

and argument. In scoring his operas and oratorios he rarely passed up the chance to develop such devices or effects as double choruses and sumptuous combinations of unusual instruments.

Yet despite the bicentennial and the current furor about stereo, the record companies have barely scratched the surface where Handel is concerned. No producer has yet ventured to make a *Water Music* with the original instrumentation, although Epic's recent release, with Eduard van Beinum leading the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, has an imposingly royal sound. Mercury, which didn't hesitate to record cannon for its *1812 Overture*, confined itself to the conventional Harty orchestration in the *Royal Fireworks* album by the London Symphony, under Antal Dorati.

FOR ITS PRINCIPAL contribution to the bicentennial, Columbia hunted up an English baroque organ that Handel actually played on: E. Power Biggs used it to record the complete organ concertos with the London Philharmonic under Sir Adrian Boult (only Nos. 1-12 have appeared thus far). In spite of the authentic instrument and atmosphere, the set makes a rather disappointing impression because Biggs plays with a polite, academic detachment that drains off most of the force in these scores. Few other new items have been issued: A sturdy performance of the *Dettingen Te Deum* was recorded at the Holland Festival by Epic, and Capitol offers the tenor Richard Lewis in a very welcome collection of oratorio arias. The prize for the most interesting bicentennial release to date should go to the delightful Vox anthology of operatic overtures performed by Rolf Reinhardt and the Bamberg Symphony; it includes preludes to such long-neglected dramas as *Terpsichore*, *Rodelinda*, *Theseo*, and *Ariadne*. Since some of the exciting fruits of this spring's Handel revival have doubtless been piped into the tape recorders, we can expect more toward the end of the year. We are coming to realize that Handel wrote much more than *Messiah*, and that the wise old opportunist deserves many more opportunities, even if there isn't time to rehearse everything.

MOVIES

Strawberries and Lemons

JAY JACOBS

THE SWEDISH FILM MAKER Ingmar Bergman, whose detractors seem to be almost as fanatical as his partisans, has provoked a good deal of critical controversy in Europe with his latest effort, *Wild Strawberries*, and will probably stir up some more of the same in this country, since the picture is an easy one to get argumentative about. Its theme, which concerns a smug old man's sudden confrontation with the fact that his life has been devoid of love, is certainly a powerful one, but its presentation—despite a good many moments of high intensity



and some really extraordinary acting—is exasperatingly diffuse. Mr. Bergman, like Webster, is much possessed by death, and much concerned with violence, decay, isolation, fertility, dream significance, and the existence of God; all of which is evidenced by a rather heavy-handed indulgence in visual symbolism, with frequent bursts of self-conscious palaver. Whether a single film is a suitable vehicle for an exhaustive exploration of all these subjects is highly debatable; and when, as happens in *Wild Strawberries*, a couple of undergraduates get into a sophomoric argument about God that in no way advances or illuminates the matter at hand, one can only conclude that Mr. Bergman is simply parading his own ideas, and that these ideas are neither very original nor very profound.

So much for the negative part of this report. On the brighter side, Mr. Bergman's direction of his own script is impeccable, and many of the individual scenes are astonishingly well done: there is a dream—or, rather, nightmare—sequence at the beginning of the film that had the audience (a presumably hard-boiled group at a press preview) audibly gasping the night I saw it. Later on, in another dream scene in which the aged protagonist is subjected to something between a classroom examination and a Kafkaesque trial, there is a complete sense of the sickeningly inflated reality (which is all the worse for simultaneously being something less than real) one usually encounters only in one's guiltiest dreams. Between nightmares, Mr. Bergman has created a number of episodes that are, by turns, almost heartbreakingly tender (he is particularly good at capturing the brusque, embarrassed tenderesses of the aged toward one another), sweetly idyllic, and acutely nostalgic—all presented with an admirable restraint one wishes he would apply to his propensities for philosophy and symbolism.

To my mind, the most remarkable thing about this picture is the performance, in the leading role, of Victor Sjöström, an incredibly spry gentleman of eighty, who is on view almost constantly, and who is never less than fascinating. The role, that of an austere old pedant, is, for all its great length, not a fat part studded with bravura passages, but a constricted one calling for unflinching sensitivity and a good deal of subtlety. Mr. Sjöström plays it flawlessly.

On the distaff side, there are quite a few handsome young women present, but an elderly lady named Jullen Kindahl, who plays Mr. Sjöström's testy housekeeper, carries off the honors.

Wild Strawberries is not quite the

completely realized work of art some of its more vociferous admirers have claimed it to be; but, all in all, it's one of the closest things to it you're likely to see in the movies for a good while.

JOHNS FORD, who has frequently manifested an inordinate fondness for internal strife of one sort or another, has again examined his favorite ruckus, the Civil War, in his latest film, *The Horse Soldiers*. The results of his examination are rather disappointing, but this may not be entirely Mr. Ford's fault, since his writers, John Lee Mahin and Martin Rackin, hardly add up to another Stephen Crane. The story they have provided for him is, in more than one sense, an implausible drag.

A Union colonel (John Wayne, who apparently is as essential to these Ford jobs as the crank was to the brass-radiator Model T) is sent, with a brigade of cavalry, to knock out a railway line at Newton Station, Mississippi, thereby cutting off the flow of vital supplies to Vicksburg. Just before the expedition gets under way, a military surgeon (William Holden) is assigned to the outfit, much to the annoyance of Mr. Wayne, who seems to harbor a pathological dislike for members of the medical profession, and who in any case is a hard-bitten martinet with little sympathy to spare for the physically unfit.

Shortly after Mr. Wayne gets his show on the road, he decides, apparently, that an all-male cast isn't quite what Ulysses S. Grant and United Artists had in mind when they dispatched him, and he stops off at a plantation house where he picks up a young woman with an erratic Dixie accent (Constance Towers) and her Negro maid. (The tennis champion Althea Gibson makes her screen debut in this role. Miss Gibson should stick to her own racket.)

Mr. Wayne provides a certain amount of dubious justification for these additions to his entourage by blurring classified information into a stovepipe. There is a doubtlessly simple principle of acoustics involved here that I am not qualified to explain; it seems that Mr. Wayne's considerably amplified remarks on

military strategy are easily overheard by the ladies, who have ingeniously converted a Franklin stove into a hi-fi receiver. In any event, this security leak is discovered by the despised Mr. Holden, who catches the ladies with their ears to the grate. Mr. Wayne, apprised of this development, decides that he has no alternative but to make his tour co-educational, since the eavesdroppers would pose a definite threat to its continued existence if left at large.

From this point on in, Mr. Wayne and his men are subjected to a good deal more harassment at the hands of Miss Towers and Mr. Holden than the combined manpower of the Confederacy (including the student body of a military academy for young boys) can provide. While there are enough skirmishes along the way to keep Mr. Holden in business, most of the action is concerned with his running squabble with Mr. Wayne, and with dragging Miss Towers all over the landscape. As the picture ends, Mr. Wayne (who in spite of these distractions has accomplished all he set out to do and more) shakes hands with Mr. Holden, who, he's decided, isn't such a bad egg after all—and stops snarling at Miss Towers long enough to tell her he loves her.

As you may have gathered from this synopsis, *The Horse Soldiers*, while it is no worse than a lot of movies and better than some, is not the sort of thing on which Mr. Ford—who a quarter of a century ago made *The Informer*—should be wasting his talents.

SINCE ANYTHING Nipponese, from art to Zen, seems to have a ready market among this country's rapidly proliferating Japanophiles, it's hardly surprising to find that the land that has given us such varied beneficences as Lady Murasaki, Dr. D. T.



Suzuki, J. D. Salinger's late brother's unpublished poems, Washington's cherry trees, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and our own metamorphosed elevated railways is now shipping over its obsolete campaign literature. The movie *Street of Shame* is a polemic of no particular artistic distinction in support of the shuttering of legalized brothels in Japan. Since the matter has been a *fait accompli* for some time now, the Japanese themselves presumably no longer have any use for the picture, and have generously passed it along for our edification. Among other things, the observant American moviegoer will discover that Japanese whores, despite their seeming fragility, enticed their clients by waylaying them in the street and clamping hammer locks on them; that the Japanese screen writer has not yet learned from the western dramatist that all prostitutes have hearts of gold; and that Machiko Kyo, one of the best film actresses in the world, looks pretty silly as a gum-chewing, pony-tailed, toreador-panted hoyden—which may, now that I think of it, be further evidence of her greatness. It's hard to visualize any of the Hollywood starlets she so closely resembles here playing the wife in *Rasho-Mon*.

SOME rather inspired work has gone into the first half of the new Danny Kaye film, *The Five Pennies* (released by Paramount), which purports to be—and, for all I know, is—a biography of jazz musician Red Nichols. If you like jazz, imaginative color photography, and Mr. Kaye's special brand of levity, I suggest you find a seat close to an exit, enjoy yourself for forty minutes or so, and then get the hell out of the theater before everything goes to pot. The cue for your departure will have come when you hear the patter of a child actress around the house. Mr. Kaye can be amusing indeed while breaking up a series of corny radio programs, belting out a number with Louis Armstrong, or discovering that his bride (Barbara Bel Geddes, who looks to me like a Bryn Mawr girl with amnesia) is with child. Once that little one arrives on the scene, however, the picture goes gee-whizzing into lachrymosity, and all hands are lost.

Officers and Gentlemen

DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN

E DUCATION AND MILITARY LEADERSHIP: A STUDY OF THE ROTC, by Gene M. Lyons and John W. Masland. Princeton. \$5.

There is a British verb conjugated "I am Oxford, You are Cambridge, He is the London School of Economics." A similar refrain in American military education takes the plural form "We are West Point, You are Annapolis, They are Roticee." Unlike the British institutions, however, the American academies have produced few books about themselves and so far none about their utilitarian adjunct, which for nearly a century has represented an avowed military enclave in the heartland of American liberal education. Today some three hundred institutions, in which by far the great majority of male undergraduates in the country are enrolled, are participating in the various Reserve Officers' Training Corps programs. In almost two-thirds of them basic ROTC training is compulsory; these include all but two of the land-grant colleges and the majority of the state universities. It costs the government over \$100 million per year and takes a slice out of college and university budgets as well. Although the former comes from taxes, the latter can be regarded as coming out of faculty salaries, for which reason it is not surprising that two Dartmouth scholars have been moved to take a look at this institution.

What is unusual is the point of view from which they have done so. Gene M. Lyons, who began his study of military leadership as an infantry sergeant in the Battle of the Bulge, and John W. Masland, who has taught at the National War College, have both a proper respect for the soldier's profession and an urgent appreciation of its importance. It is clear from their book that they would have been delighted to find the ROTC programs in top condition. It is not because they wanted to that they have found things to be a complete mess.

ROTC training was first provided in the Morrill Act of 1862, which established the land-grant colleges. Like many Union mobilization measures, it was slow getting started, but after ninety-seven years the system has now reached a point at which it could equip us magnificently to refight the Civil War. As the authors observe, "The conventional employment of mass armies no longer makes sense. The need is for stable, highly mobile forces-in-being trained for a variety of functions and operations and equipped with weapons of increasing fire power." And yet, without anyone quite facing up to it, ROTC programs have become the principal source of *regular* Army, Navy, and Air Force officers. In 1957, 22,388 officers entered the various services from ROTC as against 1,319 from the academies.

In an earlier age this surely would have produced a heroic conflict. The services, finding themselves dependent on the universities for the bulk of their officer corps, would have set out to impose on them the military ethic required to produce good officers. As this would destroy the essential nature of the universities, the latter would have insisted on civilian control of the programs, which would almost certainly impair the military qualities of the officer corps. A conflict has been avoided, in this case, by an unspoken compromise that provides not quite enough military training to produce officers and not quite enough education to produce much of anything.

This stalemate has been facilitated by a really outrageous case of in-service fighting which, after fifteen years of postwar struggle, has left the programs about where they were in 1946 when Forrestal got for the the Navy a small but high-quality program providing full tuition, pay, and allowances, while the Army was still training levies for trench warfare and the Air Force was glad to

get its hands on a college graduate by no matter what means. In the meantime the corps go on marching while the uniforms grow more effulgent every year.

Lyons and Masland accept the fact that officers are an essential profession in short supply and that the armed forces must therefore be given the recruiting advantage of maintaining ROTC programs on the nation's campuses. They insist, however, that the objective of these programs must be confined to "motivation for service and pre-professional preparation for a career." The ROTC should have the same qualities as undergraduate preparation for the legal or medical professions, and the notion of on-campus military training should be abandoned forthwith. The more serious problem is career motivation. (Eight years after, only thirteen per cent of the first graduates of the Navy's postwar program were still in service.) "... Compulsory training is an intrusion on the educational process and . . . a negative factor in career motivation." Even worse are the "Mickey Mouse" lecture courses, as the students call them, which the services apparently still think are an attraction to undergraduates.

IT IS NO GOOD thinking the armed forces can straighten out the mess they have made. This would require a concern for the national as against the service interest, of which they are incapable in these matters. (After a century they have still not devised a means of paying the educational institutions for the cost of constructing and maintaining ROTC campus facilities.) The job must be done by the universities themselves. This is in fact an enormous opportunity to create a standing army essentially free of the Janissary mentality that has been exacting so high a price from the nation for the continued loyalty of the separate-but-equal services. Here as elsewhere, the plea is for policy, for a "clear, concise recognition by the Federal government of the changing nature of the programs and their essential national purpose." The ROTC programs are a major part of the Federal educational program and should be part of a Federal educational policy. Such a policy will not