

is *Blackboard Jungle* with Sidney Poitier, this time as the teacher, and he reforms the whole bunch of English teenagers (and the other teachers, too). Poitier has been playing the ideal boy-next-door-who-happens-to-be-black for so long that he's always the same; he acts about as well in bad roles as in good ones. This self-inflicted stereotype of goodness is destroying a beautiful, graceful, and potentially brilliant actor. What can he do? He can't pass as a white man in order to play rats and cowards and sons of bitches, and if he plays Negro rats or cowards or sons of bitches he'll be attacked for doing Negroes harm. Yet if he goes on smiling much longer, the audience may begin laughing. I think he must take the risk of alienating some of the Negro audience. . . . Clavell, a novelist and scenarist, has never directed before; from this effort he appears capable of learning, but what a naïve start!

There's much less excuse for Robert Mulligan, who directed *Up the Down Staircase* - with Sandy Dennis blinking as if she'd taken pills and been awakened in the middle of the night. She reacts confusedly before the situations even develop, but the audience is ahead of her, anyway: it's *Blackboard Jungle* with a girl teacher. Even in her drugged state, Miss Dennis stumbles with what I assume is embarrassment on the obligatory speech: "I came here to teach. . . ." There are heavily pointed vignettes, peculiarly affectless readings from many of the actors, and a condescendingly coy score; there's almost no sense of the New York milieu.

Gene Kelly's *A Guide for the Married Man* - a series of skits on how to cheat on your wife - is coarsely awful, with a few nice pantomimic moments from Art Carney and Ben Blue. It's hard to know what's worse about this picture: the assumption that straying husbands want merely a change of flesh; or the camera's fixation on ass (and on bosoms that look like ass); or the this-movie-is-moral-after-all finish of the common-man at the higher income level (Walter Matthau) deciding he really loves his wife too much to be unfaithful. There is little love for man or woman in this sex comedy, which treats sex as one product among the

dozens of others that are peddled by brand name in the picture.

There is at least one thing to say about *Barefoot in the Park*, directed by Gene Saks out of Neil Simon: it's better than *Any Wednesday*. This piffle, a set of variations without a theme, is almost amusing if you can give in to it, and it's harmlessly, pleas-

antly stupid. What Neil Simon hasn't gotten rid of yet are those terrible moments of dramatic untruth, "I love you very much" and "I want a divorce"; they crunch like nutshells in a candy bar. But I'm sure he's working on it, and soon he'll have a candy bar so perfectly digestible people won't know if they've eaten it or just seen an ad for it.

PAULINE KAEI

TELEVISION

CBS on the Warren Report

During the week of June 25, on four successive evenings, CBS devoted a total of four hours to a reinvestigation of the Kennedy assassination. The first hour was a brilliant achievement, which demonstrated what an incomplete job the Warren Commission had done, and how much new light a second, more effective official inquiry could shed. After that, the more accustomed TV atmosphere closed in again, and things got evasive and fatuous.

The first program showed convincingly, taking full advantage of the visual medium, that three shots had been fired, and that Oswald's rifle could have fired all three from the Texas School Book Depository Building. The Commission thought it improbable that the first of these shots was fired when CBS showed it was, and hence proposed its famous one-bullet theory, according to which President Kennedy's first wound, and Governor Connally's three wounds were all inflicted by a single later shot. CBS gathered its evidence by running tests with a rifle like Oswald's that were more complex and more realistic than any the FBI bothered to do for the Commission. And although it was not allowed to show the crucial eyewitness film of the assassination taken by Abraham Zapruder - the film is owned and husbanded by *Life* - CBS discovered that at three approximately spaced frames, one of which corresponds to the last shot, which is actually shown hitting, the film indicates that the camera jumped slightly. So a camera would jump when held by a

man who heard a shot, and so the film would invariably indicate on analysis. CBS proved this through an independent experiment, all the more conclusive since the men it had operating cameras *knew* - as Zapruder did not - that shots were coming, and still they could not help starting with each shot, slightly, but enough to leave a trace on the film just like the trace left by

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None of this so much as occurred to the Commission and its FBI experts. It is of the first importance, because it opens up, although it does not establish, an alternative to the Commission's very difficult single-bullet theory — an alternative consistent with Oswald's being the sole assassin. This alternative — at first accepted by the official autopsy doctors themselves — is that Oswald fired three shots, spaced as CBS has shown them to have been, and that the first hit the President just below the neck, the second wounded Governor Connally, and the third went to the President's head. But instead of pursuing the problems raised by this possibility, which the Commission never explored because its estimate of the possibility was, we now know, too low, CBS turned back to the one-bullet theory.

That theory could well do with a fresh look, and perhaps it could be made to hang together. In the attempt to support it, all CBS did — unwittingly, one supposes — was further to undermine the theory. The main prop of the theory are some tests done for the Commission. Bullets were fired into matter simulating human flesh and bone, to show that a single bullet could retain enough velocity to go through the President's neck, and then Governor Connally's chest and wrist and finally into his thigh. Well, CBS had the same expert do a more thorough set of tests than he did for the Commission. And what he reported on the air was that in none of his tests did the bullet "actually penetrate" as far as it was required to in order to support the theory, although "it would have taken very little more velocity to

have caused a similar wound." In other words, the only significance of the tests was that they disproved the theory. But CBS had Walter Cronkite conclude, right in the next breath, that "our tests confirm that a single bullet could, indeed, have wounded both men." The non-sequitur of the year!

CBS followed with an interview of a new expert, Dr. William F. Enos, a pathologist at Northern Virginia Doctors' Hospital. Dr. Enos thought the theory more than dubious. "I would hesitate, really, to say that it's 100 percent impossible, but it is highly improbable." But Cronkite's verdict in behalf of CBS: "we are persuaded." By what? The other difficulty with the single-bullet hypothesis CBS evaded altogether — that there were more fragments left in Governor Connally than the bullet the Commission came up with was likely to have lost.

The third hour devoted some attention to District Attorney Garrison of New Orleans, who cuts a preposterous figure, and the fourth was largely taken up with a final assessment. The best of it was when Eric Sevareid told an audience which had seen John J. McCloy make a simple and obviously sincere defense of the Commission's disinterestedness and good faith, that

the notion that such a man as Mr. McCloy would unwittingly distort or suppress decisive evidence about a presidential murder "is idiotic." Of course it is. But Mr. McCloy would not and did not claim that no mistakes were made, or that a better job could not have been done, nor even that it does not still need to be done.

That last claim, made with stunning complacency and with something bearing a close resemblance to cynicism, was left to Professor Henry Steele Commager, a man, said Walter Cronkite, "who looks into the American spirit." Having diagnosed a certain paranoid strain in the American spirit, but pretending to absolutely no judgment about the quality of the Warren investigation or, about issues to which it may have given unsatisfactory answers, Mr. Commager could see no reason to suppose that anyone who disbelieved the first investigation would believe "a second, or a third, or a fourth" — no matter, presumably what it was able to prove, or how. "So I see no value, really, in another investigation." Truth, a nearer approach to truth? No value in that for this historian! He should have watched the first hour of this CBS Inquiry.

ALEXANDER M. BICKEL

MUSIC

Hamburger Heaven

During the last two weeks in June, the Hamburg State Opera, in an unprecedented tour, performed in Montreal and again at the Met in New York a repertory which, except for a concert version of *Der Freischütz*, consisted entirely of 20th-century works, four of which had never before been staged in the Western Hemisphere by a professional company. This was an extraordinarily audacious project. In this part of the world, the formula that sells opera is to use the most familiar items of the standard repertory as showcases for famous singing stars. The Hamburg company offered no big names, and according to all the portents their tour should have been a

disaster. They arrived in New York at the very worst part of the off season, with inadequate advance publicity and no subscribers. Nonetheless, they succeeded in filling the 4,000-seat theatre to an average of 92 percent of capacity, even with tickets at highly unpopular prices — \$12 top.

The man who pulled off this coup is Rolf Liebermann, the Swiss avant-garde composer who, since 1959, has built the Hamburg State Opera into the superb performing ensemble it is. As managing director, Liebermann has done in Hamburg what Mahler did 60 years ago in Vienna: maintain a standard of musicianship and artistic unity which takes precedence over perso-

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

James C. Thomson, Jr. was from 1964-66 staff member of the National Security Council at the White House. He is now Assistant Professor of History at Harvard. Alexander M. Bickel, a contributing editor of this journal, is author of *Unpublished Opinions of Mr. Justice Brandeis: The Supreme Court at work*.