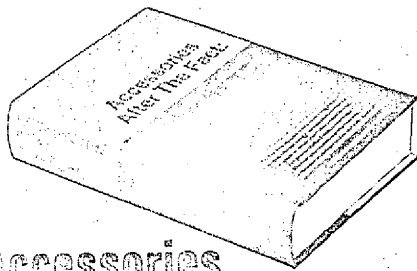


Bobbs-Merrill



**Accessories
After the Fact**

**The Warren Commission,
The Authorities and the Report**

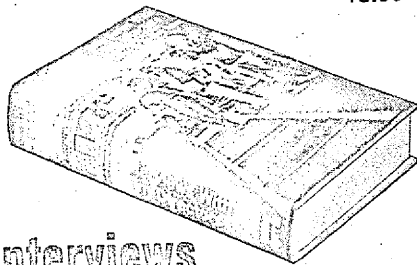
by SYLVIA MEAGHER
introduction by Léo Sauvage

"...an extremely thorough analysis, providing a most formidable reinforcement for the view that the investigation must be reopened...I doubt if anyone—even the members of the Warren Commission—knows the...hearings as Sylvia Meagher does."
—CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN

"...I imagine it will continue to be the book of major reference after all the new volumes continue to appear."
—MAXWELL GEISMAR

"...the most exhaustive and objective evaluation of the Warren Report yet... more than a mere compendium of errors; it is a definitive analysis... Other books have attempted to catalog errors... but they cannot compare with Mrs. Meagher's... In a sense it completes the Warren Report by supplying the contradictory evidence the Commission ignored or missed."
—EDWARD J. EPSTEIN, *Book World*

\$8.50



**Interviews
With Film Directors**

edited by ANDREW SARRIS

The film critic for the *Village Voice* has brought together forty of the world's great film makers to discuss their own work and the art of film. Each interview is prefaced with a brief essay evaluating the director's career; included are photographs of the directors (often at work), and a filmography.

"...the work of Mr. Sarris, with its high standard of selection and the brilliance of its editorial contribution, should come first."
—*Library Journal*

\$10

They are quite aware of what they call the derelict empire with its impotent army and doubtful currency, and of how little these imponderables have dented the Englishman's attitude toward sin, money, women, love, food, politics, and travel. One does not have either to like or detest the English to find this an amusing book.

The authors tell us that five million Britons visit the Continent each year, and that "the barbarity subdued and the difficulty overcome—this is what makes an Englishman's holiday abroad marvelous," as witness these comments: "The only one for sixty people; no bolt on the door, naturally. . . ." "Look at that! They don't even bother to go behind the hedge!" "Everywhere you turn there's someone standing with his hand out for money."

Messrs. Frost and Jay are quite as realistic about the English menu before it was improved by the American invasion and the French chefs: "For us, food was leathery meat, watery greens, leaden suet puddings, stewed tea, pink blanc mange, and tapioca. It was epitomized by the seaside boarding house waitress bending over a customer with the magic words 'Gravy, sir. One lump or two?'" These boys—David Frost is one of the stars of *That Was the Week That Was*—are glib and so clever that one can see why their book was a smash hit at home. But they are not without their serious side. "England," they conclude, "has all the qualifications to play the role of Athens. Why on earth then does she insist on crippling herself without point or purpose by trying to be a mini-Rome?"

BRIGID BROPHY, her husband, MICHAEL LEVEY, and CHARLES OSBORNE have concocted what the English would call "a wicked book," FIFTY WORKS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE WE COULD DO WITHOUT (Stein and Day, \$4.95). Their demolition technique is based on two principles: find a defect in a long-revered classic, and then jump on the thing until it is dead; and, second, the most amusing way to push down an esteemed author is to push up a minor writer in his place. But unfair or otherwise, their attack has produced some splendid fireworks, and the fifty works which they have blasted are of such varied assortment that every reader is bound to find among them

some old enemies and smile as they are blown sky-high.

The list begins with *Beowulf*, which is rated "a fine example of primitive non-art." Spenser's *The Faerie Queene* is dynamited for its "punishing length, utter confusion and unremitting tedium . . . and monotonous rhyming verses which run endlessly on . . ." (I agree). *Moby Dick* is "American literature's . . . false prophet in fake biblical prose" (unfair). *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* gets the hand grenade because Lewis Carroll, as they see him, was "kinky about little girls, and he was an extremely dull, humourless man" (partially debatable). Their short rejection of *Huckleberry Finn* betrays a fundamental lack of understanding, and they complain about everything in *Hamlet* except that the play works on the stage. *A Farewell to Arms* is written off because Hemingway had not learned his lesson from Gertrude Stein and did not possess her exquisite choice of words (this is plain silly; see Stein's monumental monotony, *The Making of Americans*). Arbitrary and malicious as they are, the trio are protesting against the thoughtless acceptance of "classics," established by tradition and perpetuated by the reluctance of teachers and examiners to alter a system which everyone has learned to endure.

The drawings and the witticisms in *Punch* are the distillation of English humor, and both have had a propitious influence on the *New Yorker* as the *New Yorker* has had upon them, a reciprocity celebrated by Harold Ross in his entertainment of the *Punch* board in New York. What Bateman's cartoons did to distract his countrymen in the First World War, NORMAN THELWELL's do today. His illustrated books, *Up the Garden Path*, *Thelwell's Riding Academy*, and *Top Dog*, have each seized upon an Englishman's hobby and made it hilarious. And now in THELWELL'S COMPLEAT TANGLER (Dutton, \$3.50), the artist has exposed the foibles and the hazards of the fisherman. They are all here: the coarse fisherman, the poacher, the salmon angler, the dry fly man, "interested only in water as clear as gin—and twice as expensive." Here is the brotherhood and the lack of it; the etiquette which can so swiftly be fouled up by competition. Here is the well-dressed angler who has em-