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Literature

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 - STALINA, SVETLANA

▼ C.I.A. A. - INDIA (STALINA)

SMETANA AND THE BEETLES: A Fairy Tale for Adults

✓ TWENTY LETTERS TO A FRIEND. By Svetlana Alliluyeva. New York: Harper & Row. 246 pp. \$5.95.

Reviewed by Albert E. Kahn ✓

Drawings by David Levine ✓

PREFATORY NOTE

Lest there be any confusion between the Smetana of this fairy tale and any living person, it should be pointed out that "Smetana" in Russian (and in Yiddish) means "sour cream."

It is also of interest that the two best known works of the celebrated composer, Smetana, are The Bartered Bride and My Country. A.E.K.

Once upon a time there was a Princess Whose name was Smetana. She lived in the realm of Marxdom. Her father was a Wicked Man. He kept her in a Castle named after him; It was called the Gremlin. The Castle was surrounded by a rusty Iron Curtain And a Moat full of Krokodiles and Vodka.



Gremlin was a Dour Dictator. He never played Golf.

He hated Dogs and Décolletage. He frowned at Modern Art, Be-bop and even Little Bo-Peep. He never smiled, except at Smetana. He had a bodyguard of Dour Dwarfs Called the Cult of Personality Service, Or COPS for short.

Gremlin was mean to his Subjects. He was suspicious of Foes and Especially Friends.

He fumed and feuded with a Far-Off Place

Widely publicized as Freeland Inc. But he was kind to Smetana.

He carried her around, even as a Big Girl.



At night she sat on his Knee And he read her Grim Fairy Tales and Bedtime Dogmas. Once he sang Happy Birthday to her (in her native dialectic). He gave her a Sailor Suit and wrote her Friendly Letters That began, "My Darling Gremlinskaya . . ." It was not a Healthy Relationship.

Gremlin wanted to keep his little Castle-Keeper And brooded when she grew up and Up and UP.

One day Smetana met a Prince Charminsky Who was very Cosmopolitan. He showed her the film "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" And other Hollywood Pixie-Flix. Gremlin's COPS had bugged the Projection Room. He gave Smetana two slaps and the Prince eleven years.

To get Smetana's mind on Other Things, Gremlin gave her a Charge Account At Gloom Department Store; Made her a student at Gremlingrad U.; Let her cook, play the Harp and darn His Socks.

It proved a flop. He found her marching with the Gremlin Guard. "Nyet! Nyet! NYET!" he stormed. "A Princess has her rights!" she answered back. "You Old Bolsheviks dated in your Day!"

There came a day when Gremlin Passed Away. His COPS and Krokodiles skipped town And tried to cover up Their Tracks.



Continued

Soc. 4.01.2 - "SMETANA AND THE BEETLES"

TWENTY LETTERS TO A

RAMPARTS 71

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The Jig was Up.
 The news made the front page in the Times
 And two lines in Pravda.
 The Castle was For Rent.
 New Tenants took the place,
 fumigated it,
 And opened up some Shutters.
 People punched peep-holes in the rusty
 Iron Curtain.
 Smetana was told her lease was up.
 She found a pad in a Gingerbread
 Apartment House
 Among Commoners and Volga Folk.
 No one called her "Princess" any more.
 Things began booming in Marxgrad
 (Formerly Gremlingrad).
 Sputnik and stocks on the Borscht
 went up.
 Hopes and Hi-Rises rose.
 Taxes and billboards of Gremlin's
 mug came down,
 And a knock on the door meant only
 Groceries.
 Folks chewed the Fat and danced
 the Frug.
 There it was called the Thaw.
 But what was sweet for Ivan was sour
 for Smetana.
 People lambasted her Poppachka.
 She could not find a Satisfying Job
 or her Identity.
 She tried her hand at the Writing Game
 And did a piece called *Life with Father*
in the Gremlin.
 It was turned down cold and
 That really burned her.
 She decided to go see Coseegan and
 to mesh with Bresh,
 Two fellows who had Access to
 Publishers.



They said, "Sorry, Smetana, but
 Gremlin's Days are Gonna."

It's no snap for a retired Princess
 To find Peace, Privacy and her Real
 Self.
 Such, alas, was Smetana's
 Post-Gremlin Malady.
 So she consulted a Mental Magician
 With a degree from the Tajmahal.
 He put her on his Magic Couch.
 "Your problem is," he said, "you've
 become State Property."



You need a Change. Visit my homeland
 of sunny Midlindia.
 There's a three-week Excursion Rate.
 One thing you must be sure to do.
 Consult the Beetles while you're there.
 I've heard about their Wondrous Powers
 and Therapeutic Works."
 "And who are they, Kind Sir?"
 asked she.
 "Free Spirits," he said, "who make
 Music, Merry and Mazuma.
 They're practicing Eastern methods with
 Maestro Shangri-La.
 They'll help you find your True Ego.
 Their Rhythms should release your
 Inhibitions.
 Instead of Nyet! Nyet! Nyet!
 They prescribe Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!"

Smetana flew by Airflop to Midlindia,
 Taking along her Folding Crown and
 Treasured Manuscript.
 The strange land seemed like Paradise
 to her.
 She loved the native cooking and took a
 Native Cook's Tour.
 Peasants played Moonlight on the
 Ganges,
 Multiplied magically in Model Huts,
 And fed their kids on Flowers and
 Rain-Water Pop.



But nowhere could Smetana find the
 Beetles,
 And this bugged her.
 Vainly she searched in crooked streets
 among bizarre bazaars.
 And combed the Yellow Pages and Ads
 for Lost and Found.
 One day she met a Fakir teaching a
 Cobra the Flute.
 "That's charming music, Sir," she said.
 "Are you perchance a Beetle?"
 "So sari, Sahiba," said he. "But let me
 Turn On.
 Ah yes, I see a vision of Free Tourist
 Information
 At the Embassy of Freeland Inc.
 Won't you join me in some Yoga?"
 Next day Smetana visited the Embassy
 of Freeland Inc.
 "I seek the Beetles, Sir," she told the
 guy at the Door.
 "Would you be One of Them?"
 "Only when in disguise," he winked.
 "I'm Joe, the Clerk-In-Attendance.
 Just call me CIA."
 "And I'm Princess Smetana, Sir," she
 said. "Gremlin's Only Heir."



Continued

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Continued



He chuckled. "Tell the Marines, Sister."

"By happenstance," said she, "I've my Memoirs in my Purse.

The Family Album and Poppa's Letters, too."

He took a hurried look. "Jumping Jehoshaphat!" he gasped.

"Welcome, Princess! You've come to just the Place.

We've all the Beetle data—wingspan, hair length, the works.

Won't you step into our Parlor?"

You can guess what happened then.

Thus Princess Smetana vanished from the Scene.

Gremlin's Kid was in the clutches of CIA!

He flew her in his Private U-2 to Neutralia,

Where he said the Beetles were skiing.



There he stashed her away in an Alpine Hideout.

Marxdom was mystified and miffed; Their Missing Persons Bureau sent out an Urgent Flash.

Freeland Inc. swore they hadn't kidnapped her

And offered Foreign Aid.

Every Mob prepared its Alibi.

Newsmen and Publishers, posing as Mountain Guides,

Searched for her among the peaks with Contracts in their Rucksacks.

Some Game of Jekyll and Hyde and Seek!

Lights burned late those nights in the offices of Freeland Inc.

✓ Joe CIA, after all, was their Errand Boy; And he'd been involved in Scrapes like this before.

an ex-Diplomatic Wizard called Mr. X because that was not his name.

He had a Nasty Cold-War Cold.

"Princess Smetana's on the lam with CIA!" they cried.

"Contact them! And call us collect." Mr. X consulted his Good Neighbor Policy

And summoned his good neighbor,

Mr. Z,

An Aging Alchemist and Counselor-at-Law

Who knew his Way Around.



The Wizard and the Alchemist jetted to Neutralia.

When they saw Smetana yodeling, They flipped their Lids.

"Some Princess!" said Mr. X.

"A beaut," said Mr. Z.

"Are you Beetles, Sir?" she asked.

"CIA said I'd find them here."

"Not quite, Your Highness," said Mr. X. "We represent Freeland Inc.

But we offer all the features of the Beetles.

Free Speech, Free Thought, Free Enterprise . . .

They're Bosom Pals of ours. We hear their music all the time."

"You bet," said Mr. Z.

Mr. X described the land of Freeland Inc.

There was, he gently said, no Gremlin there,

Only a Fairy Grandfather in a White Ranch House,

Who loved Beagles, Bugles and Bagels, Babies, Barbecues and Brotherhood.



Everyone there was Happy or Hippy or Both.

Flower Children danced in the Streets, And there were fireworks even in the Ghettos.

"You'll find Peace and Privacy," said Mr. X. "Your Own Identity."

"And will I surely find the Beetles there?" Smetana asked.

"That's part of the Contract," said Mr. Z.

"I'm a Gypsy now," Smetana told her Visitors.

"I'd like a Camping Car and Gypsy Dog.

Do you have that breed in Freeland Inc.?"

"Yes, ma'am!" said Mr. Z.

Whatever else her Memoirs earned, she said,

Could go to charity for Homeless Elves and Aged Dwarfs.

"Hold on!" said Mr. Z.

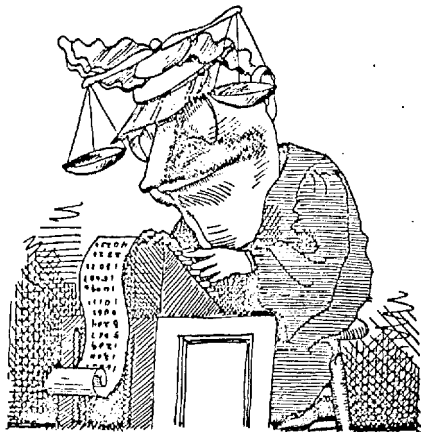
He gravely warned she'd need some



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money in the West
 To gas the Car and feed the Dog.
 He opened up his Sample Kit,
 Took out an Entrance Course to Free
 Society,
 And counseled her on Contract Law and
 Bank Accounts.
 "Your Royalty must think of royalties,"
 he said.
 "It's a Matter of Principal, you see.
 Just follow the Red-White-and-Blue
 Rainbow.
 There's a Pot of Gold at the end."

Heading home, Mr. Z pondered his new
 client's Potentialities.
 "She'll make a Mint," he mused.
 "To guard it from the Evil Monster, Tax,
 We'll form a foreign Treasure Trust—
 Kopeks Unlimited.
 Some Public Relations firm can publicize
 her Private Life.
 And, by the buy, she'll need a Publisher.
 A firm of firm repute. Then Famous
 Publishers should do.
 They are my clients, too."



Thus Princess Smetana came to
 Freland Inc.
 Consider the Historic Implications:
 She was the last of the Gremlin Line;
 There'd been this Rumble between his
 gang and Freland Inc.'s;
 And now she'd come over to their
 Territory.
 They pulled out All the Stops,
 Gave her a Ticker Tape Parade and the
 Keys to Freedom City,
 And proclaimed a National Holiday.
 She took it like a True Princess.
 "Hi Folks!" she cried, as if just One
 of Them,
 Gaily waving her Crown and Memoirs.
 The crowd went Wild.
 "I hope my book will enrich your
 Western Literature . . ."

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Her PR Man spoke up, "It has all the
 values of Liberty . . ."

The price clothbound will be \$5.95, still
 less in paperback."
 It was sure to be a Sell-Out.



Next day Smetana held court with the
 Press,
 Flanked by her PR Men and Private
 Dicks.
 She stated why she'd come to Freland
 Inc.
 "I'm Non-Political, of course; no
 comment on Napalm.
 But Marxdom's not for me.
 I like your Way of Life and Right to Riot.
 To sum it up, I've seen The Light."
 In Gremlin Castle, she explained, the
 Lights had never worked;
 So she had never noticed that people
 Disappeared.
 Now, after fifteen years, the truth had
 Dawned on her.
 "Especially," she said, "I've come to
 meet the Beetles."
 "But Madame, they're flying over
 Marxdom," a newsman said.
 "They may receive the new Free-Enter-
 Prize."
 "Alas!" she cried. "Cool it, Princess,"
 said CIA.
 "Our man in Marxdom will signal them
 you're Here."

Reporters are tough and know, you
 know, the Score.
 But Princess Smetana really Got to
 Them.
 Tears glistened in more than one
 Bloodshot Eye;
 It showed that blood will tell.
 They wrote, with unabashed Reverence



and unabridged Roget,
 About her Saucy Smile and Sweet
 Simplicity,
 Her Gracious Girlish Wholesome Pure
 Etcetera.
 "Her simple words," reported one,
 "have the Force
 Of the trumpets of Jericho."
 Now that was really a blast.

"A Terribly Important Book," Famous
 Publishers told the Press.
 "It's History, Highclass Literature and
 Inside Stuff.
 We're sure you'll agree, since you're
 publishing it too."
 At Famous Headquarters, a Conference
 got Underway.
 "We estimate—with all the rights—
 it's worth ten grand a page.
 Roughly Three Million Bucks."
 "Gentlemen—a Toast! To the Princess's
 Health and Wealth!
 Long may she Reign!"
 "But can she Write?" a junior editor
 piped up.



continued

Smetana's Book came out.
So did some Facts of Life:
She was no go-go Gogol; her Diary,
no Zhivago-go.
And Critics can be Critical,
Even of Regal Revelations.
Smetana did more research on her True
Identity.

"I am no writer," she announced,
"and never hope to be.
Yesterday I thought I was, but that
was Yesterday.

Today I only seek the Beetles.
My Memoirs? Just some Pen-Pal
Notes."

A famous editor implored, "Go Easy
now, Princess!"

As if that weren't Grief Enough,
Pirates plundered her Royal Purple
Prose.

In Marxdom, she'd complained of
Censorship;

Her problem now was too much
Freedom of the Press.

Her publishers and Mr. Z rushed up
their Legal Guns

To save her Treasure from the
Buccaneers.



Smetana wearily sighed and went her
way.

She carried on her Beetle-Quest with
growing perturbation

Among Debutantes and Dilettantes
In country digs of the Upper Crust.

"I have to find the Beetles!" she
beseeched.

"Only their Charms will help me find
myself."

But all she found were Scones and Tea
and Sympathy.

And that wasn't any Picnic.

"I greatly fear," she said despondently,
"I've been given the Wrong Directions."



Brilliant



in its celebration



of a life

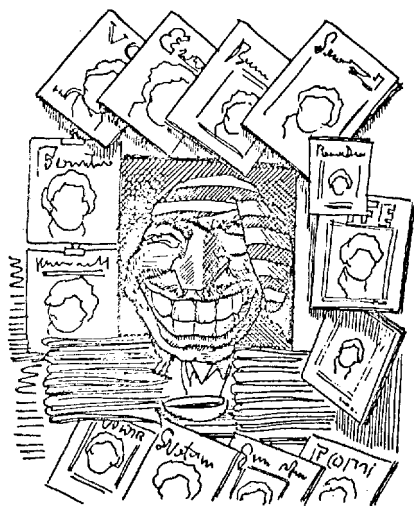


we have ceased to dream of.



DOUBLEDAY • PARIS REVIEW EDITIONS

Continued



Meanwhile Smetana anxiously sought
the Beetles and Herself
With Blue Bloodhounds and Private
Eyes

In a plush-lush suburb called Limbo.
"Pray tell," she asked at every Golf
Course Green,

"Have the Beetles yet returned?"

"We've offered them Honorary
Memberships," the golfers said.

"They'll join us any day."

**"For the first time I'm really apprehensive
about what I'm going to find ...**

**"It's not a matter of fear of getting shot at . . . I'm
just wondering what's going to be left of 'my old
Viet-Nam' . . ."**

The quotations are from a radio interview
given by Bernard Fall on November 21, 1966.
The complete transcript of that program
(which is the only available autobiographical
account of Mr. Fall's life), together with 17
other articles and transcripts selected by
Mrs. Fall, constitute the final book by the
man who had become America's most gener-
ally-esteemed war correspondent before he
was killed by a booby-trap on February 21,
1967, in Vietnam, on the Street Without Joy.



Photo by Newsweek — Françoise Sull:

**BERNARD B. FALL'S
LAST REFLECTIONS
ON A WAR**

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DOUBLEDAY

A new and revolutionary interpretation of Jesus, His mission and meaning, based upon His own words works, and drama as they are posed against the knowledge of twentieth-century man.

The Shining Stranger

By PRESTON HAROLD

Introduction by Gerald Heard

DR. OLIVER LESLIE REISER, Professor Emeritus, Dept. of Philosophy, University of Pittsburgh: "Mr. Harold has rendered mankind a valuable service in utilizing the methodology and findings of science - from physics and biology to parapsychology - in seeking to understand the role of religion in man's changing civilization. He shows much competence in his task and comes up with a world view that will have to be taken into account by others in this area."

HENRY MILLER, author: "*The Shining Stranger* is truly remarkable... The author's erudition is formidable... But anyone eager to get his 'message' will be able to read between the lines... He has made of Jesus an extraordinary being whether viewed from a religious standpoint or the 'laïque' one... There are passages which are dizzying - as if we were dealing with a being from another planet."

DR. MARTIN E. MARTY, University of Chicago Divinity School, in *Saturday Review*: "*The Shining Stranger* is as radically different - as is Craver's *Jesus*... Debate about Him and His role will not end with these volumes, but it may take on new heat."

DR. J. B. RHINE, Director of The Institute for Parapsychology: "I am glad to see in *The Shining Stranger* an attempt to bring parapsychology to the aid of religion."

ALY WASSIL, President, United World Religions: "*The Shining Stranger* is among the very few profound, realistic works... paving the way for religious peace in the world and the unity of mankind."

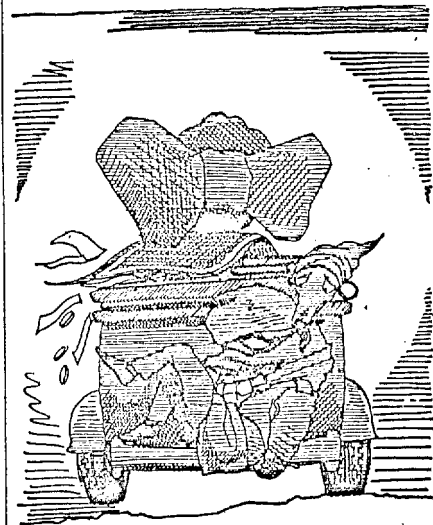
A Wayfarer Press Book \$7.50
Distributed by Dodd, Mead & Company,
New York



One night Smetana slept alone under
a Patchwork of Stars
Among Flowers and Mosquitoes.
Suddenly, the Insect Hum took on the
beat of "Yeah! Yeah, Yeah!"
And—lo!—strange smiling Forms
appeared
With Electrical Antennae.
Smetana cried with joy, "Dear Beetles,
you have come! at last!"
"You're on the noon beam, Lass,"
they sang. "That's who we are.
And yet that's not our name. Our
name is every name.
We're different, too, and all the same.
We live in every land and on the
farthest star.
You've had the wrong lead. Address us
care of Love, Luv."
"And Who am I?" begged she. They
sang, "You're you and we.
You had it tough. So did we all. We
too were not Born Free.
We sprung free in ourselves and in
necessity.
We crack the quacks and bust the bars
of bondage everywhere.
Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!"
"And how do I find Joy and Peace
of Mind?" asked she.
They sang, "Kick looking back and
blow the status quo!
The present is already past, the future
what will be.
It's far beyond ourselves that we
must go."
She cried, "Can I go with you there?"
They chorused, "Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!"
Just then Smetana's Bodyguard rushed
up,
Shouting, "Princess, where have you
been?"

The Beetles vanished in the Night.
Smetana cried out in dismay, "You've
driven my Beetles away!"

Ah Me! Alack-a-Day! You know what
they say
About the best-laid magic carpets of
Princesses, Mice and Men.
Smetana's Long-Sought Dream had
Fled.
Yet even so, This Maid was not
Dismayed.
She dried her tears next day on
Travelers' Checks;
And when a Tipster whispered,
"Bet on the Beetles making book in a
Hollywood Musical,"
She packed her Crown and Contracts
in her Camping Car,
Loaded first editions of her Book
(in fifty languages),
Stocked up on Bones and Biscuits for
her Gypsy Dog,
And drove West toward the Setting Sun.
Her Faithful Retinue of Private Eyes
Brought up the Royal Rear.



And cunningly Hidden Away
Among her Fan Mail, Manuscripts
and Myrrh
Was that rascal CIA.
He'd really become attached to Her.

THE END

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and David Levine. Smetana and the
Beetles will be published by Random
House at the end of November.

Mr. Kahn is the author of *Sabotage!*
and *Days with Ulanova*, a study in text
and photographs of the Russian ballerina.