingered on until just the other day, when the evacuation of Aden closed that particular chapter. France still imagines that she has interests in Lebanon and Indochina. Concern by German politicians for the homes of the Sudeten Germans is a sort of pale Pan-German remnant. Even Russia often seems to view Germany in terms of 1941 — an absurdity in a nuclear age.

Much of what Hoffmann has to say applies to any foreign policy, and, inasmuch as his book gives the impression that America is peculiarly unsuited to formulate foreign policy, it is misleading. But he does make many shrewd points about Washington's characteristic mistakes. He is right, for example, when he criticizes the tendency of American diplomacy to prefer technological and economic, rather than political, solutions to problems. A glance at the influence of McNamara on American foreign policy shows how disastrous such an approach can be. In general it also has the effect of involving America in situations far more deeply than mere diplomatic steps would do. To give

aid or suggest a nuclear guarantee is to stick one's neck out.

Hoffmann would have the American Gulliver content himself with a less active role in cases of marginal...
 confederation is likely to bleed into federalism...
 the picture of some pro-Europeans more orthodox in their reputation than himself. Presumably America has now reached a point where any solution at all of the European imbroglio would be welcomed.

Probably, in the long run, it is as vain to ask of a country that it should change the style of its foreign policy as to ask an individual to alter his character. Personally I am inclined to think that, for better or worse, the United States is condemned to intervention and even to empire. Hoffmann's cool view, if it were accepted, might not only help get rid of contradictions and rashness but might also tend to erode the constructive features of American policy. It is useful for statesmen to become aware of their own prejudices both in terms of direction and of style, but since the war American policy has enjoyed a success which no one — except Americans — would have predicted in 1946. If Hoffmann's book manages to correct some distortions and failures of comprehension, it will be a helpful, as well as subtle and interesting, addition to a continuing debate. But it will be of little help if it simply contributes to a general loss of nerve.

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personal assurance to Parliament, Harold Adrian Russell Philby had been a dedicated agent of the Soviet Union for 22 years.

The Kim Philby for whom the future Prime Minister spoke was a fellow member of the Establishment that had always dominated their nations affairs. The son of an eccentric, Kiplingesque empire builder, Philby was the product of a good public school, an excellent Cambridge college, and the right London clubs. This was the man who had entered British Intelligence in 1940, who set up in 1944 the special new section to deal with the Soviet Union, who was sent in 1949 to act as "link man" with the C.I.A. in Washington, who until 1951 was being groomed to head the Secret Service.

But there was a second Kim Philby — the real one. And the real Philby was a lifelong Communist who was recruited by the Soviet intelligence organization

his official positions within both American and British intelligence to destroy Allied operations, silence or kill Allied agents, protect a major atomic spy, and withhold vast quantities of intelligence about Russia.

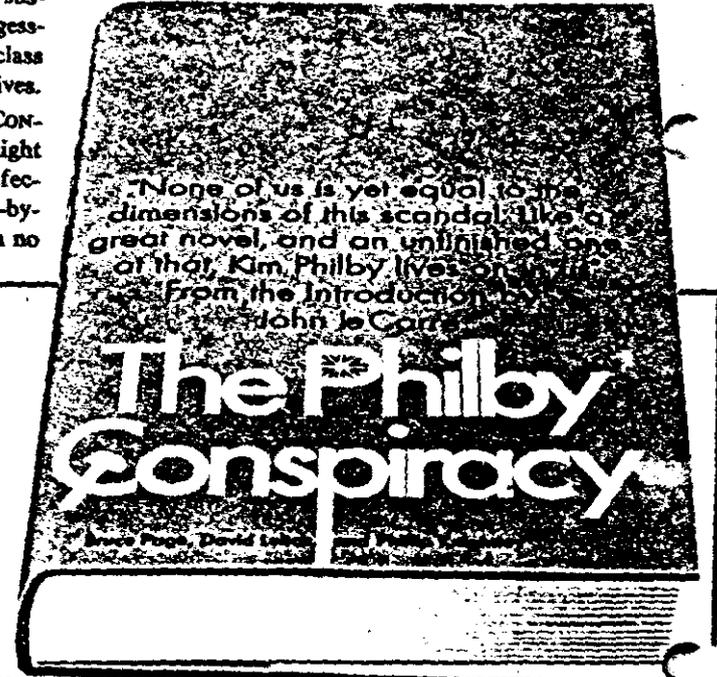
This was the Kim Philby who served as liaison officer with U.S. intelligence on a particularly sensitive operation — and thus assured the bloody miscarriage of a C.I.A. project in Albania. He saw to it that a Russian defector named Volkov, who was about to turn over to the West the names of Russian agents, got instead a feet-first ride to Moscow. And when suspicion fell on him as the "third man" in the Burgess-Maclean affair, he escaped it with the same upper-class charm he used on associates, friends, and four wives.

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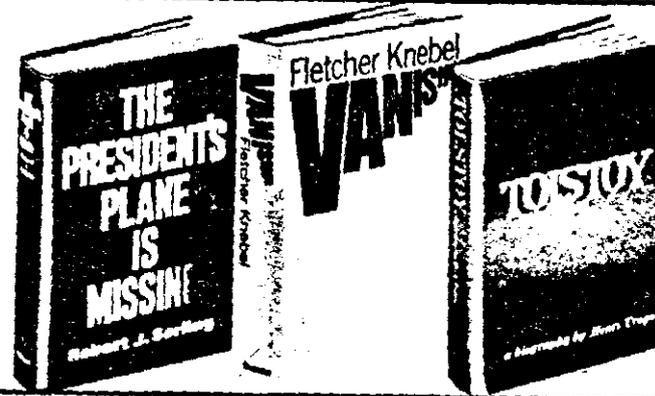
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BOOK WORLD May 12, 1968



The truth about
Kim Philby's double
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incredible, it took
the Western world
30 years to believe it.

W"I have no reason to conclude that Mr. Philby has at any time betrayed the interests of his country," said Harold Macmillan in 1955.

By the time the Foreign Secretary gave this personal assurance to Parliament, Harold Adrian Russell

when he was only 22. The real Philby was a master of duplicity who earned a Fascist decoration on his first Communist assignment. From the mid-forties through the coldest years of the Cold War, he used his official positions within both American and British

political axes to grind and no personal consciences to soothe or protect. As an advance reviewer in *Publishers' Weekly* notes: "No less an authority than John le Carré endorses what the authors say, in his introduction to a true, hair-raising spy story." In that introduc-

... American minority group. The white, heterosexual ghetto of the north. We are, looked at closely, all that's left of what was once the American dream. "It is possible, in English Canada," Edmund Wilson has written, "to have reasonable conversations in which people pretty well speak their minds—they listen, I noted, to one another instead of 'shooting off their faces' in competition, as we are likely to do..." In the past we have also brought bracingly uncomplicated literary standards to bear on new and vulnerable works. For example, when my first novel was published in Toronto, in 1954, I was not instantly savaged by what Truman Capote on a recent sales promotion trip to London, called the Jewish Mafia. Neither was I ridiculed, London-style, by an unspeakably witty homosexual critic. Instead my no-nonsense, aw-shucks Toronto publisher grinned and asked, "Is it a thick book? Canadians like thick books."

Such, then, is my cultural heritage. Drawing on this uncontaminated stream of experience, I offer judgments on the differences between literary London and New York.

Money.

The definitive difference between the

of four on £20 a week. "Good Lord," the radical Mr. Martin replied, "haven't you got a private income?"

For the most part, literary chaps are paid in gentlemanly guineas, rather than plebian pounds, actually a difference of a shilling, and, unlike New York, it is considered coarse to inquire about the size of payment before accepting a commission. To ask for more money, it goes without saying, is unforgivably ill bred.

When Norman Podhoretz' *Making It* is published in London it will cause a different sort of literary unrest. What will astonish penurious, indigenous critics is not the revelations about "family" in-fighting, but the hard fact that in America it is possible for a reviewer to be paid \$750 for a monthly book column, as Podhoretz was by *Show*. For in London, book review payment is infinitesimal indeed; but there are perks... that is to say, free books, maybe eight when you are only obliged to write about two. Or, most enviably, expensive art books. And come Saturday, reviewers from Hampstead to the veldts of deepest Surrey, thirsting for Saturday night gin or baby-sitter money, eagerly await the coming of the Man. The Man, a Fleet Street bookseller, pays all the chaps half-price

to colorful anecdotes illustrating the other man's pathetic lack of sexual prowess.

In London, insult is at once less prolix, more contemptuous. Of a rival one thoroughly loathes, you never say more than (delivered with a patronizing smile, this) "What a nice little man." Little man being the ultimate insult. Then, when asked what you think of another man's recently published novel, you don't respond with a detailed denunciation, which would be gauche. Instead, you smile and say, "He tries so hard, doesn't he?"

My absolutely favorite London insult goes back 10 years to the critic, a notorious drinker and free-loader, who, having arrived (typically) uninvited at a publisher's party for T. S. Eliot, and then having this gently pointed out to him by a member of the firm, grandly walked out, bellowing, "I leave the rest of you to your common American friends."

Self-promotion.

With a book about to appear, a New York writer seems to embark with impunity on a publicity-seeking campaign, enlisting literary friends, cajoling critics and having editors to dinner. "A boy's got to push his book," as Truman Capote,

... this is not to say that some brilliant authors are not prone to their own evolved brand of self-promotion. It is, instance, the done thing in some circles to send a signed copy of a forthcoming novel along to literary editors with note that says, "I'm sure you'll hate this dreadfully pretentious little book wild; but just in case you have space to waste..."

Taking this a step further, writers will phone gossip columnists a week before publication and declare, "It's simply untrue to say I smoke pot. I want to go on record, denying it."

Penury and inventive self-promotion were once wonderfully entwined when an acquaintance phoned to ask if I could come to a party after the opening of his play at a theater club. Before I could say yes, he rattled off a list of glittering trendies who had already agreed to attend.

"Well, sure," I said.

"Now, um, the thing is I'm not having a party, actually. Can't afford it. But I'm collecting a list of names for one of the columnists, and as you've already said that you would come, I know this is a bore, but do you mind if I say that you did come?"

—MORDECAI RICHLER

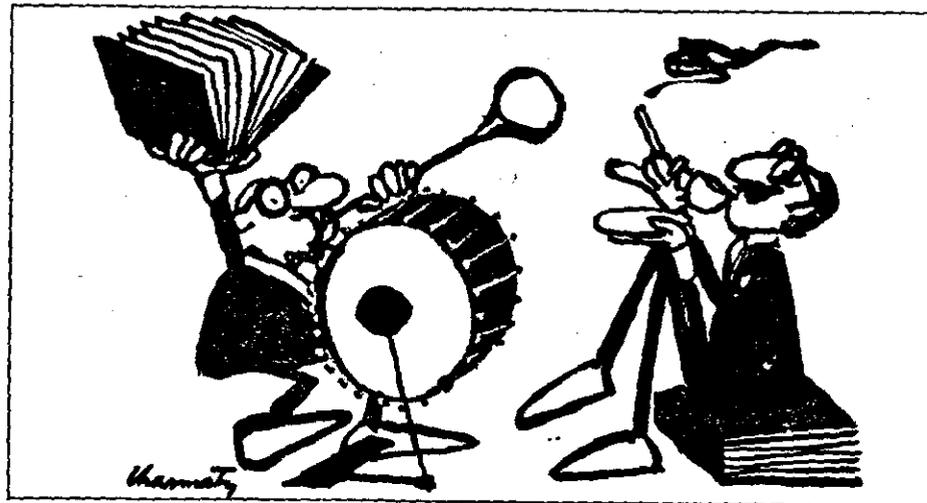
SPEAKING VOLUMES

A nice, very nice, look at literary London and New York

Setting out to compare the manners and idiom of the literary life in London and New York, let me first admit to my vantage point. Though I've lived in London for almost 15 years, making occasional forays into New York, I remain a Canadian, that is to say, nice, very nice, but just possibly subject to our northern paranoia, a tendency to regard non-Canadian life through a wrong-ended telescope, as witness what is still my most cherished Toronto newspaper headline: 1960 WAS A GOOD YEAR FOR PLAYWRIGHTS FROM OUTSIDE CANADA.

On a recent trip home, I discovered that many a disgruntled Canadian literateur still regarded London and New York as cities characterized by virulent anti-Canadianism, which is to say, we are not celebrated in these capitals because one is a snobby homosexual conspiracy and the other an iniquitous Jewish closed-shop. Concretely, this means a surly Presbyterian Toronto novelist saying to me, "My stuff isn't published in New York not because I'm lousy, but because it's set here. If I were willing to re-set my novels in New York and give all my characters Jewish names, they'd be falling all over themselves praising me."

I represent, as it were, the least militant North American minority group. The



two capitals is economic. Though the present generation of British writers is largely drawn from the middle and working classes, there is still a lingering assumption that writers are gentlemen. Especially socialist writers. And so I'm assured that when Kingsley Martin was still the editor of the *New Statesman* he stopped at the desk of a relatively new sub-editor to ask, "How are you doing?" To which the young editor is said to have replied, with ill-concealed discontent, that he found it difficult to support a family of four on £20 a week. "Good Lord,"

for review copies; moreover he forks it out in tax-free cash.

Insult.

On occasional trips to New York, I often feel myself an innocent traversing a battlefield. No editor you lunch with today has anything but scorn for the one you ate with yesterday, and the same seems true of one writer talking about another. Invective is vigorous, deeply personal and rich in expletives, running from the inside story of how the other man's novel was put together by editors to colorful anecdotes illustrating the

an acknowledged expert, has pointed out

A boy's got to push his book in London too, but not by championing its virtues. On the contrary. He's expected to belittle it. And so, you don't let out that you have written a novel that will make for a revolution in the consciousness of your generation: instead you allow that last month being a bore, you stayed home and committed this turgid little book, which everyone's going to hate. Rather than badger critics and lit editors of your acquaintance, demanding attention in the name of friendship or past favors, you avoid them for a pre-publication month, for to do otherwise would be frightfully pushy. For their part, editors and critics who have been long-standing friends make a point of handing out your book for review to declared enemies, if only to demonstrate that they, too, are above corruption.

Before my last novel appeared in London, in 1963, an old friend, who had enjoyed reading the manuscript enormously, admitted that he had been sent the book for review. "I'm sure you understand," he said, "that I will have to be rather hard on it. Lots of people know we're friends."

This is not to say that some British authors are not prone to that

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course the splendid recipes developed by Michael Field and his Italian consultant Luigi Carnacina. These begin with *crostata di ricotta*, a sweet first confection by the ancient Romans, which displays an imperial talent for combining in one dish a variety of ingredients without losing the separate identity of each. The mild, sweetened ricotta cheese custard which forms the pie's base is enhanced by rich marsala, lemons, oranges, raisins, citron and nuts.

The full range of Italian cooking provides a journey across space as well as time — from the spicy olive oil, tomato and anchovy dishes of Sicily and Sardinia to the whimsical pastas of the southern mainland (for example, *amorini* — fat little cupids, and *stavaletti* — little boots). Rome offers such specialties as a classic lasagna and a mouth-watering *gnocchi alla Romana* — baked semolina dumplings with butter and cheese. In the burnished cities of the north, golden butter, tawny veal, pale lemons and saffron-tinted rice recombine in endless variations. Try the superb *osso bucco* (braised veal knuckles) or the unexpected counterpoint of rice with lemon. Throughout, vegetables and fish abound: rarely boiled, they are braised, stuffed, baked or gently poached in combination with one another, with eggs, spices, cheese or the aromatic smoked meats of the countryside. Finish your meal with the superb Italian invention, *gelati* (ice cream), and have a sip of that civilized stomach settler, Fernet Branca, while waiting eagerly for the forthcoming volumes on American, Rus-

Gloria Levitas is an anthropologist whose avocation is cooking.

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magazine is very good indeed. The recipes shuttle comfortably between the irreverent enthusiasms of the Far West and the classic grace and urbanity associated with Sacramento and San Francisco. This year the editors' cullings are to be found in *Cooking Bold and Fearless* (Lane Books, illustrated, 160 pp., \$3.95; paperback, \$2.95). Primarily for men, and emphasizing barbecue dishes, the book's particular distinction is its successful blending of Oriental, Western and Latin styles — often in one dish. Corn roasted in a cocoon of bean sprouts and chicken flavored with soy sauce, cardamon and curacao are happy examples. Two superior dishes from a second *Sunset* publication, *Soups and Stews* (same publisher, authors, 96 pp., \$1.95), are Brazilian *feijoada* and the Chinese Chrysanthemum Bowl. The *feijoada* is a robust potpourri of beans, tongue, ham, sausage, bacon and chunks of orange. The Chrysanthemum Bowl is for omnivores: guests cook their own crisply sliced portions of meat and vegetables in a steaming broth, and afterward drink up the broth, enriched by the blended flavors of the cooked foods and delicately scented with chrysanthemum blossoms added at the last minute.

The *Farm Journal's Cooking for Company*, edited by Nell B. Nichols (Doubleday, illustrated, 431 pp., \$6.95), is a cookbook whose hearty American dishes are designed to please country people. The book is notable for its quantity recipes and its "portables" — dishes designed to be carried along to community dinners, church suppers or large family outings. Most of the meat dishes are unsophisticated medleys, but the pastry

jun (noodles), *no mai* (glutinous rice) and rice cakes. In the absence of such essentials, she advises when substitutions may be made and when to get out the hamburgers and forget the whole thing.

I'd like to thank Frieda Arkin — her *The Cook's Companion* (Doubleday, illustrated, 172 pp., \$4.50) saved me several hours of commotion with my burnt pots. Her suggestions are equally useful in preventing kitchen disasters or for use after they have occurred: Did you know, for example, that spilled eggs can be picked up easily if covered with salt and allowed to set? Or that the proper way to ripen tomatoes is to put them in a dark place?

Obviously Poppy Cannon's *New New Can-Opener Cookbook* (Crowell, 314 pp., \$4.95) has a built-in audience: all those who purchased and enjoyed her previous efforts to transform canned goods into culinary delights. Frankly, I'm unimpressed by this latest venture. The section on soups is creditable, but I have serious reservations about any book that suggests the use of canned potatoes (pasty and bland) or macaroni (a mushy disaster).

To end on a sweeter note, there's William I. Kaufman's *The Chocolate Cookbook* (Doubleday, 168 pp., \$4.50). Its author has happily resisted the temptation to offer meat in chocolate sauce (the Mexican *molé* that sets my teeth on edge) and has confined himself to a catholic selection of desserts. Like a scrumptious skillet soufflé made with coffee and chocolate, they're all woefully, gloriously fattening — but then, isn't everything?

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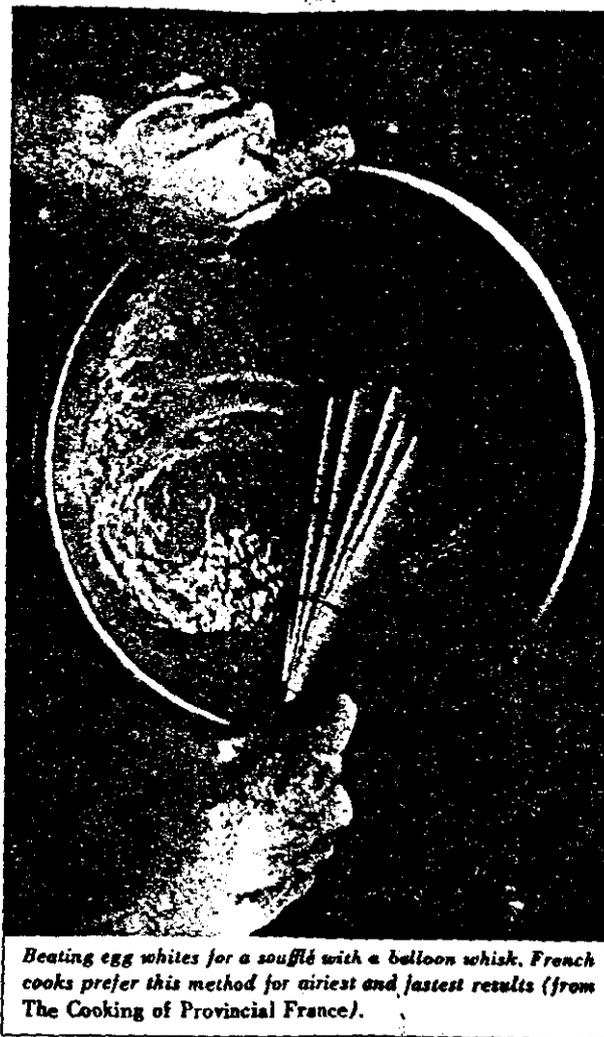
We knew you were coming so we baked, broiled, stewed, fried, steamed and simmered

By Gloria Levitas

Feeding avidly upon themselves, many magazines routinely publish cookbooks patched together from their recipe columns. Not for *Time* and *Life* this derivative and dilatory process. Instead they have entered the field with a series of original regional cookbooks, under the general editorship of the scrupulous Michael Field. They may end up mining their cookbooks for magazine pieces, but at present the editors' only ambition is to put out a new book every couple of months for as long as there is a public to buy them. Two volumes have already been issued: *The Cooking of Provincial France* by M. F. K. Fisher and *The Cooking of Italy* by Waverley Root (both Time-Life Books, illustrated, 208 pp., \$4.95 each). If others in the series come up to the standard these two have set, the enterprise will be a distinguished one.

M. F. K. Fisher's survey of French cooking habits, for which Julia Child and Michael Field have both acted as consultants, has only a single flaw: it fails to reflect the variety and ingenuity of French Provincial cooking. One can argue with the editors' selection but few will argue with the verdict of their senses upon the excellence of the recipes. Each dish I sampled was distinctively delicious: an authentic *bouillabaisse*, delicate sweetbreads, aromatic *légumes à la grecque* and sumptuous strawberry tarts. Illustrated with evocative photographs by Mark Kauffman, the book is so beautiful that most cooks will be reluctant to use it in the kitchen. The editors have taken care of that problem too. A businesslike spiral-bound notebook containing only the recipes accompanies the handsome hardcover.

In his brief introduction to Time-Life's *The Cooking of Italy* Luigi Barzini tells us that the word "recipe" is Latin for "procure." I suggest that you procure this volume immediately, the sooner to savor Fred Lynch's photographs, which capture the brooding sense of history that permeates the Italian landscape; Waverley Root's incisive text that gives an intelligent perspective on Italian food as it has developed in the various regions and an account of its Roman ancestry; and of course the splendid recipes developed by Michael Field and his Italian consultant Luigi Carnacina. These begin



Beating egg whites for a soufflé with a balloon whisk. French cooks prefer this method for airiest and fastest results (from *The Cooking of Provincial France*).

sian and Scandinavian cuisines.

Books derived from magazines are only as good as the magazines themselves — and California's *Sunset* magazine is very good indeed. The recipes shuttle com-

is, as is usual in farm cookbooks, first-rate. One of my favorites — and a hard recipe to come by — produces a sweet, cool, aromatic pear pie.

The season brings two tributes to the lowly bean: Victor Bennett's *The Complete Bean Cookbook* (Prentice-Hall, illustrated, 298 pp., \$5.95) and Margar and Ancel Keys' *The Benevolent Bean* (Doubleday, 192 pp., \$3.95). Each has merit. Bennett's book is attractive and imaginative. The Keys concentrate more on imparting information: a fascinating history of the bean, cautionary calorie counts, recipes from Imperial Rome round out the collection. A variety of cold bean salads from either book — spiced, garlicked and dressed — make a succulent accompaniment for cocktails. Or you might try your beans pureed with sour cream and onions as Victor Bennett suggests.

You don't have to assume the lotus position to use Yogi Vithaldas and Susan Roberts' *The Yogi Cookbook* (Crown, 137 pp. \$3.50). But there are problems: perhaps bad vibrations ruined some of the appealing sounding vegetarian dishes I tried. My yoghurt curries were watery and the lentil dumplings — something of a staple for the Yogi — were leaden and faintly bitter. The chutneys, on the other hand, rivaled any I've eaten anywhere. I'm inclined to be charitable towards both the Yogi and his translator, Susan Roberts, simply because the book, with its highly personal tone and its proud petulance, was so much fun to read.

Far Eastern cooking has an excellent ambassador in Jill Nbu Huong Miller. Her *Vietnamese Cookery* (Charles E. Tuttle, 118 pp., \$3.95) offers an unfamiliar cuisine backed up by foolproof instructions. Most Americans are put off by two staples of the Vietnamese kitchen: salty fermented fish sauce and citronella root, with its medicinal associations. But by and large, Vietnamese cooking resembles Chinese cooking and most fanciers of Oriental cuisine should find the recipes for shrimp paste, tasty steamed dumplings and the various breads and stuffed buns slightly offbeat but completely to their taste. Miss Miller has thoughtfully included a list of substitutes for each exotica as *look fun* (noodles), *no mai* (shrimp paste).

THE MORTALITY MERCHANTS. By G. Scott Reynolds. McKay. 242 pp. \$4.95.

THE CONSUMERS UNION REPORT ON LIFE INSURANCE: A Guide to Planning and Buying the Protection You Need. By the Editors of Consumer Reports. Harper & Row. \$3.95; paperback, \$1.95.

By Paul H. Douglas

Modern life insurance companies have joined together two separate functions: first, a pooling of the risks of death whereby small payments from the many, particularly in the active years of life, lessen the losses of those dependent upon the comparatively few who die in any one year and, secondly, a form of compulsory savings with the funds managed by the insuring company for what are sometimes high charges.

The first of these functions — to protect dependents against the death of the family supporter — is highly beneficial since it reduces both the total amount of economic utility lost by death and the worry experienced by all. This function can, however, be performed by so-called "term insurance" whereby one buys protection against death alone for a stated period of years. If this is for a given fixed amount payable on death, the charges or premiums increase with age because of

Paul H. Douglas, former U.S. Senator from Illinois, is a visiting professor at the New School for Social Research and a member of the National Commission on Urban Problems.

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rates become virtually prohibitive in the late sixties and seventies of one's life. Of course, when the insured no longer earns through effort, there is little or nothing except funeral costs to insure against. Another form of term insurance provides diminishing protection through the years with constant annual charges or premiums. When the age ceiling is reached, the payments stop.

In the first kind of term insurance the higher risks of advancing years are brought home by increasing costs; in the second they are reflected by decreasing payments. In either case costs can be compared against "benefits" and a rational judgment made by the individual.

If this were all, then insurance would indeed be highly beneficial. By accurate mortality tables it could be reduced to a relatively precise science and easily understood by all.

It is the contention of both of these studies that this function has been confused by splicing onto it various forms of compulsory savings such as "ordinary life," "limited payment life," "endowment," etc. Here the insurance company acts as the investing agent for the policyholder and makes an invisible and frequently unstated deduction for its services. Most of these savings plans call for a "cash surrender value" and permit the policyholder to borrow upon payment of interest up to the amount of his savings above the amount required to meet the mortality rate. If he does so, however, he commonly pays interest on temporarily receiving back his own savings.

feits for lapsed policies in the early years are excessive or whether the interest credited to the "cash surrender policies" is adequate, the main thrust of these books is that we would do better if we separated insurance from the compulsory savings plans. This would mean taking out term insurance against death and then providing compulsory savings by some other method such as a separate form of insurance or periodic payments to savings institutions or mutual investment funds. The latter would probably yield a higher rate of return if they were made. But defenders of the present system would probably reply that many men would be reluctant to save in a systematic and periodic fashion unless they were also stimulated by the fear that their dependents will be left badly crippled by their death. In this view, the companies justify a less than maximum rate of return on their customers' savings by asserting that it is necessary to pay for the organization and efforts that make men save and insure at all.

Insurance companies try to discourage conversion of compulsory savings plans into pure term insurance; they term it "twisting." No such opprobrium is visited upon changing term insurance into the other forms. This is given the morally neutral term of "conversion" and is welcomed by agents and companies.

The argument will continue, but these excellent books deserve to be widely read and pondered. They clarify the issues and add to the consumers' range of informed choice.

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They were young, they were witty

THE ALGONQUIN WITS. Edited by Robert E. Drennan. Illustrated. Citadel. 176 pp. \$5.95.

By Heywood Hale Broun

Historical plays about the Founding Fathers usually depict them as men fully aware that their majestic presence on insurance company calendars is already in the bag. They meet and greet each other in dialogue as flexible as the bronze on which it is engraved . . . "You know Ben, it seems to me that the sunshine patriot and the summer soldier are always with us."

"Too true, Tom, but it might console you to remember that early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise. Say, here comes Jefferson. I want you to hear his views on life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

So in other areas of legend, Shelley is always passionate and Queen Victoria never is, Florence Nightingale is always adjusting a bandage and saying something kind, Henry VIII is always tearing a chicken carcass and saying something coarse, and the collection of playwrights, columnists, press agents and actors who used to meet at the Algonquin Hotel in the Twenties and Thirties are always filling the air and the ears of those privileged to sit near them with trenchant, witty things.

Well, of course, there are grains of truth in all this. Shelley was probably more fun at a party than Victoria, and if you broke your arm Miss Nightingale would be more help than Henry Tudor. So, too, the group around the Algonquin's Round Table was certainly livelier than the average alumni luncheon, bankers' club get-together

Heywood Hale Broun reports on sports for the Columbia Broadcasting System.



Heywood Broun (Sr.), by Peggy Bacon

or a publisher's cocktail party. Still, searching through the collection of distortions, legends, half-truths, misunderstandings and keen insights which make up my own memories of those days and those people, it seems to me that repartee, while an honored guest at those luncheons, was not really the master of the revels.

This book is simply and directly a joke book, a collection of paragraphs in the format if not the style of that old traveler's time killer "On a Slow Train through Arkansas." In reading through it one is impressed by the number of lines drawn not from the reported talk but from the writings of the Round Tablers, the bits that survived the xxxxs and wwwws on the lonely typewriters to which they returned after lunch. Of course, the talk was good but not perhaps of that order where only a tape recorder is needed to create a

book. Indeed a tape in the hands of Boswell might have damaged the reputation of Johnson, and in the case of the magic young people in the privileged middle class of the fun-filled faraway 1920s, as in the case of all the celebrated salons, the legend is, for us, the reality.

The jokes are often lame, but in our age of the Pop, the Put On, and the Absurd — when the seum of Modern Art shows Turner and the Metropolitan displays a modern work which its owner describes in terms of its overwhelming square footage — wouldn't we venerate a bunch who seemed to know how best to spend the oh-so-few hours which one could afford? Certainly it is not legend but documented fact: the ledgers of galleries, publishers, theaters and concert halls that the wits, critics and attendant bon vivants of the Algonquin could drop fame on one as easily and gently as they dropped their napkins on the table at the end of lunch. When Marc Connelly came into the dining room the day after a Ziegfeld Follies had opened to universal raves and said cheerily "Well, shall we let it run?" there was the exhilaration of power behind the joke. When a young actor took the Provincetown Theater for a Sunday evening concert, it became the event of the season because Heywood Broun, Deen Taylor and Franklin P. Adams announced in the *N. Y. World* that anyone who missed Paul Robeson's singing debut would regret it all his life. The subsequent triumph was Robeson's but the crowd which gathered in the street begging for tickets was proof of the success of the group.

Lawyers and judges sit at the Round Table now but perhaps this is appropriate. In a more complex world, they deal magisterially with the fundamental uncertainties of our society, as, long ago, the young writers in a society fairly sure of itself dealt with seeming certitudes.

A few words about life insurance

THE MORTALITY MERCHANTS. By G. Scott Reynolds.

the attendant higher mortality rates. In this case the

While there are also questions as to what

can create genius of the 19th century who at the same time was almost consistently despicable as a man.

He thus poses most acutely the aesthetic-moral question of how the creator of music as radiant as the quintet in *Die Meistersinger* or as heart-wrenching as the reconciliation of Brünnhilde and Wotan in *Die Walküre* could have been quite so consummate a pig in his daily life.

A monster of egotism, a fanatical bigot, a philanderer, charlatan and double-dealer, Wagner the man combined the charms and talents of Tartuffe, Rasputin and Dr. Goebbels in his diminutive, satin-clad frame. But at the same time he produced some of the most glorious music the world has ever heard; music by turn heroic, hypnotic, compassionate and neurotic. In Gutman's apt phrase, he was "the Orpheus of all secret misery."

This fine biography, an outgrowth of the author's lectures to the Bayreuth master classes, wastes no time attempting to reconcile the artist with the man. Gutman sanely admires that which is admirable and detests that which is detestable in Wagner. He thus provides a long-needed modern, one-volume life for those readers who are already fairly familiar with Wagner's works but are unaware of all the seamy details of his life and who wish to see him placed accurately and objectively within the cultural context of his time.

So objective is Gutman, in fact, that one wonders how he could have borne living with his subject for as long as he must have done to produce this book. "I am the German spirit," Wagner once modestly proclaimed, "consider the incomparable magic of my works." Gutman does so, in absorbing details, but finds Siegfried a

Richard Freedman teaches English at Simmons College.

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must be a poor piece for one who has never been in enough for this 'voluptuousness of Hell!'

Gutman's attitude is similarly ambivalent. He is enthralled by the epic decadence of Wagner's art, as anyone must be who gives himself fully to it (most anti-Wagnerians simply haven't listened to him carefully enough). But he is merciless to the myth that Wagner was also a respectable, let alone a profound, poet and thinker. He has read all Wagner's dreadful polemical essays, and exposes their shoddy "ideas" for the evil twaddle they are.

On the other hand, Wagner was a genuinely tormented genius whose paranoia should elicit as much sympathy as if he had been committed for it. And if, while lashing out at "Franco-Jewish" financial canniness, he robbed everybody from Ludwig II to the pettiest tradesmen, it was on the perfectly valid theory that the world owed him a living — and a good one at that.

"I cannot sleep on straw and drink bad whisky," he once exclaimed. "I must have money . . . but what is the good of hundreds where thousands are needed?" Considering the sort of people who generally do have thousands, was the creator of *Tristan und Isolde* entirely unjustified in his demands? Isn't Wagner's insufferable arrogance somewhat mitigated by the fact that he really was every inch the genius he proclaimed himself to be? It is usually those who are well-off who expect self-abnegating spirituality from their artists.

In all fairness, then, Wagner was not entirely evil. If an inflamed finger prevented him from attending the funeral of his first, long-suffering wife, Minna, he was genuinely distraught at the coincident death of his dog, Pohl. He was a great lover of dumb animals. It was only people he hated.

a fast-moving bicycle

ampaign ran its eccentric stall-and-start and lamentably full-length course. Fresh air is pumped into the long-staled strategic arguments and new light is thrown on the tactical dumps and deadfalls, of which, in Italy, there was a plethora. But this is no study of war, made at bathysphere depths. It is done kimono-style, covering all, while touching nothing closely. As light reading for the summer, preferably in a hammock on a hot day, it is recommended.

His colleagues and others who respected his work sometimes questioned whether the late Douglas Southall Freeman truly wrote military history. Was his forte not rather the study of character and personality and of how one man rubs off against another? The military backdrop gave breadth and definition to these portraits, but his battles either didn't quite come off or were seen as by a bike rider whizzing past a tall picket fence.

The method here is comparable for it seeks to make understandable the twists and trials of the Allied campaign in Italy by centering main attention on person-ages, great and small, on both sides of the hill, or caught in the middle. The list is highly selective, and quite a number that were excluded, such as Generals

"Iron Mike" O'Daniel, Troy Middleton, Raymond McLain and John Church, were key figures in crisis.

Naturally enough, the central figure is General Mark Wayne Clark, who commanded the U.S. Fifth Army. His *bête noire* is Major General Fred L. Walker, who commanded the 36th Infantry Division, and along with some few Texans never forgave Clark for the battering that outfit took in trying to cross the Rapido River. Walker made a career of harrying Clark thereafter though his own handling of the fight was no model for the Command School at Ft. Leavenworth. The one-sided debate (Clark saying nothing) as to who was victim and who villain has been going on ever since and it runs the length of this book like a fugue theme.

The authors raise the question: Was Clark a great general, an average commander or a mediocre publicity-seeker? To answer, they have vigorously applied scissors and paste pot, directly quoting assessments and sidelights from a medley of witnesses, tall and small, pro and con, some speaking then, some having their say now, others retching their bile under a cloak of anonymity. One of the fairest-spoken is rare Bill Maul-

din. So you pick and you choose, and it is all quite unsatisfactory. Having been with Clark several times when he was under the heaviest of pressures, I add my two cents worth that, like a singed cat, he is better than he looks, at least in this book. Possibly more than normally ambitious, a man of strong convictions, he still disagrees fairly, and will reverse himself when proved wrong.

Whether lengthy quoting of witnesses pro and con be a valid way of writing history, one must doubt. Many of the subjects are or were my friends of many years, such as the late General Lucian Truscott. The consensus is invariably more confusing than was the man in the flesh.

Italy was a dirty campaign, a bending race of glittering prospect, tantalization and gloomy disappointment. The near-disaster at Salerno, the bogging at Anzio, the battling and bombing at Cassino and the fall of Rome are all tremendous episodes and have inspired great writings. Here they are given the once-over-lightly go. Far better for reading than for refer-ence.

Aimez-vous Wagner?

RICHARD WAGNER: The Man, His Mind, and His Music.
By Robert W. Gutman. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace & World.
490 pp. \$12.50.

By Richard Freedman

One responds to Wagner, as to no other composer, either with beady-eyed adulation or with the repugnance and contempt befitting a man who both temperamentally and intellectually was the archetypal Nazi. Both attitudes are justified, because Wagner was the supreme example of the amoral artist — perhaps the most significant creative genius of the 19th century who at the same time was almost consistently despicable as a man.

He thus poses most acutely the aesthetic-moral question of how the creator of music as radiant as the

"hooligan" and Parsifal a "cretin." He points out that Wagner is only part of the German spirit — the part that triumphed between 1933 and 1945 — but that Goethe and Nietzsche represent a saving remnant.

Nietzsche, for instance, underwent the full Wagnerian course. A youthful idolator, he said that "all things considered, I would never have survived my youth



without Wagnerian music." Then, courted by the Master in the hope that this brilliant young man would lend intellectual respectability to his own odious theorizing about life and art, Nietzsche found himself repelled by Wagner's arrogance and anti-Semitism, by the "alarming tendencies" of his work and by the horde of vulgar, sycophantic Wagnerites with whom he surrounded himself.

He ultimately came to prefer the "Mediterranean sweetness and light" of *Carmen* to the Teutonic vaporings of Wagner's late works. Yet, toward the end of his life, Nietzsche declared in *Ecce Homo* that "the world must be a poor place for one who has never been sick enough for this 'voluptuousness of Hell!'"

Gutman's attitude is similarly ambivalent. He is enthralled by the epic decadence of Wagner's

to grind or fashion pages to suit — and books like *The Beautiful People* or Nancy Mitford's piece on U and non-U, make their appearance. But, upon analysis, the "right" people end up no righter than the writers who make their living first making them up and then writing them down. You can read about them *ad nauseam* in *Women's Wear Daily* — but it's wearing.

In fairness, Mr. Birmingham is a cut above this. His Society novels and his previous non-fiction book, *Our Crowd*, establish him as at least a minor member of what he calls the "Social Establishment."

This is a phrase, incidentally, in which he puts a good deal of stock. For example, when he makes the flat statement that "The most important college, socially, is Yale," his authority for this is "the best possible source, the Social Establishment itself."

"Certain social critics," Mr. Birmingham says — by which, I assume, he means this reviewer among others — "have claimed that Society has been killed by Publicity." Not so, he claims:

On the contrary, Society enjoys — and is grateful for — its publicity-seeking members. They, the few, in many ways protect and support the many. Far from killing Society, these busy few provide a facade, a showcase — a deceptively glossy showcase, to be sure — for what has become an enduring structure in America, the Social Establishment.

"When a person says, with a little sigh," Mr. Birmingham goes on, "that Real Society is dead and gone, it is reasonably safe to assume that that person is not a member." Pahaw and balderdash, and poppycock too.

Cleveland Amory, a columnist for Saturday Review, is the author of Who Killed Society?

Page 4



Post-debutantes at N.Y.'s April in Paris Ball

don't know who you are.) Mr. Birmingham also has whole chapters on Grosse Pointe, the Main Line, Palm Beach and Palm Springs, Washington, D. C. and, of all places, West Hartford, Connecticut.

West Hartford brings up a point. If you believe that "The wife of an insurance executive said, 'Goodness, when anyone dies around here, they print the size of his estate in the newspaper. I said to my husband the other day, 'Don't you dare die with less than a million dollars — I'd be so embarrassed!'" — well, you're going to enjoy this book. If, on the other hand, you don't believe it, you're not.

said, "I'm not going to give a party so a lot of drunk and hopheads can rape my daughter."

Such a story illustrates the fact that underneath his apparent lightness Mr. Birmingham is obviously in dead earnest about the snobbery of it all. Since he is and yet also seems to be completely convinced that it's all going strong even now, there is a question I would like to ask him: Isn't it possible that it's still going strong because he and people like him keep writing that it is?

One of Mr. Birmingham's statements is fascinating. He says that "the social accent is virtually the same in all American cities." He is quite a student of accents, and I enjoyed this part of his book very much:

There is much more to it than the well-known broad A. Its components are a certain New England flatness, a trace of Southern drawl, and a surprising touch of the New York accent that many people consider Brooklynese. Therefore, in the social voice, the word "shirt" comes out halfway between "ahirt" and "shoit." Another key word is "pretty," which, in the social voice, emerges sounding something like "pruity." There is also the word "circle," the first syllable of which is almost whistled through pursed lips, whereas the greeting, "Hi," is nearly always heavily diphthonged as "Haoy."

"This speech," he says, "has been nicknamed 'The Massachusetts Malocclusion'," and he also tells us that in a number of upper-class private schools, children are taught to speak correctly by practicing with pencils clenched between their teeth.

Talk about a mouthful! A pencil for your teeth, Steve.

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The Italian campaign seen from



June 1944: the Fifth Army enters Rome

ROME FELL TODAY. By Robert H. Adleman and Colonel George Walton. Illustrated. Little, Brown. 336 pp. \$7.95.

By S. L. A. Marshall

Soon after V-E Day I talked to the late General Lord "Pug" Ismay in London, being curious about why Winston Churchill had favored a main stroke into south central Europe from the top of the Adriatic as early as 1943. As secretary of the Imperial Defense Committee, Ismay should have been in position to know. It was startling to hear him say: "It wasn't to thwart the Soviets and prevent communization of the Balkans; he didn't speak to that point until 1945, shortly before Yalta."

Some weeks later in Frankfurt, I quoted these words to my immediate chief, Lieutenant General Walter B. Smith, Chief of Staff. Smith replied: "How could Pug say such a thing? He's dead wrong. At least twice in

General S. L. A. Marshall was Chief Historian of the European Theater of Operations, United States Army, during World War II.

1944, Winston talked to me on this score and once he had tears in his eyes as he asked, "What if this war ends with a free flag floating over not more than three or four capitals in Europe?"

Then Smith added: "It was the one point on which I disagreed on strategy with the Supreme Commander. I thought we should have gone in through the Ljubljana Pass."

I asked: "And now, how can you say such a thing? Either that would have excluded Normandy, which would have had two centers of gravity on the European continent. And if it did exclude Normandy, what would it have profited us to liberate some of the Balkans and have the Red Flag come to rest on the shore of the North Sea?"

The anecdote may illuminate what a German general meant when he said that strategy is just so much spiced garbage, if it does not suggest that all military historians are oddballs forever imagining that they can tell the story full and fair.

Mr. Adleman and Colonel Walton did not really try, though they have collaborated on an entertainingly brisk narrative about how and why the Italian cam-

How right can you get?

THE RIGHT PEOPLE: A Portrait of the American Social Establishment. By Stephen Birmingham. Illustrated. Little, Brown. 360 pp. \$10.

By Cleveland Amory

The trouble with *The Right People* is it's wrong. There ain't no such animal. From time to time, particularly in periods of great stress or foolish dress, people like to think they exist — especially people with an ax to grind or fashion pages to sell — and books like *The Beautiful People* or Nancy Mitford's piece on U and non-U, make their appearance. But, upon analysis, the "right" people end up no righter than the writers who make their living first making them up and then writing

But Mr. Birmingham should not be judged for his book's thesis, wrong as it is, if for no other reason than that this is not really a book at all, let alone a thesis. It is, as he himself admits in his introduction, a collection of articles he wrote for *Holiday* on "Society and the institutions it supports."

Among the "institutions" Mr. Birmingham treats are private schools, debutantes, the Junior League, the Kept Man (help is awfully hard to get nowadays, as you may have heard) and the Knickerbocker Greys. (If you don't know who *they* are — look at it this way, they



By the same token if you believe that "Society fathers expect their sons to have learned by the time of their maturity to ride and respect horseflesh, to handle a firearm or a trout rod, to sail a boat, and to be kind to pedigreed dogs. Girls are expected only to be able to ride" — you are also going to enjoy it. But again, vice versa.

Mr. Birmingham's people may be well-born, but a good many of his stories are well-worn. My own least favorite is the story of the New York father of a potential debutante who, according to Mr. Birmingham, said, "I'm not going to give a party so a lot of drunks and hopheads can rape my daughter."

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painting and literature in a rather unique fashion. Will you tell about that?

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perhaps even on our practices, with *The Brown Decades*, *Sticks and Stones* and *The Culture of Cities*, to name a few. Tell me about Malraux, this very interesting man who is both French Minister of State for Cultural Affairs and an art historian.

I think his books on the history of art have made people look at works of art in a new way. He has a very wide and encyclopedic knowledge of art and he brought together fascinating connections and revealed new facets of art in his juxtapositions of works of various periods. Many people find one of the greatest art historians.

I understand that the National Gallery has had a happy relationship with Malraux.

Yes. The National Gallery owes him a great deal. It was thanks to him that we were able to show the exhibition of French contemporary painting which just ended. He has also announced that he hopes to arrange a comparable exhibition of contemporary American painting at one of the large state museums in Paris. He feels the French should know more about what is being done in New York, and this, for a Frenchman, is very remarkable, cosmopolitan point of view.

Mr. Walker, in preparing yourself to become an art historian, did you rely on visual experience, or was reading also important?

The magazine articles on modern art that appeared when I was young certainly had an influence on me. But I am always urging people to look at works of art rather than read about them.

I grew up in Pittsburgh, where the museum, the Carnegie Institute, possessed a splendid collection of etchings by Rembrandt, engravings by Dürer and prints by the great masters of the graphic arts. These I literally devoured with my eyes and I learned more from them than I did from any books I read. My enthusiasm for these prints made me decide several years before I got to college that I wanted to spend the rest of my life working in a museum.

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After I left Harvard I went to study

PORTRAIT OF A MAN READING

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John Walker,
Director of the National Gallery of Art,
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Gombrich in England, André Malraux, of course, Roger Fry of an earlier generation, and Alfred Barr when he does write. Some books that come to mind are Clark's *The Nude: A Study in Ideal Form*; Malraux' *Museum Without Walls* and Gombrich's *Meditations on a Hobby Horse*.

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In a beautiful series of volumes called *Pageant of Painting* you and Huntington Cairns have attempted to relate painting and literature in a rather unique fashion. Will you tell about that?

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came from a letter of Horace Walpole in which he speaks about antiquarians and how learned they often are, but he also says that none of them know how to write. And, unfortunately, art historians in our day seem to have lost the desire to write beautifully. In a number of sections in our book we quoted Walter Pater, a pure stylist. Among the reviews of our book I was very amused to find that the one thing we were criticized for was mentioning or using Pater at all.

Could art exist without art historians?

Oh, art could certainly exist without art historians. In great periods of art there have been no art historians. What little criticism the Greeks wrote about art, when they were most creative, was of a very naive nature. Even the Renaissance had very unsophisticated critical standards, in today's terms.

Does art or art writing have any relevance to contemporary problems?

Not today. Some writers during the 1930s, when American artists were interested in social problems, had a certain effect on contemporary society. We are often disdainful of the Soviet art that is so closely related to social problems but during the 1930s our artists were doing the same things, with one significant exception—Soviet artists adulated the society, while American artists were social critics of theirs. I prefer the social critics. But to find any relevance to our society in Op art or Abstract Expressionist painting is quite difficult. Pop art, on the other hand, may have some social connection. It seems at present to be largely a satire of our society and I suppose that is social comment, too. Of course, the architectural writers have had a great deal to say about the importance of art in our society. Lewis Mumford, particularly, has had an impact on our social thought, perhaps even on our practices, with his *The Brown Decades*, *Sticks and Stones*, and *The Culture of Cities*, to name a few.

SHS

(Continued from page 1) he was a member of the Communist party.

Here, it is important to make a distinction between the security services of the two states which fought the war against fascism side by side. It is inconceivable that the United States Government would have employed a drunk of Maclean's public renown or a man who boasted openly of his homosexuality as Burgess did. It is true that there were Communists in the wartime O.S.S. Some of them performed bravely on tasks behind the lines befitting their peculiar allegiance. General Donovan, who headed our wartime intelligence, said he was proud of them, but whenever he said so, he would name their names, thus proving a point. If he missed a few, there was no one then to say him nay.

But that was before 1946. After the Central Intelligence Agency took over from O.S.S. in 1947, it would have been impossible for a Philby to have joined it. Why? Because Philby had joined the Communist party in his youth. No matter that he covered his tracks by feigning sympathy with Hitler and winning a fascist decoration from Franco (in itself enough to bar him from C.I.A.), the Communist record was there.

Yet British security permitted Philby to rise to the rank of No. 3 man in S.I.S. and appointed him chief liaison officer with the C.I.A.

There is no way to explain this stupidity except in terms of Philby's family, Philby's school, Philby's university, Philby's father's membership in the right sort

of London club. The authors do an excellent job of explaining what is really inexplicable to an American.

But now comes *The Philby Conspiracy's* final shock: What good is security within a secret agency if its secrets are imparted to a friendly but penetrated foreign intelligence agency?

The record now shows that America's C.I.A. was badly compromised. At the least, it was compromised between the years 1949, when Philby came to Washington, and mid-1951, when he was recalled. At most, the record could say that the C.I.A. is still compromised.

Philby knew the organization of the Agency. He knew its agents and its operations in the planning stage. Most important, he knew what C.I.A. wanted to know.

To know this is to know a great deal. It would be difficult to decide when time relegates such knowledge to disused filing cabinets. Philby admits, for example, to one crime based upon information he gained in Washington. He admits to the massacre of hundreds of brave Albanians who parachuted into their homeland in the early Fifties, taking part in a joint C.I.A.-S.I.S. operation.

He does not admit to an equally important crime, and the authors do not charge him with it. Nevertheless, in the opinion of this reviewer, it seems probable that Philby gave the Russians the information necessary to put them on the lookout for the U-2. When the U-2 went down, destroying the summit conference between Eisenhower and Khrushchev, Philby had been gone

C.I.A. wanted to know. He may have

So the damage Philby did to the American intelligence effort is still inestimable. What can be done about it? The authors sum up one side with appalling succinctness: "When the extent of Philby's treachery was finally realized, the C.I.A. had no choice, short of disbanding the whole organization, but to smile bravely and carry on."

Still, by now, a law of diminishing returns must have set in for Philby. His value to the K.G.B., where he goes to work each morning in Moscow, must diminish a little with each passing day.

But we too are subject to a law of diminishing returns. In the days of Philby the intelligence community consisted of a top-level staff and some assistants. Since then, this community — Defense Department Intelligence and C.I.A. — has grown to a vast industry which spends about 2½ billion dollars a year, employs more than 60,000 people and produces an amount of paper which God himself would have difficulty digesting even if He did not already know what the Russians were up to. The growth of our intelligence effort is surely one of the reasons why Philby's value to the Russians must be diminishing. He could not encompass it all.

But can we? How can we make sure that all these people and all this paper is secure? By hiring more people to watch paper and people? The prospect seems as gloomy as the past.

Nabokov as a young virtuoso

KING, QUEEN, KNAVE. By Vladimir Nabokov. Translated by Dmitri Nabokov in collaboration with the author. McGraw-Hill. 272 pp. \$5.95.

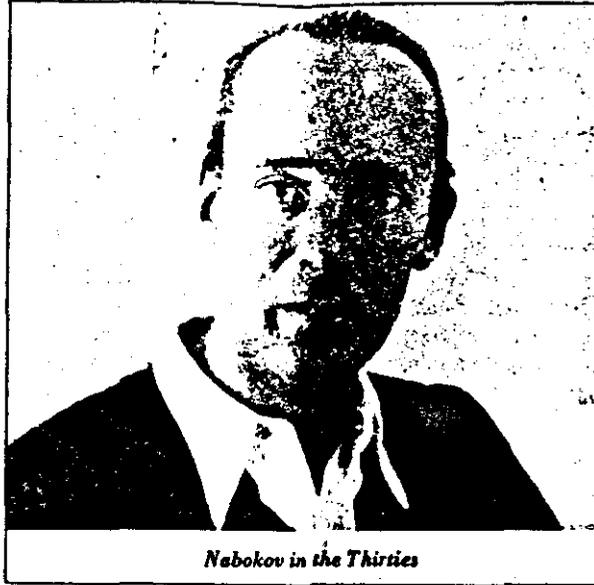
By Paul West

Most eternal triangles look alike and are alike, their principle — as Nabokov reveals with icy panache in this, his second, novel — being the uses to which the participants put or do not put their God-given sexuality. Eternal triangularity is as bald, as banal, as that, notwithstanding the hint in “eternal” of a sublime venality to which all triangulators, as programmed cards being shuffled in God’s pack, are entitled. Ownership of the beloved’s body counts for more, it seems, than access to his or her soul. Adultery is flesh and hydrodynamics only.

Implying all this in frissons of sardonic gaiety, *King, Queen, Knave* — first published in Berlin in Russian in 1928 and itself set in Berlin — can be read as a sermon. Or as a long sneer. Ostensibly the story of Franz, who comes from the provinces to work in his uncle’s emporium but soon begins to cuckold him as well, it is also, even predominantly, an exercise in articulate superciliousness. Not that Nabokov morally censures either the fumbling nephew or the expertly lascivious Frau Dreyer; for they, like the mechanical walking dolls that Herr Dreyer (say it aloud) plans for his shop and dotes upon, are puppets only: queen and knave. But he can, and does, judge them on aesthetic grounds. While lust, boredom and suburban romanticism go to work on the two lovers, conducting them to the cliché terminus of plotting a murder they cannot accomplish, Nabokov ridicules them in several ways.

Simply, he views the erotics with a mechanic’s

Paul West teaches English at Pennsylvania State University.



Nabokov in the Thirties

aplomb: “her rapid cries expressed fierce satisfaction.” Complexly, he observes the *mise en scène* with fanatical care, as if to say: how, planted amid the lush vulgarity of the Dreyer house (all the furnishings chosen by herself), can Martha not feel herself to be part of the physical amenities? And that is how Dreyer treats and regards her. Or how, amid the shabby clutter of Franz’ apartment, can they bear their lovemaking to come to an end?

Pawns rather than degenerates — he wears his pen in his pajama pocket; she, after a miscarriage, has an almost hygienic fear of pregnancy — they become “our lovers,” with which proprietorially indulgent but disowning phrase Nabokov annuls them as people, only to incorporate them as Punch-and-Judy-couchant into a glittering heraldic design that includes dummies of all kinds: dolls bourgeois or battery-driven, as well as

Franz’ landlord (“the whole world was but a trick of his”) whose “wife,” of whom Franz gets only the merest glimpse, is just a wig on a stick in a shawl, forever and ever in the same chair.

These and sundry rich idiots, concupiscent stenographers, tennis athletes, chess crouchers, a whole concert of dehumanized yawns and yahoo yodels, not to mention the Nabokovs themselves (“Sometimes the man carried a butterfly net . . . her fiancé or husband, slender, elegantly balding, contemptuous of everything on earth but her”) — these are the targets of his uncompassionate intelligence. The novel develops, in fact, a virtuoso piece in which Nabokov the sardonic cap of specimens records his gratitude to the world of phenomena for its just being there — a cosmic favor done him because even God wouldn’t like those verbal nets of his to rot unused.

Manifestly a young man’s book, coruscating with self-conscious but original cleverness and a-twitch with ebullient jubilation, *King, Queen, Knave* is exactly what Nabokov himself calls it in a sly foreword: “this bright brute. . . . Of all my novels . . . the gayest.” The only person it is about is, of course, himself; but then, he knows himself better than many novelists know their characters. And, in an extra sense, he is here his own specimen, introduced by a “reviser,” twice older than twenty-eight, who points up the young Nabokov’s “amiable little imitations of *Madame Bovary*,” warns of “cruel traps” set for Freudians, and remarks on the lack of any emotional involvement and the fairy-tale freedom inherent in an unknown milieu. . . . I might have staged KQKn in Rumania or Holland.”

Just a pack of cards, then, as Nabokov knows, yet having even so early the sterile sheen, the scalped, gloating precision that make his detractors envious at times and send his admirers into an aristocratic trance.

Kim Philby

Washington for many years. But he knew who

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Do you think that writing about art contributes in any way to the quality, the nature, the trends of the art that is actually produced?

Indirectly, yes. For example, it's because of art historians that artists began to look at primitive art as an art form. Before that it had been put in the ethnological museums and people didn't really consider, let's say, African sculpture. But before artists began to be influenced by African sculpture there was a kind of discussion by art historians of ethnological art as an art form.

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Mr. Walker, in preparing yourself to become an art historian, did you rely on visual experience or was reading also important?

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blances. For example, the way William Burroughs takes sentences out of context and weaves them together can be paralleled in certain flat-pattern cubist paintings. The stream-of-consciousness technique that appeared first, I suppose, in James Joyce and also in Virginia Woolf, very closely paralleled the abstract expressionists of the New York school. Whether they were directly influenced by literature, I don't know. The painters that I know have never been great readers, but I may not have found the right ones.

In a beautiful series of volumes called *Pageant of Painting* you and Huntington Cairns have attempted to relate painting and literature in a rather fashion. Will you tell about

came from a letter of Horace Walpole in which he speaks about antiquarians and how learned they often are, but he also says that none of them know how to write. And, unfortunately, art historians in our day seem to have lost the desire to write beautifully. In a number of sections in our book we quoted Walter Pater, a pure stylist. Among the reviews of our book I was very amused to find that the one thing we were criticized for was mentioning or using Pater at all.

Could art exist without art historians?

Oh, art could certainly exist without art historians. In great periods of art there have been no art historians. What little criticism the Greeks wrote about art, when they were most creative, was of a very naive nature. Even the Renaissance had very unsophisticated critical standards, in today's terms.

Does art or art writing have any relevance to contemporary problems?

Not today. Some writers during the 1930s, when American artists were interested in social problems, had a certain effect on contemporary society. We are often disdainful of the Soviet art that is so closely related to social problems but during the 1930s our artists were doing the same things, with one significant exception—Soviet artists adulated their society, while American artists were social critics of theirs. I prefer the social critics. But to find any relevance to our society in Op art or Abstract Expressionist painting is quite difficult. Pop art, on the other hand, may have some social connection. It seems at present to be largely a satire of our society and I suppose that is social comment, too. Of course, the architectural writers have had a great deal to say about the importance of art in our society. Lewis Mumford, particularly has had an impact on our social thought perhaps even on our practices, with his *Sticks and Stone*.

never that to anyone, not even to his wife — a fact which might go unnoticed only in a secret service where amicable disengagement is also good security. But one had a drink with Philby at the house of friends. Because he was the personification of the alliance, Her Majesty's representative on matters "most secret," one greeted him in the office of the boss rather more cheerily than one might greet a fellow member of "the firm."

One was guarded of course. The boss would raise the subject about which the representative of the British Secret Intelligence Service had a "need to know." Still, one thought that Philby was on friendly terms with all the senior partners, that he had more access to the carefully compartmentalized secrets of the various divisions of the firm than any of the firm's junior executives.

So where does the mind come out? It is at last forced to face an abasing truth: that it is possible for a man to accept from those with whom he walks all that they can give in affection, well-being, education, trust and honor, and in return lie to them, steal from them, betray them, even murder them.

Now, in 1968, after Hiss, after Nunn May, after Fuchs and Blake, after Burgess and Maclean — who play secondary roles in *The Philby Conspiracy* — the case of H. A. R. (Kim) Philby is still shocking.

It is shocking because Philby had none of the weaknesses or oddities which might cause acquaintance to pause on the brink of confidence. He was not a drunk (Maclean) or homosexual (Burgess and Blake). He was not an adolescent egomaniac (Nunn May and Fuchs). He was not even passionate about austerity as Colonel Penkovskiy seemed passionate about luxury. Nor did Philby have any of the excuses by which the

Thomas W. Braden worked for the C.I.A. from 1950 to 1954. He is now editor and publisher of the *Oceanside, California Blade-Tribune*.

sociologist or the psychologist will explain our misbehavior. He was not poor, not deformed, not a member of any group which other groups look upon as inferior.

But Philby is shocking for a more important reason. He is shocking because he grew up in a society which tolerates rebellion, even to some degree respects it. He betrayed this society to another which punishes rebellion with death. It is tempting to compare Philby with Penkovskiy. Both were intelligence officers, though on opposite sides. Both were traitors to their governments. But the temptation must be put aside. Penkovskiy rebelled in favor of conscience; Philby turned over his conscience to anti-conscience.

Philby grew to manhood at Cambridge as a student of economics and history during a time — the Thirties — when economics was not working very well and history seemed (as perhaps it does to the current college generation) to grow gloomier as it came closer. The authors of *The Philby Conspiracy* quote John Maynard Keynes, whose lectures the young Philby must have attended. Keynes deplored the tendency towards Communism among the young of that Cambridge era and attributed it to a "recrudescence of the strain of Puritanism in our blood, the zest to adopt a painful solution because of its painfulness."

But one can find little of the Puritan rebel in any other aspect of Philby's career, at Cambridge or later. Surely this university student who campaigned for

Labour with a speech about "the heart of England" beating "not in stately homes but in the factories and on the farms" would also have given thought to the place of the rebel in his society. He would have considered the challenge rebellion creates, or the changes it frequently brings. There is a place for the rebel in a free society. Philby cannot be granted that status. He was a traitor to conscience as well as to state.

So much for the shock imposed by the man. There are two more shocks presented by *The Philby Conspiracy*. Let us take them not in order of importance, but as they come.

The first is the shock of seeing the society of Great Britain as it took Philby and his co-conspirators to its bosom, nurtured them, protected them, drew them closer and refused to repel them in the face of obvious warnings that they were sucking its life blood.

Maclean, let it be repeated, was a drunk. Not merely a man who had one too many too often, but a gutter drunk, an angry, brawling drunk, a drunk found in the morning on the floor of other people's apartments.

Burgess, as I remember him in Washington, wore fur on his shoes and talked about his "boy friends." But he was not just effeminate. He was a police-blotter homosexual who had an openly avowed fancy for collecti whips.

And Philby? Well, Philby was a model of the circum-spect intelligence officer. But he had told a few people at Cambridge and later that (Continued on page 3)

The Washington Post

Vol. 11, No. 19 ©Contrib. Corp.

BOOK WORLD

MAY 12, 1968

Cleveland Amory on
the Right People

Paul H. Douglas
on life insurance

Paul West on
early Nabokov

S.L.A. Marshall on
the Italian campaign

The best new
cookbooks, p. 7

Kim Philby of Her Majesty's Secret Intelligence Service

THE PHILBY CONSPIRACY. By Bruce Page, Phillip Knightley and David Leitch. Illustrated. Doubleday. 312 pp. \$5.95.

By Thomas W. Braden

Aghast, one puts down *The Philby Conspiracy*. The joint product of a team of journalists working for the London *Sunday Times*, it is the most sustained, the most horrifying and the best account of international espionage that has been written, at least since Rebecca West's *The Meaning of Treason*.

The mind searches for reassurance. Finding none, it springs to self-defense. "Thou shalt not bear false witness," it recalls. One would not have known such a man, he could not have been in the circle of one's friends.

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But the exercise is fruitless. Kim Philby was in the circle of one's friends, not in the close sense of "what friends thou hast and their endurance tried" — he was never that to anyone, not even to his wife — a fact which might go unnoticed only in a secret service where amicable disengagement is also good security. But one had a drink with Philby at the house of friends. Because he was the personification of the alliance, Her Majesty's representative on matters "most secret," one greeted him in the office of the boss rather more cheerily than one might greet a fellow member of "the firm."



Unusually Successful

"The Philby Conspiracy" is a full-length account of the activities of the three men, written by a team from The Sunday Times of London. For a combined effort, it is unusually successful. It harnesses a large amount of material into a coherent narrative. The authors are sparing in their own judgment, but supply enough facts to let the reader make up his own. It has more drive and more genuine suspense than a dozen concocted thrillers and will undoubtedly be the source of a dozen more.

"My Silent War" is Philby's own selective story of his involvement in British espionage: how he joined it, how he rose in service, his near escapes and his fall. He is often fierce in evaluating others, pitiless in writing off those he injured, subtle in what he wants to tell and what he wants the reader to infer. It is an interesting activity to compare the man who emerges from his own book with the one who is the subject of the other.

One thing he doesn't do is fully to declare his motives. The other book does better. It points out that after turning Communist, like countless others in the thirties, Philby went to Austria in time to see the Social Democrats destroyed by the Heimwehr. He was in Spain, reporting from Franco's side, when the Spanish Republic was abandoned by the Western democracies. Unlike others of his age, Philby saw what could happen to the Left in practice, not only in theory. It is almost as if he reasoned that he could do more by clandestinely helping Communist power than by identifying openly with a group that would fall victim to the next maneuver of the Fascist legions.

Books of The Times

Entrances and Exits

By THOMAS LASK

THE PHILBY CONSPIRACY. By Bruce Page, David Leigh and Philip Knightly. 300 pages. Illustrated. Doubleday. \$5.95.

MY SILENT WAR. By Kim Philby. 262 pages. Grove \$5.95.

FROM the late twenties through the forties, one of the more popular genres in book publishing was the confessions of those who had become Communists, saw the light and defected, and quickly hastened to tell the world how they had been duped. From Benjamin Gitlow to Howard Fast, they poured out their souls, telling how their god had failed them, and asking why others were still so obtuse as to continue in their blind ways.

Perhaps the best of these books was Whittaker Chambers's "Witness"—best in the grace and limpidity of its writing, in its conveying of the atmosphere of Communist activity from the inside, and in the search of Chambers's lumbering spirit for a transcendental experience in the dross of conspiracy, hack politics and menial jobs.

The two books at the head of the column are striking in that they deal with three who stayed. As is well known by now they were three upper-class, Cambridge University bred, English clubmen, who worked in high and sensitive places in the British Government and transmitted information back to the Russians. Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean did it from some time in the thirties until their escape to the Soviet Union in 1951. Kim Philby was a Soviet agent for 30 years, until he showed up in the Soviet Union—he called it "home"—in 1963. It comes as a slight jolt to read Philby's contemptuous reference in his book, "My Silent War" to those defectors from Communism who chose "the political position of querulous outcast" or to hear Burgess in "The Philby Conspiracy" defend Stalin's paranoid ruthlessness as necessary and in the long run beneficial.

Able and Astute

These men were able, astute, iron-willed and lucky—until they broke down under the strain. It must take great nervous and spiritual discipline to maintain two separate personalities, to be always on guard, to possess only a public face, never to know when the action of a second man will throw you into the greatest danger. Eventually the persistence of such pressures showed. Maclean and Burgess became increasingly unstable and ill before their escape. The wonder is that their wildness and obvious irresponsibility didn't get them cashiered earlier. And Philby exhibited sure signs of mental disorder and anxiety when he knew the end of the trail had come.

A greater wonder is that their careers could go on for so long. The glibness with which the Secret Service agencies were run in Britain is unbelievable. Class bias and snobbish blindness are documented in every chapter of "The Philby Conspiracy." One of the things that protected the conspirators was the unwillingness of the British to believe that the three men wearing the old school tie and having such

decent connections could possibly be working for the Russians.

As a result, Philby, easily the most important figure, rose very high in British intelligence, at one point serving as head of a section dealing with Communist affairs. In Washington, he worked as liaison man between his organization and the C.I.A. and had access to material even high ranking Americans could not get at. There still seems to be some resentment in Washington over how Philby's case was handled.

How much they helped the Russians and how much they inhibited British policy is sure to be debated in the future. But don't fool yourself into believing that theirs was merely a cloak-and-dagger operation. For example, there was a time during the last war when the army and other units in Germany became disillusioned with Hitler and tried to find out what terms the Allies would accept short of unconditional surrender. But all such feelers that came through Philby's sector were stopped by him from going further, because the great Soviet nightmare was that the Allies would make peace with their adversary and let the Nazis fight on on the Eastern Front. And there were other incidents when the Russians seem to have been alerted to potential defectors in their own ranks and to saboteurs dropped into Soviet dominated territory.

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The U.N. Nuclear Debate

By 1980 peaceful nuclear reactors around the globe will be producing enough by-product plutonium for 15,000 atomic weapons annually. Making such weapons will be a possibility for almost a score of countries, some of them deadly rivals of others. It is to head off this nightmare prospect that the resumed session of the U.N. General Assembly, which begins today, will be asked to endorse the joint Soviet-American draft nuclear nonproliferation treaty.

The complexities of this document and the long arguments over its details at the seventeen-nation Geneva disarmament conference have tended to cloud the mutual interest of present nuclear and nonnuclear countries in halting the nuclear weapons spread. There has been a great deal of loose talk about dividing the world permanently into two classes of nations and maintaining the "hegemony" of the two superpowers. But what is at stake is the survival of civilization, something of equal interest to nuclear and nonnuclear nations alike.

Seven years have passed since the Irish resolution proposing a nonproliferation pact was adopted unanimously by the General Assembly. Three years of intensive Soviet-American negotiation have been required to complete the present draft.

The views of the rest of the world, as presented by the representative group of fifteen other nations at Geneva, were considered exhaustively and the General Assembly debate, while vital to the democratic process, is unlikely to bring up anything new. It is obviously impossible to negotiate a treaty—or even to substantially revise it—in a 124-nation body.

The essential question that faces the world organization, thus, is whether to seize the moment and assure conclusion of the pact or to delay, continue the debate over detail and risk loss of the most important East-West agreement since World War II. For that indeed is the danger that lies behind the move by some African countries to postpone a vote until the Geneva meeting next August of the world's nonnuclear countries.

There are several countries, presently or soon-to-be nuclear capable, which have substantive reservations about the treaty and undoubtedly will delay in signing. Brazil remains concerned about being able to benefit from peaceful nuclear explosions, despite pledges of the nuclear powers to provide equal access to such services at low cost, when available. India remains concerned about the threat from Communist China, despite the nuclear guarantee through the Security Council offered by the United States, Britain and the Soviet Union. Rumania, out to show its independence, has raised numerous questions.

Other nuclear-capable countries which have had reservations in the past, such as West Germany, Italy, Japan, Israel and Egypt, have had most of their concerns satisfied, yet can hardly be called enthusiastic about the pact. They are unlikely to vote against it, however, or even to delay unduly in signing—unless the current African move to delay the whole process gains momentum.

As a result the three or four weeks of debate at the General Assembly will be

which he has defended with characteristic zeal but which he has actually influenced only in marginal ways. His latest speech suggests that Mr. Humphrey has not altered, even if he has sometimes muted, his essentially progressive and humane philosophy.

Canadian Election

Pierre Elliott Trudeau has called a general election in Canada June 25 for the reason Prime Ministers usually make such decisions in a parliamentary system: He believes his Liberal party can win it.

This could not have been an easy decision for Mr. Trudeau to announce only three days after taking office and barely two weeks after his election as Liberal party leader. In his first press conference as leader April 7 he saw "no need for an early general election."

Some experienced members of his Cabinet—dubbed the "chickens" by Ottawa journalists—argued against a June election on grounds both of principle and of expediency. They warned that opposition parties would charge Mr. Trudeau with opportunism—trying to ride to a House of Commons majority on an evident tide of popularity and the waves of publicity that accompanied his rise to the leadership. They said it would be better politics, too, for him to be seen acting as Prime Minister in Parliament and throughout the country for several months before calling an election in the autumn.

In the end the Liberal "foxes," led by Mr. Trudeau's long-time Quebec associate, Manpower Minister Jean Marchand, won the day with their argument for maintaining the momentum built up by the leadership victory and going straight into a June election.

Mr. Trudeau at 48 won the Liberal leadership above all because, even more than younger rivals, he had come in a short time to symbolize the desire for substantial change in Canada. He rocketed to the top as Lester B. Pearson's successor in large part because he was new to the Liberal party and emphatically not a fixture of the Ottawa governing establishment.

Robert Stanfield, leader of the Progressive-Conservative opposition, is certainly no mossback but the image he projects is that of orthodox, safe, respectable conservatism. He has made little impact in the House of Commons.

The election, then, should provide a clear-cut test between the forces of traditionalism and the forces of change in Canada.

Urban Aid for New Jersey

Gov. Richard J. Hughes has shown courage in proposing a special \$125-million urban aid program to a politically hostile Legislature in New Jersey. His program indicates far more understanding of the realities of the situation, as shown by the report of the commission that investigated the Newark riots, than the Republican alternative.

Thus the Governor wants to carry out the commission's recommendation that the state take over Newark's public school system, which it found on the verge of collapse. The Republicans, instead, propose a

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**At last!
Soviet Master Agent
Kim Philby
tells his own story**

The man Allen Dulles has called "the best spy the Soviets ever had" now tells in his words the story of his incredible career. From his Moscow sanctuary, Philby discloses how he became Britain's anti-Soviet intelligence chief, then penetrated to the very heart of secret CIA and FBI operations in Washington, and finally tipped off Soviet agents Donald Maclean and Guy Burgess before they could be arrested. Now Philby reveals explosive details of a thirty-year masquerade unmatched in the annals of espionage.

**Kim Philby reveals
in his own words...**

- Why he became a Soviet agent — the two-year conversion from Socialism to Communism
- How he escaped a firing squad literally by the skin of his teeth in the early part of his career
- How he advanced in British Secret Service to the post the Russians told him he must get *regardless* (he got it)
- Why J. Edgar Hoover was furious when he heard Philby had been appointed to work with the FBI and the CIA
- How Philby broke the links of evidence against him, and why he wasn't afraid of the "bumbling" Allen Dulles
- What the CIA and FBI look like from the inside to a Russian spy

- How J. Edgar Hoover could have silenced Senator Joseph McCarthy — and why he chose not to
- How accused espionage agent Judith Coplon so damaged the public image of the FBI in court that Hoover was forced to drop the charges against her
- How Philby was able to stand up to feared British investigator John Skardon, the man who forced a confession from scientist Klaus Fuchs
- How Philby helped two important Soviet agents escape just hours before British intelligence was ready to move in
- What it was like entering the lion's den in Washington, D.C.
- What happened when Philby was sent to Istanbul to question a Russian defector who promised information about a Soviet spy in British counter-intelligence (Philby himself)

- How a leading British newspaper unwittingly made it possible for Philby to continue his undercover career for another seven years
 - What Philby *really* thought of his associates — candid, often brutal observations on J. Edgar Hoover ("a hubble reputation if there ever was one") . . . the Assistant Director of the FBI ("By any objective standard, he was a dreadful man, but I could not help growing fond of him") . . . the Chief of SIS ("In my own field, counter-espionage, his attitudes were schoolboyish — hairs, beads, and blondes") . . . Malcolm Muggeridge ("His stubborn opposition to the policy of the day — whatever it was — lent humanity to our lives") . . . and many others
- This is only a sampling of what is surely one of the most fascinating, most remarkable true stories ever recorded. Once you've read Kim Philby, you'll never go back to Ian Fleming.*

**My
Silent
War**

\$3.95, now at your bookstore, or direct from publisher.
(Please enclose payment with order.)
GROVE PRESS
315 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y.

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London

DEATH OF A GENERAL: AND HOW IT LINKS WITH PHILBY AND THE MAN IN THE TOWER

A DECIDEDLY TOPICAL twist has been given to one of the most sensational unsolved cases of sudden death ever to take place in Washington.

I refer to General Walter Krivitsky, once the Head of Soviet Military Intelligence in Western Europe, who defected to the United States; published a garish sequence of confessions in the Saturday Evening Post and was found shot, by a hysterical maid, in a hotel room on Capitol Hill one morning in 1941.

Some U.S. Intelligence experts now lean to the theory that Krivitsky was eliminated by Russian agents in order to protect the most dedicated traitor England ever nourished—Harold Philby.

Tuin, tense and enigmatic, Krivitsky ran Stalin's European spy network by posing as an Amsterdam art dealer—and surfaced in the United States, uttering dark warnings about the extent to which Russia had penetrated the Western Intelligence services.

SPECIAL

By special arrangement between Herbert Morrison—who, with Cabinet approval agreed to act as sponsor—and Louis Waldman, a New York lawyer, Krivitsky was sent secretly to England by submarine in 1939—and unloaded enough incriminating evidence to convict of espionage a code clerk at the Foreign Office named John Herbert King, who was subsequently sentenced to 10 years, serving some of the time in the Tower.

It was an impressive performance, and the State Department immediately rewarded



Krivitsky—the spy recalled by Morrison (right). Was he liquidated to protect Philby?

Krivitsky with an American passport. But, in London, an odd feeling persisted that he had still not told all he knew and early in 1941 Morrison suggested a second visit. Within days of this invitation Krivitsky was discovered dead at the Bellevue Hotel—the back of his head blown off by a mushroom bullet. At his side, a blood-stained revolver and four ambiguous farewell notes.

Suicide has long been the uneasy official verdict on his demise. But now it is widely felt that Krivitsky may have known of Philby's recruitment into Soviet espionage.

The circumstantial evidence for this theory is seductive...

ITEM: John Herbert King, the spy Krivitsky exposed, was recruited by the English Communist Douglas Springhall—so was Philby.

ITEM: Philby met his first wife, Elizabeth Kohlmann, while on assignment for the Soviet Secret Service in Vienna, where Krivitsky met his wife, Tonia. Both women were members of a

limited circle of underground Communists, and almost certainly knew each other.

ITEM: this week, Isaac Levine, who ghost-wrote the general's memoirs, recalled that Krivitsky had one day made a teasing, cryptic reference to the presence of a second traitor inside the Foreign Office, whose name was Scottish and whose habits were bohemian—a superficially-accurate snapshot of Donald Maclean.

SUICIDE

"I am convinced of two things," Louis Waldman told me from his New York Law Office. First, that Krivitsky's death was not simple suicide. He had been informed by a messenger that a notorious OGPU assassin named Hans Bruesse had arrived in New York and towards the end he was grey with fear.

"Second, he had further very damaging evidence to offer your Government."

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Evening Standard
London
April 17, 1968

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A BOOK FOR TODAY

A Soviet Spy Lifts His Mask a Bit

By JOSEPH G. O'KEEFE

MY SILENT WAR. By Kim Philby. Grove Press. 262 pages. \$5.95.

In one of the final incidents of his career in espionage in Washington, Kim Philby drove to Great Falls, slipped into the woods and buried a camera, tripod and related accessories.

All this, the British diplomat accomplished in haste and secrecy, since the threat of exposure appeared to be edging up on him. But in ensuing events, neither American nor British intelligence investigators could complete the chain of evidence that would assure his conviction. In the interval, Philby fled to asylum in Soviet Russia.

Now Philby has begun his memoirs in "My Silent War" to add to the pool of books and newspaper articles written about him and his two accomplices in spying for the Soviet Union, Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean. To expect Philby's work to be the final definitive volume in the revelations of the diplomat-spies is to be overly-optimistic. Instead, "My Silent War" is rather narrow in scope.

Introductory Sketch

The author announces in a preface that the book is an introductory sketch of his experiences in intelligence work, and that more will follow. He apologizes for any embarrassment he may cause former colleagues in both the U.S. and Britain and adds:

"I have tried therefore to confine the naming of names to former officers whom I knew to be dead or retired."

But apart from the incident of the buried camera, Philby offers almost no details of his operations for the Russians. Presumably he wants to keep the channels open for current and future espionage.

There is much information, however, on American and British spying and counter-spionage against the Germans in World War II. The author maintains that British agents committed more sabotage

against the Germans in this country in the early stages of the war than the entire German-born colony in the states.

Harold Adrian Russell Philby came to Washington in 1949 as top British Secret Service officer working in liaison with the CIA and the FBI. For years he had funneled secret information to Russian agents, and with Burgess and Maclean, continued to do so. All three were well-born Britons in sensitive positions with full access to strategic data. When exposure threatened, Philby was the mysterious "third man" who warned the others. Burgess and Maclean dodged behind the Iron Curtain.

Attacks U.S. Officials

But it is difficult to accept at face value a so-called factual account by an author who built a 30-year career on treason and deceit. Philby warily reveals what he wants revealed and not a syllable more. A reader could well assume the author is simply paying off old grudges by the degree of vindictiveness with which he attacks American officials.

Dwight D. Eisenhower is described as "The most pedestrian of United States presidents." Philby says of Allen Dulles: "I had no fear of the bumbling Dulles; years later I was to be puzzled over President Kennedy's mistake in taking him seriously over the Bay of Pigs."

Of J. Edgar Hoover: "His methods and authoritarianism are the wrong weapons for the subtle world of intelligence. But they have other uses. They enable Hoover to collect and file away information about the personal lives of millions of his fellow countrymen."

But to the Rosenbergs who were executed for passing atomic secrets to Russia and to Judith Coplon who was similarly accused but never convicted, Philby applies the word "brave."

One American to win a grudging word of admiration

from the British spy is Gen. Walter Bedell Smith: "He had a cold and fishy eye and precision tool brain. Bedell Smith, I had an uneasy feeling, would be apt to think that two and two make four rather than five."

But Philby fails to find fault with the gullibility of Prime Minister Harold Macmillan who told the Parliament that no evidence existed that Philby had betrayed his country. Presumably, this whitewashed the espionage agent.

Nevertheless, the author manages to inject a fictional note of suspense to his story as he relates how he pitted his wit and audacity against British intelligence agents who tried earnestly to bring down this slippery operator.

- DeLoach
- Mohr
- Bishop
- Casper
- Callahan
- Conrad
- Felt
- Gale
- Rosen
- Sullivan
- Tavel
- Trotter
- Tele. Room
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Book by Philby Says He Foiled

By HENRY RAYMONT

The forthcoming memoirs of the spy Harold A. R. (Kim) Philby assert that a Soviet intelligence officer in Istanbul who was preparing to defect to the West tried to alert the British Government in 1945 to the existence of three Soviet undercover agents in its intelligence service.

But Mr. Philby writes that he was instrumental in preventing more specific information from reaching London. The agents were Donald Maclean, Guy Burgess and Mr. Philby himself—all high British secret service officials. Mr. Maclean and Mr. Burgess defected to the Soviet Union in 1951, and Mr. Philby defected in 1963.

In an 85,000-word manuscript he completed last summer in Moscow, Mr. Philby writes that the Soviet official's defection was foiled, presumably after Mr. Philby notified the Soviet authorities.

Mr. Philby contends that he and his two associates were not detected mainly because of the British Government's reluctance to investigate anyone with their upper-class and university background.

First Part Published

The first installment of Mr. Philby's account of his 30 years as a double agent is being published for the first time in the West in the current issue of Evergreen Review, a monthly magazine of literature and politics published in New York. A second installment is to appear in the magazine's May issue and the memoirs will be published by Wave Press next month as a book titled "My Silent War."

In the manuscript of the book, a copy of which became available to The New York Times, Mr. Philby traces his career in the British intelligence service, from 1940 until he became First Secretary of the British Embassy in Washington in 1949, in charge of liaison with the United States Government in security matters.

The main themes are laxity and rivalries in the British and American intelligence agencies, the failure of alleged plans to foment anti-Communist sentiment in Eastern Europe and the cold, convoluted thinking required in the improbable world of espionage.

Detection in 1945

Mr. Philby, believed to be the most important Soviet agent to have penetrated Western intelligence, has lived in Moscow since he fled to the Soviet Union from Beirut, Lebanon, where he was Middle Eastern correspondent of The Observer of London. Last December, he was acclaimed a hero of the K.G.B., the Soviet intelligence service, in connection with the 50th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution.

Two-Fold Purpose Seen

The sudden attention given Mr. Philby and Moscow's authorization of the publication of his memoirs in the West were viewed by experts in Soviet policies as serving a two-fold purpose to discredit Western intelligence organizations and to improve the image of the Soviet Union's security services for its citizens.

The manuscript is written as "a personal record" of what Mr. Philby calls "the hazards of the long journey from Cambridge to Moscow." Mr. Philby asserts that he became a Soviet agent in 1933 out of Communist conviction gained at Cambridge and that he was recruited into the British secret service by Mr. Burgess in 1940. But he offers no details how he first met Mr. Burgess and Mr. Maclean at the university, nor does he identify any of his Soviet contacts.

"During my period of service there was no single case of a consciously conceived operation against Soviet intelligence bearing fruit," he writes.

The tip to the British Government that could have led to the exposure of his spy ring, he says, came from a Soviet intelligence agent identified as Konstantin Volkov.

Assigned to Case

Mr. Philby says he prevented more specific information from reaching London by getting himself assigned to the case "because it nearly put an end to a promising career." By the time he arrived in Istanbul, three weeks after Mr. Volkov first made contact with the British, inquiries at the Soviet Embassy were greeted with a terse "Volkov's in Moscow."

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- Mohr _____
- Bishop _____
- Casper _____
- Callahan _____
- Conrad _____
- Felt _____
- Gale _____
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in a report to his superior Mr. Philby writes, he speculated that the Russians could have learned of Mr. Volkov's intentions to defect by bugging his room. Or Mr. Volkov might have betrayed himself through nervousness or excessive drinking, Mr. Philby added.

"Another theory—that the Russians had been tipped off about Volkov's approach to the British—had no solid evidence to support it," Mr. Philby writes. "It was not worth including in my report."

Another crisis that jeopardized his career came during Mr. Philby's service in Washington. Shortly after his arrival in 1949, he was informed that a British-American investigation of Soviet intelligence activity had yielded "a strong suggestion" that information had leaked from the British Embassy dur-

ing 1944 and 1945, the years Mr. Maclean had been there.

Mr. Philby writes that his initial anxiety "was tempered by relief" after he found that neither the British nor the Federal Bureau of Investigation suspected that a high diplomat was involved.

"Instead," he adds, "the investigation had concentrated on nondiplomatic employees at the embassy, and particularly on those locally recruited, the sweepers, cleaners, bottle washers and the rest. A charlady with a Latvian grandmother, for instance, would rate a 15-page report crowded with insignificant detail of herself, her family and friends, her private life and holiday habits. It was testimony to the enormous resources of the F.B.I. and to the pitiful extent to which those resources were squandered. It was enough to convince me that urgent action would not be necessary, but that the case would require minute watching."

However, during later meetings with Soviet contacts outside Washington he was told that "it was essential to rescue Maclean before the net closed on him." Mr. Maclean was at the time head of the American Department of the Foreign Office in London.

Mr. Philby tells how he assigned Mr. Burgess, who was also working at the British Embassy and living with the Philbys, to warn Mr. Maclean in London. Mr. Burgess was to get himself arrested three times in one day for drunken driving in Virginia, forcing Sir Oliver Franks, the British Ambassador, to send him home because "it might have looked a bit odd" had Mr. Burgess returned

voluntarily just before Mr. Maclean disappeared.

Confident that Mr. Maclean would soon be safe, Mr. Philby forestalled any possibility that he would be suspected by giving the investigation "a nudge in the right direction." To that end, he writes, "I wrote a memorandum to Head Office suggesting that we might be wasting our time in exhaustive investigations of the embassy menials."

But after reaching London, Mr. Burgess apparently panicked and joined Mr. Maclean in his flight to the Soviet Union, on May 25, 1951.

Describing how he learned about their escape from a colleague at the embassy "at a horribly early hour" the next morning, Mr. Philby writes:

"He looked grey. 'Kim,' he said in a half-whisper, 'the bird has flown.' I registered dawning horror (I hope). 'What bird? Not Maclean?' 'Yes,' he answered, 'but there's worse than that. Guy Burgess has gone with him.' At that, my consternation was no pretense."

In the wake of the Burgess-Maclean case, which caused a major outcry in Parliament, Mr. Philby was recalled from Washington and was asked to resign. The Government denied at the time that he had been involved in the case and, according to the memoirs, five years later he resumed his role as a double agent while working for The Observer.



Camera Press-Pix
Harold A. R. Philby

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much to hide. The rivalry between S.I.S. and M.I.5 the counter-espionage set - s undoubtedly as bitter as Philby describes, but this was one issue on which they were agreed. And the Government seems to have been behind them.

Twenty years of defence reporting have convinced me that there is a security grade that carries more weight than Top Secret - Politically Embarrassing. And open trials involving admissions that British-born members of the Secret Service had been Russian spies for many years would be far more politically embarrassing than the disappearance of three relatively obscure Foreign Office men - a disappearance which might never require official explanation.

Remember that no official explanation of Burgess and Maclean's disappearance was forthcoming until 1955 when it was forced on the Government by statements made by a Russian defector in Australia. Even Mr. Harold Wilson, at his most dynamic, in opposition, agreed to be silenced when Philby was admitted to have been the "Third Man" in 1963. And officials still refuse to comment on Philby's own disclosures.



Both S.I.S. and M.I.5 perpetrated their share of clangers, but it is hard to credit the clumsiness of the shadowing of Maclean unless it was calculated to frighten him out of the country. The M.I.5 car once bumped into the back of Maclean's taxi confirming his suspicions that he was being watched.

Though he was supposed to be under close surveillance in London, M.I.5 either missed Maclean's vital lunch with Burgess in Pall Mall shortly before the escape, or ignored it. No effort was made to shadow Maclean during the weekend when he fled. No alarm was raised until the traitors were safely inside Russia.

In 1962 when there was a rumour that Burgess and Maclean might touch down in Britain en route for Cuba, M.I.5 took unprecedented steps to scare them off. Warrants for their arrest were issued with maximum publicity. Privately, security chiefs admitted that the last thing they wanted was to see either Burgess or Maclean in a witness-box.

It might be asked why Klaus Fuchs and George Blake were not encouraged to escape instead of being tried. The fact that both were foreigners might have some bearing.

PHILBY'S attitude to Bill Harvey, the C.I.A. man, gives fascinating insight into his own character. Here was an American security official doing his job efficiently by preventing the return of a suspected spy to Washington and Philby calls it an "exercise in spite"!

All traitors suffer from character defects. Among Philby's vanity ranks high. As each of these instalments shows he must always be "proved right."

To excuse his own drunkenness and that of his friends, he considers "a strain of irresponsibility" to be essential to "the rounded character."

The character that considered British institutions so loathsome that he betrayed them, yet could stomach the Stalin-Hitler

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For three ho battled with M.I.5 interrog

course, but the mere winning of it did me good.

The perhaps fanciful thought has since occurred to me that part of Bremmer's mission to the airport was to see that M.I.5 did not pull a fast one on S.I.S. by arresting me on arrival. In view of later developments, this seems, on the whole, unlikely, so I put forward the idea for fun only.

Easton told me that Dick White [of M.I.5] was anxious to see us both as soon as possible, so we drove to Leconfield House, off Curzon Street, where M.I.5 had set up their headquarters.

This was to be the first of many interrogations, although an attempt was made, at this early stage, to conceal that ugly fact. Easton sat in while White asked the questions; the role of the former was presumably to see fair play.

It may be imagined that there was some apprehension on my side, some embarrassment on theirs. I could not claim White as a close friend; but our personal and official relations had always been excellent.

He was bad at dissembling, but did his best to put our talk on a friendly footing. He wanted my help, he said, in clearing up this appalling Burgess-Maclean affair. I gave him a lot of information about Burgess's past and impressions of his personality, taking the line that it was almost inconceivable that anyone like Burgess, who courted the limelight instead of avoiding it and was generally notorious for indiscretion, could have been a secret agent, let alone a Soviet agent from whom strictest security standards would be required.

I did not expect this line to be in any way convincing as to the facts of the case; but I hoped it would give the impression that I was implicitly defending myself against the unspoken charge that I, a trained counter-espionage officer, had been completely fooled by Burgess.

Of Maclean, I disclaimed all knowledge. I had heard of him, of course, and might even have met him here or there, but offhand I could not have put a face to him.

As I had only met him twice, for about half an hour in all and both times on a conspiratorial basis, since 1937, I felt that I could safely indulge in this slight distortion of the truth.

I offered to put a summary of what I had said on paper. It was possible that our talk was bugged, and I wanted a written record to correct any bias that the microphone might have betrayed.

When I went back for my second interrogation a few days later, White gave my note a cursory glance, then edged towards the real focus of his interest.

We might clarify matters, he said, if I gave him an account of my relations with Burgess. To that end, a detailed statement on my own career would be useful.

As I have stated, there were

some awkward zig-zags to be negotiated, but I explained them away as best I could.

In doing so, I gave White a piece of gratuitous information, a slip which I regretted bitterly at the time. But it is virtually certain that they would have dug it out for themselves in time, and it is perhaps just as well that I drew attention to it myself at an early stage.

This information related to a trip which I had made to Franco Spain before The Times sent me as their accredited correspondent. It seemed that M.I.5 had no record of that trip and had assumed that The Times had sent me to Spain direct from a desk in Fleet Street.

When I corrected White on this point, he did not take long to ask me if I had paid for the first journey out of my own resources. It was a nasty little question, because the enterprise had been suggested to me and financed by the Soviet Service, just as Krivitzky had said, and a glance at my bank balance for the period would have shown that I had no means for gallivanting around Spain.

Embedded in this episode was also the dangerous little fact that Burgess had been used to replenish my funds. My explanation was that the Spanish journey had been an attempt to break into the world of high-grade journalism, on which I had staked everything, selling

all my effects (mostly books and gramophone records) to pay for the trip.

It was reasonably plausible and quite impossible to disprove. Burgess's connection with my Spanish venture was never found out. I had an explanation ready, but I already had quite enough to explain.

When I offered to produce a second summary of our talks, White agreed, but asked me rather impatiently to harp less on Burgess and concentrate on my own record. All but the tip of the cat's tail was now out of the bag, and I was not surprised to receive a summons from the Chief [Colonel Stewart Menzies.]

He told me that he had received a strong letter from Bedell-Smith [head of the C.I.A.] the terms of which precluded any possibility of my returning to Washington. I learned later that the letter had been drafted in great part by Bill Harvey [of the C.I.A.] whose wife Burgess had bitterly insulted during a convivial party at my house. I had apologised handsomely for his behaviour, and the apology had apparently been accepted. It was therefore difficult to understand Harvey's retrospective exercise in spite.

After this, it was almost a formality when the Chief called me a second time and told me, with obvious distress, that he would have to ask for my resignation.

He would pay £4,000 in lieu of unearned pay, but afterwards when that he had been paying me the money.

I would get £2,000 the rest in half-payments of £500 reason for the payments was the might dissipate speculation, but a speculation in my a bit thin. A reason was the d against the poss being sent to jail years.

So there I was in my hands and cloud over my head the summer house settled for a small Rickmansworth. November when telephoned me and see him at 10 following morning.

I drove up to beautiful wintry the hedgerows under inch-thick

The Chief's judicial inquiry opened into the of the Burgess. The inquiry was of Milmo, a K who had worked ing the war. I give evidence, hoped I would tion.

The mention cated that a hand I knew. He was a skill he was the n usually brought As I drove

ANALYSIS by CHAPMAN PINCHER

Why no escort for Philby?

THE MOST extraordinary disclosure in this episode is the fact that though Philby was clearly under grave suspicion when he was recalled to London for interrogation by M.I.5, he was allowed to travel back unescorted. The Russians would not have done it this way.

It was only a few days after Maclean had evaded M.I.5 interrogation by escaping to Russia via what was then obviously a route planned by Soviet Intelligence. Philby admits that he was on the point of escaping from America.

possibility that he was surreptitiously shadowed during the flight is remote in view of the story he tells about the search for him on the bus—a story that seems too circumstantial to be fabricated.

Could it be that the Secret Intelligence Service wanted him to follow Burgess and Maclean quietly into exile? When the circumstances of his final disappearance from Beirut to Russia in 1963 after being interrogated by an S.I.S. official are taken into account, this possibility cannot be lightly dismissed.

It accords too well with other of the three-traitor saga.

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